MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDIES, HISTORIES
AND TRAGÉDIES
1623
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND
TRAGEDIES

FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE
FROM THE EDITION OF
1623

METHUEN & Co., LTD.
LONDON
1910
SHAKESPEARES

How to Read

To the Reader
To the Reader.

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

B. I.
MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,

HISTORIES, &

TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Original Copies.

LONDON

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

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

AND

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

Right Honourable,

Wilt you study to be thankful in our particular, for
the many favours we have received from your L.L.
we are false, upon the ill fortune, to mingle,
two the most diverse things that can bee, seare,
and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and
feare of the success. For, when we valew the places your H.H.
sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trifles, and, while we name them trifles, we have
depriued our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some thing, heretofore;
and haue prosequuted both them, and their Authors living,
with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not
hauing the fate, common with some, to be executor to his owne writ-
ing) you will use the like indulgence toward them., you haue done
unto
The Epistle Dedicatory.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: only to kepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, a Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have iustly observer, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruietes, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre, so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

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

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weight'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you will stand for your priviledges we know: to read, and cenfure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer fates. Then, how odde foever your braines be, or your wisedommes, make your licence the fame, and spare not to judge your fife-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five Shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the juft rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Cenfure will not drive a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magiftrate of wit, and fit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes daily, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and flood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wilfed, that the Author himfelfe had liu'd to haue fet forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death de parted from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerfe ftole, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ftealthes of injurious imposftors, that expos'd them: even thofe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reft, abolute in their numbers, as he conceived the Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moft gentle expreffor of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easineffe, that wee haue fcarce receu'd from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praife him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit cannot more lie hid, then it could be loft. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And fo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your felues, and others. And such Readers we with him.
To the memory of my beloved,
The AUTHOR
Mr. William Shakespeare:
And
what he hath left vs.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Bookes, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Mule, can praise too much,
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these mayes,
Were not the paths I mean unto thy praise:
For feekest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
Or blinde Affection, which dath ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and conjecture by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Band, or where,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art praise against them, and indeed
Above all fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause I delight: the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, orbid Beaumont the.
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art at we still, while thy Bookes dath line,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Mules:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine.
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and leve Grecke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccunius, Accius, him of Cordous deed,
To life againe, to hear thy Ruskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socker were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison.
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
sent forth, or since did from their after come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shewe,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
when like Apollo he came forth to warne
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charme!
Nature her selfe was proud of his desigues,
And he did wroue the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Grecian, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deferted be
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must stictte,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anuile: turne the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gains a scorn.
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such were thou. Look how the fathers face
Lines in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shince
In his well turned, and true tilled lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet apare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or chere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy sight so hence, hath wear'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Jonson.
Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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

HUGH HOLLAND.
A CATALOGUE
of the severall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Maister
W. S H A K E S P E A R E.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes : thy Workes, by which, out-line
Thy Tome, thy name must: when that stone is rent;
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alue shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares: ev'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall reuie, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor canckring Age, as Nalo said,
Of his, thy wit, fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I re beleue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) unill our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Imposible) with some new straine t'out-do
Pasion of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

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

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

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

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

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THE TEMPEST

A Tempestuous noise of Thunders and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswaine.

_Master._

_Boatswaine._

_Batf._ Heere Master: What cheere?

_Master._ Good: Speak to th' Mariners: fall to, yarely, or we run our felues a ground, before a tempest.

_Enter Master and Mariners._

_Batf._ Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sail: Tend to th'Masters whistle: Blow till thou buildest thy winde, if roome enough.

_Ann._ Good Boatswaine have care: where's the Master? Play the men.

_Batf._ I pray now keepe below.

_Ann._ Where is the Master, Befon? 

_Batf._ Do you not heare him? you marre our labour. Keep your Cabines: you do afflit the storme.

_Gos._ Nay, good be patient.

_Batf._ When the Sea is: hence, what care these roa-

_ters for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble

_vs not.

_Gos._ Good, yet remembre whom thou haft aboard.

_Batf._ None that I more loue then my felle. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not band a rope more, use your authorities: If you cannot, give thanks you haue list'd fo long, and make your selle readie in your Cabine for the mitchance of the houre, i' the houre, and cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say.

_Ann._ I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallows: stand fast good Fates to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miferable.

_Batf._ Downe with the top: Mast yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with maine-courte, A plague — — —

_Acry within._ 

_Enter Befons, Antonio & Gonzalo._

vpon this howlings: they are lowder then the weather, or our office yet againe? What do you heare? Shall we gueare and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

_Sebaf._ A poore th'oroast, you bawling, blasphemeous incharitable Dog.

_Batf._ Wouke you then.

_Ann._ Hang cur, hang, you whoreon infolent Noyse- maker, we are leefe afraid to be drown'd, then thou art.

_Gos._ Ile warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-Shell, and as leake as an unflanch'd wench.

_Batf._ Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courtes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

_Enter Mariners wet._

_Mari._ All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

_Batf._ What must our mouths be cold?

_Gos._ The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's affit them, for our case is as theirs.

_Sebaf._ I am out of patience.

_An._ We are meerly cheerd of our lines by drunkeards, This wide-chops-rascall, would thou mightst lye drown-

_ing the washing of ten Tides.

_Gos._ Hee'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of watre sweare against it, And gape at wifht to glut him. A confused waffe within. Mercy on vs.

_We split, we split! Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

_Ann._ Let's all sinke with' King

_Seb._ Let's take leave of him.

_Gos._ Now would I gue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firs, any thing the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

_Enter Prospero and Miranda._

_Mir._ If by your Art (my dearest father) you have Put the wild waters in this Rode, play them The skye is scenes would powre down flinking pitch, But that the Sea mounting to th'wellkins hecke, Dafhes the fire out, Oh! I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: A brave ye fell

_A (Who

A
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)  
Dost d'ld all to peeces: O the cry did knocke  
Against my very heart; poore foules, they perish'd,  
Had I by any God of power, I would  
Have funkne the Sea within the Earth, or ere  
It shoul'd the good Ship fo basic swallow'd, and  
The flattering Sunnes within her.  
Prof. Be collecte'd,  
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart  
there's no harme done,  
Mira. O woe, the day.  
Prof. No harme:  
I have done nothing, but in care of thee  
(Oh thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better.  
Then Prof. Master of a full poore cell,  
And thy no greater Father,  
Mira. More to know  
Did never medle with my thoughts.  
Prof. 'Tis time  
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand  
And plucke my blacke garment from me: So  
Lye there my Art: wipe thine thye eyes comfort,  
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd  
The very vertue of compasion in thee:  
I have with such prouision in mine Art  
So falsely ordered, that there is no foule  
No so farre perfection as an hayre  
Beit to any creature in the seeftell  
Which thou hast left cry, which thou sawft?  
[downe,  
Mira. You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but slope  
And left me to a bootless Inquisition,  
Concluding, lay not yet.  
Prof. The howe's now come  
The very minute byds thee one thine ear,  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came into this Cell?  
I do not thinke thou cau't, for then thou was't nor  
Out three yeeres old.  
Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.  
Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?  
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.  
Mira. 'Tis faire off.  
And rather like a dream, then an assurance  
That my remembrance warrante: Had I not  
Fowre, or five women once, that tende me?  
Prof. Thou hadst; and more Miranda: But how is it  
That these lies in thy minde? What deceit thou est  
In the dark-backward and Abiline of Time?  
Yf thou rememb'rest ought eue thee can't here,  
How thou can't here thou maist.  
Mira. But that I doe not.  
Prof. There were yeere since (Miranda) two yeere since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Mil iodine and  
A Prince of power.  
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?  
Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of vertue, and  
She said thou wist my daughter; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milaine, and his only heir,  
And Prince; no worse flawed.  
Mira. O the happynes.  
What foul'd play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or bless'd was't we did?  
Prof. Both, both my Girle,  
By foule-play (as thou faist) were we heart, thence,  
But bless'dly holpe either.  
Mira. O my heart blestes  
To thinke on's terme I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance, please you farther;  
Prof. My brother and thy vnle, call'd Antonio:  
I pray thee marke me, that a brother shoulde  
Be so perdition: he, whom next thy selfe  
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put  
The managge of my flate, as at that time  
Through all the dignities it was the first,  
And Profess'd the prime Duke, being fo reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberall Actes,  
Without a parcell: those being all my studie,  
The Government I caft upon my brother,  
And to my State grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studie, thy fals vnle  
(Do' thou atten cracke me?)  
Mira. Sir, most heedfully,  
Prof. Being once projected how to graunt succes,  
how to deny them: who t'aduanc, and who  
To traffic for other-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or els new form'd 'em; having both the key,  
Of Officer, and office, set all heares 'th flate  
To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was  
The luy which had my princely Trunke,  
And fucks my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?  
Mira. A good Sir, I doe.  
Prof. I pray thee marke me:  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To clofones, and the bettering of my mind  
with that, which but by being for reti'd  
One-priz'd all popular rate in my fals brother  
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truft  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great  
As my trust was, which had indeede to limit,  
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,  
Not onely with what my reuenue yeelded,  
But what my power might els exact. Like one  
Who hauing into truith, by telling of it,  
Made such a fynner of his memory  
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue  
He was indeed the Duke, out o' th'oath Substitution  
And executing th'outward face of Rostatle  
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:  
Do' thou heare?  
Mira. Your sake, Sir, would cure deseinate.  
Prof. To baueno Schreene between this part he plaide,  
And him he plaide it for, he needes will be  
Absoluto Milaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie  
Was Dukedom large enough: of temporall royalties  
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates  
(to drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples  
To give him Annuall tribut, doe him homage  
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend  
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore Milaine)  
To most ignoble flooping.  
Mira. Oh the heauen:  
Prof. Mark his condition, and th'event, then tell me  
If this might be a trothe that.  
Mira. I shoulde finde  
To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,
Good wombs have borne bad fonnies.

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of Napius being an Enemy
To mine Inticrity, he knowes my Brothers, his,
Which was, That he in liet ueth premies,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Duke's house, and confer faire Millaine.
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Arnie leved, one mid-night
Faced to th' purpose, did Antonius open
The gates of Millaine, and th' dead of darkeness
The minifiers for th' purpose hurried thence.
Me, and thy crying felle.

Mr. Alack, for pity: I
not remembering how I cride out then
Will cry it o're againe; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too.

Pro. Hear a little farther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse.
Which now's upon't: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mr. Wherefore did they not
That howre defray's vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench: My Tale pronounces that question: Deare, they durft not,
So deare the love my people bore me: nor let
A marke fo bloody on the businesse, but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In feve, they hurried vs a board a Barke,
Bore vs some Lages to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcasse of a Boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, fayle, nor mast, the very rats
Infinitely have quitt it: There they hows't vs
To cry to th' Sea, that road to vs; to figh
To th' windes, whole pitys fighting backe againe
Did vs but lousing wrong.

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

Pro. O, a Chentbin
Thou was't that did preferue me; Thou didst immiff,
Inwifed with a fortitude from heauen,
When I have deck'd the tea with drops full falt,
Vnder my burthen round'd, which lif'd in me
An underyeering fonsacke, to bear vp
Against what (hould ensue.

Mrs. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prauidence divine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neoplaton Gonzalo
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maffier of this deigne) did give vs, with
Rich garments, fennies, fluffs, and necessaries
Which since have fleeced much, fo of his gentlenesse
Knowing I ought my books, he furnifh'd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mrs. Would I might
But euer fer that man,

Pro. Now I affe,
Sit still, and hear the falt of our fee-fowre: Here
In this land we arri'd, and here
Hate I, thy Scholemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer bowres; and Tutors, not fo carefull.

Mr. Heuen thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For till'tis beating in my minde: your reason
For raying this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thou far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prudence
I finde my Zenith cloth depend upon
A most siptitious flare, whose influence
If now I court not, but on'ts; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Hearce eafe more quicke
Thou art inclinde to flepe: tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chufe:
Come away, Servants, come; I am ready now,
Approach my Ariel. Come.

Ari. All hail, great Maffier, grant Sir, hailie: I come
To anwer thy best pleasure: be't fo fley
To fwin, to due into the fire: fo ride
On the curlid clouds: to thy strong bidding, take
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point, the Tempeft that I bad thee.

Ari. To every Article,
I boorded the Kings ship now on the Beake,
Now in the Wafts, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
I fiam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide
And burne in many places; on the Top-maff,
The Yards and Bore-spirit, would I flame defiufiullly,
Then meete, and loan, James Lightning, the precursors
Of dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fight out-running were not: the fire, and cracks
Of fulphurous roaring, the moft sugly Eupheme
Seeme to befiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yes, his dread Trident flanke.

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was fo firme, fo constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reafon?

Ari. Not a foule
But felt a Feater of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of deperacion; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bynte, and quit the weffell
Then all a fire with me the Kings fomme Ferdinand,
With haire vp-flaring (then like reeds, not haire)
W's the first man that leapt; crie hell is empty,
And all the Ducci are here.
An. Why that's my Spirit?
But was not this nye shore?

Ari. C ofe by, my Maffier.

Pro. But are they (adrie?) safe?

Ari. Not a hairc perifh'd:
On their fufaining garments not a blemiff,
But frefher then before; and as thou badfill me,
In troops I haue defper'd them 'bought the ill:
The Kings fonne haue I landed by himfelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes,
In an odio Angle of the Isle; and fitting
His armes in this fid knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Minifters, say how thou haft difpof'd,
And all the refi o'th Fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour.
Is the Kings flip (which ha'th mine)

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Ari. Safely in harbour.
Is the Kings flip (which ha'th mine)
To lay upon the damn'd, which Syracau.

Could not against the doe: it was mine Art,
When I anted, and heard thee, that made gapes
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thank thee Master.

Pro. If thou more mutter'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entails, till
Thou hast how'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command
And doe my prying, gently.

Pro. Doe so: and infer two daies
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? I say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Go, make thy self like a Nymph o' th' Sea,
Be fab'd to no fight but shine, and mine similitude
To every eye-ball else; goe take this flage
And bither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. 

Exit.

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept wele, Awake.

M. The strangeness of thy story, put
Heauenitfe in me.

Pro. Shake to's off: Come on, We'll with Caliban, my Slave, who never
Yields vs kinde anfwere.

M. *tis a villaine Sir, I do not loue to look on.

Pro. But as'tis
We cannot misle him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ferues in Office.
That prof's vs: What hau'le; Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou speake.

Cal. Within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee.

Come thou Tortous, when? Enter Ariel like a satyre
Fine apparition: my queint Ariel, Nymph,
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.

Exit.

Pro. Thou poyonous flace, got by thyselfe himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked shee, as e'e my mother broth'd
With Rains feather from whatsoeuer Fen
Drop on you both; A Southwelle blow on ye's,
And bliffer you all o're.

Pro. For this be sure, to right thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vichins
Shall for that vaft of night, that they may wooke
All exercize on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as hony-combs, each pincher more fingling
Then Bees that make tem.

Cal. I must eat my dinner:

This Island's mine by Syracau my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou canst not
Shall thou froak me, & made much of me: wouldst glue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how shee leaffe
That burne by day, and night; and then I loud thee
And thou did thee all the qualities of th' Life,
The freth Springes, Reine-pits; barren place and ferrill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charms
Of Syracau: Toades, Beetles, Bats light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you have,
Which first was mine owne King: and here you fly me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keep me from
The reft o' th' Island.

Pro. Thou
The Tempell.

Pre. Thou mourn lying slaine,
Whom stripes may more, not kindness: I saw ye'd thine
(Fith as thou art) with humane care, and lodge'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst feele to violate
The honor of my child.

Col. Oh ho, oh ho, 'twould not have been done:
Thou didst prevent me, I had perill'd else
This Isle with Catharine.

Mrs. Abhorred slaine,
Which any print of goodname wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gable, like
A thing most brutish, I Endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knownes; but thy wild rage
(Thou that disappeared) that in thine, which good nature
Could not abide to be wish'd; therefore waist thou
Defeardly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Defend'd more then a prision.

Col. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to read: the real plague rid you
For learning me your Language.

Pro. Hug-fed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fawell, and be quick thou shoul'd not
To answer other businesse: I'mg'th thou (Malice)
If thou neglect't, or do't vndiiligently
What I command, I'll make thee with old Crampe,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee there,
That beas'll tumble at thy dyn.

Col. No,'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow're,
It would controll my Damns god Seckos,
And make a vassall of him,

Pro. So slane,hence. 

Exeunt Cal. 

Enter Ferdinando & Ariel, insinuable playing & sitting.

Ariel Song. Come two is these yellow lands,
And then take hands:

Curt, seat you where you have, and kill
The wild waves whilst

Feast unjustly here, and there, and sweete Sighes beneze
The burchen. Bithen disperctly

Hark, hark, hark, I hear the frame of singing Chanticleere
Very cockadoodle done.

For, Where should this Musick be? I haste, or in earth?
It founds no more and furte it wayes upon
Some God's olde Island, sitting on a banke,
Weeping against the King my fathers wraacke,
This Musick crepe by me vpon the waters
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawned me rather) but it's gone.

No, it begins again.

Ariel Song. Full laden fine thy Easter lee,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Those are pearls that were but rial,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But death suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich & strange.
Sea Tempells hourly ring his knell.

Buthen chime chime.

Hark, hark, hark, I hear them, ding-dong bell.

Fir. The Ditty do's remember my crowne'd faister,
This was mortall bujner, not so found
That the earth owes: I hear it now about me.

Pre. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advanc'd,
And say what thou see'st yonnd.

Mrs. What is a Spirit?

Lord, how it looks about: beleece me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But this Spirit.

Pre. No wenches, eat, and sleep, & hath such senses
As we have: such, This Gallant which thou feelest,
Was in this wracke: and but hee's something thair'd
With greale (that's beauties sacker) y'mighte call him
A goodly perfon: he hath losst his fellowes,
And straies about to finde em.

Mrs. I might call him
A thing diseased, for something natural
I ever saw to Noble.

Pre. It goes on I see
As my soul to points it. Spirit, fine spirit, I see thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fir. Moit sure the Goddeff
On whom these syres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will to some good instruction give
How I may beare me here: my proue request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be May'd, or no?

Mrs. No, wonder Sir,
But, certainly a Mayd.

Fir. My Language! Heauens!
I am the beart of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken, 
Pre. How the beart!
What 'twere thou if the King of Naples heard thee.

Fir. A fingle thing, as I saw now, that wonders
To hear thee speake of Naples: he do's hear me,
And that he do's, I wepe: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbes) beheld
The King my Father wracket.

Mrs. Alacke, for mercy.

Fir. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Milliane
And his brave sonne, being swaine.

Pre. The Duke of Millane
And more his braver daughter, could controulk shre
If now't were fit to do't: At the first shight
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
I fet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I heare you done your selfe some wrong? A word,
Mr. Why speakes my father so vngently this
Is the third man that ere I saw: but this shright
That ere I fight'd for: pistry moue my father
To be enclin'd my way,

Fir. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queene of Naples.

Pre. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eysers pow're' s: But this swift busines
I lost wondre make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heare vnspefe
The name thou ow'll not, and haft put thy sefe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord don't.

Fir. No, as I am a man.

Mrs. That's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill spirit have to tayre a huffe.
Good things will firute to dwell with't.

Pre. Follow me.

A 3
The Tempest

Prof. Speake not you for him: he's a Traitor, come,
He maketh thy neckle and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be
The seare-brookey Mufflets, whiche'rs roots, and hukes
Wherein the Aconce cradled. Fellow.

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

He deaves, and is charmed from working.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearefull.

Prof. What I say,
My foost my Tutor? Put thy fword vp Traitor,
Who mak't a shew, but dar'nt not flinke ish confidence
Is so posseth with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can here adore thine with this flickre,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Befeche you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir haue pitty,
Ile be his furety.

Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me childe thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impofor? Hufh:
Thou think'st there is no more fuch fhares as he-
(Having fenee but him and Caliban.) Foolifh wenche,
To th'moft of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections.
Are then moft humble: I have no ambition
To fee a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerces are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loffe, the weakeffe which I feeke,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threaters,
To whom I am fubdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elles o'th'Earth
Let liberty make voice of: space enough
Have in such a prifon.

Prof. It workes: Come on.

Thou haft done well, fine Ariel: follow me,
Harke what thou eflate that do mee.

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

Prof. Thou fhalt be as free
As mountaines windes: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariel. To th'yllable.

Prof. Come follow: speake not for him. Exeunt.

Is much beyond our lollie: our hift of woe
Is common, every day, some Saylers wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have aff't our Theme of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preferuation) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wifely (good Sir) weigh
Our forrow, with our comfort.

Ariel. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receueth comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Vicitore will not give him o're fo.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the warch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gen. Sir.

Seb. One; Tell.

Gen. When euery greefe is entertain'd,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertain'r.

Seb. A dollor.

Gen. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
true then you purpos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wifelier then I meant you
should.

Gen. Therefore my Lord.

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

Ariel. Pre-thee spare.

Gen. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old Cocks.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Ant. Though this Iland seeme to be defert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid.

Seb. Vnishabuule, and almoft inaccessible,

Seb. Yet.

Ant. Yet.

Ant. He could not miff't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wrench,

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he moft learnedly defcriu'd.

Ant. The ayre breathes upon vs here moft sweetly.

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

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfu'd by a Fane.

Gen. Heere is every thing advanageous to life.

Ant. True, false manneres to lye.

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

Gen. How lull'd and luy'd the grave lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tavny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in's.

Ant. He miffes not much.

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

Gen. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.

Seb. Art many voucths rarities are.

Gen. That our Garments being (as they were) drench'd
in the Sea; hold notwithstanding their freeneffe
and glossie, being rather new dye'd then stain'd with false
water.

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

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

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

Seb. 'Twas a sweete marriage, and we proffer well in our returne.

Adri. well was never grace'd before with such a Peragon to their Queene.

Gen. Not since widdow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? A pox on that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow Dido?

Seb. What if she had laid Widdow Amene too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

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

Gen. This Tirse Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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

Ant. What impossible master will he make easy next?

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

Ant. And flowing the kennels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gen. 1. Why in good time.

Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as freth as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest ere came there.

Seb. Batte (I believe) you widdow Dido?

O Widdow Dido? I, widdow Dido.

Gen. Is not Sir my doubter as freth as the first day I wore it? I meant in a sport.

That fort was well fish'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughters marriage, Seb. You cram these words into mine ears, against the flomacke of my sense: would I had never married my daughter there: For comming thence my fannie is lost, and (in my rate) the too, who is farre from Ithy renounced. I hee againe shall see her: 0 thou mine heire Of Nipper and of Makame, what strange fish Had make his mate on thee.

Fran. Sir he may live,

I faw him beare the surgeuer under him, And ride upon their backes; he trode the water

Whole enmity he things aside: and breued

The surge mottwrone that met him: his bold head

Rouze the contentious waues he kept, and oared

His foffle with his good armes in lytyll firkle

Toth sthore; that ore his wane-worne heas bow'd

As flooping to releache him: I doubt not

He came alio to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

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

That would not beleeve our Europe with your daughter,

But rather losse her to an African,

Where the least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath made to wet the geese on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneeld too, & importune other wise

By all of vs: and the faire foule their felle

Wyght'd betweene lossehefe, and obedience, as

Which end o'th'beane should bow: we haue loy'd your

I feare for evere: Millenoe and Napier have

(lon,

No widdowes in them of this businesse making,

Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your own.

Alon. So is the deer'to b'l lofe.

Gen. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse, And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaifer.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And maud Chirurgeon only.

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

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very sole.

Gen. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord,

Ant. He'd fow't with Nestle-fece.

Seb. Or doakes, or Mallowes.

Ant. And were the King on't, what w' should I do?

Seb. Scape bring dranke, for want of Wine.

Gen. I' th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Truffike

Would I admit: No name of Magistrates

Letters should not be knowne; Riches, poverty,

And vie of feruice, none: Contrat, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none.

No vie of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle.

No occupation, all men idle, all;

And Women too, but innocent and pure;

No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets

the beginning.

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce

Without swear or endeavoure: Tresfon, feellony,

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

Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth

Of vs one kinde, all feyzon, all abundance

To feede my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjectes?

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

Gen. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Malesly. 

Ant. Long live Gonzalvo. 

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

Ant. Pre-thee no more: thou doft take nothing to

Gen. I do well beleue your Highnesse, and did it to

minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of

such fensible and nimble Lunge, that they always vie

to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at,

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

you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothingfull.

Ant. What should be there gueined?

Seb. And is it not faire flat-long.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of brave mettall you would

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

in it fweeke wes without changing.

Enter Ariel playing solemnne Musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I will not aduertise my
direction to weekly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I
am very heay.

Aron. Go sleep, and hear vs.

Aron. What, all so fow't asleep? with mine eyes

Woudh (with themselfes) shut vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Plesse you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It fildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.
Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person, while you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Ariel. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange droffiness possessest them? Ant. It is the quality o' th' Cymrants, Seb. Why

Doth it not that our eye-lids sink? I finde not my selfe dispos'd to sleep. Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble; they fell together all, as by consent. They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more?

And yet, me thinks I fee it in thy face, what thou shoul'dst be: the occasion speaks thee, and my strong imagination fee's a Cowne. Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepy Language; and thou speakest Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say? This is a strange reflex, to be aleepe With eyes wide open: flanding, speaking, musing: And yet to fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou left thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't! Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost it more distinctly, There's meaning in thy flores. But I am more serious than my custome: you Must be too fast, if heed me: which to do,

Troubles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am flanding water.

Ant. I teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebe

Hereditary Sloth infruits me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpoze cherish Whiles thus you mocke it; how in striving You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed (Most often) do fo recee the botomse sun By their owne feate, or floth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of chine eye, and cheeke proclaime A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, Which throwes thee much too yeld.

Ant. Thus Sir: Although his Lord of weake remembrance, this Who shall be of as little memory When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded (For hee's a spirit of perfwaded, only Profillys to perfwade) the King's honne's aluite, 'Tis as impossible that hee's vnwound, As he that sleepeas here, swine.

Seb. I haue no hope That hee's vnwound.

Ant. O, out of that no hope, What great hope hace you? No hope that way, Is another way to high a hope, that euen Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond But doubt difcouery therein. Will you grant with me That Perseus is drowned.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next Heire of Naples?

Seb. Clarbell.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis: fit that dwell

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples Can have no note, yeelthe the Sun were lost: The Man i'th Moones too flow, till new-born chinesence be rought, and Razor-able; She shall from whom We all were free-swallow'd, though some cast againe, And by that deifying to performe an act Whereof, what's past is Prologue: what to come In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What fluffe is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis, So is the heyre of Naples; twist which Regions There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that Clarbell Measure vs backe to Naples? sleepe in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake. Say, this was death That now hath feiz'd them, why they were no worse Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples: As well he that sleepe's, Lords, that can prate As amyly, and unnecessary As this Genevile: I my selfe could make A Clough of as deep a deceit, O, that you bore The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this For your aduancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Me thinks I do.

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

Seb. I remember

You did applaud your Brother Prosper.

Ant. True, And looke how well my Garments sit upon thee, Much fester then before: My Brothers frownes Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your confidence.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? if it were a lybe T'would put me to my flipper: But I feele not This Delay in my bosome: Twentye conferences That fland 'twixt me, and Millane, candied be they, And melt ere they mellowc: Here lies your Brother, No better then the earth he lies upon, If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead) Whom I with this obdient feele {three inches of it} Can lay to bed for euer; whiles you doing thus, To the perpetuall winke for aye might put. This ancient morcell: this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course; for all the rest They'll take suggeftion, as a Car laps mille, They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that We faybefits the houre.

Seb. Thy cafe, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou goe'th Millane, I'me come by Naples: Draw thy word, one stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieft, And I the King shall lane thee.

Ant. Draw to gether:

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

Seb. O, but one word,

Enter Ariel with Musicks and Songes.

Ariel. My Master through his Atz forecloses the danger That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth (For elles he prop't dies) to keepe them haging,

Songes in Gonzalos ear.

While you bare do praetering lie,

Open-eyed Confuscri.

His hands doth take:
Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a name of Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the Injunctions that the Sunne tickles vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By yeh-mele a stiffe: his Spirits hear me,
And yet Lizdeets must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vlyons-thieves, pitch me I think me,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darkes.
Out of my way, vileste he bid em'; but
For every trifle, are they fer upon me,
Sometime like Ape, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedges-hogs, which
Lyte tumbling in my bare-footed way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-foot: sometime am I
All wound with Aderers, who with clowen tongues
Do stiffe me into maddev: Lo! now Lo Enter.
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Trinculo.
For bringing in bowly lowy: I'll fea flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tr. Here's another buff, nor stirk to brea of.
by weather at all and another Storme brecling. I heare it
sing it's winde: yond damage blacke cloud, yond huge
one, looke at a foule barbour that would finde his
liquor; if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
chooie but fall by paiue-falls. What baste we here a man.
or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, he fimmels like a fish: it a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the
newft poore-John: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and had but this fish paied: not
a holiday-foole there but would give a piece of fluer.
there, would this Monfer, make a man: any strange
breast there, makes a man: when they will not glue a
dot to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to fee
a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man: and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o're my torch: I doe now let loose my op
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fford, but an Iflan
der, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the ftorme is come againe: my bell way is to creeping un
der his Gabinette: there is no other shelter herea.
bout: Mifsy acquaints a man with strange bedfell
loves: I will here throw till the draggles of the ftorme
be paft.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall now more to fee, to fee, here I'll dye awhile.
This is a very merry tune to hint at a man.
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.
Drinks.
Sing. The Mayster, the Swiuer, the Bote-foame & i;
The Gunner, with his Slate.
Lord, Mail, Meg, and Marrion, and Margeris.
But none of us can d for Kate.
For sfo had a tongue with a tongue,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She loud not the mower of Tor nor of Pitch.
Let a Sailor might scratch her where ere she did itch,
Then to Sea Boay, and let her goe hang.
This is a funny tune too:
But here's my comfort. drinks.
Cal. Do not torment me: oh.
Ste. What's the matter?
Have we diuels here?
Do you put trickes vpon's with Salusger, and Men of
Indes ha! I haue not fcep'd drowning, to be afraid
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin faid: as pro
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
give ground: and it shall be faid so againe, while Ste
phano breathes at noftills.

Cal. The Spirit tormentes me oh.
Ste. This is some Monfter of the life, with foure leges:
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the ditell
should he learn our language? I will give him some rel
ifie if it be but for that; if I can recover him, and keep
hi tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Pre
cent for any Emperour that euer trud on Neapes-lea
then.
Cal. Do not torment me prethee: Ile bring my
wood home faster.
Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wildef: he shall taffe of my Bote: if hee haue never
drunk wode wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit:
if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take
too much for him; bee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that foundly.
Cal. Tho I don't me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works
upon thee.

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

Ste. I should know that youce:
It shoule be,

But
The Tempest

But he is drowsy, and thefe, are drowsy; O defend me.

Ste. Four legges and two voyces; a moft delicate Monifter: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend, his backward voice, is to sett foole speeches, and to detraft: if all the wine in my bottle will re cuer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will pour thee some in thy mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth any other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a duseull, and no Monifter; I will leave him, I have no long Spone.

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

Ste. If thou beft Trinculo: come forth: I'll pull thee by the fatter legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, there are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how can't thou be the siege of this Moone-calle? Can he vent Trinculo's? I took thee to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke, but art thou not dround Stephano? I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne; I hid mee under the dead Moone-CallesGaberdine, for feare of the Storme: Art art thou living Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans escap'd?

Ste. Prethee do not turne me about, my flomack is not conftant.

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

Ste. How did'ft thou fcape? How can't thou hithe?

Sware by this Bottle how thou can't hithe: I escap'd upon a Bat of Sacke, which the Saylors heeded o'reboard, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was caft a'ftore.

Cal. I fware upon that Bottle, to be thy true subieft, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here, kiffe the Booke. Though thou canst fwear like a Ducky, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O Stephano, ha'nt any more of this? Ste. The whole Bat (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by thiefe-fide, where my Wine is hid.

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

Tri. Ha'ft thou not dropt from heaven?

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

Cal. I haue feene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:

My Miftiff fhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bully.

Ste. Come, fware to that: kiffe the Booke: I will furre my annon with newe Contents: Sware.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very fowler Monifter: I areaf of him? a very weak Monifter: The Man ith Moone?

A moft poore croudull Monifter: Well drawne Monifter, in good ftooth.

Cal. He fwhew me every fertyll ych 'oth Island: and I will fhave thy ftoote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moft pedifious, and drunken Monifter, when god's a flpeepe he'll rob his Bottle.
The Tempest

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections: heavens rain grace
On that which breeds betwixt us, 'em

Mir. Art mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence basffull cunning,
And prompt; me plaine and holy innocenc.
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, Ilie your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Mir. My Mistrie (decreed)
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then?

Pro. 1, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome; there's my hand,
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now fastwel
Till halfe an hour hence.

Pro. A thousand, thousand,

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing,
At nothing can be more: Ile to my bookes,
For yet ere dinner time, much I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Scena Secunda

Enter Calibien, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, nor a drop before; therefore bear vp, & board em' Servant Monnster, drinke to me.

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

Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy eies are almost fet in thy head.

Trin. VVhere should they bee set eies? heere were a braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in facke: for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I swam ere I could recover the shore, fume and shirrle Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt becom my Lieutenant Monnster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you like, Ile not be a Man in Master Monnster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but your lie is like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-cafe, speake once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-cafe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thine thooce: Ie not ferue him, he is not valiant.

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

Cal. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him my Lord?
Enter Ariel insidiously.

**Act III, Scene I**

**Cal.** As I told thee before, I am famish'd to a Tartar,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Island.

**Ariel.** Thou liest,

**Cal.** Thou liest, thou lying Monster thou!
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not dye.

**Ariel.** If you trouble him any more in'tale,
By this hand, I will implant some of your teeth.

**Trin.** Why, I laid nothing.

**Ste.** Munr then, and no more I proceed.

**Cal.** I say by Sorcery he got this Fife
From me, be got it, If thy Greatmelle will
Revenge on him, (for I know thou da'ri')
But this Thing dare not.

**Ste.** That's most certain.

**Cal.** That shall be Lord of, and I fellere thee.

**Trin.** How now shall this be consummated?

**Ste.** Canst thou bring me to the pasture?

**Cal.** Yes, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thae alseep,
Where thou maist knocke a nail in his head.

**Ariel.** Thou liest, thou canst not.

**Cal.** What a py de Minnim's this? Thou fearey patch
I do befeech thy Greatmelle give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ie not thow him
Where the quicke Frenses are.

**Trin.** Run into no further danger:
Interupt the Monister one word further, and by this hand,
Ile turne my mercie out o'doors, and make a
Stockfifth of thee.

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

**Ste.** Didst thou not say he lyed?

**Ariel.** Thou liest.

**Ste.** Do I so? Take thou that,
As you like this, give me the lye nother time.

**Trin.** Did I not give the lie: Out o' your witten, and
hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo
A murrer on your Monister, and the duell take your
finger.

**Cal.** Hahah.

**Ste.** Now forward with your Tale: prether flee
farther off.

**Cal.** Besate him enough: after a little time
He beate him too.

**Ste.** Stand farther: Come proceed.

**Cal.** Why, as I told thee, his a cudone with him
In theshops to sleepe, there thou maist braine him,
Having first fir'd his Bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a faleke,
Or cut his wexand with thy knife. Remember
First to potiffe his Bookes; for without them

Hec's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath nor
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As nooerly as I. Burne his Bookes,
He's a braue Venfils (for fo he callles them)
Which when he's a house, he'd deckle withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter. he himselfe
Cals her a no-pairell: I never saw a woman
But onely Sycraus my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth Sycraus,
As great'll do's leaf.

**Ste.** Is it to braue a Laffe?

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

**Ste.** Monster, will I kill this man: his daughter
And I will be King and Queene, face our Graces and
Trinculo and thy felle shall be Vice-royes.

Doft thou like the plot Trinculo?

**Trin.** Excellent.

**Ste.** Give me thy hand, I am sorry I bee thee:
But while thou liust keep a good tongue in thy head.

**Cal.** Within this halfe house will he be asleep,
Wilt thou destroy them then?

**Ste.** I on mine honour,

**Ariel.** This will I tell my Master,

**Cal.** Thou make me merry: I am full of pleasure,
Let vs be locond. Will you troule the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

**Ste.** At thy request Monister, I will do reason,
Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing.

Sings.

_Song_.

_Foist_ 'em, and cast_ 'em, _and knipst 'em, _and flous 'em,_

_Tonght is free._

**Cal.** That's not the tune.

**Ariel.** Plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

**Ste.** What is this same tune?

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

**Ste.** If thou beest a man, shew thy felle in thy likenes
Iff thou beest a diuell, take's as thou lift.

**Trin.** O forgive me my sinner.

**Ste.** He that dies pays all debts; I defie thee;
Mercy vpon vs.

**Cal.** Art thou afeard?

**Ste.** No Monster, not I.

**Cal.** Be not afeard, the Fife is full of noyset,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Infruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and they riches
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I doe to dreams againe.

**Ste.** This will prove a braue kindgome to me,
Where I shall have my Musich for nothing.

**Cal.** When Preposter is destroyc'd

**Ste.** That shall be by and by:

I remember the florice.

**Trin.** The bound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our works.

**Ste.** The Monster.

We'll follow: I would I could see this Taborer,
He lays it on.

**Trin.** Will come?

Ile follow Stephano.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthony Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, etc.

Al. By sea, I can go no further, Sir; my old bones ask: here's a maze too indeed.

Through fraught rights, & Messengers: by your patience, I needs must rest me.

Sit. For, by your leave, my Lord: here I am.

Al. All my Lord, I cannot blame thee, who, as thy friend, stand with valueness.

To th' duling of my spirits: Sit down, and rest: Enven here I will put off my hope, and keep it

I'll no longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd

When thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks.

Our fruitless search on land: well, let him goe.

Sit. I am right glad, that's the so out of hope:

Does not for one repulse forgave the purpose

That you could't effect.

Schr. The next advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,

For now they are oppos'd with transille, they

Will not, nor can't, give such vigilance.

A: when they are freth.

Salome and strange Muslick: and Prosper on the top (insignible:) Enter several strange Hobbes, bringing in a Basket; and dance about it with gentle allions of salvation, and inviting the King &c: soe, they depart.

Schr. I lay to night: no more.

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

Gen. Marvelous force Muslick.

Al. Good vs kind keepers, haven't what were the?

Schr. A living Delucere: now I will beleeve

That there are Unicornes: that in Arabia

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant. It beleeve both:

And what do 'e11 want credit, come to me

And beleevre 'eis true: Travellers were did lie,

Though foole at home condemn'd em.

Gau. If Mopes

I should report this now, would they beleeve me?

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet none

Their manners are more gentle, kind, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honofi Lord,

Thou haft faid well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much mife

Such shapes, such gestre, and such found expressing

(Although they want the efe of tongue) a kind

Of excellent diurne discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Schr. No matter, since

(masks)

They haue left their Viantis behind; for wee haue flo-

Will please you taste of what's here?

Al. Not I.

Boyes

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

Who would beleue that there were Mountains ones, Dew-lap-like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at em

Wallers off flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads flood in their brafs? which now we finde

Each putter out of flue for one, will bring vs

Good warrant of.

Al. I will hand to, and feele,

Although my laff, no matter, since I feele

The bell is payt; brother: my Lord, the Duke,

Stand too, and doe as we.

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

Fr. You are three men of finne, whom deflisy

That hath to infrument this lower world,

And what is it: then the newt infifie Sea,

Hath caus'd to bech up you; and on this Island,

Where man doth not inhabit, you mongl men,

Being molt vaft to line: I haue made you mad;

And even with such like valour, men hang, and drawne

Their proper felues: you foole, and I, my fellowes

Are minions of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud windes, or with bemock. Stabs

Kill the still closing waters, as diminish

One down: that's in my plume: my fellow minions

Are like-invincible: if you could hurt

Your swords are now too maffe for your strengthes,

And will not be vllified: But remember

(For that's my businesse to you) that you three

From Milune did supplant good Prospero,

Expo'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)

Him, and his innocent child: for which foule deed,

The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have

Incedo'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures

And against your peace: three of thy Sonne, Altho:

They haue benef't; and doe pronounce by me

Ling'ng perdition (worse then any death

Can be at once) shall step by step attend

You, and your wayes, whose wrathes to guard you (from)

Which here, in this moff deposite Isle, else falls

Upon your heads; is nothing but hearts-horrow,

And a dense life enfoming.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (as left Musicke) Enter, the shapes againe, and dance (with mocks and mocks) and carrying on the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this Harpy, haft thou

Perform'd (my Ariel) a grace it had devoursing;

Of my Infruption, haft thou nothing bated

In what thou hadst to say: to with good life,

And obfuration strange, my meanes minifiers

Their feverall kindes have done: my high charmes work,

And thefe (mine enemies) are all knox vp

In their directions: they now are in my powre;

And in these flees, I leave them, while I visit

Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd)

And his, and mine loud darling.

Gen. I' the name of something holy, Sir, why fland you

In this strange flare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:

They though the billows spoke, and told me of

The windes did fing to me: and the Thunder

(That deep and dreadful Organ-Pipe) pronounced

The name of Prosper: it did bafe my Triumphe,

Therefore my Sonne i'th Oze is bedded: and

I' ferke hem deeper then ere placemens founded,

And with him there lye mudd'd.

Schr. But one feend at a time,

He fight their 1 egions ocr.


The Tempest.

Act. I. Scene Second. 

Enter the Tempest. 

All three of them are desparate: their great guilt (Like poisonous to work: a great time after) Has gone to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you (That are of supplicant joyes) follow them swiftly, 
And hinder them from what this exataie 
May now prouoke them to. 

Ad. Follow, I pray you. 

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima. 

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda. 

Pros. If I have too aufterely punisht you, 
Your compenration makes amends, for I 
Have gueuen you here, a third of mine owne life, 
Or that for which I live: who, once againe 
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations 
Were but my rizals of thy loue, and thou 
Hast strangely flopped the self: here, afore heauen 
I ratifie this my rich guilt: O Ferdinand, 
Doe not smile at me, that I boaste her of, 
For thou shalt finde the self with out-hir praise 
And make it halfe, behind her. 

Fer. I doe believe it 
Against an Oracle. 

Pros. Then, a my guest, and thine owne acquisition 
Worthy purchaser take, my daughter: But 
If thou do not breake her Virgin-knot, before 
All fanctorious ceremonies may 
With full and holy rights, be ministr'd, 
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall 
To make this contract grow: but barraise hate, 
Sower,ye'd disdain, and discours shall befall 
The union of your bed, with weedes so loathing 
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed, 
As Hymnus Lamps shall light you. 

Fer. As I hope 
For quiet dayes, faire Iufe, and long life, 
With fuch loue, as this now the murtikien den, 
The most opportune place, the strongest liggetion, 
Our worster Genius can, shall never melt 
Mine honor into luft, to take away 
The edge of that days celebration, 
When I shall think, or Planus Steeds are founded, 
Or Night keipt chain'd below. 

Pros. Fairly spake; 
Set then, and talk with her, she is thine owne; 
What Arieil; my industrious servant Arieil. 

Enter Arieil. 

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

Pros. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your lie fersice 
Dide worthyly performed: and I must like you 
In such another trick: goe bring the rabbles 
(Ore whom I glue thee power) here, to this place: 
Incite them to quick motion, for I must 
Beflow upon the eyes of this young couple 
Some vanity of mine Arieil: it is my promise, 
And they expect it from me. 

Ari. Presently? 

Pros. I, with a twince. 

Ari. Before you can lye come, and goe, 
And breathe twice; and cry, fo, fo; 
Each one tripping on his toe, 
Will be here with mop, and move, 
Do you love me Master? no? 

Ari. Dearly, my delicate Arieil; do not approach 
Till thou do stiffe my name call. 

Ari. Well: I conceive, 

Pros. Look thou then true: do not glue dalliance 
Too much theaigne: sthe strongest eathes, are straw 
To th'ire in't blood: but more abominious, 
O els good night your vow. 

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

Pros. Well 
Now come my Arieil, bring a Coronary, 
Rather then want a Spirit,appear, & perdy, Set smaucifk, 
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. 

Enter Iris. 

Iris. Molt bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas 
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fitches, Oates and Pease; 
Thy Turphie-Mountains, where live nibling Sheepe, 
And flat Medes thetched with Stoner, them to keepes; 
Thy bankeis with pioned, and twilled brims 
Which spung vppon April, at thy left betrimes; 
To make cold Nymphes chat crownes; & thy broome- 
Whose shadow the dimmifed Batchelor loues, (groues; 
Being lasfe-lorne: thy pole-clip vineyard, 
And thy Sea-marge thrifle, and rockey-hard, 
Where thou thy fylfe do not, the Queene o'th Skie, 
Whose wary Arch, and melenger, am I, 
Bids that leave thefe, & with her foweraigne grace, 
Inno Here on this Graffe-plot, in this very place 
defends, 
To come, and sport: here Peecocks flye amaine. 

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine. 

Enter Ceres. 

Cer. Hailie, many-coloured Melfenger, that nere 
Do not disobey the wife of Top ister: 
Who, with thy faffon wings, upon my flowers 
Diffufed hone drops, refreheling fhovers, 
And with each end of thy blew bowe doe not crowne 
My bokkie acres, and my vnfruit d owne, 
Rich fcarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene 
Summond me hither, to this short gratt's Queene? 

Iri. A conuuf of true Loue, to celebrate, 
And some donation freely to efate 
On the bleis D Loopers. 

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe, 
If Pew or her Sonne, as thou doe not know, 
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot 
The meanes, that thus thine daughter got, 
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company, 
I have forsworne. 

Iri. Of her societie 
Be not afraid: I met her deltie 
Cutting the clouds towards Paphes: and her Son 
Doe drawd with her: here thought they to have done 
Some wanton charme, upon this Man and Maide, 
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid 
Till Hymen's Torch be lighted: but in vaine, 
Mister hot Minion is returnd againe. 
Her waffipth headonne, has broke his arrowes, 
Swears he will shaft none more, but play with Sparrows. 
And be a Boy right out. 

Cer. Highfel Queene of State, 
Great Arieil comes, I know her by her gate. 

In. How doe thy bounteous fitter? goe with me 
Tall this twome, that they may propporize be, 
And honoured in their ifue. 

Thry Sing. 

In. Honor, riches, marry, alligging, 
Long continuance, and increasing, 
Hourly joyes, be struck upon you.
The Tempest.

I was sung by the blessings of you,
Earth increased, joy of my solace,
Rome, and Carthage, nearer empty.
Winds, with stuffy songs blended growing.
Plants, with Gouldly bower beaming.
Springs count by what is the last leaf,
In the very end of Harsh the
Scarcity and the want that from you,
Ceres bounding for on your
For. This is a most man-eating wisdom and
Harmonious charmingly; may I be bold
To think the shepherds' spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
For. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wonder Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.
Pro. Sweet now, Glencoe:
Is it and Ceres whisper successfully,
There's something else to do: huzzah, and be more
Or else our spill is most's.
Iuno and Ceres whether, and send his employment.
For. You Nymphs call Nancy of your wending brooks,
With your fledge'd crowns, and rust-harmellale looks,
Leave your triple channels, and on this green-Land
Anacreon your famous, Juno do's command.
Come temperate Nymphers, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love: be not too late.
Enter Certaine Nymphers.
You Sumburn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the narrow, and be merry,
Make holy day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And there fresh Nymphers encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they sing
With the Nymphers, in a graceful dance, towards the end where-
of, Prospero sings fondly and speaks, after which a
Strange bottom and confused way, they hastily vanish.
Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, avoid: no more.
For. This is strange: your fathers in some fashion
That works him from my intestine
Mrs. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so temper'd.
Pro. You doo looke (my fon) in a mou'd fort,
As if you were disdain'd; be cheerfull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the basellife fabricke of this vision
The Cloud-cast Temples, the gorgeous Palaces,
The nobleme Temples, the great Globe is feile,
Yes, all which it inherit, fall disfollce,
And like this infubstantial Pageant faded
Leave not a rachet behinde: we are such fluffe
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vexes,
Bear with my weakeless; my old braine is troubled:
Be not diffud'd with my infernall folly.
If you be pleas'd, retire into say Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ie walke
To fill my bearing minde.

Pro. Mrs. We with your peace.
Exit.

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

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleate to, what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. My Commander, when I prefent Ceres
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feart'd
Leaff I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of solemn, that they thinned the air.
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground.
For kissing of their secret; yet alwayes biding
Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like ymback'd they pricks their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noyes
As they finetst mutlicle, so I charmed their ears.
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd brats, sharpe fizzes, prickling goole, & thorns,
Which entred their frail thinns: as last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chints, that the fowlie Lake
Ore-flunck their feet.
Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible resoue thou full:
The trumpetery in my house, goe bring it hither
For flate to catch those sheeetes. Ari. I go I goe, Exit.

Pro. A Deuill, a born Deuill, on whose name
Nurture can never flicke i on whom my paines
Hunself taken, all, all loft, quite loft.
And, as with age, his body ouglier grows,
So his minde eankes: I will plague them all,
Even to roasting: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariel, laden with glittering apparel, O. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all men.
Cafl. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not hear a foot fall: we are now near his Cell.
St. Monfier, your Fairy, & you say it is a harmless Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Lacke with vs.
Trin. Monfier, I do smell all housse-pisse, at which
My note f is in great indignation.
St. So is mine, Do you hearre Monfier: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Lookke you.

Trin. Thou went but a loft Monfier.
Cafl. Good my Lord, glue me thy fauous fil.
Be patient, for hee prize thee too.
Shall hudwinke this mischance therefore speake soley,
All's buft in midnight yet.
Trin. I, but to loose our bottelles in the Poole.
St. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monfier, but an infinite loffe.
Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmeless Fairy, Monfier.
St. I will fetch off my bottlle,
Though I be o're cares for my children.
Cll. Pre-there (my King) be quites. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enire
Do that good mischefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban
For aye thy footlicker.
St. Give me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.
Trin. O King, of Stephano, O Peerce, O worthy Stephano,
Lookke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
Cafl. Let it aloneth thou foule, it is but trall.
Trin. Oh, ho, Monfier: we know what belongs to a}

Friperri, O King Stephano.
Enter Prospero (in his Adigick robe) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do my Proeed gather to a head: My charms cracke not: my Spirits obay, and Time
Goest with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the finest hour, at which time, my Lord
You laid out we should rest.

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

Ar. Confidnd together
In the same fashion, as you gae in charge,
Iff as you left them; all prisoners sit
In the lowest stair which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot budge till your releas: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three disfaced,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

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

Pro. Doft thou thinke fo, Spirit? I
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall,
Halft thou (which art but sire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as furieously,
Patience as they, be kinder: mow'd thou then art?
Thogh with his high wrongs I am strook to the quicke,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Do I take part: the rater Aotion is
In verue, then in vengeance they, being penitent,
The foil drif of my purpos doth extend
Not a sorrow more: I goe, releas them Ariel,
My Charms Ile breake, their fences Ile refute,
And they shall be themselves,
Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Pro. Ye Elises of his, brooks, flading lakes & grouers,
And ye, that on the sands with printifole foote
Doe chafe the ebbing-Nephtes, and doe sist him
When he comes backe you deny: Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greee lowre Kings eyes make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose palestime
Is to make midnight-Musilumps, that relayce
To heare the folome Carverne, by whose agele
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedynned
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous windes,
And twixt the green sea, and the sunder'd vaults
Set roaring wave: To the dread rating Thunder
Hau'g guen fire, and riefed Iones flows Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong bal'd promonctorie
Hau'e I made shake, and by the purs plucks vp
The Pyne, and Cedars. Graces at my command
Hau'e wad'd their fleares, op'd, and let'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abufe: and when I have requird
Some heavenly Mushicke (which even now I do)
To worke mine end upon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my stiffe,
Bu'ry it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did ever Plummets found
Ile drowne my books.

Solomne musick.

Here enteres Ariel before: There Alonio with a frantick ge-
flute, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Antonio in
like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all
enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand
charmed: which Prospero observing, sleights.

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

Holy Gonzalo, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charmse dispacies space,
And as the morning Reales upon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) in their rising fences
Begin to chase the ignorant flames that mandle
Their shelter round, O good Gonzalo
My true preferre, and a loyall Sirs,
To him thou follow't: I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deed: Most cruelly

Pro. D"fd thou thinke fo, Spirit? I
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall,
Halft thou (which art but sire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as furieously,
Patience as they, be kinder: mow'd thou then art?
Thogh with his high wrongs I am strook to the quicke,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Do I take part: the rater Aotion is
In verue, then in vengeance they, being penitent,
The foil drif of my purpos doth extend
Not a sorrow more: I goe, releas them Ariel,
My Charms Ile breake, their fences Ile refute,
And they shall be themselves,
Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir.
The Tempest.

Didst thou, Maria, see me, and my daughter?
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for not now Scholastia. Flesh, and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain ambition,
Expedled remorse, and nature, whom, with Scholastia
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere have kill'd thy King; I do forgive thee,
Vanitously though thou hast: Their understanding
Begins to fcel, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ye foule, and mudy: not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Arrest
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will disfave me, and my felle prefent
As I was sometyme Mithene; quickly Spirit,
Thou frat creafion be free.

Arrest sing, and helps to attaine him.
Where the belt sucke, there suck I,
In a Conflips bed, I lie,
There I know when Owles doe cry,
On the Batts budge I das flie
After Summer mercy.

Merry, merry, fhh! I fpee now.
Under the hatches that hang on the Bow.

Why that's my daugher: I shall misf
Thee, but ye shall haue faire good: so, so, so,
To the kings ship, infuble as thou art,
There till thou finde the Martiners sleepe
Under the Hatches; the Mafter and the Beat-Swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preffently I prethere.

Ar. I drink the air before me, and returne
Or ere your pufle twice beare.

Gen. All torrment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit thee; some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Countrey.

B. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of Millyame, Prospero:
For more assurance that a joyful Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alc. Where thou beft he or no,
Or some enchanted triftle to abufe me,
(As late I haue bee) I know not: why Pufle
Beats as of fleeph, and bod; and since I faw thee,
This affhickishion of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneffe he hold me: this mart craue
(And if this be all) a maffo strangfe, great
Thy Dukedom I refigne, and doe entreate
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firt, noble Friend,
Let me embrace this age, whose honor cannot
Beuenfud, or confined,
Gen. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'm not freeare,
Pro. You doe yeftake
Some substacies of'th life, that will not let you
Believe things ceraine: Wrelome, my friends all,
But you my brace of Lords, were I fo minded
I heere could pluck his Highneffe frowne upon you
And inflife you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Sub. The Druell speaks in hime.

Pro. No.

For you (moit wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankett fault: all of them: and require
My Dukedom of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muft reforre.

Alc. If thou becft Prospero
Give particulars of thy precipitation,
How thou haft turnd thee heere, whom three houre:s since
Were wreaks upon this shore? where I haue loft
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere fone Ferdinand,

Pro. I am woe for's, Sir.

Alc. Irreparable is the loffe, and patience
Sails, it is palt her cure.

Pro. I rather thynge
You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like loffe, I have her fowterainaj aid,
And refc my felle content.

Alc. You the like loffe?

Pros As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere loffe, have I means much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you: for I
Have loft my daughter,
A daughter the Duke.
Oh liuentions, that they were liuing both in Naples
The King and Queene ther: that they were, I wish
My felle were madded in that oo-zie bed
Where my fone lies: when did you loffe your daughter?

Pros. In this laft Tempeft, I perceiue these Lords
At this encounter doe fo much admire,
That they deserre their reafon, and fencere think
Their eies doe offices of Truth; Their words
Are natural breath: but how foon you have
Been suffleed from your fentes, known for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thraught forth of Millyame, who moft strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wreckt) was landed
To be the Lord on: No more ye of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of-day by day,
Nor a relation for a break-fall, nor
Beholding this fift meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell my Court; here haue I few attendants,
And Subjectes none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedom fince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requiere you with as good a thing,
At leaft bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedom.

Here Prospero discoveres Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheifs.

Mr. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my deereft love,
I would not for the world,

Mr. Yes, for a fcore of Kingdomes, yow should
And I would call it faire play.

Alc. If this profe
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall twice loffe.

Scl. A moft high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I have curst them without caufe.

Alc. Now all the bleffings
Of a glad father, complafl the about:
Arift, and say how thou canst it heere.

Mr. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are here heere?
How beneficous mankinde is? O bragu new world

That
That has such people in't.

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

Al. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your el'd acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddeffe that hath feuer'd us,
And brought vs tis together? For
Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall prudence, she's mine;
I choose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke at Millaine,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Receu'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Al. I am hers.
But O, how odiy will it found, that I
Mull aske my childe forguenent?
Pro. There Sin flrop,
Let vs not b urthen our remembrances, with
A heauneffe that's gon.
Gos. I have iniy wept,
Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple do a bleffed crowne;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.
Al. I say Amen, Gvnadlo.
Gos. Was Millaine thrust from Millaine, that his life
Should become Kings of Naples? O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and let it downe
With gold on laffing Pillers: In one voyage
Did [carrieth] her husband finde at Tunes,
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was loft: Profefer, his Duke done
In a poore life: and all of vs, our felues,
When no man was his owne.
Al. Give me your hands;
Let griefe and sorrow fill embrace his heart,
That doth not with you joy.
Gos. Be it fo, Amen.
Enter Arsie, with the Master and Basfiasne
amazedly following.
O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I proprest, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That sware't Grace o'born, not an oath on shore,
Hath thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes? Bat. The bell newes is, that we haue lately found
Our King, and company: The next our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gott out fit,
Is styce, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this felicite
Have I done since I went.
Pro. My crickley Spirit.
Al. These are not natural events, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?
Pro. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd rifie to tell you: we were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all elps under hatches,
Where but open, with strange, and severall noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And mo diysterie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royll, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capping to eye her: on a tronce, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.
Al. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this busineffe, more then nature
Was ever conducit of: some Oracle
Must techifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infill your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this busineffe, at pikes aturie
(Which shall be shortly singe) He relates you,
(Which to you shall feeme probable) of every
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinkes of each thing well: Come bithir Spirit,
Sore Caliban, and his companions free.
Vantye the Spell: How farres my gracious Sir?
There are yet misfitt of your Companie
Some fewe odd Lads, that you remember not.
Enter Arsie, drinking in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their faire Apparel.
St. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
but fortune. Cargo! Bully-Monster Cargo.
Tri. If these be true frieuds which I ware in my head,
here's a goodly fight.
Cal. O Satter, thes be brave Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chafftie me.
Sb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
Will money buy em.
Ars. Very like one of them
Is a plainf Fife, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords:
Then say if they be true: This miifapen knawe
Hs Mother was a Witch, and one fo strong
That could concorde the Moonne: make flowers, and cbe.
And dealde in her command, without her power:
Their three hase robde me, and this demy-duell;
(For he's a baffard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellows, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkneffe, I
Aknowledg mine.
Cal. I shall be pincht to death.
Al. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?
Sb. He is drunken now;
Where had he wine?
Al. And Thumio is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gild'd em?
How can't I shou in this pickle?
Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Sb. Why do how now Stephano?
St. O touch me not. I am not Stephano, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'd be King o' the Ille, Sirha?
St. I should haue bin a fore one then.
Al. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He was disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Go, Sirha, to my Cell.
Take with you your Companions; as you looke
To have my pardon, trim it haindome.
Cal. That I will: and ble wife hereafter,
And seek for grace: what a thrice double Ase
Was I to take this drunken for a god?
And worship this dull fool?
  Pro. Goce to, away. (found it.)
  Act. Hence, and beftow your luggage where you
  Sib. Or flile it rather.
  Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
  To my poore Cell: where you fhall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, I leave
With fuch discours, as I not doubt, fhall make it
Goe quicke away. The glory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Ile: And in the morn
I'le bring you to your ship, and fo to Naples,

Where I have hope to fee the nuptiall
Of thefe our deere-belou'd, folemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
Every third thought fhall be my grace.
  Act. I long
To hear the story of your life; which muft
Take the care frangely.
  Pro. I'le deliver all,
And promife you calme Seas, afpicious gales,
And fail, fo expeditions, that fhall catch
Your Royall fleete faire off: My Ariel; chique
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleafe you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charmes are allare-throwne,
And what strength I have's mine owne.
Which is my fain: now'tis true
I muft be here confide by you,
Or fent to Naples, Let me not
Since I have my Duke again,
And pardon'the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Iland, by your Spell,
But releafe me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sails
Must fill, or else my prouide fails,
Which was to pleafe: New I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inhaut,
And my ending is defiaire,
Vntelfed & bereft'd by prayer
Which pierces fo, that it affects
Mercy it felfe; and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon't be,
Let your Indulgence fet me free.

Exeir.

FINIS.
THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Phus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Prologue, and Speech.

Valentine.

Enter Periwode, my loving Probose; Home-keeping youth, house ever homely wise, We're not affected chains thy tender eyes To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Loue, I rather would entertain thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Then (living daily sluggardiz'd at home) Wear out thy youth with dissipell' d wits, But since thou lovest, love all, and thrive therein, Even as I would, when to Loue begin, Pro. Wit thou be gone? Sweet Valentine ad ew, Think on thy Problem, when thou hap'ly seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy train, With me partake in thy happiness When thou dost meet good hap, and in thy danger, (If ever danger doe environ thee) Command thy generous to my holy prayers, For I will be thy beadle, man, Valentine. Val. And on a louse-book pray for my succeffe. Pro. Vpon some booke thou loue, I'll pray for thee. Val. That's on some hollow Storie of deepe love, How yong Lander craft the Helespom, Pro. That's a deep Storie, of a deeper loue, For he was more then ouer-fhoots in loue. Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-brooks in loue, And yet you utter from the Helespom. Pro. Ouer the Bootees? nay give me not the Boots. Val. No, I will not; for it boote thee not. Pro. Wait? (grones:) Val. To be in loue; where stome is bought with Coy looks, with bare-forfe figures: one fading moments With twenty-watchfull, weary, tedious nights. (mirth, If haply won, perhaps a haplese game) If it of, why then a grieuous labour won; How euer: but a folly bought with wise, O, elle a wit, by folly vanquished. Pro. So, by your circumftance, you call me foole, Val. So, by your circumftance, I feare you'll proue. Pro. 'Tis Loue you caull at, I am not Loue. Val. Loue is your master, for he maffers you; And he that is so yoked by a foole, Methinks should not be chronified for wife. Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetef Bud, The eating Canker doles; so eating Loue Iabahis in the finest wits of all. Val. And Writers say; as the morte forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow, Even so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit Is stunt'd to folly, blaining in the Bud, Loosing his verdure, even in the prime, And all the faire effects of future hopes. But wherefore waste I time to confuine thee That art a votary to fond defire? Once more adieu: my Father at the Road Expects my comming, there to fee me flip'd. Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine. Val. Sweet Probose, no: Now let us take our lessee To Milstane let me hearse thee by Letters Of thy succeffe in loue; and what newes eile Besidest here in abince of thy Friend: And I likewise will visit thee with mine. Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in Milstane. Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. Exit. Pro. He after Honour hunt, I after Loue; He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more; I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue; Thou Julia thou hast metamorphis'd me; Made me neglet my Studies, loose my time: Warre with good comfaiie; set the world at hought Made Wit with mufing, wacle; hart fick with thought. Sp. Sir Probose : faie you faw you my Mafter? Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Milstane. Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already, And I have plaid the Sheepe in loosing him. Pro. Indeed a Sheepe doth very often f any, And if the Shephard be awhile away. Sp. You conclude that my Mafter is a Shephard then, and I Sheepe? Pro. I doe. Sp. Why then my horne are his hornes, whether I wake or sleepe. Pro. A fally anfwer, and fitting well a Sheepe. Sp. This proutes me fill a Sheepe. Pro. True: and thy Mafter a Shephard. Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumftance. Pro. It fhall goe hard but ifle prove it by another. Sp. The Shephard feckethe the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shephard; but I feckethe my Mafter, and my Mafter feckethe not me: therefore I am no Sheepe. Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shephard, the Shephard for foode follows not the Sheepe: thou for wages followeth well thy Mafter, thy Mafter for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe. Sp. Such another prooue will make me cry ba. Pro. But do't thou heare: gauft thou my letter to Julia? Sp. I?
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sp. 1 Sir: I (a loath-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lae'd-Mutton) and she (a lae'd-Mutton) gave me (a loath-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

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

Sp. If the ground he outer-charg'd, you were beft flicke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are affrayd: 'twere beft pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lefe then a pound full fcarce me for carry-

ing your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meant the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pift folds outer and outer,

This threefold to little for carrying a letter to your lour

But what flid fie?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-L, why that's noddy.

Sp. You mittoke Sir: I fay fide did nod; And you ask me if fide did nod, and I fay I.

Pro. And that fect together is noddy.

Sp. Now you have taken the pains to let it to-

gether, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you fhall have it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I muft be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how do you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,

Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Behfrew me, but you have a quickie wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot outer-take your flow purs.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briege; what faid fide.

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

Sp. Well Sir: here is for your pains; what faid fide?

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

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

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

No, not fo much as a ducket for delivering your letter:

And being fo hard to me, that brought your mind:

I fear fide'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.

Give her no token but stones, for fide's as hard as steel.

Pro. What faid fide, nothing?

Sp. No, not fo much as take this for thy pains (me;

To refcyle thy bounty. Thank you, you have celten'd

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your fide;

And fo Sir, I'll commend you to my Masters.

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

Which cannot perifh having thee abreard,

Being deftind to a drier death en fhoare:

I mult go fend fome better Meffenger,

I fcare my Julia would not daigne my lines,

Receiving them from fuch a worthifile part

Scene Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But fay Lucetta (now we are alone)

Would'thou then confafme me to fall in love?

Luc. I Madam, fo you fumble not vneafedly.

Jul. Of all the faire reft of Gentlemen,

That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthifule love?

Luc. Pleafc you repeat their names, let the my minde,

According to my shallow finiple skill.

Jul. What think you thofe of the faire fit Elegamour?

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

But were I you, heuer shoulde be mine.

Jul. What think R'thou of the rich Alcetta?

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

Jul. What think R'thou of the gentle Problems?

Luc. Lord, Lord: to fee what folly raigines in us.

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

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a paffing flame,

That I (caworthy body as I am)

Should centre thus on lowly Gentlemen.

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

Luc. I haue thus: o fan good, I thinke him beft.

Jul. Your reafon?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reafon:

I thinke him fo, because I thinke him fo.

Jul. And would it thou haue me call my love on him?

Luc. If you thought your love not call away,

Jul. Why he, of all the reft, hath neuer men'd me.

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

Jul. His little fickening, doth love but small.

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

Jul. They doe not love, that doe not fcroll their lofe.

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

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Perufe this paper Madam,

Jul. To Ituia: fay, from whom?

Jul. That the Contents will flow,

Luc. Say, fay: who gaue it thee?

Luc. Sir: Faiiones paget, & fent I thinke from Problems;

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

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

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

Dare you presume to harbouer wanton lines?

To whisper, and confpire againft my youth?

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

And you an officer fit for the place:

There: take the paper: fee it be return'd,

Or elle return no more into my fight.

Jul. To pled for love, doth deferves more fee, then hate.

Jul. Will ye be goa?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

Jul. And yet I would I had ore-looke the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe a game,

And pray her to a faith, for which I chide her.

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

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maides, in modesty, fay no, to the,

Which they would have the profefte conrufte, I

Fie, fie: how wayward is this foolish love;

That (like a felfie Babe) will scratch the Nurfes,

And prefently, all humbled kiffe the Rod?

How curfiously, I chide Lucetta hence,

When willingly, I would haue had her here?

How angryly I taught my brow to brawne,

When inward lay environ'd my heart to flaine?

My penance is, to call Lucetta back.

And take remiflion, for my folly paff.

What hoe: Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladhip?

Jul. Is't nerve dinner time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And
And not upon your Maid.
In. What is that you Took vp fo gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
In. Why didst thou floop then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
In. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
In. Then let it lye, for tho' that it concerns.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns.

Vntellie it haue a fallie Interpreter.
In. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might finge it (Madam) to a tune:
Give me a Note, your Ladiness can set.
In. As little by fitch toyers, as may be possible.
Bell finge it to the tune of Light O, Lisle.
Lu. It is too heavy for fo light a tune.
In. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I and melodious were it, would you finge it,
In. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach it high.
In. Let's fee your Song?
How now Minion?
Lu. Keep the tune there fill; fo you will finge it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
In. You do not.
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
In. You (Minion) are too fancie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too faine:
And marre the concord, with too harsh a defect.
There wanteth but a Meafe to fill your Song.
In. The meane is round with you vanity.
Lu. Indeed I bid the fate for Probaheus.
In. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coile with protention:
Go, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it fithe, but she would be fent ples'd,
To be fo angred with another Letter.
In. Nay, would I were fo angred with the fame;
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such losing words;
Inuirious Wafipes, to feede on fuch sweet honey,
And kill the Bees that yeilde it, with your things;
Ile iffe all feuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is wit, inke Julia: vnnke Julia.
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againft the buzzing-Bones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy dillsine,
And here is writ, Loe wounded Probaheus.
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy name be thoroughlie heal'd;
And thus I search it with a fouereigne kife.
But twice, or thrice, was Probaheus written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter, in the Letters,
Except mine own name: That, some while-kinde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poors forlorn Probaheus, affajjinate Probaheus:
To the faire Julia, that is once away:
And yet I will not, fith fo prettly
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kiffe, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father flates.

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

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Pauline, Probaheus.

Ant. Tell me Pauline, what fad tale was that,
Whence with my brother held you in the Cloyter?
Pan. Twas of his Nephew Probaheus, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wonderd that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of flander reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to feele preferment out.
Some to the warres, to trye their fortune there;
Some, to difcover illands farre away;
Some, to the judicious Universities;
For any, or for all thefe exercifes,
He faid, that Probaheus, your fonne, was meet;
And did require me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachement to his age,
In having knowne no trauaille in his youth.
Ant. Nor need't thou much importune me to that,
Whereon, this month I have bin hauing,
I have consider'd well, his loffe of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry acquir'd,
And perfected by the swift coufe of time:
Then tell me, whether were I fent to fend him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordhip is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfulc Valentine,
Asects the Emperor in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.

Thither, 
Pan. Twere good, I think, your Lordhip sent him
There shal he praftice Titus, and Tunaments
Here hee sweet discourse, conuerce with Noble-mens,
And be in eye of every Exercife.
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth,
I like thy counsile: well haft thou advis'd:
And that thou might perceive have well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Euen with the speecifit expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Dom Alphonsa,
With other Gentleman of good eftime
Are intowning, to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their feruice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them fhall Probaheus go:
And in good time now will we brake with him.

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honor's paume.


The two Gentlemen of Verona.

O that our Fathers would applaud our loves.

Pro. O cheerfully Julia.

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

Pro. May's pleases your Lordship, 'tis a word or two of commendations sent from Valentine.

Deliter'd by a friend, that came from him.

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

Pro. There is no news (my Lord) but that he writes how happily he lues, how well-below'd, and daily greased by the Emperor; willing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you afflicted to his wish?

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

Ant. My will is something forced with his wish:

Mufht hot that I thus foddily proceed: For what I will, I will, and there an end: I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time.

With Valentine, in the Emperors Court:

What maintenance he from his friends secures, Like exhibition thou shalt have from me, To morrow in a readiness, to goe, Execute it not: for I am perpetually:

Pro. My Lord I cannot be to soone provided:

Pleaze you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou woul'st flash the fent after thee:

No more of flay: to morrow thou shalt goe; Come on Pantclona; thou shalt be employ'd, To haften on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus haue I thund, the fire, for fure of burning, And drench'd me in the fume, where I am drown'd:

I fear'd to fiew my Father Julia Letter, Left that he fhould take exceptions to my love, And with the vantage of mine owne exceffe

Has he excefed moft againft my love. Oh, how this fhift of fume refembles the

The venterlance glory of an Aprill day, Which now, fhews all the beauty of the Sun, And by and by a clouded takes all away.

Pant. Sir Profeus, your Fathers elf's for you, He's in haue, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is my heart accords threto, And yet a thousand times it answers no.

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

Speed. Shee that your worship lous?

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

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: firft, you have learn'd (like Sir Profeus) to weare your Armes like a Male-content: to refellifh a Loue-song, like a Robin-red-\brest: to walke alone like one that had the pfellence to figh, like a Schoole-boy that had loft his A, B, C, to weep like a yong weath that had burfled her Grandmas: to falfe, like one that takes diet to watch, like one that cares robbing: to fpeak paling, like a beggar at Hal-\low-Mafter; You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walke'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you talked, it was preftly after dinner: when you look'd fadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miftifs, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my Mafter.

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

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for withou't you were fo fimple, none elfe would: but you are fo without thefeg follies, that thefe follies are within you, and thine through you like the water in a Vrinal: that not an eye that fees you, but is a Phyfician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me do I thou know my Lady Silvia?

Speed. Shee that you gage on, as the fir as fupper?

Val. Haft thou obferu'd that? even the I mean.

Speed. Why fir, I know her not.

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

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

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

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doth thou know?

Speed. That fir is not fo fauour, as (of you) well-fauour'd?

Val. I明白了 that her beauty is exquiffite,

But her fauour infinite.

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry fir, fo paffing to make her fauour, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How ofteem'ft thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never faw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath the beene deformed?

Speed. Euer since you lou'd her.

Val. I haue lou'd her enter since I faw her,

And fill I fee her beautifull.

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

Val. Why?

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

Val. I know me then?

Speed. Your owne pretent folly, and her paffing de-\fermite: for he being in loue, could not fee to garter his hose; and you, being in loue, cannot fee to put on your hose.

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

You could not fee to wipe my fhoes.

Speed. True fir: I was in loue with my bed, I thank you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes me the bolder.
Val. In conclusion, I find affected to her,
Speed. I would you were fet, fo your affection would cease.
Val. Last night the enjoin'd me,
To write some lines to one the lowes.
Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not lamel writ?
Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them.
Peace, here the come.
Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet!
Now will he interpret to her,
Val. Madam & Mr. Mifters, a thousand good-morrows,
Speed. Oh, 'tis ye good-eyn' he's a million of manners.
Sil. Sit Valentine, and servant, to you two thousand.
Speed. He should give her inereel: & the gives it him.
Val. As you intynd i: I have writ your Letter.
Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladifhip,
(10) Sil. I thank you (gentle Servants) 'tis very Clinkly.
Val. Now truft me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I write at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pain?
Val. No (Madam) fo it feed you. I will write
(20) (Please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet—
Sil. A pretty period: well, I gheffe the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I cannot.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thank you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.
Val. What means your Ladifhip?
Does he not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quenly writ,
But (since unwillingly) they take againe.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. 1, If you write them Sir at my request,
I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them write more moutingly:
Val. Pleafe you, lie write your Ladifhip another.
Sil. And when it's writ : for my fake read it outer,
And if it pleafe you, fo: if not: why fo:
Val. If it pleafe me, (Madam?) what then?
Sil. Why if it pleafe you, take it for your labour;
And go good-morrow Servant,
(30) Exit Sil. Speed. Oh I t'nighte: infcrumible: inscrumible,
As a note on a mans face, or a Wether cocke on a fleete;
My Mifters fues to her: and feie lafh taught her Tutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutoress.
Oh excellent devise, was there ever heard a better?
That my matter being arife,
To himfelve should write the Letter?
Val. How now Sil?
What are you reasoning with your felfe?
(40) Speed. Nay, I was raming: 'tis you y have the reafon,
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a Spokef-man from Madam Sidia,
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your felfe: why, the woe's you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a Letter, I fhould fay.
Val. Why the hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need thee,
When thee hath made you write to your felfe?
Why, doe you not perceive the left?
Val. No believe me,
Speed. No believing you indeed firs:
But did you perceive her earneft?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word,
Speed. Why the hath gitten you a Letter,
Val. That's the Letter I write to her friend.
Speed. And I letter hath the deliver'd, & there an end,
Val. I would it were no worse.
Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and the in moedfty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply,
Or fearing els some meiffer, y might her mind difcover.
Her felh hath taught her Lone himfelf, to write unto her,
All this I spake in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why mufe you firs, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have dyn'd.
Speed. I, but hearken firs: though the Cameleon Lone
Can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourifh'd by my
virtuals: and would faine have meate: oh bee not like your
Miftrefte, be moued, be moued, 

Excurt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Protho, India, Pantinon.
Pro. Haue patience, gentle India:
Ind. I will where is no remedy.
Pro. When poftibly I can, I will return.
Ind. If you come not: you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy India's fake.
Pro. Why then we'll: make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Ind. And feale the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true confiance:
And when that howre ore-ffips me in the day,
Wherein I long not (India) for thy take,
The next exulting howre, fome foule mitarchace
Torment me for my Loues forfufnelfe:
My father fiaies my comming: anfweare not:
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will flay me longer then I fhould,
India, farewell: what, gun without a word?
I, fo true loue fhould doe: it cannot fpeak,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.
Pant. Sir Protho: you are flaid for,
Pro. Go! I come, I come:
Als, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Excurt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Lanne, Pantinon.
Lanne, Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done
weeping: all the kinde of the Lanne', haue this very
fault: I haue recou'd my proportion,like the prodigious
fone,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sonnet, and am going with Sir Probus to the Imperialls Court. I thinkne Crab my dog; he be the fourest natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father waying: my Sitter crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our howle in a great perplexitie,yet did not this cruelly-hearted Catte shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pible stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Jew would have wept to have seene our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her felte blinde at my parting: nay, Ie flew you the maner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; so, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee no other: yes; is it, so it is: it hath the worser sole: this shooe have the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a sengance on't, there tis: Now for, this staffe is my father: for, looke you, the is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I: so, so: now come I to my Father: Father, your blessing: now should not the stoope speake a word for weeping: now should I kiss my Father: well, wee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kiss her: why there tis: here's my mothers breath wp and downe: Now come I to my Sitter: marke the moone the makes: now the dogge all this while freds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust of my teares.


Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loft, for it is the vnkindeft Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindeft Tide?

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

Panth. Tis, man: I mean't thou it loose the flood, and in looing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in looing thy voyage, loose thy Matter, and in looing thy Matter, loose thy searice, and in looing thy searice: why doft thou open my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldest loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Tale.

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Materia, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the wind were downe, I could drive the boaze with my fishers.

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

Laun. Sir: call me what thou darft.

Panth. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Spec. Master, Sir Thurst isournes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for love.

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse then.

Spec. Were good you knockt him.

Sir. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seene so.

Thu. Beeke you that you are not?

Val. Hap'y I doe.

Thu. So doe Countrefeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What seene I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What inflance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quosy you my folly?

Val. I quosy it your Larkin.

Thu. My Larkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, le double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sir. What, angry, Sir Thurst, do you change colour?

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

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then live in your aye.

Val. You have said Sir.

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

Val. I know it well sir, you always end ere you begin.

Sir. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, & quickly finish it.

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

Sir. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire.

Sir. Thurst borrows his wit from your Ladishes looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

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

(Poets)

Val. I know it well sir: you have an Eschequer of And I thinkke, no other store to giue your followers: For it appears by their bare Lierities That they live by your bare words.

Sir. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard befor.

Sir Valentine, your father is in good health, What say you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy meffenger from thence,

Duk. Know ye Don Antonio your Counrismn?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy emificance, And not without defects so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

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

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie We have conversed, and spent our howres together, And though my selfe have beeene an idle Trevant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To cloath mine age with Angel-like persuation Yet hath Sir Probus (for that's his name) Made vie, and faire advantage of his daies: His years be yet yong, but his experience old: His head vn-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe; And in a word (for far behind his worth Comes all the praisethat I now beholde.)

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurst, Speed, Duke, Probus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Militia.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

He is compleat in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk, Behew me ser, but if he make this good.
He is as worthy for an Empress Loue;
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he means to spend his time a while,
I thinke'stis no vn-welcome,newes to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk, Welcome him then according to his worth:
Sillia, I speake to you, and you Sir Thorio,
For Valence, I need not cite him to it,
I will fend him hither to you presently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistrefs
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chriftfall lookes.
Sil. Be like that now the hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other powne for fealty.

Val. Nay lute, I think he holds them prisoners stil.
Sil. Nay then he shoulde be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath swonny pares of eyes.
Thur. They fey that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such Louers, Thorios, as your selfe,
Upon a homely obieqt, Loue can winke.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes y gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deets Praebeus: Mistris, I beleeech you
Confirmes his welcome, with some speciall favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be you e yet have wifh'd to heare from.

Val. Mistris, it is a sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-fervant to your Ladiship.
Sil. Too low a Mistres for to hight a fervant.

Pro. Noet so, sweet Lady, but too meane a fervant
To have a louke of such a worthy a Mistrefs,

Val. Leave off discouer of disliberat.

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.
Pro. My dutie will I boast of,nothing elses.
And dutie neuer yet did want his medd.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistress.

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

Pro. That you are wellwifh.

Thor. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with
Sil. I wait upon his plesure: Come Sir Thorio,
Goe with me; once more, new Servant welcome;
He leant you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. We'll both attend you upon your Ladiship.

Val. Now tell me: how doe all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.

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

Val. How does your Lady: & how thines your Loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were to weare you, I
I know you joy not in a Loue-discouer.

Val. I Praebest, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done penance for contemning Loue,
Whole high emperious thoughts have punifhed me
With bitter falls, with penitentiall groane,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-lone fighes,
For in receiue of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath cast'd me from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne heares sorrow.

O gentle Praebest, Loue's mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discouer, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my fall, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Upon the very naked name of Loue,
Enough, I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idol, that you worship so?

Val. Even She and is the not a heavenly Saint?
Pro. No: But she is an earthly Paragon,
Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. Of flatter me: for Loue delights in praires,
Pro. When I was fick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minifie the like to you,

Val. Then speake the truth by her: if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principallitie,
Souveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistress.

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

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignifid with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, left the base earth
Should from ner vulture chance to steal a kiffe,
And of so great a fauer growing proud,
Disdain to roote the Sommer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter overfallingly.

Pro. Why Callmes, what Bragadisme is this?
Pardon me (Proverbs) all I can is nothing,
To her, whole worth, make other worshies nothing;
Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone,

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in having such a lowell
As twenty Seas, if all their land were peartie,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,
Forgive me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou lefste me dreaie upon my loue;
My foolish Rival that her Father likes
(Onely for his poftitions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st it's full of incoart.

Pro. But the loyes you?

Val. And we are bethroath: nee more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of one flight
Determined of: how I must clime her window,
The Ladder made of Cordes, and all the means
Plotted, and agreed on for my happiness.
Good Praebeus goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aide me with thy councile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, so dif-embarkus
Some necessaries, that I needs must flie,
And then I prefently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

Val. Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strengthe drieus another,
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newr object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or Valentines praise?
Her true perfecution, or my falte trenchation?
That makes me resentence, to reafon thus?
Shee is faire: and is Itala that I loue,

(Thas)
(That I did loue, for now my loue is shaw'd,  
Which like a waxen Image gainst a fire  
Bears no impreffion of the thing it was,)  
Me thinkes thy zele to Valentines cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont:  
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,  
And that's the reason I loue him so little.  
How fhall I doe to her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to loue her?  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazled my reasons light:  
But when I looke on her perfections,  
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.  
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,  
If not, to compasse her ile vfe my skill.  

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Lance.

Speed. Lance, by mine honestly welcome to Palma.

Lance. Forloueare not thy felie, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never taken till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine fhot be paid, and the Hofteffe fay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap; Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fhoupe fene, thou fhalt have fine thousand welcomes: But firft, how did thy Malter part with Madam Inola?

Lance. Marry after they clozas'd in earneft, they parted very fairely in feft.

Speed. But fhall the mryy him?

Lance. No.

Speed. How then? fhall he marry her?

Lance. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

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

Speed. Why then, how fhall the master with them?  
Lance. Marry thus, when it flands well with him, it flands well with her.

Speed. What an affe art thou, I understand thee not.

Lance. What a blocke art thou, that thou canft not?

My fliffe vnderstands me?

Speed. What thou fay'st?

Lance. I, and what I do too; looke thee, Ile but leane, 
And my fliffe vnderstands me.

Speed. It flands vnder thee indeed.

Lance. Why, flande-nder and vnder-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will he be a match?

Lance. Ask me no dogge, if he fay I, it will: if he fay no, it will: if he flanke his tale, and fay nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lance. Thou fiall never get such a fecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it: but Lance, how fhall thou that thy master is become a notable Louer?

Lance. I new knew him otherwife.

Speed. Then how?

Lance. A notable Rubber: as the reaporteft him to be.

Speed. Why, thou wharton Affle, thou mitilak'tline,  
Lance. Why, Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Malter.

Speed. I tell thee, my Malter is become a hot Louer.

Lance. Why, I tell thee. I care not, though be burne hymfelf in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-houfe, I know, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriftian.

Speed. Why?

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

Speed. At thy fervice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus falut.

Pre. To leafe my Inola; fhall I be forsworne?  
To loue faire Sylvia; fhall I be forsworne?  
To wrong my friend, I fhall be much forsworne.  
And ev'ry. that Powre which gavme me fift my oath  
Promoves me to this three-fold perjurie,  
Loue bad mee fweete, and Loue bids mee for sweate;  
O sweet-fuggesting Loue, if thou haft fift,  
Teach mee (thy temptde fubtle) to exceute it.

At fift I did adore a twinkling Starre,  
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne;  
Vn-headfull voweys may heafullly be broken,  
And he wants wit, that wants refolved will,  
To leare his wit, 'tis change the bad for better;  
Frie, dreare and tender tongue, to call her bad,  
Whose founsigny fo oft thou haft preferrd,  
With twenty thousand foule-confirming other.  
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I do:  
But there I leaue to loue, where I shoule loue.

Inola I looke, and Valentine I looke,  
If I keepe them, I needs must looke my felfe:  
If I looke them, thus finde I by their looke,  
For Valentine, my felle: for Inola, Sylvia.  
I to my felle am dearer then a friend,  
For Loue is still moft precious in it felle,  
And Sylvia (wingeles heauen that made her felle)  
Shewes Inola but a swarthy Ethiope.  
I will forgett that Inola is alife,  
Remembering that my Loue to her is dead.  
And Valentine Ile hold an Enemy,  
Ayning at Inola as a swetter friend,  
I cannot now prove confiant to my felle,  
Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine.  
This night he meanech with a Cored-ladder  
To clime celefiall Silvia's chamber window,  
My felle in counfale his competitor.  
Now prefently Ile glue her father notice  
Of their disguifing and pretended flight:  
Who call ingr'ed wil banift Valentine  
For ThoRius he intendes shall wed his daughter,  
But Valentine being gon, Ile quickly croffe  
By fome flie thrick, blunts ThoRius's dull proceeding.  
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift  
As thou haft lent me wit, to plot this drife.
Scena septima.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Int. Courtefaille, Lucetta, gentle girls affilt me, and eun in kninde loute, I doe comitute thee, who art the table wherein all my thoughts are visibly charactered, and engras'd, to leffon me, and tell me some good maneHow with my honour I may vsntake a journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, alas! the way is weary and long.

Int. A true-deoted Pilgrimage is not weary to measures Kingdomes with his feble feeps. Much lefse fhall the that hath Loues wings to flee, and when the flight is made to one to deere, of such diuine perfection as Sir Proteus. Luc. Better forbeare, till Proteus make returne.

Int. Oh, how fay't not, his looks are my foules food? Pity the death that I have purposed, by longing for that food for long a time. Didst thou not know the inly touch of Loue, thou wouldfit as soone goe kindle fire with snow as feeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I do not feeke to quench you Loue hot fire, but quafe the fire extreme rage.

Left it shoul dburne aboute the bounds of reason.

Int. The more thou dannit it up, the more it burnes: The Cursethat with gentle murmur glides (Thou know f) being fop'd impatiently doth rage: But when his faire course is not hindered, he makes sweet muffike with th'emamled ftones, Gaining a gentle kiffe to every fedge He over-taketh in his pilgrimage, and fo by many winding nookes he ftraites With willing sport to the wide Ocean.

Then let me goe, and hinder not my course: Ile be as patient as a gentle firame, and make a paftime of each weary step, Till the left ftep baue brought me to your Loue, and there ile relis after much turmoil A bledfed foule doth in Elijah.

Luc. But in what habbit will you goe along?

Int. Not like a woman, for I would preuent the looke encounters of infamous men: Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weedes As may beceme Some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Int. No girle, ile knit it vp in filken stringes, With twente od-conceited true-loue knots: To be fanfaflique, may become a youth Of greater time then I fhall flew to be, (ches?) Luc. What faffion (Madam) fhall I make you breest.

Int. That firs as well, as tell me (good my Lord) What compaff will you weerre your Farthingale? Why eun what faffion thou beft likes (Lucetta.) Luc. You muft needs haue the with a cod-peece (Madam) Our, out, (Lucetta) that will be liffauourd. (dam.) Luc. A round hole (Madam) now's not worth a pin Vnfeffe you have a cod-peece to flick pins on.

Int. Lucetta, as thou lookeft me, let me have What thou thinkeft me meet, and is moft mannerly. But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me For vsntaking so vnliad a journey?
Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.
But fearing left my jealous ayme might erre,
And so (yvawithously) disgrace the man
(Raffneflh that I euer yet have thuyd'd)
I gave him gentle lookes, whereby to finde
That which my selfe held now diuid'st come,
And that thou might perceiue my frowne of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone guesse'd
I nightly lodge her in an upper Tower,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And chonce the cannot be conuen'y d'away,
Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deu'ds d'meane
Where he her chamb'r-window will affend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthful Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (is if please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it is cunningly
That my difcouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not haue vsnto my friend,
Hath made me publi{sh' of this prentence.
Duke. Upon mine Honor, he flall never know
That I had any light from this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comynng
Duk. Sir Valentine, wheth'r away so fast!
Pro. Please it your Grace, there is a Melleferg
That flaves to beare my Letters to my friends
And I am going to deliuer them.
Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenure of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Duk. Nay then no matter: flay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me more; wherein thou must be fecret.
Tis not unknown to thee, that I haue fought
To match my friend Sir Tho'es, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well (my Lord) and fure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bonnity, Worth, and Qualties
Befeeing such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fance him?
Duk. No, truft me, She is peyneful, fallen, froward,
Proud, disposed, flubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, if I were her father:
And may I fay to thee, this pride of others
(Vpon adornit) hath drawn my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene chearifh'd by her child-like duct.
I now am full refuld to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding doorer:
For me, and my poftelions the effeemts not this.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?
Duk. There is a Lady in Perona here
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught effeemts my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long a gone I haue forgot to cour,
Before the fasion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may behow my selfe
To be regarded in her fun-brght eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if the repect not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their flatnesse
More then quicke words, doe mouse a womans minde.
Duk. But the did (comte) a pretent that I fent her,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Go beare Intruder, over-weening Slane,  
Bellow thy frowning fmites on equall mares,  
And think my patience, (more then thy defert)  
Is prindidge for thy departure hence.  
Thank me for this, more then for all the favors  
Which (all too much) I have befowed on thee.  
Buts! thou inflates in thy Territories  
Longer then (wifref expedition  
Will gieue thee time to leave our royal Court,  
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the love  
I erst bore my daughter, or thy felfe.  
Be gone, I will not hear thy valeune excuse,  
But as thou loue'th thy life,make speed from hence.  

Vad. And why not death, rather then l牛肉ng torment?  
To die, is to be banifh'd from my felfe,  
And Silvia is my felfe: banifh'd from her.  
Is felfe from felfe. A deadly banifhment:  
What light, is light, if Silvia be not fceene?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Vnleffe it be to think that fhe is by  
And feed upon the fadow of perfection.  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is nothing in the Nightingale,  
Vnleffe I looke on Silvia in the day;  
There is no day for me to looke upon.  
Shee is my effence, and I leave to be;  
If I be not by her felfe influence  
Folter'd, illumin'd, chrifti'd, kept alue.  
I flie not death, to file his deadly doome,  
Tarry I heare, I but attend on death,  
But file I hence, I file away from life.  
Pros. Ran (boy) run, run, and fekke him out.  
Lan. So-hough, So hough ———  
Pros. What feets thou?  
Lan. Him we goe to finde,  
There's not a hauite on' s head, but tis a Valentine.  
Pros. Valentine?  
Vad. No.  
Pros. Who then? his Spirit?  
Vad. Neither.  
Lan. What then?  
Lan. Can nothing speake? Mafter, shall I flrike?  
Pros. Who wouldst thou flrike?  
Pros. Villaine, forbear.  
Lan. Why Sir, he flrike nothing; I pray you.  
Pros. Sire, I fay forbeare: a friend Valentine a word.  
Lan. My eastes are flpoy, & cannot hear good newes,  
So much of bad already hath poffevt them.  
Pros. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,  
For they are hafted, vn-tutteable, and bad.  
Vad. Is Silvia dead?  
Pros. No, Valentine.  
Vad. No Valentine indeed, for fared Silvia,  
Hath the forrowme?  
Pros. No, Valentine.  
Vad. No Valentine, if Silvia hate forrow me.  
What is your newes?  
Lan. Sir, there is a proclamation, you are vamished,  
Pros. That thou art banifh'd: oh that's the newes,  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend,  
Vad. Oh, I have fed upon this was already,  
And now excoffe of it will make me fure.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banifh'd?  
Sire. I, I can the hathofferd to the doome  
(Which vn-reuerft hands in effequence force)  
A Sea of melting pearls, which fome call teares;  
Tofe at her fathers charlifi fhete fhe tendered,  
With them vpon her knees, her humble felfe,  
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes fqu became them,  
But when they waxed pale for woore;  
But neither bendes knees, pure hands held vp,  
Sad fighes, deep Groanes, nor fizer-flidring teares  
Could penetrat her vncommpasionate Sire;  
But Valentine, if he be tane, muft die,  
Befides, her interfion chald him fo,  
When fhe for thy repelace was fupplicant,  
That to clofe prifon he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of biding there.  
Vad. No more vnles the next word that thou speakeft  
Hauce some malignant power vpon my life:  
Hfe I pray thee breath it in mine ear,  
As ending Anthems of my endless dolor,  
Pros. Ceafe to lament for that thou canst not helpe,  
And itudehelpe for that which thou lament'st.  
To be the Nurfe, and breeder of all good;  
Here, if thou flay, thou canft not fee thy loue:  
Befides thy flaying will abridge thy life:  
Hope is a lowes fälle, walkc withence with that  
And manage it, againft defpairing thoughts:  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,  
Which, being writ to me, fhall be delier'd  
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.  
The time now ferues not to expelloitate,  
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate,  
And ere I part with thee, confer at large.  
Ofall that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:  
As thou loueft Silvia (though not for thy felfe)  
Regard thy danger, and along with me.  
Vad. I pray thee Lance, and if thou feet my Boy  
Bid him make haft, and meet me at the North-gate,  
Vad. My deere Silvia; hopeless Valentine.  
Lance. I am but a foolce, looke you, and yet I have  
the wit to think my Masters is a kind of a knave:  
but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lues not now  
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue;  
but a Teeme of horfe shall not plucke that from me; nor who  
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I  
will not tell my fel: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis  
not a maids for hee haft had Gooffis: yet 'tis a maid,  
for the is her Masters maid, and ferues for wages.  
She hath more qualities then a Water-Spinnell, which is  
much in a bare Christian: Here is the Cate-log of her  
Condition. Inprisim, She can fetch and carry: why  
a horfe can doe no more: nay, a horfe cannot fetch, but  
onely carry, therefore is feeke better then a Jade.  
Item. She can milke, looke you, a fweet vertue in a maid  
with clean hands.  
Spend. How now Signior Lance, what newes with  
your Mastership?  
Lan. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:  
Sp. Well, your old vice fill: mistake the words; what  
newes then in your paper?  
Lan. The blackfit newes that euer thou heard it.  
Sp. Why man! how blackes?  
Lan. Why, as blackes Inke.  
Sp. Let me read them?  
Lan. I fee on thee folshead, thou canft not read.  
Sp. Thou lyest: I can.  
Lan. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?  
Sp. Marry,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Enter Duke, Thorio, Prateau.

Du. Sit Thorio, fear not, but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Th. Since his exile the hath defpised me most,
Forsothe my company, and rul'd at me,
That I am degenerate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake imprefse of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat
Disfolvs to water, and doth loose his forme,
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.
How now is Prateau, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon? 

Pro. Gon, my good Lord,
Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grieve.
Du. So I beleue: but Thorio thinkes not so: 
Prateau, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast thowe some figure of good defere) 
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene fie Thorio, and my daughter
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And alfo, I thinkes thou art not ignorans
How she oppoves her against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. And percurry, the perfueres to:
What might we doe to make the giete forget.
The love of Valentine, and love fie Thorio?
Pro. The beft way is, to fander Valentine,
With falsehood, cowardice, and poore difcen;
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but fie'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliere it.
Therefore it mufte with courtesy be spoken
By one, whom the effenmeth as his friend.

Du. Then you must ynderseek to flander him.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:

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

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

Pro. You have prevail’d (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue louer to him.
But say this weeke her love from Valentine,
It follows not that (he will lose fit Thrus.)

Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her love from him;
Least it should ruell, and be good to none,
You must prove to destroy it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, fit Valentine.

Du. And Profeus, we dare trut you in this kinde,
Because we know (on Valentine’s report)
You are already loues firme votary.
And cannot soone resolu, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you have accesse,
Whereby you, with Silvia, may conferre at large.
For shee is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends fake) will be glad of you;
Whereby you may tempt her, by your perfuasion,
To hate yong Valentine, and lose my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect it;
But you sir Thrusin, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her defires
By wastfull Sonnets, whose compos’d Rimes
Should be full fraught with feruicelc words.

Du. Much is the force of heaven-bred Poetic.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You Gertrude your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dryd: and with your tears
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus Lute, was strung with Poets finenes,
Whole golden touch could often fleec and fones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge Leontinns
Forfake unfounded deepes, to dance on Sands,
After your dire-lamenting Elegies.
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Comfort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploiring dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shoules thou hast bin in use.

Th. And thy advice, this night, lie put in pradice:
Therefore, sweet Profeus, my direction-giver,
Let vs into the City prently
To fort some Gentlemen, well skill’d in Musick,
I have a Sonner, that will ferue the turne.
To give the on-set to thy good aduise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

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

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

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speak, and certaines Out-laws.


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

3. Out. Stand fit, and throw vs that you have about ye.

If not: we’ll make you fit, and rifie you.

Sp. Sir we are/vndone; these are the Villaines.

That all the Trauallers doe fecre so much.

Val. My friends.

1. Out. That’s not so, sir: were you enemies.

2. Out. Peace: we’ll hear him.

3. Out. By my beard will I: he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wels to lose.

A man I am, crost’d with adversee:

My riches, are thes poor habiliments,

Of which, if you should here disfigure me,

You take the sum and substance that I have,

2. Out. Whether truely you?

Val. To Prora.

1. Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milam.

3. Out. Have you long sojourn’d there? (raid

Val. Some fixezen moneths, and longer might have

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. Out. What, were you banish’d thence?

Val. I was. 2. Out. For what offence?

1. Out. That which now torments me to rehearse;

I killed a man, whose death I much regret,

But yet I love him manfully, in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done so?

But were you banish’d for so small a fault?

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

2. Out. Have you the Tongues? 3. Out. My youthful trauaille, therein made me happy,

Or else I often had beene often miferable.

5. Out. By the bare sacle or Robin Hood is Fryer,

This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. Out. We’ll have him: Sirs, a word.

Sp. Master, be one of them.

It’s an honourable kinde of thecure.

Val. Peace villaine.

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

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. Out. Know then the rest, for vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of vngovern’d youth

Thrust from the company of awfull men.

My selfe was from Verona banish’d,

For praﬃcing to steale away a Lady,

And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.

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

Who in my moode, I had’d vnto the heart.

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

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,

That they may hold exec’ts our lawfull live;

And partly seeing you are beautifull

With goodly shape; and by your own report,

A Linguist, and a man of much perfection,

As we doe in our quality much want.

2. Out. Indeed because you are a banish’d man,

Therefore about the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our General?

To make a vereue of necessity,

And live as we doe in this wildernesse?

3. Out. What faith thou? wilt thou be of our confett?

Say Land be the captain of vs all:

We’ll doe thee homage, and be rule’d by thee,

Loure thee, as our Commander, and our King.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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Scene Seconda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Hof (Musician) Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin fall'n to Valentine,
And now I must be as virtuous to Thurio,
Under the colour of commending him,
I have secket my owne love to prefer,
But Silvia is too faire, yet not too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my words,
She bids me thinke how I have bin forsworne
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I love;
And norwithstanding all her fodaine quirks,
The least whereof would quell a lovers hope;
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more it spurnes my love,
The more it grows, and fastens on her will;
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening Mufique to her ear.

Th. How now, Sir Protheus, are you crept before us?

Pro. I gently Thurio, for you know that love
Will creep in servise, where it cannot goe.

Th. I but I hope, Sir, that you leave not here.

Pro. Sir, but I doe; or else I would be hence.

Th. Who, Silvia?

Pro. 1, Silvia, for your sake.

Th. I thank you for your owne: Now Gentleman
Let's tune and see if it will Dudley a while.

Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks you'ry alchoolly;
I pray you why is it?

In. Marry (mine Hof) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: take bring you where
you shall heare Mufique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for,

In. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

In. That will be Mufique.

Ho. Harke, harke.

In. Is he amongst these?

Ho. 1: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she? That all our Swains commend her? Holy faire, and wise is she, The beauteous such grace did lend her, that he might admired be. Is she fonde as she is faire? For beauty lines with kindnesse: Love doth to her eyes repair, To helpe him of his blindness.

And being help'd inhabitants there, Then to Silvia, for her song, That Silvia is excelling; She excels each mortal thing Upon the diet earth dwelling, To her for us Gentlemen bring.

Ho. How now? are you fadder then you were before; How do you, man? that the Mufique likes you not.

In. You mistake; the Mufician likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

In. He plaius falle (father.)

Ho. How, out of tone on the strings.

In. Nor'so's but yet

So falle that he grieues my very heart-stringes.

Ho. You have a quickke ease.

In. I, I would I were dese; it makes me have a slow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Mufique.

In. Not a whit, when it 1ars fo.

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Mufique.

In. I: that change is the igher.

Ho. You would have them always play but one thing.

In. I would always have one play but one thing.

But Hof, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on,
Often return into this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what Launce his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.

In. Where is Launce?

Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Matters command, hee must carry for a present to his
Lady.

In. Peace, fland aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fare you not, I will so please,
That you shall say, my cunning drif excels.

Th. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint Gregorys well.

Th. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good eis into your Ladiship.

Sil. I thank you for your Mufique(Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus(gentle Lady) and your Servant,
Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compose yours.

Sil. You haue your wish: my will is even this,
That prurfently you hie you home to bed:
Thou shallow, perduc'd, falle, disloyall man,
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceited,
To be seduced by thy battrey,
That has's deceiued so many with thy vowes!
Return, return, and make thy low one amends:
For me(by this pale quene of night I weare)
I am so farse from granting thy request,
That I defaye thee, for thy wrongfull suit;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee,

Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did loue a Lady,
But the is dead.

In. 'Twere false, I should speake it;
For I am sure he is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Surprised; to whom (thy felle art witnesse) I am betray'd;
And art thou not aham'd
to wrong him, with thy importunity?
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
SIL. And so suppose am I; for in her grave
Affire thy selfe, my lones is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.
SIL. Go to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the leaf, in hers, sepulcher thine.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that it speake, to that it ligh & wepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.

It were a substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
SIL. I am very loath to be your Idol Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I send it:
And let good reft.

SIL. As wretches have one-night
That wait for execution in the morn.
Jul. How, will you goe?
Ho. By my halldome, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Titus Problems?
Ho. Marry, at my house:
Trust me, I thinke'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That e're I watch'd, and the most heatfull.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

EG. This is the house that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in,
Madam, Madam,

SIL. Who calls?
EG. Your seruant, and your friend;
One that attend your Ladisships command,
SIL. Sir Eglamore, a thougtht and times good morrow.
EG. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladiships import,
I am thus earily come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

SIL. Oh Eglamore, thou art a Gentleman:
Think not I flatter (for I wereat) does not
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplisht'd,
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare into the banish'd Valentine:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Thorne (whom my very soul doth abhor'd)
Thy selfe hath lond, and I have heard thee say
No griefe did euer come to nere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide,
Vpon whose Graue thou wouldst pure chastitie e:

Sir Eglamore; I would to Valentine
To Montaug, where I hearre, he makes abound;
And for the wales are dangerous to passe,
I doe assure thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith, and honor, I repose,
Vrge not my fathers anger (Eglamours)
But think not upon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the judifce of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most vnely match,
Which heaven and fortune fill rewards with plagues,
I long... thence, even from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity so much your grievances,
Which, since I know they virtuously are pla'ed,
I giue consent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what beloves me,
As much, I with all good before you.
When will you goe?

SIL. This evenyng coming,
EG. Where shall I meet you?
SIL. At Trier Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
EG. I will not fail your Ladisship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
SIL. Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamours. Extremes.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lancelot, Problems, Inglia, Silvia.

LEI. When a mans seruant shall play the Curte with him
(look'e you) it goes hard; one that I brought vp
of a puppy; one that I fould from drowning, when three or
four of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue
ought him (even as one would say precisely, thus I
would teach a dog) I was sent to delier him, as a pre-
tent to Milthirs Silvia, from my Mater; and I came no
fooner into the dining-chamber, but he flesps me to her
Drenches, and stiles her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule
thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-
nies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp
on him to be a dog, indeeed, to be, as it was a dog at
all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault
upn me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd
for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge:
Hee thraufs me himselfe into the company of three or
four gentlemen-like-dogs, under the Dukes table; hee
had not bin there (bless the maske) a pitting while, but
all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (faies one)
what cur is that (faies another) whip him out (faies the
third) hang him vp (faies the Duke.) I housing bin au-
quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab: and
goest to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend
(quo't) you mean to whip the dog; I marry doe I
(quo't) you do not think him more wrong (quo't) I was
I did the thing you wrot of; he makes me no more adoe,
but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
would doe this for his Seruant? nay, Ile be sworn: I have
fat in the fockey, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwife
he had bin execut'd: I haue foold on the Pillorie for
Geefe he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou
thinkst not of this now: nay, I rememb're the tricke you
seru'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam Silvia: did
not
To plead for that, which I would not obtrude; I carry that which I would have refused; To praise his faith, which I would have displeased. I am my Master's true confirmed Loue, But cannot be true friends to my Master, Unless I prove false traitor to my liege. Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly, As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him speed. Gentlemewman, good day: I pray you be my meanes To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia. Sir. What would you with her, if I be the fite? Int. If you be the, I doe intrest your patience To hear me speake the message I am sent on. Sir. From whom? Int. From my Master, Sir Prickum, Madam. Sir. Oh! he sends you for a Picture? Int. 1, Madam. Sil. Prufia, bring my Picture there, I doe you your Master this: tell him from me, One Ina, that his changing thoughts forget, Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow. Int. Madam, pray you write this Letter; Pardon me (Madam) I have wanders'd. Delier'd you a paper that I should not; This is the Letter to your Ladyship. Sir. I pray thee let me looke on that again, Int. It may not be good Madam pardon me. Sir. There, hold: I will not looke upon your Masters lines; I know they are guilt with protesations, And full of new-found oaths, which he will break As easily as I doe teare his paper. Int. Madam, he sends your Ladyship this Ring, Sir. The more shame for him, that he sends it me; For I have heard him say a thousand times, His Ina gave it him, at his departure; Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Ina to much wrong. Int. She thanks you. Sil. What gift thou? Int. I thank you Madam, that you render her: Poor Gentlewoman, my Masters wrongs her much. Sil. Do'st thou know her? Int. Almoft as well as I doe know my selfe, To think upon her woes, I doe protest That I haue wept a hundred feuerall times, Sil. Belike the thinks that Prickum hath forlookd her! Int. I thinke the doth; and that her caufe of sorrow, Sil. Is not the passing faire? Int. She hath bin faiher (Madam) then she is, When she did think my Master lou'd her well; She, in my judgment, was as faire as you. But since she did neglect her looking-glaufe, And threw her Sun-expelling Maske away, The eyre hath turn'd the roles in her cheeks, And pinched the liliputine of her face, That now she is become as blacke as {- Sil. How tall was she? Int. About my stature: for at Penteceff, When all our Pagents of delight were plaide, Our youth got me to play the womans part, And I was trim'd in Madam Jule's gowne, Which forced me as fit, by all mens judgements, As if the garment had bin made for me: Therefore I know she is about my height, And at that time I made her weape a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus puriety, and virtuist flight;
Which I so truly acted with my tears:
That my poor Miftris mowed therewithall,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle woman.)
Alas! (poor Lady) delirate, and let;
I weep my felfe to think upon thy words;
Here youth: there is my purit, I gue thee this. (veil.
For thy sweet Miftris fake, because thou lou't her. Fare
Int. And the fhall thank ye for't, if ye now know
A vertuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful, (her.
I hope my Matters fuit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Miftris love too much.
Alas, how long can trìfle with it felfe.
Here is her Picture: let me feel, I think
If I had fuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as loaily, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter fatter'd her a little,
Vnfee I fatter with my felfe too much.
Her hair is Abore mine is perfect Yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me fuch a coupl'd Perrywig:
Her eyes see grey as glafs, and fo are mine.
J, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high;
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make refpeftive in my felfe?
If this fond Loue were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy rite: O thou vnceffe forme,
Thou fhalt be worhipp'd, kid'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there fience in his 1 dolary,
My fubfancc should beflate in thy head.
Ile vfe thee kindly, for thy Miftris fake
That vy's mefe: or elfe by fower, I vow,
I fhould bave eratch' my vnto your vnefying eyes,
To make my Matter out of love with thee. Exeunt.

Auctus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.
Egl. The Sun begins to build the vnrleinere skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That Silvia at Fryer Patrick Cell should meet me,
She will not fail; for Louers breake not houre,
Vnfee it be to come before their time,
So much they fpuir their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Poufcerne by the Abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by fome Spies.
Egl. Fear not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are fure enough. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Th. Sir Theseus, what fakes Silvia to my fuit?

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, God-Loves,
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

We must bring you to our Captain.

SIL. A thousand and more mischances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2 OUt. Come, bring her away.

OUt. Where is the Lady that was with her?

2 Out. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.

But Mefter and Valentine follow him:

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is bet, he cannot scape.

2 OUt. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.
Fare not: he bearers an honourable minde,
And will nowe a woman lawfully.

SIL. O' Valentine: this I endure for thee.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Prothassa, Silvia, Italia, Duke, Thurio; Out, Tomato.

VAL. How doth thou breed a habit in a mans?

This flowery desert, vnfrequented wood
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I free alone, vn-scene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my diffrettes, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Lose not the Mansions for long Tenanted,
Left growing ruins, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, Silvia:
Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy forlorn swaine.
What hallowing, and what fliud is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills the Law,
Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They love me well: yet I have mungen to doe
To keepe them from vn-hilfull outresses.

Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere?

PRO. Madam, this feruce I have done for you
(Though you requite not ought your servant doth.)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would force you, your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my need, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lette then this, I am for ye cannot giue.)

VAL. How like a dreame is this I see, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.

SIL. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

PRO. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I have made you happy.

VAL. By thy approch thou makst me most vnhappy.

INF. And me, when he approcheth to your presence.

SIL. Had I beene caezed by a hungry Lion,
I would have cease a break-fall to the Beast,
Rather then have falle Prothassa reskew me:
Oh heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life & soul tender to me as my foule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perdis Prothassa:
Therefor be gone, sollicet me no more.

PRO. What dangerous action, flood it next to death.
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh'tis the curse in Loue, and all approv'd

When women cannot louse, where they're belou'd.

SIL. When Prothassa cannot louse, where he's belou'd;
Read over Inf's heart, (thy first belov'd Loue)
For whole dearst fake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths, and all those oaths,
Defeended into perjury, to louse me.
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dt two,
And that's faire worse then none: better have none.
Then plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeits, to thy true friend.

PRO. In Loue,
Who respeets friend?

SIL. All men but Prothassa.

PRO. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can in any way change you to a milder forme;
Ie woue you like a Souldier, as armed end.
And love you gaine the nature of Loue: force ye.

SIL. Oh heaven,

PRO. Il force thee yield to my desire.

VAL. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnclinable touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

PRO. Valentine.

VAL. Thou comon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man.
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have peruaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alioe: thou wouldst diftruere me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is peruaded to the BoSonne? Prothassa.
I am forry I must necess trueth thee more,
But count the worldes stranger for thy fake:
The priuate wound is deepet: a time, most accur'd,
Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

PRO. My frame and guilt confounds me:
For forgive me Valentine: if hasty forrow
Be a sufficient Rantonne for offence,
I tender here: I doe as truly suffer,
As ere I did commit.

VAL. Then I am paid?
And once againe, I doe receive thee honest;
Who by Repenance is not satisfi'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth: for these are pleas'd;
By Penitence th' Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I giue thee.

INF. Oh me vnhappy.

PRO. Looke to the Boy.

VAL. Why, Boy?

Why waggest thou? what's the matter? Look up vpon speach
Inf. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring
To Madam Silvia; (out of my neglect) was never done.

PRO. Where is that ring? Boy?

INF. Heere 'tis: this is it.

PRO. How? let me fee.

Why this is the ring I gave to Infia.

INF. Oh, cry you mercy Sir, I have miscode:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

PRO. But how camst thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaine this unto Infia.

INF. And Infia her felpe did giue it me,
And Infia her felpe hath brought it hither.

PRO. How? Infia?

INF. Behold her, that gave syme to all thy othes,
And enterres in't em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote?
Oh Prothassa, let this habit make thee blisse.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be thou ashamed that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodest rayment, if shame live
In a disguise of love?

It is the lefter blot to Modiify finds,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds,
Proc. Then men their minds; is truth, heauen, were man
But Containt, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all things;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What in Silvia’s face, but I may spie
More freth in Italia’s, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be bleft to make this happy close:
’T were pitty two such friends shou’d be long foes.
Val. And I time.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac’d,
Bannish’d Valentine.
Tom. Yeonder is Silvia: and Silvia’s mine.
Val. Theorie give backe: or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Doe not name Silvia shine: if once againe,
Uerons shall not hold thee: here he finall hands,
Take but possession of her, with A Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Love.
Thom. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I
Hold him but a foole that will endanger,
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not;
I clame her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such flight conditions.

Eglamour: Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Hast: where Italia lodges.
Out-laue with Valentine.
Speed: a clownes servant to Valentine.
Laurence: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: servant to Antenio.
Italia: beloved of Protheus.
Silvia: beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta: weighing woman to Italia.

The names of all the Acters.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine.
Protheus: the two Gentlemen.
Antonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio: a foolish rustall to Valentine.

FINIS.

THE
THE Merry Wives of Windsor.

A Hui primus, Scena prima.

Enters Justice Shalow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Pitefll, Anne Page, Master Page, Mistress Page, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shalow. 

Here, persuade me not: I will make a Sur- 
Chamber matter of it, if he be twenty Sir 
John Falstaff; he shall not abuse Robert Shalow 
Esquire. (Coram.)

Shal. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and 
Shal. J(Coten Slender) and Clerk-almoner.

Shal. I, and Rate leven too; and a Gentleman borne 
(Master Passion) who writes himselfe Armiyere, in any 
Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armiger.

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three 
hundred yeares.

Shal. All his successeors (done before him) hath done: 
and all his Auncelors (that come after him) may: they 
give the dozen white Lutes in their Coste.

Shal. It is an olde Coste.

Enters. The dozen white Lowies doe become an old 
Coste well: it agrees well passant: it is a familiar bout to 
man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Life is the freshe-fish, the salt-fish; is an old 
Coste.

Shal. I may quarters (Coxz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Enters. Yes per-baby: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, 
there is but three Skirts for your selle, in my simple con- 
trivances; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have 
committed dispafragemente with me, I am of the Church 
and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attone- 
ments and compeymes between you.

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

Enters. It is not meet the Counsell hear a Riot: there 
is no seare of God in a Riot: The Counsell (looke you) 
shall defer to heare the seare of God, and not to heare a 
Riot: take your witts in mens in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were young againe, the sword 
should end it.

Enters. It is better that friends is the sword, and end 
it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which 
peradventure prigs good diuersion with it. There is 
Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, 
which is pretty virginity.

Shal. Mistress Anne Page the has browne hair, and 
spoken small like a woman.

Enters. It is that very person for all the rest, as full as 
you will defire, and seaven hundred pounds of Moneyes, 
and Gold, and Silver, is this Grand-fire upon his death- 
bed, (Got deluer to a joyfull resurrection) gine, when 
the is able to outtake seventene yeeres old, It were a 
good motion, if we leave our priibles and prubbles, and 
defire a marriage between Master Abraham, and Milfris 
Anne Page.

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

Enters. I, and her father is make her a preefer penny.

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

Enters. Seven hundred pounds, and possesions, is 
good gifts.

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

Enters. Shall I tell you a by? I doe desipe a leve, as I 
desipe one that is false, or as I desipe one that is not 
true: the Knight Sir Itho is there, and I befeech you be 
ruled by your well-willers: I will pear the doore for Mr. 

Shal. Page. Who's there?

Enters. Here is go'ts plessing and your friend, and Ju- 
justice Shalow, and heere young Master Slender: that perad-
ventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to 
your likings.

Shal. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I 
thank you for my Venion Master Shalow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much doe 
be your good heart: I wish'd your Venion better, it 
was ill kild: how doth good Mistress Page? and I thank 
you alwais with your heart, I wish'd your heart.

Enters. Sir, I thank you.

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

Enters. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Shal. How does your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard 
sey he was out-run on Cetfall.

Enters. It could not be ould'd, Sir.

Shal. You'Il not confessse you'Il not confessse.

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

Enters. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: he's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there 
be more fai'd? he's good, and faire. Is Sir Itho Falsaffe 
liere?

Enters. Sir, he's within: and I would I could doe a 
good office to beare you.

Enters. It is spokke as a Chiffians ought to speake.

Enters. He haff wrong'd me (Master Page).

Enters. Sir, he doth in some for to confesse it.
Sh. If it be confedled, it is not redrufed; is not that so (M. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, as a word he hath: believe me, Robert Shallow Esquire, faith he is wronged.

M. Pa. Here comes Sir John.

Fal. Now, Master Shallower, you'll complain of me to the King?

Sh. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my decoy, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kis'd your Keepers daughter?

Sh. Tut, a puft: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will anwende it frait, I have done all this:

That is now anwende.

Sh. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you ifst were known in coun-
cell: you'll be laugh'd at.

En. Panacea; (Sir John) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; Slander, I broke your head what matter have you against me?

Sh. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Ratsells, Bardfins, Nyms, and Piffkull.

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Sh. I. It is no matter.

Pif. How now, Methofophelius?

Sh. I. It is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say: span, span: slice, that's my humor.

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

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let us understand; there is three Vampires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page; (Sedlekes Mafter Page,) & there is my felfe, (Sedlekes my felfe) and the three party's is (lafly, and fi-
nally) mine Hall of the Gater.

M. Pa. We three to heare it, & end it between them.

Ena. Ferry good, I will make a prife of it in my note-book, and we will after wards orke upon the caufe, with as great difcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piffkull.

Piff. He hears with caris.

Ena. The Teuill and his Tam: what phafe is this? he hears with care? why, it is affections.

Fal. Piffkull, did you picke M. Sleders purfe?

Sh. I, by thefe glouses did hee, or I would not might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elfe, of feauen groates in mill-fipples, and two Edward Sho-
uelboards, that coft me two hillling and two pence a piece of Tryd Miller: by thefe glouses.

Fal. Is this true, Piffkull?

Eua. No, it is falfe, if it is a picke-purfe.

Piff. Ha, thou mountaine Falieryner: Sir John, and Mafter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denial in thy ladhes here: word of denial, froth, and fcum thou liest.

Sh. By thefe glouses, then twas he.

Nym. Beaus dit fit, and paffe good humours: I will fay many trap with you, if you runne the nut-books hu-
mor on thee, that is the very note of it.

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

Fal. What fay you Scarlet, and John t

Bar. Why fit, (for my part) I fay the Gentleman had drunke himfelfe out of his fiew fentences.

En. It is his fiew fentences fit, what the ignorance is.

Faf. And being fap, fir, was (as they fay) caftneered: and so conffuions pull the Car-efues.

Sh. I, you speake in Latten then to: but it is no mat-
ter: lie beere be drunk whilst I live againe, but in honett, civilly, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, I lie drunke with thofe that have the feare of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Ena. So got-ude me, that is a vertuous mind.

Fal. You heare all these matters den'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

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

Sh. Oh heauen: This is Mistrefse Aune Page.

M. Page. How now Miftref Ford?

Fal. Miftref Ford, by my troth you are very well met: by you leave good Miftref.

M. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Vefenin pafly to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drincke downe all vANKINdiffe.

Sh. I had rather then forty fillings I had my bookes of Songs and Sonnetts here: How now Simple, where haue you bee? I must wait on my felfe, muft I? you haue not the bookes of Riddles about you, haue you?

Ena. Bookes of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Shorft-shape vpon Alhallowmas left, a fortnight a-
fore Michaelmas.

Sh. Come Coz, come Coz, we fay for you: a word with you Coz; marry this, Coz: there is as'twere a ten-
der, a kind of tender, made a ferte: off by Sir Hugh here: doe you understand me?

Sh. Sir, you fhall finde: me receafionable: if it be fo, I will doe that that is reafon.

Sh. Nay, but understand me.

Sh. So I doe Sir.

Ena. Glue care to his motions; (M. Slander) I will defcription the matters to you, if you be capacity of it. 

Sh. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow (za) I pray you pardon me, he's a Luffene of Peace in his Coun-
trie, fimple though I finde here.

Ena. But that is not the quefion: the quefion is concerning your marriage.

Sh. Sir, there's the poine Sir.

En. Marry is it: the very poine of it, to M. An Page.

Sh. Why if be fo I will marry her upon any rea-
fonable demands,

En. But can you affeflion the 'oman, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore prefely, can you carry your good will to fhad?

Sh. Ten Abraham Slander, can you love her?

Sh. I hope fit, I will do as it fhall become one that would doe reafon.

En. Nay, get's Lords, and his Ladies, you muft speake poifeitable, if you can carry her your defires towards her.

Sh. That you muft:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Sh. I will doe a grater thing then that, upon your requet (Cozen) in any reafon.

Sh. Nay conceive me, conceive mee, (twice Coz): what I doe to please you (Coze) can you love the maid?

Sh. I will marry her (Sir) at your requet; but if there bee no great love in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreafe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one an-
other: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-hers, I will marry-her, that I am freely diffolued, and disliately.
En. Nay, it is better yet; give her this letter; for it is a man that altogether acquaintance with Miftris Amowe Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to follicit your Masters desires, to Miftris Amowe Page: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; then's Pip-pins and Cheefe to come. 

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Hob, Bardole, Nym, Puff, Page.

Fal. Mine Hoft of the Garter?


Fal. Truely mine Hoft; I must tune away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard,(bully Herowr) cathersere; let them wag; trot,trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

He. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cefar, Keifer and Prince,) I will entertaine Bardole; he shall draw; he shall tap; I shall (bully Heifer?)

Fal. Doe to (good mink) Hoft.

Ho. I have spoke; let him follow, let me feast ther froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

Fal. Bardole, follow him: a Tapfer is a good trade; an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Scurving-man, a freth Tapfer; goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I have defir'd: I will thrive, Pijf, O base hangry wight! wilt? the spigoe wield, Ni. He was gotten in drinkis not the humor exercit?

Ed. I am glad I am so acuit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an waxkillfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at minutes ref.

Pijf. Comasy the wife it chal; Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well firs, I am almost out at hefters.

Pijf. Why then let Kilbes en fue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must concath, I must shift, Pijf. Yong Rauns muft haute foode.

Ed. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

Fal. I ken the wight; he is of subsfance good.

Ed. My honest Lady, I will tell you what I am about.

Pijf. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now Pijfs; (Indeed I am in the waffe two yards about: but I am now about no waffe: I am a about thrift) briefly: I doe meate to make love to Ford's wife: I fipe entertainment in her: free discourfes: three careus; the goes the leete of initiation; I can conftrue the action of her familer fille, & the hardelt voice of her behavior (to be English'd rightly,) I am Sir John Falstaffs.

Pijf. He hath fludied her willand tranflated her will: out of honfity, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deep: will that humor pafs?

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

Pijf. As many duelles entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor fiftit is good:humor me the angels, Pijf. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here ano- ther to Pager wife; who even now gaue mee good eyes too; examin my parts with most judicious illas at sometimres the beame of her view, guilded my foot: sometimres my porty belly.

D 3
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Pif. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.
Ni. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. Of the did so course o’er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did fume to fetch me vp like a burning-glacé: here’s another letter to her: She bears the Purse too: She is a Region in Guinam call gold, and bountie: I will be Checker to them both, and they shall be Exchequerers to mee: they shall be my East and West-Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thow this Letter to Miftris Page; and thou this to Miftris Ford: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Pif. Shall I Sit Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side weare Steele; then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no base humour: here take the humor-Letter; I will keep the humor of repuration.

Fal. Hold Siria, heare you thefe Letters sightly, Sailie like my Pinnaffe to thefe golden shores. Rogues, hence, assaynt, vanifh like haile-tomes; goe, Trudges, plod away 1’h’hoof: seek heftier packe; Eifliffbe will learn the honor of the age, French-trit, you Rogues, my sels, and skirted Page.

Pif. Let Vultures giue thy guts: for gourd, and Pullam hold; & high and low beguies the rich & poor, Tetter he have in much where thou shalt lacke, Bafe Phrygian Turke.

Ni. I have operations, Which be humors of revenge.

Pif. wilt thou revenge?
Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Pif. With wit, or Steele.
Ni. With both the humors: I will dicuffe the humour of this Loue to Ford.

Pif. And to Page shall he vsfold
How Eifliffbe (varelt vile)
His Dote will prune; his gold will hold,
And his soft cough defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will intencce Ford to deale with poysen: I will poftfie him with ywelnhnfe, for the reuol of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pif. Thou art the Mwr of Memand certe: I feconde thee: troop upon.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Miftris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor, Caesar, Festus.

2. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Cate-
ment, and fee if you can fee my Master, Master Doctor is coming; if he doe (Thaith) and finde any body in the house: here will be an old abitung of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ru. He goe watch.

2. Goe, and we‘ll have a posset for’t done at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea.cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as ever feruant fhalu come in house within: and I warrant you, no set-tale, nor no breeders: this is the fruit of this, that he is gien to prayer: hee is something peculiar in that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paife. Peeter Simple, you fay your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

2. And Mafter Slender’s your Mafter?
Si. Horfooth.

2. Do’s he not wiray a great sound Beard, like a Gloriers waiting-knife?
Si. No foroofh: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Calme coloured Beard.

2. A foftly-fohight man, is he not?
Si. I foroofh: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as
any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

2. How fay you: ah, I should remember him: do’s he not hold vp his head (as it were) and firit in his gate?
Si. Yes indeede do’s he.

2. Well, heaven fend Anme Page, no worse fortune: Tell Mafter Parfon Euen, I will doe what I can for your Mafter: Anne is a good girl, and I with

Ru. Out alas, here comes my Mafter.

2. We shall all be fient: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Cloffet: he will not fay long: what John Rugby? John: what John I fay? Goe John, goo enquire for my Mafter, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes here home (and dome, dome, dome, earron, & c.

2. Vat is you finging? I doe not like des-coyes: pray you goo and vetch me in my Cloffet, vaboytewene verd: a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake: a greene-

2. I foroofhle fet fet it you:
I am glad hee went not in himfelfe: if the he had found the yong man hee would have bin horne-mad.

Ca. Fng, fing, fng, mar, fng, if fng for chando, fag, man and in Count: he the grand affairs.

2. Is it this Sis?
Ca. Omme mette au man pocke, de-spech quickly:
Verce is dit knacc Rugby?

2. What John Rugby, John?
Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are John Rugby, and you are facke Rugby:
Come, take-a-your Raper, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. ’Tis ready Sir, here in the Park.

Ca. By my top: I tarry too long: od’m-me: gue me in
arie: dere is some Simples in my Cloffet, dat I will not for the world I shall leave behinde.

2. Ay-me, he’ll find the yong man there, & be mad.
Ca. O Diable, Diable: vat is in my Cloffet?

Villanie, La-rome: Rugby, my Raper.

2. Good Mafter be content.
Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

2. The yong man is an honfett man.

Ca. What fhal de honett man do in my Cloffet: dere is no honett man dat fhal come in my Cloffet.

2. I befeech you be not fo flegmaticke: heathe the truth eft. He came of an errand to mee, from Parfon Rugby.

2. A Vell.

Si. I foroofh: to defire her to—

2. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

2. To defire this honeft Gentlewoman(your Maid) to speake a good word to Miftris Anne Page, for my Ma-

2. This is all indeed: let me wreke my finger in the fire, and neede not.

2. Sir Hugh fend-a you? Rugby, bollow mee fome paper: tarry you a litter-a-while,
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter Miftir Page, Miftir Ford, Miftter Page, Miftter Ford, Petilh, Nym, Quickly, Holli, Shallow.

Miftir Page. What, haue scap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see?

Ask me no rashly. I love you for though Loue's Reason for his precipitation, hee admitts him not for his Confusation: you are not young, no more don I: go to then: there's simpathe: you are merry, for I: but, then, there's more simpathe: you love factes, and so do I: woulde you define better simpathe? Let it suffice (Miftir Page at the leaf of the Love of Sunearl can suffice, that I love thee: I will not say pity mee, 'tis not a Sunearl-like phrase: but I say, love mee:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.
John Falstaff.

What a Herold of Justice is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-něe wone to pieces with age
To show himselfe a yong Gallant! What an unwise Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my confusation, that he dares In this manner affay me? why, hee hath not beene chiette In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirths: (beaué forgive mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shal I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be as sure as his guns are made of puddings.

Miftir Ford, Miftir Page, trufl mee, I was going to your house.

Miftir Page. And trufl mee, I was comming to you; you looke very ill.

Miftir Ford. Nay, I here believe that; I haue to fhow to the contrary:

Miftir Page. Faith but you doe in my minde,

Miftir Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew to you the contrary: O Miftir Page, give mee some confusaille.

Miftir Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miftir Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling reft, I could come to such honour.

Miftir Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take it:

Miftir Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Miftir Page. What thou liest? Sir, Alice Ford? their Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Miftir Ford. Wee burne day-light: here, read,read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worke of fix men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet bee would not swere:

praise

Mist. Page. But I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Warre, the next time we have confedation, and of other woers.

Men. Well, fare-well, I am in great harte now.

Mist. Page. Fare-well to your Worship: cruely an honest Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Anne mind as well as another does: such voynt: what houre I forgot.

Entr.
praise women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved answers to all acknowledgments, that I would have thought his disposition would have gouten to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the ture of Green-leaves: What tempest (if tro) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oil in his belly) a Shore at Windsor? How shall I be reuenged on him? I think the bell way were, to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne grace: Did you ever hear the like?

Mis.Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he think of vs?

Mis.Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty: I entertaine my life like one that I am not acquainted withall: for fourt Ruffles hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer have boarde me in this furie.

Mis.Ford. Boordine, call you it? Ilee be sure to keepe him aboue decke.

Mis.Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches, Ie neuer to Seagaine: Let's bee eneung'd on him let's appoint him a meeting: give him a shew of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath paw'd his horses to mine Hof of the Garter.

Mis.Ford. May, I will conferent to act my villany against him, that may not fully the charitiefe of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give constant food to his jauleous.

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as farre from jauleous, as I am from giving him caufe, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable distance.

Mis.Ford. You are the happiest woman.

Mis.Page. Let's confult together against this greaefe

Knight. Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Piff. Hope is a curial-fdog in some affairs:

Sir John affh the wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife's not young.

Piff. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the Gally-mawry (Ford) prrepend.

Ford. Looe my wife?

Piff. With liuer, burning hot pretendent.

Or got thou like Sir Afton he, with Ring-wood at thy hece: Odious is the name.

Ford. What name is Sir?

Piff. The horse I say: Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for theeeues doe foot by night, Take heed, ere former comes, or Cuckoo-birds do finge.

Away sir Corporall Nim:

Beleue ye (Page) he speakes fente.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nam. And this is true: I like not the humor offlying: he hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humor'd Letter to her: but I have a sword: and it shall bite upon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: I spake, and I souoch: 'tis true: my name is Nim: and Faulesse loves your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheeke: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth's) here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Faulesse.

Page. I never heard such a dravelling-aflicting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleue such a Catalog, though the Priest of th'Town commende him for a true man, Ford. Twas a good fenible fellow: well.

Page. How now Clig?

Mis.Ford. Whether goe you (George) take you.

Mis.Ford. How now (sweet Frank) why are thou melancholy?

Ford. I am melancholy: I am not melancholy.

Get you home: goe,

Mis.Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, Misfiris Page?

Mis.Page. Have with you: you'll come to dinner.

George I. Look who comes yonder: fhee shall bee our Mistresse to this palace Knight.

Mis.Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: fhee will it.

Mis.Page. You are come to see my daughter Anna?

Quis. Honflaoth: and I pray how do good Mistresse Anna?

Mis.Page. Go in with vs and fee: we have a hours talk with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knaus told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em flues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his dispersed men: very rogues, now they are out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they, Ford. Ilike it newer the better for that,

Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyauge to my wife, I would turne her loose to him: and what he gets more of her, then sharpe words, let ye lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Lookie where my rancing-Hoft of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or many in his purse, when hee lookes so merily: How now mine Hoft?


Shall. I follow, (mine Hoft) I follow: Good-even, and twenty (good Master Page) Master Page, will you goe with vs? we have sport in hand.


Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welch Priest, and Cauel the French Doctor.

Ford. Good
Ford. Good mine Hoist o'th'Garter: a word with you. 

Hoist. What saist thou, my Biddy-Rookie? 

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoist hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (be- 


neate me) I hear the Parson is no better: ha'ke, I will tell you what our sport shall be. 

Hoist. Ha! thou no faire against my Knight? my guest. 

Cau!steine? 

Shal. None, I protest: but let you glue you apostle of burn'd-facie, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brome: only for a jest. 

Hoist. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt have egriffle and refgriffle, (said I well?) and thy name shall be Brome. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heates? 

Shal. Have with you mine Hoift. 

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier. 

Shal. Tune fee: I could have told you more: in these times you stand on difiances your Paffes, Stroccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Mater Page?) 'tis here, 'tis here: heaue the tyme, with my long-Word: I would haue made you foare fellows skipphe like Rattles. 

Hoist. Heree boye, heree, heree: shall we wag? 

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them scold, then fight. 

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands fo firmly on his wines frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Pages house: and what they made there I know not. Well, I will looke further into't: and I have a difference, to found Falstaffe: if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if the other wise, 'tis labor well bestowed. 

Exuert. 

Scena Secunda. 

Enter Falstaffe, Pitifoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolfe, Ford. 

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny. 

Pitf. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword open. 

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawn: I haue graced vp on my good friends for three Represtes for you, and your Coach fellow Newyor else you had look'd through the grate, like a Grenny of Baboons: I am damned in hell, for swearing to Gentleman my friends, you were good Soulterers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miftiffe Brigi left the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine ho- 


nor thou haft it not. 

Pitf. Dillnot thou share? haft thou not fifteen pence? 

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think thou Ile en- 


danger my oule, prætie: at a word, hang no more about me: I am no giber for you: goe, a sharke knife, and a thong, to your Mannor of Pick's-batch: goe, you'll not bear a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand upon your honor: why, (thou unconfinable basenefte) it is as much as I can doe to keep the terms of my honor preceptive: 3,1, my stile sometymes, leaving the fear of heauen on 

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessitie, am taine to thoulfe to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sole your targs: your Car-a-Mount- 

caine-lookes, your red-lattice phrales, and your bold- 


beating-coaches, under the shelter of your honor: you will not doe it? you? 

Pitf. I doe reiten: what would thou more of man? 

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you. 

Fal. Let her approach. 

Qui. Give your worship good morrow. 

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife. 

Qui. Not fo: and please your worship. 

Fal. Good maid then. 

Qui. Ile be wronge, 

As my mother was the fist howe I was borne. 

Pitf. I doe believe the swearer: what with me? 

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two? 

Fal. Two thousand (fine woman) and Ile vouchsafe 

thee the hearing. 

Qui. There is one Miftiffe Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this waies: I melselle dwell with M. Dogtor 

Cass: 

Fal. Well on; Miftiffe Ford, you say. 

Qui. Your worship faile very true: I pray your wor- 

ship come a little nearer this waies. 

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodle hears : mine owne 

people, owne owne people. 

Qui. Are they so? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants. 

Fal. Well; Miftiffe Ford, what of her? 

Qui. Why, Sir, she's a good-creature: Lord, Lord, your Worshipp a a wooten: well: heauen forgive you, and all of vs, I pray—- 

Fal. Miftiffe Ford: come, Miftiffe Ford. 

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonder- 


ful: the belt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay 

at Windsor) could never have brought her to such a 

Curie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gent- 


elemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling to sweetly— all Musk, and so ruffling, I warrant you, in filke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and liger of the belt, and the finest, that would have wound some women with tears, and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels given me this morning, but I defe all Angels(in any kind of, as they say) but in the way of honofly: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as a fippe on a cup with the provest of them all, and yet there has beene Earel's may, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her. 

Fal. But what faies thee to mee? be briefe my good 

free.-Merciour. 

Qui. Marry, the harth receiued your Letter: for the 

which the thankes you a thousand times; and the giftes 

you to notice, that her husband will be abence from his 

house, between ten and eleven. 

Fal. Ten, and eleven. 

Qui. I,forsooch: and then you may come and see the 

picture (the fayre) that you woot of: Master Ford her hu- 

band will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: she's a very lealouf man; the leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.) 

Fal. Ten, and eleven.
W omit, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

 Qui. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mis lisse Page hath her hearty commendations to you: and let me tell you in your care, she's as faithful a chaste modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not mislike you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who e'er breathe the other: and she desires you to tell your worship, that her husband is fell done from home, but she hopes there will be some time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely I think you have charmes too, in yes in truth.

 Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the at.raction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

 Qui. Blessing on your heart for's.

 Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has Ford's wife, and Page's wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

 Qui. That was a tell indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Mis lisse Page would desire you to send her your little Page of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page: and truly Mis lisse Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she do's: what she will, will say what the will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when the lift, rise when the lift, all is as the will: and truly five deficiencies is: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one; you must fend her your Page, no remedy.

 Fal. Why, I will.

 Qui. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, he may come and goe betwenee you both: and in any case have a may-word, that you may know one another minde, and the Boy neede neuer to vnderstand any thing: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: old folks you know, have disaffection, as they say, and know the world.

 Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor: boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diffrots me.

 Fift. This Puncte is one of Cupids Carriours.

 Chap on more faire, pursue: vp with your fights.

 Glitt fire: this is my priase, or Ocean whom ille them all.

 Fal. Said thou to (old lady) go thy waies: He makes more of thy old body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? will thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thank thee: let them say'ts grossely done, so it bee falsely done, no matter.

 Bar. Sir John, there's one Master Braun below which faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you: and hast lent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

 Fal. Braunne is his name.

 Bar. I Sir.

 Fal. Call him in: such Braunnes are welcome to mee, that ore flowers such liquor: this Mis lisse Ford and Mis lisse Page, haue I eoncems'd you? goe to, vs.

 Ford. Blesse you Sir.

 Fal. And you Sir; would you speake with me? Ford. I make bold, to preffe, with so little preparation vpon you.

 Fal. You're welcome, what's your will? I give vs leafe.

 Ford. Sir. I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is Brave.

 Fal. Good Master Braunne, I desire more acquaintance of you.

 Ford. Good Sir John, I use for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unfasin'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe eye open.

 Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

 Ford. Toth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will heare to (Sir John) take all, or half, for eating me of the carriage.

 Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deferre to bee your Porter.

 Ford. I will tell you Sir, if you will give mee the hearing.

 Fal. Speake (good Master Braunne) I shall be glad to be your Servant.

 Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye vp on my follies, as you heare them unfolded, come another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reprofe the easier, beth you your selfe know how easy it is to be such an offender.

 Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

 Ford. There is a Gentle woman in this Towne, her husbands name is Ford.

 Fal. Well Sir.

 Ford. I have long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowd much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: I Gregg'd so opportunities to meete her: fce de very flighe occassion that could but nigglily give mee fight of her not only bought many preferments to give her, but have given largely to many, to know which were to have given: briefly, I have purf'd her, as Love hath purf'd mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merit'd, either in my minde, or in my means, neede I am sure I have receiued none, vilest Experience ebe a lewell, that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

 "Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursueth,

 "Pursuing that their flites, and flying what purses.

 Fal. Have you receiued no promise of satisfation at her hands?

 Ford. Never.

 Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

 Ford. Never.

 Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

 Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have loft my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

 Fal. To what purpe se have you unfolded this to me?

 Ford. When I have cold you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though the appere honest to mee, yet in other places fliee encasheth her mind to farre, that there is thred wov'd construction made of her. Now (Sir John) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourte, of great admiration, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow for your many vanish, court-like, and learned preparations.

 Fal. O Sir.

 Ford. Believe it, you know it: there is mony, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, only
Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shalloon, Slaugter, Host. (Caius, Jack Rugby.)

Page. Sir, Caius, Val the clocke, Jack. Rug. 'Tis past the hour (Sir) that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has faile his foule; dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (Jack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come.

Page. Sir, hee was Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, be hering is no dead, fo as I will kill him: take your Rapiers, (Jack) I will tell you how I will kill him.


Shal. 'Sasu you Mr. Doctor Caius.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Shal. 'Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vart the all you one, two, tree, foure, come for me.

Host. To thee feke fight, to thee feke toigne, to thee trauerfe, to thee toere, to thee there, to thee thee, to thee palfe thy puncho, thy flock, thy trauere, thy distance, thy monrants: Is he dead, my Ethopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Is he Bully? what fays my Ephesians? my Galatia/my heart of Elders? Is he dead bully-Scale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de world; he is not to shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Captalio-king-Vinala : Helver of Greece (my Boy).

Caius. I pray you beare witness, that me haue flay, fixe or fouen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Doctor) he is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodys: if you should fight, you go against the haires of your professions: is it not true, Maiter Page?

Page. Maiter Shalloon; you have your selle beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-hins M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my fingers touches to make one: though we are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. Page) wee have sorne falts of our youth in vs, we are the fons of women (M. Page.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shalloon.

Shal. It will be found so, (M. Page) M. Doctor Caius.

I come in to fetch you home: I am swarrn of the peace you have shoy'd your selle a wife Physician, and Sir Hugh hath thrown him selfe a wife and patrent Churchman: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Host. Par.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Enr. Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft, Caius, Richy.

Enr. I pray you now, good Master Slender, forbear to go to Sir John Falstaff, that calls himself Doctor of Physick.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olds Wiltshire way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Edw. I most vehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Enr. Puff my foule how full of Chollos I am, and trembling of minde: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholy I am? I will knog his Vannahs about his knaes coiffard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: Puff my soule: To the game, to the game: to the game: for a thousand fragrant poues. To follow: Mercie on me, I have a great dispositions to cry.

-- Accidental birds flog Madrigalls: -- When I sit in Patches: and a thousand fragrant poues, To follow, Sir. Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir John. Enr. He's welcome: To shallow Rivery, to wholesome falls: Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he? Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my Master, Sir John, and another Gentleman: from Fragmone, over the tile, this way.

Enr. Pray you giue me my gowne, or else keep it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: I keep a Gamelster from the dice, and a good Student from his bookes, and it is wonderful.

Sim. Ah, sweet Anne Page.

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Enr. Puffe you from his mercy-false, all of you. Shal. What is the Sword, and the Word? Does you fludy them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull fled, in your doublet and hose, this raw-satinatek day?

Enr. There is reason, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Enr. Very well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. Have liued four-score yeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Enr. What is he?

Page. I think you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Enr. God's will, and his passion of my heart: I had aslief you would tell me of a meate of porridge.

Page. Why?

Enr. He has no more knowledge in Hiberhates and Gales, and he is a knave besides a cowardly knave, as you would defere to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Shal. Of sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keep them a-sunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keep your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Enr. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Enr. I pray you let a man speak a word with your ears; wherefore will you not meete me?

Enr. Pray you vfe your patience in good time.

Enr. By-gar, you are de Courourd de Lacke dog: John Ape.

Edw. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amend: I will knog your V要学会 your knownes Caug-combe.

Caius. Dislike: Lacke Rugby: mine Hoft de Lartue: haue I not stay for you, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Enr. As I am a Christiane-foule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, ibr bee judgement by mine Hoft of the Garter.


Caius. I.
Cat. I. that is very good, excellent.

Page. Peace, I say; here are mine Hoft of the Garter, and I politeness? Is Ifabsle? Is Mr. Machiavel?

Shall I lose my Doctor? No, he gives me the Potions and the Morons. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest?

My Sir Hub? No, he gives me the Proverbs, and the No-refers. Give me thy hand (Celestial?) for: Hopes of Art, I have deceru you doth you: I have directed you to wrong places your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawnke: Follow me, I lead of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shall, Trust me, a mad Hoft: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Sh. Of wecct Anne Page. Cat. Had you believe dost? Have you make a-dea of us, ha, ha?

Ema. This is well, he has made vs his vlowing-frog: I desire that you may be friends: and let vs knock out prattens together to be reuenge on this same feall forly-coggyn, companion the Hoft of the Garter.

Cat. By gas, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar he deceiue me too.

Ema. Well, I will limite his noddes: pray you follow.

Scene Secunda.


Mifs. Page. May keep your way (little Gallante) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether you had rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heads.

Rob I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dware,

(Courier, M. Page. You are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford, Well met mistress Page, whether you go.

M. Page. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is the at home?

Ford. I, and as idle, as if she may hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry,

M. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Page. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

M. Page. He, he, I can never hit on't name; there is such a league between my Goodman, and he is your Wife at Ford. Indeed thet.

(home indeed)

M. Page. By your leue Sir, I am fickle till I see her, Ford.Has Page any bratnes? Have he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they fleape, he hath no vfe of them: why this boy will carrie a lette, twentie mile as saie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: thorpe pees out his wyes Insulation she gult his folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaff boy with her: A man may hear this shawre fing in the wind; & Falstaff boy with her: good plaets, they are lade, and our resould wites flare dammazation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, placce the borrowed valle of moddell from the so-seeing Mifs. Page, divulce Page himselfe fora secute and

Miff. Page. Ford, Mrs. Stop me a good knotte; I have good cheese at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shall. I must excuse my selfe Mr. Ford; Slen, And so muft I Sir, We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, And I would not break with her for more mony. Then I spake of,

Shall. We have linger'd about a match betweene An Page, and my cozen Slenider, and this day wee shall have our answer.

Shall. I hope I have your good will Father Page. You have Mr. Slenider, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr. Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-true: my nourish-a.Quickly tell me to mouth;

Hof. What say you to young Mr Penton? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth; he writes verifie, hee speaks holiday, he flurns April and May, he will carry, he will carry's, 'tis in his burrons, he will carry's.

Page. Not by my content I promise you. The Gentleman is of no hating, hee kept companie with the Wilde Prince, and Faule. he is of too high a Region, he knows too much noo, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of his subsance: if he take her, let him take her synce: the wealth I have waits on my content, and my content goes not that way.

Ford. I beftech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheese you shall have sport, I will gwe you a monter: Mr. Doctor, you shall go, so shall you Mr. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shall. Well, fare you well: We shall have the freer woting at Mr. Pages.

Cai. Go home John Rugby, I come anon.

HOf. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, He make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this Monster. Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.
M. Page. Here comes little Robin.
M. Ford. How now my Eyes-Musick, what news
Rob. My M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore
(M. Ford, and requits your company.
M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you bin true to us.
Rob. I, Ile be stowe: my Master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into ouer-las-
ing liberty, if I tell you of it: for he swears he'll turne me away.
M. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrity of chance
shall be a Tailor to thee, and make thee a new doub-
er and hate. Ile go hide me.
M. Ford. Do so: I go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mi-
Page, remember you your Qu.
M. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not get it, little me.
M. Ford. Go to thee: we'll by this unfavorable humidity, this grosse-wasty Pumion; we'll teach him
to know Turtles from leways.
Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Jewell? Why
now let me die, for I have li'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blest hour.
Fal. Mistriss Ford, I cannot cog. I cannot praet (M. Ford)
now shall I fin in my will; I would thy Husband
were dead, Ile speakes is before the best Lord, I would
make thee my Lady.
M. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should bee a
pitifull Lady.
Fal. Let the Court of France fiew me fuch another:
I fea how thine eye would emuliate the Diamond: Thou
haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes
the Ship-tyme, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tice of Vnecian
admittance.
M. Ford. A plaine Kerchifie, Sir John:
My brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.
Fal. Thou art a tyrant to fay so: thou wouldst make
an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy fote,
would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femi-
circled farninghe. I fee what thou wert if Fortune thy
fie, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not
hide it.
M. Ford. Beleue me, there's no fuch thing in me.
Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perifh thee.
That's fomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I
cannot cog, and fay thou art this and that, like a manne
of thofe flippine-hauhome buds, that come like women
in mens apparatus, and fmm like. Bucklers-berry in sim-
ple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and
thou deferves it.
M. Ford. Do not betray me for, I fear you loue M. Page.
Fal. Thou mightfult as well fay, I loue to walke by the
Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the recke of
a Lime-kill.
M. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you flall one day finde it.
Fal. Keep in that mind, Ile deferve it.
M. Ford. Nay, I muft tell you, fo do you;
Or else I could not be in that mind.
the door, sweating, and bloowing, and looking wilde-
y, and would needs speake with you prefently.
Fal. She shall not fee me, I will enforcemen mee behind
the Arras.
M. Ford. Pray you do fo, she's a very rating woman.
What the matter? How now?

M. Page. O miftris Ford what have you done?
You'r tham'd, y'are ouettrowne, y'are vndone for cer-
M. Ford. What's the matter, good miftris Page?
M. Page. O wealday, miftris Ford, haung an hofent man
to your husband, ro give him fuch caufe of fupiftion.
M. Ford. What caufe of fupiftion?
M. Page. What caufe of fupiftion? Out vpon you:
How am I milfooke in you?
M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?
M. Page. Your husband's comming heether (Woman)
with all the Officers in Windsor, to fearch for a Gentle-
man, that he is here now in the houte: by your con-
feque to take an ill advantage of his abfence: you are
vndone.
M. Ford. Tis not fo, I hope.
M. Page. Pray heauen it be not fo, that you have fuch
a man heere: but 'tis moft current your husband's com-
ing, with halfe Windsor at his heelles, to fearch for fuch
a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your felle
elcere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here,
coney, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your fentes
to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your
good life for ever.
M. Ford. What fhall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deer frend: and I fee not how mine fome fhould make,
as his perrif. I had rather then a thoufand pound he were
out of the houte.
M. Page. For fthane, never fand (you had rather, and
you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke
you of fame conuenience: in the houte you cannot hide
him. Oh, how houf you deceaft'd me! I looke, heere is
a basket, if he be of any reafonable fature, he may crepe
in heere, and throw fowles liven upon him, as if it were
going to bucking: Or it's whiting member, he fend by
your two men to Datecher-Mede.
M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what fhall I do?
Fal. Let me fee, let me fee, O let me fee:
I lea me in. You're my fweets, you're my fweets.
M. Page. What Sir John Paffage? Are thee your Let-
ters, Knight?
Fal. I fhow thee, helpe mee away: let me crepe in
heere: ile neuer——
M. Page. Help to couer your mater (Boys) Call your
men (M. Ford) You dissembling Knight.
M. Ford. What John, Robers, John: Go, take vp the fhe-
death heere, quickly: What's the Cowle-flaftte? 
How you dumble? Carry them to the Landrefce in Dat-
cher meatl: quickley, come.
Fal. Pray you come nere if I fupped without caufe.
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your left.
I deferve it: How now? Whether beare you this?
Sir. To the Landrefce forthwith.
M. Ford. Why, what have you to do whether they beare
it? You were bell meddle with buck-washing.
Fal. Bucke! I would I could waffe my felle of Bucke,
Buoke, buoke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Buuke,
And of the feasoon too, it fhall appear.
Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my
drume: heere, heere, heere be my keyes, fend me
Chambers, fearch, feaft, finde out: Ile warrant we'll
veneckle the Fox. Let me ftop this way firft: fo,now
vacate.
M. Ford. Good matter Ford be contented: 
You wrong your felle too much.
Fal. True (matter Page) vp Gentlemen.
You shall fee sport anon.

Follow

Fen. I see I cannot get thy father's leave.
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Ann. Why thou must be thy selfe,
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my flite being ga'd with my experience,
I feke to baste it only by his wealth.
Besides thefe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paff, my wild Societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
An. May be he tells you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Altho' I will confeffe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motive that I wou'd tace (Anwen)
Yet wooling thee, I found thee of more value,
Then flampe's in Gold, or fummes in fealed bagges :
And 'tis the very riches of thy felly,
That now I symce at.
An. Gentle M. Fenton,
Yet feke my Fathers love, still feke it for,
If opportunity and humberfull fute
Cannot arraife it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Breaks their catal Milfs. Quickly.
My Kinman shall speake for himfelfe.
Sten. Ile make a shaft or a bolt ou's slid, tir but ventu
Shal. Be not dismaid, (Sing.)
Sten. No, the shall not dismay me : I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Shal. Qui Hark ye, M. Sieder would speake a word with you
An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice?
Shal. What a world of wifdome fane'd faults
Lookes handfome in three hundred pounds a yeere?
Qui. And how do's good Mafter Fenton?
Pray you a word with you.
Shal. Shee's comming; to her Cost
O boy, thou hadst a father.

Shal. I had a father (M. An)y vncle can tel you good fight of him: pray you Vnde, tel Milf. Anne the leath how my Father fliote two Grefs out of a Pfen, good Vuable,
Shal. Milfs. Anne, my Cozen loves you.
Shal. I that I do, as well as I loucy any woman in Gloceffhire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Shal. I that I will, come out and long-tall, under the degree of a Squire.
Shal. He will make you a hundred and fitle pounds ioynure.

Anw. Good Mafle: Shal. let him woo for himfelfe.
Shal. Marrie I thank you for it: I thank you for that good comfort: the calls you (Cox) I lee you.
Anw. Now Mafter Sieder.
Shal. Now good Milfs Anne.

Anw. What is your will?
Shal. My will? Oddiy-hard-lings, that's a prettie left indeede: I ne've made my Will yet (I thank Heaven) I am not fuch a fickely creature, I gue Heaven praise.

Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Anne. I mean (M.Slender) what wold you with me?
Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or
nothing with you: your father and my uncle hath made
motion: if it be my lucke, lo; if not, happy man bee his
dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can:
you may ask your father here he comes.
Page. Nay Mr. Slenor; Love him daughters Anne,
Why how now? What does Mr. Fentor here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposed of.
Fen. Nay Mr. Page, be not impatient.
Mf/ Page. Good M. Fenton, come not too my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fen. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good M. Fenton.
Come M. Shallow: Come on faire slender, in
Knowing my mind, you wrong me (M. Fenton).
Qu. Speake to Miftris Page.
Fen. Good Mift. Page, for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manner,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And make one tender offer: Let me have your good will.
Ann. Good mother, do not marrie me to yond foole.
Mf/. Page. I mean it not, I feele you a better hus-
band.
Qu. That's my matter, M. Doctor.
An. Alas I had rather be set quick in the earth,
And bowl'd to death with Tunipis.
Mf/. Page. Come, trouble not thyself good M. Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how the loves you,
And as I finde her, so am I afficted:
Till then, farewell Sir, the muff needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
Qu. This is my doing now: Nay,_safe I, will you
cast away your child on a Foole, and a Playfian:
Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.
Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giv'e my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy pains.
Qu. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde
heart he hath a woman would run through fire & wa-
ter for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister
had Miftris Anne, or I would M. Slender had her; or (in
footh) I would M. Fenton had her, I will do what I can
for them all three, for so I have promis, and be bee as
good as my word, but speciously for M. Fenton, Well, I
must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaff from my two
Miftrilles: what a beset am I to flacke it.
Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, Quickly, Ford.
Fal. Bardolph I say.
Bar. Heere Sir.
Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't,
Have I luid to be carri'd in a Basket like a barrow of
bitches off'ard? and to be thrown in the Thames/Wel,
if I be fet'd with an another trikke. I haue my braines
tame out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a
New-year's gift. The roguees flighted me into the river
with a little remore, as they would have drown'd a
blinde bitches Puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may
know by my fize, that I have a kinde of alacrity in flin-
k'g: if the botome were as deeppe as hell, I shold down,
I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was slieuy and
shallow: a death that I shou'dt for the water fowles a
man. M. Ford, I have had Ford enough. I was thrown
into the Ford: I have my belly full of Ford.
Qu. Alas the day, (good-hearts) that was not her
fault: the do's to take on with her men; they mi(tooke
their erection. (promise).
Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans
Qu. Well, the laments Sir for it, that it should yern
your heart to fee: her husband goes this morning a
birding; the defires you once more to come to her, be-
tweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly,
'he'll make you amends I warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will vie her, tell her so; and bidde her
think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and
then judge of my merit.
Qu. I will tell her.
Fal. Do fo. Betwene nine and ten falle thou?
Qu. Eight and nine Sir.
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not mishee.
Qu. Peace be with you Sir.
Fal. I misusial I heare not of Mr. BROome: he sent me
word to stay within: I like my money well.
Oh, heere be comes.
Ford. Bleffe you Sir.
Fal. Now M. Broome, you come to know
What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife,
Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is but myne.
Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you,
I was at her house the house the hee appointed me.
Ford, And fped you Sir?
Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. Broome.
Ford. How fo did she change her determination?
Fal. No(M. Broome) but the speaking Curnuto her hus-
band (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of idolu-
face, consume our first encounter, after we had
embras, kit, protescted, & (as it were) spake the prologue
of our Comedy: and at his bedes, a rabble of his com-
panions, thither prouoked and infla'gated by his diftemper,
and (forfooth) to ferch his house for his wifes Loue.
Ford. What While you were there?
Fal. While I was there,
Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?
Fal. You 'll have yours. At good lucke would hau' it,
comes in one Naiff. Page, giv's intelligence of Ford ap-
proaches: and in her invention, and Fords wizes di traction,
ythey couney'd me into a bucke-basket.

Eord
Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a buck-basket: ram'd me in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaifie Napkins, that (Mater Brome) there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended no Gilth.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear (Mater Brome) what I have suffered, to bring this woman to euil, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Ford knaves, his Hinde, were cadd forth by their Mithris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to 'Datchet-lane': they tooke me on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their Mather in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leaft the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his band: well, on went he, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the fequel (Mater Brome) I suffered the pangs of three fearful deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to be detectted with a jeullous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Biblo in the circum- ference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be flipp'd in like a strong distillation with flingking Cloathes, that frett'd in their owne greafe: think of that, a man of my Kidney; think of that, that am as subflet to heate as butter; a man of contin- uall distillation, and thaw; it was a miracle to keep safefaction. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then half fled'd in greafe (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne in the Thames, and coul'd, glowing-hot, in that ferje like a Horse-shoe; think of that: hilling-hot: think of that (Mater Brome).

Ford. In good faith Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suife then is defperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Mater Brome: I will be throwne into Enwa, as I have beene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus: her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I have receiued from her another ambasfide of meeing: twixt eight and nine is the house (Mater Brome).

Ford. 'Tis paile eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to your appointment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speepe: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: advies: you shall have her (Mater Brome) Mater Brome, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum! ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Mater Ford awake, awake Mater Ford: there's a hole made in your witt coste (Mater Ford) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaim my selfe what I am: I will now take the Learche: hee is at my house: hee cannot escape mee: 'tis imposible hee shoulde: hee cannot crepe into a halfe-penny purle, nor into a Pepper- Boxe: But leafe the Duell that guides him, shoulde side him, I will search imposible places: though what I am, I cannot suuide: yet to be what I would not, shal not make me came: If I have horses, to make one mad, let the prosterbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad. EXEUNT.

Etius Quatrus, Scena Prima.

Enter MifiTis Page, Quickly, William Evans.

Mifl. Pag. Is he at M. Ford's already think'lt thou?

Eui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mifliris Ford desires you to come soflainely.

Mifl. Pag. I'le be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole; looke where his Mather comes; 'tis a playing day I fee: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No; Mater Stender is let the Boyes leave to play.

Eiu. 'Blieving of his heart.

Mifl. Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband fale my fonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you ask him fome quefions in his Accidence.

Eua. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come.

Mifl. Pag. Come on Sirius; hold vp your head; anfver your Mather, be not afraid.

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Eiu. Two.

Eiu. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they fay od's Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your Quintations. What is (Flaire) William?

Eiu. Puncher.

Eiu. Powles? there are fatter things then Powles, sure.

Eua. You are a very Simplicy o'man: I pray you peace. What is (Lapis) William?


Eua. And what is a Stone (William)?

Eiu. A Pecule.

Eua. No; it is Lapis: I pray you remember in your praine.

Eiu. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good William: what is he(William) that do's lend Articles.

Eiu. Articles are borrowed of the Pronounce; and be thus declined. Singulariter nominium hoc: hoc, hoc. Eua. Nominatio big, big, hog: pravy you make: genitive linus. Well; what is your Acquaintance Cafe.

Eiu. Will, Acquaintance lace.

Eua. I pray you have your remembrance (childe Ac- quaintation hang, hang, hog). Oh, Hang-hog, is lattem for Bacon. I warrant you. Eua. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the Facetious Cafe (William)?

Eiu. O, Fontaine, O.

Eua. Remember William, Fontaine, is care.

Eiu. And that's a good roone.

Eua. O'man, for bare.


Eua. What is your Genitivus cafe plus all (William)?

Eiu. Will, Genitivus cafe?

Eua. I.

Eiu. Genitivus horum, horum, horum. Oh, Vengeance of Genites cafe: fie on her; never name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shame o'man.

Eiu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: shee teaches him to hic; and to hac: which they doe fall enough of themselves; and to call horum: fie upon you.

Eua. O'man
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Wm. O'eman, art thou Lunevies? Haft thou no understandings for thy Cares, &c. the numbers of the Gender? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would define.

En. Show me now (William) some declensions of your Pronouns.
Wm. Forsooth, I have forgot.
En. Is it lust, que, quod; if you forget your Que, your Quer, and your Quand, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better schooller then I thought he was.
En. He is a good sprag-memory. Farewel Mist. Page.

Mist. Page. Aide good Sir Hugh:
Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.


Fal. Mist. Ford. Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffreance; I see you are obfequious in your loue, and I proffesse requital to a hairies breath, not onely Mist. Ford, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accomftment, complemt, and ceremony of it: But are you lere of your husband now?

Mist. Ford. Hee's a birdding (sweet Sir John.)


Mist. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir Jhon.

Mist. Page. How now (sweete heart) whole at home beftides your felle?


Mist. Page. Indeed.


Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he does not on yonder with my husband, so raffles against all married mankind: so curles all ever daughters of what complexion ever: and so buffettes himselfe on the for-lad: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madmett I ever yet beheld, seen'd but tame-nesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the faith Knight is not here.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and fwerases he was caried out the last time he eare feld for him, in a Basket: Protestes to my husband he is now here, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his infpinion: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall fee his owne foolerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he Mistrie Page?

Mist. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is here.

Mist. Page. Why then you are vitally tham'd, & he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better thame, then mutche.

Mist. Ford. Which way shold he go? How shold I betray him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mist. Page. Alas: three of Mist. Ford's brothers watch the doore with Piffals, that none shall fisue out: otherwise you might flip away ere she came: But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creep vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vfe to discharge their Birding-pees: creep into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Preff, Coiffe, Cheff, Trunk, Well, Vult: but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you go out in your owne semblance, you die Sir John, unlesse you goe our dificates.

Mist. Ford. How mighte we difguife him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, in no woman goome bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, defyft anything: such extremities, rather then a mufffer.

Mist. Ford. My Mavis Aunt the fat woman of Brainford, has a gowne abowe.

Mist. Page. On my word it wile ferue him: thees as big as he is: and there's her thun'm hat, and her muffler too:

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistrie Page and I will looke some linen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, we come dreffe you straightforward: put on the gowne the white.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband were mette him in this fhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford, she fwerases she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatened to beare her.


Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I in good faidnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Well' try that: for Ie appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to mette him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee becre becre preteniuity's go dreffe him like the witch of Brainford.

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct euery man, what they shall doe with the basket: Go vp, Ile bring linnen for him straignt.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Vastie, We cannot misuse enough:
We'll leave a profe by that which we will doo,
Witnes may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not ake that often, left, and laugh.
'Tis old, t'is true, Still Swine eate all the draugh.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if thee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Ser. Pray heauen be not full of Knight againe.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead.

Ford. I but if it prove true (Mist. Page) haue you any way then to vntoule me againe. Set downe the basket: villaines: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Ralcfals, there's a knot: a gina packe, a conspiracie againe me: Now shal the diuell be tham'd, What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-
neil cloathes you tend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paffes M. Ford: you are not to goe
loose any longer, you are banished.

Euan. Why, this is Lunsticks: this is madde, as a
mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. Ford, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So fay I too Sir, come hither Missir Ford, Mis-
Ris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertu-
ous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I
suspect without cause (Missir Ford) do I?

Miss. Ford. Heaven be my witnesse you doe, if you
suspect me in any dishonestly.

Ford. Well said Braxon-face, hold it out: Come forth
sixth.

Page. This paffes.

Miss. Ford. Are you not affhame'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Euan. 'Tis unreasonabl; will you take up your wives
cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one con-
uny'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why
may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is:
my Intelligence is true, my jealousie is reasonabl; pluck
me out all the Iinner.

Miss. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fless
deth.

Page. Here's no man.

Shall. By my fiddely this is not well Mr. Ford: This
wronges you.

Euan. Mr. Ford, you must pray, and not follow the
imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealousie.

Ford. Well hee, hee is not heere I fecke for.

Page. No, nor no where elfe but in your braine.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; I find
not what I fecke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let
me for eurte be your Table-spirts: Let them say of me, as
jealous as Ford, I find'd a hollow Wallnut for his
wives Lemmon. Satisifie me once more, once more with
me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Missir Pages) come you and
the old woman downe: my husband will come into the
Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womane that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainsford.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde counzening queane:
Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands
do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's
brought so pafle under the profection of Fortune-telling.
She workes by Charmes, by Specks, by th' Figure, & such
dawby as this is, beyond our Element: wee knownot-
thing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come
downe I say.

Miss. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentel-
men, let him strike the old woman.

Miss. Page. Come mother Pras, Come give me your
hand.

Ford. Ie Prat-her: Out of my doore, you Witch,
you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulett, you Runnon,
on out, Ile confoure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Miss. Page. Are you not affhame'd?
I think you have kill'd the poore woman.

Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for
you.

Ford. Hang her witch.
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(In him that was of late an Heretike)
Assume as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in fanation, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wities
Yet once again (to make vs publike port)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.
Page. Hove to fend him word they'll meete him in
the Parke as midnight: Fie,fie,he'll never come.
Ben. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers : and
has bin greatefully peaten, as an old oman: me-thinks
these should be terrors in him, that he shou'd not come:
Me-thinks his flesh is pennifh'd, hee shall have no de-
sires.
Page. So think I too.
Ford. Deuise but how you'll waffe him who he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.
Mifl Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at full midnight
Wallte round about an Oake, with great rag'd-horses,
And there he bluffs the tree, and takes the cartle,
And make milch-kine yield blood, and shakkes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The finpertiions idle-headed Eld
Recue'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepes of night to walk by this Hermes Oake.
But what of this?
Miff. Ford. Marry this is our devise,
That Falstaff at that Oake shall meete with vs.
Page. Well, let it nor be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you have brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
Miff. Pa. That likewais hau we thought upon:
That ye had a poor waffe with vs,
And take him at the firste, and shew him his owne
Ones, and tell him of the tales he doe told you:
Words with waffe, and waffe with words,
And make him haue his owne againe.
Page. Marry, this is a good devise.
Ford. Then let us do it:
Page. And let vs two best try it:
Fist, take up this waffe with vs:
Page. Well, I lack no more: and let us come
And take this waffe with you:
Page. We'll make him laugh, but we will not
Let him haue his owne:
Page. Then let vs two work in this wise:
Page. This hit is well:
Page. I'll go to the Parke, and I will have a
Page. He'll never come:
Page. Though twenty thousand worthier come to craueher.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoft, Simple, Falstaff, Bardolph, Eman,
Coom, Quickly.

Hofl. What wouldst thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick
skin) speake, breathe, difficue: breede, shott, quickes,
finds.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Fal-
staffe from M. Stender.
Hofl. There's his Chambre, his Houfe, his Cable,
with his hanging-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, ftrein and new go,knock
and call: hee speake like an Anthopophaginian vynt
there: Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: Ibe he do bold as thay Sir till fhe come
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.
Hofl. Ha! a fat woman The Knight may be robb'd:
Ille call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from thy
Lunges Military: Art thou there? It is chine Hoft, thine
Ephesian cats.

Fal. How now, mine Hoft?
Hofl. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the coming
downe of thy fat-woman. Let her defend (Bully) let her
defend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priu-
cy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hofl) an old-fat-woman even
now with me, but she's gone.
Simp. Pray you Sir, wasn't not the Wife-woman
of Brasserd?
Faf. I marry was in (Muffel-shell) what would you
with her then?
Simp. My Mafter (Sir) my maftere Stender, sent to her
feeling her go thorough the ftreets, to know (Sir) wether
one Now (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine or no.
Faf. I fpake with the old woman about it.
Simp. And what fayes fie, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry fie fayes, that the very fame man that
beguil'd Mafter Stender of his Chaine, cozed on him of it,
Simp. I would I could have spokens with the Woman
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Scene Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoft.

Hoft. Master Fenton, talk not so to me, my minde is heavy: I will glue over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speake: affift me in my purpose, And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee A hundred pound in gold, more then thy loffe. Hoft. I wil heare you(Master Fenton) and I will (at the least) keepe thy counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the deare loue I bare to faire Anne Page, Who, mutuall, hath anweterd my affection: (So faire forth, as her felle might be her chooset) Even to my wish; I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter, That neither (fingly) can be manifefted Without the hewe of both: the falfe aflert Hath a great Scene: the image of the left Ille flow you here at large (harke good mine Hoft.) To night at Eernes-Oke, thift 'twist twelve and one, Mut thy sweete Nan present the Faerie-Queene: The purpose why, is here: in which disguite VVhile other fells are something ranke on foote, Her father hath commanded her to flip Away with Slender, and with him at Eates Immediately to Marry: She hath confented: Now Sir, Her Mother,(even strong against that match And firme for Doctor Caim) hath appointed That he shall likewifeuffle her away, While other fitters are rasking of their mindes, And at the Dennis, where a Privet sitteth Swait marry her: to this her Mothers plot She (comingly obedient) like wife hath Made promife to the Dollar: Now, thus it reft, Her Father means the felleall be in white; And in that habite, when Slender fees his time To take her by that hand, and bid her goe, She felle goe with him: her Mother hath intende (The better to deftoe her to the Dollar;) For they mutte all be mask'd, and warded)

The
That quaint in green, she shal be loofe en-roab'd,
With Ribbons-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that roken,
The maid hath given content to go with him.

Fen. Both (my good Hof) to go along with me:
And here it rests, that you procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, twist twelve, and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts mixed ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband and your decease; I to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.
Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a preferent recompence.

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**Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**

**Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.**

Fal. Pr' thee no more prating: go, Hie hold, this is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers! Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers, either in nastiness, chance, or death: away.

Quick. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a pair of horses.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. Brome! Mefter Brome, the matter will be knowne to night, or sooner. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hemes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday(Sir)as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Mefter Brome) as you fee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Mefter Brome) like a poore-old-woman; that fame knave (Ford his huf-
bond) hath the finest mad diuell of revelouf in him(Mef-
ter Brome) that ever govt'n'd Frenfie. I will tell you,
be heaume greuously, in the shape of a woman,(for in the shape of Man (Mefter Brome) I fear) not Gotha with a Weasers beaner, because I know all, life is a Shuttle) I am in haft, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Mefter Brome;) since I pluckt Grefs, piaide Trevant, and whipt Top, I know not what twas to be beaten, till lastly. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to night I will be rengued, and I will dellict his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (M.Brome) follow.
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omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the completion of a Goofe: a fault done first in the forme of a beaup(0, a beaup, a beaup fault;) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowlie, think on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what call poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fawle (I think) I thir Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to plifie Tallow? Who comes heere a Me Doe?

M.Ford. Sir Facet Art thou ther (my Deere?)

My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scot: Let the ski raine Potatoes: Let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-fleues, haife-kissing Comitas, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of pronouction, I will filther me here.

M.Ford. Miss Triss PAGE is come with me(sweethart.)

Fal. Divide me like a brild' affection, each a Hanch: I will keepe my fides to my fel, my foulders for the fellofe of this walke; and my horses I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Heron the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of confidenc, he makes refitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M.Page. Alas, what noise?

M.Ford. Heauen forgive our finner,

Fal. What should this be?


M.Ford. I thinke the dwell vu not have me dam'd

Leat the oyle that's in me fould keep on fire;

He would never else croffe me thus.

Enter Facet.

Qui, Fairies blacke, gray, green, and white,

You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades of night.

You Orphan heires of fixed definy

Attend your office, and your quality,

Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pift. Elues, lift your names: Silence you siery toytes.

Cricket, to Windsor-chimneyes fhit thou lespe;

Where fires thou find it wrath'd, and heart's vaufvep,

There pinche the Maidis as blew as Bill-berry,

Our radiant Queenie, hates Slut, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them fhall die,

Ile winke, and cough: No man there workes mutt eie.

En. Where's Brachan's Doe you, and where you find a maid

That ere the fleepie has traced her prayers faid,

Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,

Sleep e she as sound as carelesse infancie,

Butchofe as fleepie, and thinke not on their fons,

Pinche thomarmes, legs, backes,shoulders, fides, & fhins.

Qu. About, about:

Search Windsor Callie(Elues) within, and out.

Strew good lucke (Gophers) on every facted roome,

That it may fland till the perpetual doome,

In flate as wholesome, as in flate or fitt.

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The fecular Chaires of Order, looke you fcovere

With hyue of Balme; and every precious fower,

Each fafe Infallible, Coare, and fwear Coll Crett,

With loyall Blazon, euermore be blett.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you flington

Like to the Garter-Compaffe, in a ring,

The expreffure that it fawes: Greene let it be,

More fertile-freh then all the Field to fee:

And, Lyon Sue, Qui Mal-y Pience, write

In Embroid-tuffs, Flowers purple, blew and white,

Like Saphire-peeale, and rich embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knights-hoods bending knee;

Fairies vse Flowers for their chajres. Do.

Away, difpers:But till 'tis one a clocke;

Our Dance of Cuffome, round about the Oke

Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget.

(fer:

Euen. Pray you lock hand in hand your felles in order:

And twenty glow-wormes call all our Lanthornes be

To guide our Mesure round about the Tree.

But fay, I fencel a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauen defends me from that Welfh Fairy,

Leat he transforme me to a piece of Cheefe,

Pift. Wilde worme, thou wait otter-dook'd eu'n in thy birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end

If he behafe, the flame will backe defended

And turne him to no paine: but if he fflat,

It is the feth of a corrupted hart.

Pift. A triall, come.

Euen. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire,

About him (Fairies) fing a foonenfull time,

And as you trip, till pinch you to your time.

The Song.

I fue in fooenfull phantome: I fue on Luft, and Luxurie:

Left is but a blody fire, kindled with enemious desire,

Fed in heart whole flames infyre,

As thoughts do blam them higher and higher.

Pinche him (Fairies) mutually: Pinche him for his villainie.

Pinche him, and burne him, and turne him about,

Till Candies, & Star-light, & Moonie shine be out,

Page. Nay do not flye: I thinke we have watcht you now:

VVill none but Herne the Hunter ferue your tune?

M.Ford. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.

Now (good Sir John) how like you Winder Wives?

See you thefe husband? Do not thefe fayes yokes

Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whole a Cuckold now?

Mr. Brome, Fallaffers a Knave, a Cuckoldly knave,

Here are his horses Master Brooms:

En. And Master Brooms, he hath enjoyed nothing of Fords,

but his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money,

which muft be paid to Mr. Brome, his horses are arrefted for it,

Mr. Brome.

M.Ford. Sir John, we have had ill lucke: wee could never meete: I will never take you for my Loue again.

but I will always count you my Deere.

Fal. To begin to perceive that I am made an Afie.

Ford. 1, and an Ox to too: both the profees are extant.

Fal. And there are not Fairies:

I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinnesse of my minde, the fottine surprize of my powers, droue the groffenesse of the foppery into a receu'd beleefe, in delight of the teeth all time and reafon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Qu. Sir John Fallaffers, feren Got, and leeue your desires, and Fairies will not pinfe you.

Ford. VWell said Fairy Higgs.

Euen. And leeue you your melancholies too, I pray you.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife ag ext, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the Sun, and dree'd it, that it wants matter to present to Jorge our-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Gaste too? Shall I have a Coozombe of Prize? This time I were chock'd with a piece of toasted Cheefe.

En. Seeke is not good to gue putters; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seeke, and Putter? Have I li'd to stand at the 

taste of one that makes Frietts of English? This is e- 

ough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through 

the Realme.

Page. Why Sir John, do you thinke though wee 

would have thurst vurtee out of our hearts by the head 

and shoulders, and have guen our feltes without care- 

ple to hell, that ever the doul could have made you our 

delight?

Ford. What a lodge-pudding? A bag of flux?

Miff. Page. A puff man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable en- 

trails?

Ford. And one that is as fanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poore as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And guen to Fornications, and to Taverner, 

and Sacke, and Wine, and Meinegious, and to drinkages 

and swerings, and fitings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of 

me, I delected: I am not able to answer the Welch 

Flannell. Ignorance it selfe is a plummets ore me, wic 

me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one 

Mr. Bromoe, that you haue cozen'd of money, to whom 

you should have bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you 

haue luffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a bit- 

ting affliction.

Page. Yee be cheerfull Knight; thou shalt est a po- 

fet to night at my house, where I will define thee to laugh 

at my wife, that now loughes at thee : Tell her Mr. Slen- 

der hath married her daughter.

Miff. Page. Doctors doubt that;

If Anne Page be my daughter, s(he is (by this) Doctour 

Citis wife.

Slen. Whos hoe, hoe, Father Page?

Page. Some! How now! How now Sonne, 

Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I He make the beit in Glosfether- 

know on't; would I were hang'd la, elfe.

Page. Of what some?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Miffris Anne 

Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene 

i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or hee should 

have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene Anne 

Page, would I might neuer flithe, and 'tis a Post-masters 

Boy.
MEASURE,
For Measure.

«Aulus primus, Scena prima.»

Enter Duke, Escau, Lords.

Duke.

Escau.

Efs. My Lord,

(fold.

Duk. Of Government, the properties to vn-
Would scene in me' affec't speech & difficult,
Since I am put to know that your owne Science
Exceeds (in that) the liftis of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work: The nature of our People,
Our Cities Institutions, and the Terms
For Common Justice, ye' are as pregnant in
As Art, and prudish, hath intriched any
That, we remember: T' here is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs Angelo:

What figure of vs think you, he will beare.
For you must know, we have with special foule
Fleeced him our absence to supply
; Lent him our terror, drefh him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Efs. If any in Vroom of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Gracees will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duk. Angelo:

There is a kind of Character in thy life,
That is to the befer, doth thy hifory
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belonging
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waite
Thy selfe upon thy vertues: they on thee
Heaven doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselfes: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, were all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely torch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scrupe of her excellence,
But like a shriffy goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and vfe; but I do bend my speeche.
To one that can my part in him a dewerlife;
Hold thereforre Angelo:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in Vienna
Lie in thy tongue, and heart: Old Escau
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more tell, made of my mettle,
Before to noble, and to great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duk. No more eusision:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore Take your honors;
Our haftes from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues no question'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
At time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befally you here. So fare you well:
To th' hopefull execution doe I leave you,
Of your Commissions,

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,) That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My hafte may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to informe, or qualifie the Lawes
At to your soule seemes good: Give me your hand,
He privately away : I love the people,
But do not like to flage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relieff well
Their lowd applaude, and Aues vehement;
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe difcretion
That do's affche it. Once more fare you well,

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Efs. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happy

Nitfe.

Duk. I thank ye, fare you well.

Efs. I shal defire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speeche with you, and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. This so with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfacon have
Touching that point.

Efs. He wait upon your honor.

Exit.

Scene.
Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heu arrogant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungary.

2 Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conceiv'd like the Sandifisonian Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not Steal.

Luc. I, that he razz'd.

1 Gent. Why? twas a commandment, to command the Captain and all the reft from their functions: they put forth to fleece: There's not a Sounder of us all, that in the bank-fighting before means, do raffle the petition well, that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I believe thee: for I think thou never was where Grace was fail'd.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at leaf.

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any Religion.

Luc. 1, why not: Grace is Grace, despiëft of all conscience: as for example: Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despiëft of all Grace.

1 Gent. Well: there went but a paire of theeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lifts, and the Velvet. Thou art the Lift.

1 Gent. And thou the Velvet; thou art good velvet; thou're a three piddles piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lift of an English Kersey, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Velvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou doft: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, leaue to beginn thy health: but, whilst I live forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free. Enter Bandes.

Luc. Behold behold, where Madam Affligament comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, as come to.

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1 Gent. I and more.

Luc. A french crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, nor (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a fealt of thee.

1 Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Clitau?

Band. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fute thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Band. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.
Measur for Measure.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the oppery of freedom, as the mortalitie of imprisonment: what's thy offence, Claudio?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Letchery?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherly fo look'd after?

Cla. This flands it with me; vpon a true contract

I got poofe of Incest's bed,

You know the Lady, she is fault my wife,

Save that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This we came not to,

Onely for propagation of a Dowre

Remaining in the Cofer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our Lone

Till Time had made them for vs, But it chances

The flesh of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too good, is writ on Incest.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even fo.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publicke, be

A horse whereas the Governor doth ride,

Who newly in the Seate, that it may know

He can command; lets it frisst feelt the spurs:

Whether the Tirannye be in his place,

Or in his Eminence that fills it vp

I stagger in: But this new Governor

Awakes me all the inclosed penalties

Which have (like in-few'd Armor) hung by the wall

So Jong, that nineteene Zodiackes have gone round,

And none of them beesse worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowse and neglected Aa

Firly on me; tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle

On thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in love, may

Figt it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him

Cla. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prethee (Lucio) doe me this kinde of service:

This day, my Sifter should the Clayfter enter,

And there receive her approbation,

Acquint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that shee make friends

To the strict deputie; bid her felpe stay him,

I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialcet,

Such as monke men: beside, she hath prosperous Art

When she play with reason, and discourse,

And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray thee may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under greene imposi-

tion: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be foory shoulde thus foolishly los't, as a game of ticke-

tacker: I like to her.

Cla. I thank you good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two hours.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Scene Quatvs.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, this way away that thought.

Beleeme none that the drubbling dart of Love

Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I defire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

More grave, and wrinkled, then the sines, and ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you

How I have curst fou'd the life remoned

And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies

Where youth, and coif, witfie frauer keepers,

I have delinued to Lord Angelo

(A man of endure and firme abstinence)

My absolute power, and place here in Utoona,

And he suppofes me trasuald to Poland,

(For so I have freed it in the common ease)

And fo it is truely, I know (pious Sir)

You must demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly my Lord,

Duk. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,

(The needfull bits and curbes to headlong weedes,)

Which for this fourteene yeares, we haue let slip,

Even like an ore-grownne Lyon in a Cave

That does not out to prey! Now, as fou'd father,

Having bound vp the threatening twigs of birch,

Onely to flicke it in their children lights,

For terror, not to life: in time the rod

More mock'd, then fear'd: for our Decrees,

Dead to infillation, to themselves are dead,

And libertin.placks Justicte by the nose

The Baby besees the Nurfe, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It refrled in your Grace

To vnboole this ryde, vp Justicte, when you pleased:

And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd

Then in Lord Angelo.

Duk. I doe fear: too dreadfull:

Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people foecpe,

'T would be my tirannye to strike and gall them.

For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done

When eamells deedes have their permisstie past,

And not the punishment: therefore indeed (my father)

I have on Angelo impov'd the office,

Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet, my nature neuer in the light

To do in flander: And to behold his sway

I will, as twere a brother of your Order,

Vill both Prince, and People: Therefore I prethee

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person beare

Like a true Frier: Moc reasons for this adition

At our more leyfure, shall I render you:

Onely this one: Lord Angelo is precte,

Stands at a guard with Eunie: feare confesst

That his blood flowes: or that his appetite

Is more to bread then bone: hence shall vse fee

If power change purpose: what our Seemers be,

Exeunt
Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francesca a Nunn.

I. And have you Now? no farther priviledges?
Nun. Are not thefe large enough?
I. Yes truly; I fpeak not as defining more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sifterhood, the Votarifs of Saint Clare.
Lucio within.

Luc. Hoor? peace be in this place.
I. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle Isabella,
Turne you the key, and know his butineffe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unwise:
When you have vow'd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the Prior only;
Then if you speake, you must not flow your face;
Or if you flow your face, you must not speake.
He calls againe. I pray you anfwere him.
I. Peace and propretie: who's that calls?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheekes-Rofes
Proclaiame you are no leffe: can you to fed me,
As bring me to the fight of Isabella,
A Notice of this place, and the faire Sifter
To her vnhappy brother Claudio?
I. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aike,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his Sifter.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you he's in prifon.
I. Woe me, for what?
Luc. For that, which if my leffe might be his Judge,
He should receive his punishment; in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
I. Sir, make me not your florte.
Luc. 'Tis true: I would not, though 'tis my familiar fin,
With Maids to feeme the Lapwing, and to left
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgin's for:
I hold you as a thing en-kept, and fained,
By your renouncements, an immortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in fincerity,
As with a Saint.
I. You doe blafphem the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Does not beliere it: fewes, and truth; is thus,
Your brother, and his lover hauue embrac'd;
As dofe that feed, grow full: as blooming Time
That from the feedes, the bare fellow brings
To seeming foyfon: euen to her plentiful wome
Expreffeth his full Tiff, and husbandry.
I. Some one with child by him? my coco Juliet.
Luc. Is he your cocoen?
I. Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their names.
By vaine, though hpe affection.

Luc. She is it.
I. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point,
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my leffe being one)
In hand, and hope of a ftin: but we doe leare,
By dofe that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite diftance
From his true mett deigne: vpon his place,
Another thing to fall: I do deny.

The Jury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the twane-eve False a thief, or two.
Guilfer then him they are, as this's open made to justice,
That Injustice seizing: \textit{What knowest thou the Laws th'}
That theeues do paue on theeuer? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we toope, and take',
Because we see it; but what we do see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not to execute his offence,
For I have lied such faults, but rather tell me
When, that cenifie him do, to offend,
Let mine owne Judgment patteme out my death,
And nothing come in partall. Sir, he mul dye.

\textit{Enter Proost.}

\textit{Efe.} Be it as you\'s weddome will.

\textit{Ang.} Where is the Proost?\textit{\quad Pre.} Here if it like your honour.

\textit{Ang.} See that Claudio be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Brin this his Confeffor, let him be prepare\'d,
For that the vntold of his pilgrimage.

\textit{Efe.} Well: heauen forgive him; and forgive vs all:
Some rife by force, and some by vortune fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and an were none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

\textit{Enter Elbow, Froth, Cleone, Officers.}

\textit{Elb.} Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a common-wealth, that doe nothing but vfe their abus in common houfe,
I know no law: bring them away.

\textit{Ang.} How now Sir, what\'s your name? And what\'s the matter?

\textit{Elb.} If it please your honour, I am the poore Dinkes Confable, and my name is Elbow; I doe leane upon Lu-\textit{fice} Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two no\textit{tious Benefactors}.

\textit{Ang.} Benefactors? Well: what Benefactors are they?
Are they not Malefactors?

\textit{Elb.} If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villains they are, that I am sure of:
And void of all prophanation in the world, that good Chriftians ought to hate.

\textit{Efe.} This comes off well: there\'s a wife Officer.

\textit{Ang. Go to! What quality are they of? Elbow is your name?}

\textit{Why do\textprime t thou not speake Elbow?}

\textit{Col.} He cannot Sir; he\'s out at Elbow.

\textit{Ang.} What are you Sir?

\textit{Elb.} He Sir a Tapfer Sir: parcel Baud: one that fernes a bad woman: whole houfe Sir was (as they fay) pluck downe in the Suburbs: and now thee profiffes a hot-houfe; which, I thinke is a very ill houfe too.

\textit{Efe.} How know you that?

\textit{Elb.} My wife Sir? whom I deteft before heauen, and your honour.

\textit{Efe.} How? thy wife?

\textit{Efe.} 1 Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honoul woman.

\textit{Efe.} Do\textprime t thou deteft her therefore?

\textit{Elb.} I fay Sir, I will deteft that felfe, as well as the, that this houfe, if it be not a Bauds houfe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houfe.

\textit{Efe.} How do\textprime t thou know that, Confable?

\textit{Elb.} Marry ftr, by my wife, who, if fhe had bin a woman Cardinally givien, might haue bin accus'd in formi-

cation, adultery, and all vaunetaineffe there.

\textit{Efe.} By the woman\'s means?

\textit{Elb.} 1 fir, by Miftris Over-owne means: but as the ftr in his face, to the defcibed houfe.

\textit{Col.} Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

\textit{Efe.} Prove it be before these varlets here, though honorable

\textit{Efe.} Do you here how he misplaces?

\textit{Col.} Sir, the came in great with child: and longing

\textit{(fuing your honors reverence) for few prewyns: fir,
we had bate two in the houfe, which at that very distant

\textit{time ftood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some the three

\textit{pence your honours have fome fuch dish) they are not

\textit{China-dishes, but very good dishes.}

\textit{Efe. Go too: go too: no matter for the dishes.}

\textit{Col.} No indeede fir noc of a pin; you are therein in

\textit{the right: but, to the point: As I fay, this Miftris Elbow,
being (as I fay) with child, and longing

\textit{forfew prewyns: fir, we had bate two in the houfe, which at that very distant

\textit{time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some the three

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\textit{pence your honours have some such dish) they are not

\textit{China-dishes, but very good dishes.}
Measure for Measure.

Efc. 1 fir, very well.
Clu. Nay, I beleech you marke it well.
Efc. Well, I doe fo.
Cnl. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?
Efc. Why no.
Cnl. Ile be suppos’d upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Fresh doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.
Efc. He’s in the right (Constable) what say you to it?
Efc. First, and it like you, the house is a respected woman; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Miftis is a respected woman.
Cnl. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.
Elb. Varlet, thou lyest, thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was, ever respected with man, woman, or child.
Cnl. Sir, he was respected with him, before he married with her.
Efc. Which is the wiser here; Justice or Intiuitis? Is this true?
Efc. O thou caytiff: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hannibal, I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not our worship thinke mee the poor Watch Officer: prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or else have mine action of bastardy on thee.
Efc. If he tooke you a box ‘och’ ere, you might have your action of slander too.
Efc. Marry I thank you good worship for it: what is’t your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this caytiff.
Efc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his course, till thou knowest what they are.
Efc. Marry I thank you for worship for it: Thou feest thou wicked varlet now, what’s come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.
Efc. Where were you borne, friend?
Froth. Here in Flyman, Sir.
Efc. Are you of fourecore pouns a yeare?
Froth. Yes, and t’please you sir.
Efc. So: what trade are you of, sir?
Cnl. A Tapler, a poore widowes Tapler.
Efc. Your Miftis name?
Cnl. Miftis Ouer-don.
Efc. Haste she have any more then one husband?
Cnl. Nine, sir: Ouer- don by the last.
Efc. Nine? come better to me, Master Froth; Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with Taplers; they will draw you Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me bear no more of you.
Froth. I thank your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any room in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.
Elb. Well: no more of it Master Froth; farewell: Come you hither to me, Mr. Tapler: what’s your name?
Mr. Tapler?
Cnl. Pompy.
Efc. What else?
Cnl. Bum, Sir.
Efc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the bestfliest fence, you are Pompy the great; Pompy, you are partly a bawd, Pompy: howsoever you colour it in being a Tapler, are you not come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.
Cnl. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would lie.
Efc. How would you live Pompy? by being a bawd?
Efc. But what doe you think of the trade Pompy? is it a lawfull trade?
Cnl. If the Law would allow it, sir.
Efc. But the Law will not allow it Pompy; nor it shall not be allowed in Utewa.
Cnl. Do’s your Worships measure to geld and spay all the youth of the City?
Efc. No, Pompy.
Cnl. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too’t then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to feare the bawds.
Efc. There is plenty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.
Cnl. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeares together; you’ll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten yeares, it rent the fairest house in a three pence a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say Pompy told you so.
Efc. Thanke you good Pompy: and in requittance of your profellie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever: no, not for dwelling: where you doe: if I doe Pompy, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a threwe Caesar to you: in plain dealing Pompy, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompy, fare you well.
Cnl. I thank you your Worships for your good counsell: but I shall follow it as the fift and fortune shall better determine. Whipp me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jade, The valiant heart’s not whipht out of his trade. Exeunt.
Efc. Come hether to me, Master Elbouw: came hither Master Constable; how long have you bin in this place of Constable?
Efc. Seven yeere, and a halfe fir.
Efc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say feauen yeares together.
Elb. And a halfe fir.
Efc. Alas, is hath beene great pines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft on’t. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?
Efc. ‘Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are choven, they are glad to choose me for them; I doe it for some piece of money, and goe through with all.
Efc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some wise or feuer, the most sufficient of your parish,
Efc. To your Worships house fir?
Efc. To my house: fare you well: what’s a clocke, think you?
Inf. Eluen, Sir.
Efc. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Inf. I humbly thank you.
Efc. It grieues me for the death of Claudio.
Inf. But there is no remedy.
Inf. Lord Angelo is feuer.
Efc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe, that ocs lookes fo, Pardon is still the surfe of second woe: But yet, poore Claudio, there is no remedie.
Come Sir.
Measure for Measure.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servants.

Ser. He's hearing of a Caule; he will come straitly.
I'll tell him of you.

Pro. Pray you do; he know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sceats, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angell.

Ang. Now, what's the matter Provost?
Pro. Is it your will Claudius shall die to morrow?
Ang. Did not Itell thee yest, hadst thou not order?
Why don't thou sake again?
Pro. Left I might be too rath:
Under your good correction, I have seen
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repeated o'the doome,
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or glue v'p your Place,
And you shall well be spair'd.
Pro. I secure your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the grooming Infults?
She's very near her howre.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.
Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sitter?
Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be Bonifie of a Sitter-hood.
If not already,
Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Pontvangst be remou'd,
Let her have needfull, but not laulfh meane,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabell.

Pro. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your
Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suife.

Isab. There is a vice that most doe abhorre,
And moft desire should meet the blow of Jusitce;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe befeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every guilt 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the first of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.

Isab. Oh luff: but future Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keep thee honour.
Luc. Glue 't not ore fo: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gnoune,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue defin'e it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs died
Ang. Maidien, no remedie.

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Lookes what I will not, that lI cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe 't & do the would no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it against a well, beleuse this
No ceremony that to great ones longes,
Not the Kings Crownes, nor the deposed sword,
The Marlshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does: I he had bin as you,
And you as he.
You have naught flipt like him, but he like you
Would not have beene so ferne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were the Judge: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what were to be a Judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. I, touch him: th'ere the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waife your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beft haue tooke,
Found out the reason: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, thineke on that,
And merce then will breath with in your lip,
Like man new made.

Ang. Beyou content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemn your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my fonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's sofaine,
Spare him, spare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; seen for our kithenes
We kill the fowle of leason: shall we force heauen.
With lesse respect then we doe minifter
To our griffc. felues good, good my Lord, behold you;
Who is that hath did this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to doe that cuill
If the suff, that did th' Edific infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 's wakke,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lockes in a plaffe that shews what future evils
Either now, or by remiftenesse, new conceu'd,
And so in progreffe to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to haue no facefulle degrees,
But here they lute to end,

Isab. Yet there some pitie,

Ang. I fliew it mott of all, when I shew Injustice;
For then I pitie those: I do not know,
Whitsch a dimmis' offendes, would after gaule

And
And doth him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lies not so to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be contente;
Ifab. So you must be fit first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giant strength: but it is tyrannous
To vie it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well said.
Ifab. Could great men thunder
As one himselfe do's, few would never be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would vie his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Merefull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and fulphorous bolt
Splits the en-weedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most affure'd,
(How glative Essence;) like an angry Ape
Plies such pantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weep; who with our spicenes,
Would all themselfes laugh mortall.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceive it.
Pro. Pray heauen ftre with him.
Ifab. We cannot wrong our brother with our selfe,
Great men may diet with Saints: tis wit in them,
But the leefe fowle provokation.
Luc. Thou'rt r'thout (Girl) more o'that,
Ifab. That in the Captaine's but a cholerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.
Luc. Art aus d'ot that more on't.
Ang. Why dooyou put these sayings upon me?
Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it errone others,
Hath yer a kinde of medicine in it selfe
This skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and ask ye your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if't confesse
A natural guiltinele, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such fence,
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Ifab. Hark, how hee brye you; good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? brye me?
Ifab. If I with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.
Luc. You had mad'el all eile.
Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the tented-gold,
Or Stones, whose rare are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them, but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Sure Sunne rife: prayers from preferred foules,
From falling Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Go to: 'tis well away.
Ifab. Heuen keep your honour faste.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croffe.
Ifab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attendyou Lordship?
Ang. At any time fore-noone.
Ifab. Save your Honour.
Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue,
What's this? what's this? this he't faults, or mine?
The Tempetor, or the Tempeted, who foules most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with wertuous fession: Can irke,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then women lightnesse! hauing waffe ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doth shew? or what art thou Angle?
Doft thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live.
Theeues for their robbery have authority,
When Judges feate themselves: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to hear her speake again?
And fleet upon her eyes? what's i't dream on?
O cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doft bat: thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth good vs on
To finne, in loving vertue: never could the Trumpet
With all her double vigour, Art, and Nature
Once flit my temper; but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouess.
Duke. Hallo to you, Prouess. I do think you are.
Pro. I am the Prouess: what's your will, good Frier?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them; sud to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minifter
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull
Enter Inquis.
Looke here comes one: a Gentewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaves of her owne youth,
Hath blustred her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, fentenc'd a young man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for his.
Duke. When muft he dye?
Pro. As I do think to morrow.
I have promised for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repeat you a faire one of the fin you carry?
Inq. I doe; and bear the shame most patiently,
Duke. I teach you how you shall assign your confience
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.
Inq. I gladly learn.
Duke. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
Inq. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it seems you most offensfull shall
Was mutually committed.
Inq. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heauiner kinde then his.
Inq. I doe confesse it; and repent it (Father.)
Duke. Tis
To pardon him; that hath from nature flowne
A man already made, as to remit
Their favviece sweetnees, that doe cause heavens Image
In stamens that are forbid: 'tis all as eafe,
Fallfry to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in refrained means
To make a false one.

Ifab. 'Tis for downe so in heauen, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you for: then I shall posse you quickly,
Which had you rather, than the most iust Law
Now took your brothers life, and to redeem him
Give vp your body to such sweet vndeasenfe
As he that he hath slain?

Ifab. Sir, belieue this,
I had rather give my body, then my foule.
Ang. I talk not of your foule: our compel'd fins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Ifab. How lay you?
Ang. Nay I neere warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I lay: Antwerve to this,
I now the voyce of the recorded Law
Promounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charite in finne,
To fave this Brothers life?

Ifab. Pleafa you to doo,
Ile take it as a peril to my foule,
It is no fame at all, but charite.
Ang. Pleaf'd you to doo, it peril of your foule
Were equall poize of finne, and charite.

Ifab. That I do beg, his life, if it be finne
Heauen let me beeare it: you granting of my fuit,
If that be fin, Ile make it me one prizer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your fenc purfues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or faire for crafty; and that's not good.
Ifab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus widowe wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth take its felfe: As thefe blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-fhield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied: But make me,
To be receaved plaite, Ile speake more giros:
Your Brother is to dye,

Ifab. So.

Ang. And his offences fo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to fave his life
(As if I subcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the liofe of question) that you, his Sitter,
Finding your felfe defid of fuch a perfon,
Whole creedid with the ludge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Mancaces
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly means to fave him, but that either
You must lay downe the treaues of your body,
To this fupposed, or elle to let him fuffer:
What would you doe?

Ifab. As much for my poore Brother, as my felfe;
That is were I under the tearme of death,
Thirmprefion of kneene worth, I'd wear as Rubies,
And ftring my felfe to death, and to 3 bed,
That longing base bin fiche for, ere I'd yeald
My body vp to fame.

Aug. That

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Scen. Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To feuerall subiects, heauen hath my empty words,
Whilft my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on Isabell: heauen in my mouth,
As I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and dwelling evil
Of my conception: the flate whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Grown feard, and teydus: yes, my Grauic
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: ob place, oh forme,
How often doft thou with thy fafe, thy habite
Wrench awe from foolees, and eye the wifes foules
To thy felfe seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills hornes
'Tis not the Deuills Crefc: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Sr. One Isabell, a Sitter, desirous accesfe to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauen
Why doe my bloud thus mutter to my heart,
Making both it viable for it felfe,
And difpoffefing all my other parts
Of necessity fittene?
So play the foolifh thonges with one that f wownds,
Come all to help him, and to flop the ayre
By which hee fhould reveale: and even fo
The generall subiect to a wel-wifhing King
Qutt their own f partes, and in obfquences fondnefe
Crowd to his prifence, where their vn-taught loue
Muff neaer appear ofence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabell.

Ifab. I am come to know your pleafure,

Ang. That you might know it, wold much better pleafe
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot lieue.

Ifab. Even fo: heauen keep your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I yet he muft die.

Ifab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yes.

Ifab. When, I beeche you: that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be fo fittedit
That his foule ficken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, thefle filthy vices: it were as good

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Measure for Measure.
Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Cla. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope: I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Semail to all the sky's influences,
That doth this habitation where thou keepest
Hourly afflict: Mercely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labourest by thy flight to flue,
And yet wast toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all thy recommendations that thou bearest,
Are surfeit by baseness: Thou'rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender forke
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet prove'st not
Thy death, which is no more.
Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graine
That issue out of dung. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, full thou striu'd to get,
And what thou hast forfeitt. Thou art not erroneous,
For thy complexions shift to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'tt poore,
For like an Affe, whose backe with Ingots bowes:
Thou beairst thy heaven richer but a lornie,
And death reloads thee; Friend haist thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The methe elusion of thy proper loines
Do curte the Growl, Stingeo, and the Rhume
For ending thee no fooner. Thou haist nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of pallied-Eid: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou
Measure for Measure.

Thou haft neither hate, affection, limb, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid mom thousand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes these odds, all even.
clt. I humble thee, to sue to live, and seek death; And seek live, finde life: let it come on.
Enter Isabella.


Prp. Who is there & Come in, the which deferves a welcome.

Duke. Deere Sir, ere long He visit you againe.
Men. Most bolte Sir, I thank you.
Isf. My benefice is a word or two with Claudius.

Vr. And vertie welcome: looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Prou/of, a word with you.

Prp. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to hear me speake, where I may be conceald.

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isf. Why,
As all comfortes are most good, most good indeede,
Lord Angelo having affaires to heauen
Intends you for his twixt Ambassadors,
Where you shall be an everlaving Leger;
Therefore your bell appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Cla. Is there no remedie?

Isf. None, but such remedie, as to faue a brother,
To cleare a heart in twaine;
Cla. But is there none?

Isf. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a diuellish mercie in the Judge,
If you implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall duration?

Isf. I luft, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worldes volatileitie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Cla. But in what nature?

Isf. In such a one, as you consenting too,
Would barke your honor from that trumpe you beare;
And leave you naked.

Cla. Let me know the points.

Isf. Oh, I do fear thee Claudius, and I quake,
Leaat thou a fealous life shouldst entreate,
And for a brotter winters more respect.
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?
The fence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we treade upon
In corporall suffirance, finds a pang as great.
At when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowriue tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter danger as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Isf. There spake my brother; there my fathers graces
Did vther forth a voices. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to confine a life
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,
Whose fetted vifage, and delibere word
Nips youth in head, and follieth doth cunneth
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being call'd, he would appease
A pond, as deep as hell.

Cla. The prenzie, Angelo?

Isf. Oh 7 s the cunning. Linerie of hell,
The dammeft bind to much, and ever
In prenzie gardes; doft thou think Claudie,
If I would yeild him my virginitie
Thou might'ft be freed?

Cla. Oh heauen, it cannot be.

Isf. Yet, he would giue thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him full. This night's the time
That I shoul do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Cla. Thou shalt not do's.

Isf. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliverie
As frankely as a pin.

Cla. Thankes deere Isabella.

Isf. Be readie Claudius, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yes, Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Lawe by th'nofe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no finite,
Or of the deadly feau en is this leaf.

Isf. Which is the leaf? 

Cla. Ifi were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perduarable fin'de? Oh Isabella.

Isf. What sits my brother?

Cla. Death is a ferefull thing.

Isf. And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obfurcation, and to rot,
This feniblile warme motion, to become
A kneadod eld: And the delightfull sprit
To bath in fterile floods, or to recide
Inthirlling Region of thicke-ridden Lee,
To be imprisond in the vieuleffe winde
And blowne with refliffe violence round about
The pendent world: or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and uncertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weareed, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonmen
Can lay on nature, is a Paradice
To what we feare of death.

Isf. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sifer, let me live.

What finne you do, to faue a brotters life?
Natur disposes with the deede so faire,
That it becomes a vertue,

Isf. Oh you beaft,
Oh faithleffe Coward, oh diuinefull wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
I's not a kinde of Inceft, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame? What should I think,
Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father falke:
For such a warped filip of wildernelle
Nure is diff'd from his blood. Take my defance,
Die, perith: Might but my bending downe
Repence thee from thy face, it should procede.
Ile pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to faue thee.

Cla. Nay heare me Isabella.

Isf. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy finne's not accidents full, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it false a Sould, This beat that thou diest quickly.

Cle. Oh heare mee Ifrilla.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word,yong fitter, but one word.

Ifs. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispence with your leyfure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the faffication I would require, is likewife your owne befithe.

Ifs. I have no superfluous leyfure, my fay must be stolen out of other affaires; but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath paff between you and your fitter. Angola had neuer the purpofe to efturb her; only he hath made an affay of her vertue, to prattice his indignation with the difpofition of nature. She (hauing the trueth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moft glad to receive: I am Confellor to Angola, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your felfe to death: do not fatisfie your reolution with hopes that are fallabie, to morrow you must dye, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cle. Let me ask my fitter pardon, I am out of loue with life, that I will fce to be rid of it.

Duk. Hold you there: farewell: Proueft, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone, leafe me a while with the Maid, my mind promifes with my habit, no loffe thall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the foule of your complection, fhall keep the body of it euer faire: the affault that Angola hath made to you, Fortune hath consuited to my vsuer fending; and that fraily hath examples for his falling, I fhoud wonder at Angola how will you doe to content this Subftitute, and to fave your Brother.

Ifs. I am now going to refolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fome fhould be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke decei'd in Angola; if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or difcouer his government.

Duk. That fhall not be much diftife: yet as the matter now flands, he will avoid your accufation: he made trial of you once. Therefore fateen your eare on my adulterings, to the loue I have in doing good: a remedie pretends it fille. I doe make my felle beleue that you may moft vprightly doe a poor wronged Lady merited benefite redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no flaine to your owne gracious person, and pleafe the abfent Duke, if perdurance he shall euer returne to have hearing of this bufineffe.

Ifs. Let me heare you speake farther, I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the trueth of my spirit.

Duk. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearfull: Have you not heard speake of Mariana the fiffer of Fredericks the great Souldier, who miscarrie at Sea?

Ifs. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duk. I ame sure this Angola haue married: was affiance to her, and the nutpall appointed: between which time shee contrar, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother Fredericks was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that

perished vertell, the dowsy of his fitter: but make how hailey this beell to the poore Gentlemewan, there fis loft a noble and renowned brother, in his loue towed her, euer moft kinde and naturall with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-reening Angola.

Ifs. Can this be so? did Angola leaue her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, & drie not one of them with his comfort: faflowed his voyews whole, preten ding in her, difcoueries of dilihoner, in few, beforw her on her owne lamentation, which the yet weares for his fake: and he, a marbile to her teares, was wandied with them, but relent not.

Ifs. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can fche auaile?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may eazy heal theer and the cure of it not onely faues your brother, but keeps you from dilihoner in doing it.

Ifs. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This forneamed Maid hath yet in her the con tinuance of her firft affection: his vnuit vnkindneffe (that in all reafon should haue quenchd her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnual; Goe you to Angola, anfwer him requir ing with a plaifable obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your felle to this advantag e; first, that your fayr life may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it, and the place anfwer to conveniencc: this being granted in course, and now follows all: wee fhall aduife this wronged maid to fpeed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it felle hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and here, by this is your brother faved, your honor unraiment, the poore Mariana adammaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fte for his attemptes: if you thinken well to carry this as you may, the doubling of the benefit defends the deceit from reprofe, What think you of it?

Ifs. The image of it gives me content already, and I trutt it will grow to a more propper perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haue you prefer dily to Angola, if for this night he intrete you to his bed, give him pretence of faflication: I will prefently to S. Lukes; there at the moaed-Grange recides this detec ted Mariana; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with Angles, that it may be quickly.

Ifs. I thank you for this comfort:fare you good father.

Exit. Enter Elbow, Clarence, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and fell men and women like beasts, we fhall have all the world drinken brownne & white bafard.

Duk. Oh heauen, what bufineffe is here.

Clar. Twas never merry world fince of two vivturies the merrieft was put downe, and the worfer allowd by order of Law; a furd goone to keep him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to dignifie, that craft being richer then Innoecency, fandles for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: bleffe you good Father.

Frie. And you good Brother Father ? what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry
For, for, for we see
You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Fri
er? What newes?

Eliz. Come your waies Sir, come.

Luc. Go to kennel (Pompey) go:
What newes Frier of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some faie he is with the Emperor of Raffia, other
come, he is in Rome: but where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wherefore, I wish
him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantastical tricke of him to steale
from the State, and surprize the beggarie he was never
borne to: Lord Angelo Duke is well in his absence: he
put a transfiguration too.'t

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenite to Letherie would doe no
harme in him: Something too crabbed that way. Frier.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and fafier more may it
be.

Luc. Yes in good ftoof, the vice is of a great kinded;
it was well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite,
Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say
this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after
this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, think
you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid's spawn'd him. Some,
that he was begot between two Stock-siftes. But it
is certaine, that when he makes water, his Virinte con
gen'd ice, that I know to be true: and he is a motion
generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasanter, and speake space.

Luc. Why, what a turfulfe thing is this in him, for
the rebellion of a Cod, peecer, to take away the life of
a man? Would the Duke that is abroad have done this?
Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hun
derd Bastards, he would have paide for the Nurfing a
thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew
the fencise, and that infructed him to mercie.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected
for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. Tis not possible.

Luc. Where then, the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty:
and his wife was, to put a bucket in her Clock-difi; the
Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunken too,
that let me informe you.


Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a fickle fellow was
the Duke, and I beleue I know the cause of his with
drawing.

Duke. What (I presume) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within
theie teeth and the lipses but this I can let you under
stand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be
vifive.

Duke. Wise! Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficcal, ignorant, unweighing fellow
Duke. Either this is Emme in you, Polly, or mif
king: The very flame of his life, and the busynesse he
hath helmed, must ypper a warranted neede, give him
a better proclamation. Let him be but estimatied in his
owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier: there
fore if you speake wiselife: or, if your knowledge bee
more, it is much darken'd in your malice.
**Measure for Measure.**

_Luc._ Sir, I know him, and I love him.

_Duke._ Love talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

_Luc._ Come Sir, I know what I know.

_Duke._ I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our praters are he may) let mee desire you to make your anwer before him: if he bee honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

_Luc._ Sir my name is _Lucio_, well known to the Duke.

_Duke._ He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

_Luc._ I fear you not.

_Duke._ O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to knovvfull an oppoite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll fow-fewre this a-gaine.

_Luc._ Ile be hang d'first: Thou art deceu'd in mee.

_Friar._ But no more of this: Canst thou tell if _Claudio_ die to morrow, or no?

_Duke._ Why should he die Sir?

_Luc._ Why? For filling a bottle with a Tuner dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vengerat Agent will vn-people the Province with Continentie. Sparrows must not build in his house, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkelee answered, hee would never bring them to light: would hee were return'd, Marrie this _Cladio_ is condemn'd for vnlawfull. Farewell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridays. He's now past it, ye (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though the finett browne-bread and Garlick: say that I said farewel: Farewel.

_Duke._ No might, nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie The whitest venner flieske, What King so strong, Can tie the gall vp in the sandlerous song?

_Bawd._ But who comes heere?

_Enter_Efclusa_Proust_and_Bawd._

_Efcl._ Go, away with her to prision.

_Bawd._ Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

_Efcl._ Double, and treuble adimonition, and still for-fierce in the same kindes? This would make mercy sware, and play the Tirant.

_Pro._ A Bawd of euene yeares continuance, may it please you Honor.

_Bawd._ My Lord, this is one _Lucio's_ information a-gainst mee, Mifris _Kate Keepes-dame_ was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come _Philip_ and _Jaecl_; I have kept it myselfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse it.

_Efcl._ That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before. Away with her to prision: Goe too, no more words.

_Pro._ Proutoff, my Brother _Angelo_ will not be alter'd, _Claudio_ mutt die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and have all charitable prepara-

_Pro._ If my brother wrought by my pate, it should not be so with him.

_Duke._ I can hardly you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

_Efcl._ Good even, good Father.

_Duke._ Bifte, and good meneffe on you.

_Efcl._ Of whence are you?

_Duke._ Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now To vie it for my time: I am a brother

_of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall business from his Holinesse._

_Efcl._ What newes abroad i' th' World?

_Duke._ None, but that there is so great a Feauser on goodmene, that the dissolusion of it must cure it. No-

_uclite is onely in requet, and as it is as dangerous to be

_aged in any kind of cause, as it is vertuous to be con-

_fiant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough

_alue to make Societies secure, but Security enough to

_make Fellowships secure: Much upon this riddle runs

_the wisdom of the world: This newes is old enough, yet

_is curie daries newes. I pray you Sir, of what dis-

_position was the Duke?_"
Measure for Measure.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away, that so furiously did burn, And close those eyes, the break of day lights that due mirth the Morn; But my kiss being again, being again, Seals of love, but seals of woe, seal'd but vain.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away, Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often fill'd my brawling discontent. I try you mercie, Sir, and well could wish You had not found me here so musickal. Let me excuse me, and beleue me fo, My mirth it much displeas'd but, plea'd my woe. Duke. Tis good, though Musick of hath such a charme To make bad, good, and good provoke to harme. I pray you tell me, how any body enquire'd for mee here to day; much ypon this time have I promis'd here to meete. Mar. You have not bin enquit'd after: I have fast here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duke. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come even now. I shall cruse your forbearance slittre, may be I will call vpon you anonie for some advantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am always bound to you.

Exit Duke.

Isabell. Very well met, and well come: What is the newes from this good Deputie? Isabell. He hath a Garden circumvall'd with Bricke, Whole weffereine side is with a Vineyard back'd: And to that Vineyard is a planched gate, That makes his opening with this bigger Key: This other doth command a little doore, Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades, There haue I made my promise, vpon the Heavy middle of the night, to call vpon him. Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way? Isabell. I haue tane a due and wary note vpon't, With whispering, and molt guilte diligence, In adition all of precept,he did show me The way twice over.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you greed, concerning her obseruance? Isabell. No; none but only a reprise in't, darke, And that I haue poiffet my, motf flye Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know, I haue a Serant comes with me along That raiseth vpon me; whole perivision is, I come about my Brother. Duke. Tis well borne vp. I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana.

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what how,within; come forth, I pray you be acquainted with this Maid, She comes to doe you good.

Isabell. I doe deffire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your selfe that I respect you.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut o[f a mans head? Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can: But if he be a married man, he's his wifes head, And I can never cut o[f a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your matches, and yeeld mee a direct anwser, To morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prifon a common exccutioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gusty: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuerance with an unpitied whipping; for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have beene a vaislawful bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee contente to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receive some influyence from my fellow partner.


Abb. Dose you call fir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if noe, vvi him for the present, and dismist him, he cannot plead his excommunication with you: the hath beene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? Re vpon him, he will disfert our mysterie.

Pro. Go to Sir, you weigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale.

Exit.

Clo. Pray fir, by your good fourour: for surely fir, a good fouer you have,but that you have a hanging look: Do you call fir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abb. 1.
Measure for Measure.

"I, Sir, a Millerie.
"Pro. None Sir, none.
"Duke. As then the dwelling Proudsoff, as it is, you shall hear me ere morning.
"Pro. Happily.
"You something know yet I believe there comes no countermand, no such example have we:
"Belfides, upon the veris siege of Justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ease professed the contrary.
"Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.
"Pro. And heere comes Claudio's pardon.
"Meff. My Lord hath sent you this note, and by mee this further charge:
"That you overeat not from the smallest Article of it,
"Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
"Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

"Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchased by such sin,
"For which the Pardone himselfe is in:
"Hence heath offence his quickce celerity,
"When it is borne in high Authority.
"When Vice makes Mercy; Mercy's so extended,
"That for the faults loue, is th'offender friend;

Duke. Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remisse
"In mine Office, awakens mee
"With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
"For he hath not v'sd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare,

The Letter,

What sooner you may beare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by course of the clocke, and in the afternoon Barnardino:
"For my better satisfaction, let mee hende Claudio head fent me by me. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliver.
"Thus fails not to do your Office, as you will answerst at your peril.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardino, who is to be executed in this afternoon?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here mirth vp & bred,
"One that is a prisoner nine yeares old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repeated here for him:
"And indeed his fact still now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Pro. Moll manifast, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison:
"How fennes he to be touchd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadful,
"But as a drunken sleep, carelesse, wrouzleske, and fearlesse of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately moraltal.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none, unless the morestake had the liberty of the prifonign him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunkne many times a day, as for so many dates entirely drinkne, we have verie oft awak'd him, as it be carrd him to execution, and they'd him a seeming warant for it, he hath not mouned him at all.
Measure for Measure.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouncihood, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguileth me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudius, whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, then Angelo who hath frentence'd him. To make you understand this in a manifast effect, I crave but foure daies reipit: for the which you are to doe me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack, how may I do it? Having the house limeted, and an expresse command, under penallity, to deliuer his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudius's, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my injunctions may be your guide, Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, And his head borne to Angelo, Angelo hath seene them both, And will dilate the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disquiet, and you may add to it: Shame the head, and tie the head, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be bat'd before his death you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professse, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath, Duke. Were you sorne to the Duke, or to the De- pui'te?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes. 

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke amoueth the justesse of your dealing.

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I fee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor persuasian, can with safe attempt you, I will go further then I mean't, to placke all fears out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Scale of the Duke: you know the Character: I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke,you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for hec this very day receiveth letters of Strange tenor, perance of the Duke's death, perance entering into some Musterie, but by chance nothing of what is write. Looke, th'unfolding Starre calleth vp the Shepherds: but not your felf into amazemen, how these things should be, all difficulties are but ease when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine head: I will give him a present fifth, and advise him for a better place, Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall abolutly re- foleve you: Come away, it is almoft eleve dawne. Exit.

Duke. Over-does owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Cuseters. First, here's young Mr Ralph, he's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seuentee pounds, of which hee made fine Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in requse, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr Caper, at the sulte of Master Three, Pyle the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Saten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then boute we heere, young Duke, and young Mr Deep- towne, and Mr Caper, whereby, I saye, the Haper and dagger man, and yong Drop-beure that kil'd J uffie Pudding, and Mr Forthbly the Filter, and brave Mr Shoote the great Troueller, and wilde Hulfe-Come that was't Pors, and I thinkke more trouble, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abbot.

Ab. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither. 

Ch. Mr Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd, Mr Barnardine.

Ab. What hao Barnardine, Barnardine within.

Bar. A pos of your throates: who makes that noise there? What are you?

Ch. Your friends Sir, the Hangman: You must be to good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepe.

Ab. Tell him he must awake, And that quickly too.

Ch. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you return-evacuated, and sleepe afterwaords.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Ch. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Ab. Is the Axe upon the blocke, Sirrah?

Ch. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now Abbot Journey?

What's the newes with you?

Ab. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have bin drinking all night, I am not fitten for't.

Ch. Oh, the better Sir; for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged becomes in the morning, may fleape the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Ab. Looke you Sir, here cometh your goodly Fa- ther: do wele now think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hauffily you are to depart, I am come to doose you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Frier, not I: I have bin drinking hard all nights, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my braines with billest: I will not content to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh Sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the tournie you shall go.

Bar. I fware I will not yet to day for anie mans per- suasion.

Duke. But heere you: Bar. Not a word: if you have anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouest.

Duke. Vnto thee, I do, or die: oh gravell heart.

G 3

After

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowes.

Clow. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profecion: one would thinke it were Mistri
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the block.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpard, yonder, sent for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruel Feauer,
One Ragazine, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of Claudius's yeares: his beard, and head
Juft of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobrate, ill be we wel enclined'd,
And satisfies the Deputation with the vifage
Of Reprouers, more like to Claudius

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Dispatch it presently, the hous drawes on
Prefix by Angelo; See this be done,
And fent according to command, whiles I
Perfomde this rude vrench willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) prefently:
But Bernadine must die this afternoone,
And how fhal we continue Claudius,
To faue me from the danger that might come,
If thee knowne alive?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both Bernadine and Claudius,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you fhal finde
Your fafetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant, 

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and fend the head to Angelo

Now will I write Letters to Angelo,
(The Provost he fhal beare them) whose contents
Shall witneffe to him I am neere at home :
And that by great Injuftions I am bound
To enter publicly: him Ile defire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weake-baill'd fome
We fhall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carry it my felfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of fuch things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all Speede, 

Isabel within

Ifa. Peace houfe, be here.
Duke. The tongue of Isabella. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be combined: But; I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of displeafe,
When it is least expedient.

Enter Isabella.

Ifa. Hoa, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Ifa. The better given me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputation fent my brothers pardon? Duke. He hath releafe him, Isabella, from the world, His head is off, and fent to Angelo.

Ifa. Nay, but it is not fo.
Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wifedome daughter in your chofe patience.

Ifa. Oh, I will to him, and plucke out his eies,
Duke. You fhall not be admitted to his fight.

Ifa. Unhappy Claudius, wretched Isabella,

Injuitious world, most damnd Angelo.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a lot,
Forbeare it therefore, give your caufe to heaven,
Marke what I say, which you fhall finde
By every fiftable a faithful verite.
The Duke comes home to morrow; may drie your eyes,
One of our Caution, and his Confeffor
Gives me this infance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Isabella and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (done)
There to give vp their powre: if you can pace your wif-
In that good path that I would with it go,
And you shall have your boome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuneges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Ifa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar Peter give
'Tis that he fent me of the Duke's returnes:
Say, by this token, I define his companie
At Marius's house to night. Her caufe, and yours
Held hele to him withall, and he fhal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accusate him home and home. For my poore felfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And fhall be abfent. Wond you with this Letter:
Command thee fettle waters from thy eies
With a light heart; trufl not my holie Order
If I perreut thy course: whole here?

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Good even; 

Friar, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes for red: thou muft be patient; I am faine to dine and fip with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would feme too's: but they fay the Duke will be here to morrow.
By my troth Isabella I lou'd thy brother, if thefa con- 
fantical Duke of duke corners had bene at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is tariousfull little beholding to your reports, but the bell is, he lutes not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knoweft not the Duke fo wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'ft him for.

Duke. Well: you'll anfwere this one day, face ye well.

Luc. Nay carrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already Sir, if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucia. I was once before him for getting a Wench with child.

Duke. Did you fuch a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I, but I was faine to forwear it,
They would efle have married me to the rufien Meder.

Duke. Sir your company is faine then honest, ift not well.

Lucia. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end
if bandy tale offend thee, we'll have very little if of my
Friar, I am a kind of Bure, I fhall fick.

Enter

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Isabella.

Eg. Every Letter he hath writ, hath difcou'd other.
Measure for Measure.

An. In most men's and divers men's actions shew much like to madness, pray heaven his wisdome bee not tinted: and why meet him at the gates and relieuer or rauonties there?

Eef. I heare not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an howre before his entring, that if any cruell rebells of iniustitue, they should exhibit the extortion in the street?

Eef. He showes his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complainies, and to deliver vs from deuices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beleeue you let bee proclaimed be times 'twixt morn, Ile call you at your house: give notice to such men of lost and suft sares to meet him.

Eef. I will speake for you.

Ang. Good night.

This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant And dulle to all proceedings. A deflowerd maid, And by an eminent body, that enforce it.

The Law against it? But that her tender fame Will not proclaim against her maidens losse, How might the tongue me? yet reason darest no herte, For my Authority beares of 3 credent bulks, That no paricular scandal once can touch But it confounds the breather. He (should haue fud): Sute that his riotous yongh with dangerous fene Might in the times to come haue ane euengen By fo receiving a diffidoreld life.

With ranfome of fuch fame; would yet he had luened. Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Friar Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me, The Proosifh knowes our purpose and our plot, The matter being a loete, keep your instruction And hold your eare to our speciall drift. Though sometimes you doe blemish from this to that At cause doth minifter: Goe call at Elainia's house, And tell him where I lay: give the like notice To Valentine, Rowland, and to Crafis, And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate: But send me Elainia first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Crafis.

Duke. I thank thee Crafis, thou haft made good haft, Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends Will greet vs here anon; my gentle Crafis. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speake to indirectly I am loath, I would saye the truth, but to accuse him so That is your part, yet I am adviz'd to doe it, He fares, to vaile full purpose.

Mara. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Befides he tells me, that if pereaduenture He speake against me on the aduerte side, I should not think it strange, for 'tis a phyfickc That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mara. I would see Friar Peter

Isab. Oh peace, the Friar is come.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may haue such vantage on the Duke He shall not passe you: Twice haue the Trumpets founded, The generous, and graffit Citizens Have heare the gates, and very nere upon The Duke is enter: Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Atius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke,Varrivs, Lords, Angelo,Escalus, Lucius, Citizens at generall deare.

Duke. My very worthy Cozen, fairly mer, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Eef. Happy returne he to your royall grace.

Duke. Many and harty thankings to you both: We haue made enqiury of you, and we heare Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule Cannot but yield you forth to publique thankes Forreturning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater,

Duke. Oh your defeart speaks loud, & I should wrong it To locke it in the wards of courte bofore When it defertes with character of brasse A fastened reftidence 'gainst the tooth of time, And are of obligation: Give we your hand And let the Subiect fee, to make them know That outward curesies would faire proclaime Fauours that keeps with in: Come Escalus, You must walke by vs, on our other band: And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time

Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O Royall Duke, vaile your regard Vpon a wrong'd (I would faire have said a Maid) Oh worthy Prince, dillionor not your eye By throwing it on any other obiect, Till you haue heard me, in my true complain, And given me Iustice,Iustice, Iustice,Iustice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs.

In what, by whom? be briefe:

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you Iustice, Reuells your felte to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke, You bid me speake redemption of the duell, Hear me your felte: for that which I must speake May either punishe me,not being beleued, Or wring redemption from you: Hear me: ah hear me, hear me.

Ang. My Lord, her wis I feare me are not firme: She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother Cut off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Much.
The phrase is to the matter.

**Duke.** The Mephistophelian matter; proceed.

**Ifab.** In brief, to set the needleless processes by:

How I persuadest, how I pradj, and kneel'd,

How he refoldest, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the wild conclusion

I now begin with, and shield, and frame to wrte.

He would not, but by gift of my chase body

To his conceivable intemperate lift

Release my brother; and after much precipitation,

My siftere remonstrate, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But thenest morne becastes,

His purpose surftetting, he sends a warrant

For my poor brothers head.

**Duke.** This is most likely.

**Ifab.** Oh that it were as like as it is true. (Speake!)

**Duke.** By heaven (fond wreth) know not what thou

Or else thou art confound'd against his honor

In harsely praising: for his Integrity

Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended

He would have weigh't thy brother by himselfe,

And not have cut him off: some one thing he on you:

Confete the truth, and say by whose advice

Thou canst here to complain.

Then ch ye blest Ministrers above

Keep me in patience, and with ripened pace

Vesalid the cuil, which is here wrapt vp

In countenance: heaven fiield thy Grace from wo,

As I this wrong'd, hence vnbeleued goe.

**Duke.** I know you would be gone! An Officer:

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,

On him in trent vs? This needes must be a prude

Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

**Ifab.** One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

**Duke.** A ghoftly Father, belike

Who knows that *Lodowick*?

**Luc.** My Lord, I know him, *tis a medling Fryer,

I do not like the man: had he beene Lay my Lord,

For certaine words he spake against your Grace

In your retirement, I had wing'd him fouldly.

**Duke.** Words against mee? this is good Fryer belike

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our Substitutes: Let this Fryer be found.

**Luc.** But yeftlerday my Lord, the and that Fryer

I faw them at the prison: a fawey Fryer,

A very scurvy fellow.

**Peter.** Blessed be your Royall Grace:

I have stood by my Lord and have heard

Your royall ears azoid: first hath this woman

Most wrongfully accused your Substitutes,

Who is as free from touch, or fayle with her

As the from one vngot,

**Duke.** We did beleue no lefe,

Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that the speaks of?

**Peter.** I know him for a man dunic and holy,

Not fcury, nor a temporary medler

As he's reported by this Gentleman:

And on my trust, a man that never yet

Did (as he vouches) misreport your Grace.

**Luc.** My Lord, most unwillingly beleue it.

**Peter.** Well, 'tis in time may come to elecme himselle;

But at this instant he is sick, my Lord.
**Measure for Measure.**

Of a strange Feautor: upon his more requent.  

Being to come to knowledge, that there was complaint  

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo; came he neither  

To speak it from his mouth, what doth he know  

It true, and false: And what he with his oath  

And all prosecution will make vp full clear  

Whenever he's contented: First for this woman,  

To influte this worthy Noble man  

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,  

Her shall you heare disprofced to her eyes,  

Till the her false confede it.  

Duk. Good Frier, let's hear it:  

Do you set smile at this, Lord Angelo?  

Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fools.  

Give vs some feste, Come coven Angelo,  

In this I'll be impartial: be you Judge  

Of your owne Cause: Is this the Wives Frier?  

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.  

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face  

Vntill my husband bid me.  

Duk. What, are you married?  

Mar. No my Lord.  

Duk. Are you a Maid?  

Mar. No my Lord.  

Duk. A Widow then?  

Mar. Neither, my Lord.  

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wid-  


don, nor Wife?  

Luc. My Lord, the may be a Puncke: for many of  


come, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.  

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some caufe  

to prattle for himselfe.  

Luc. Well my Lord.  

Mar. My Lord, I doe confede I here was married,  

And I confede besides, I am no Maid.  

I have known my husband, yet my husband  

Knowes not, that euer he knew me.  

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.  

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou went fo to.  

Luc. Well, my Lord.  

Duk. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.  

Mar. Now I come to's, my Lord.  

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,  

In selfe-fame manner, doth accuse my husband,  

And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,  

When I'le depose I had him in mine Arms  

With all the effect of Love.  

Ang. Charges the more then me?  

Mar. Not that I know.  

Duk. No? you fay your husband.  

Mar. Why I say, my Lord, and that is Angelo.  

Who thinks he knowes, that he mere knew my body,  

But knows, he knowes, that he knowes Iabels.  

Ang. This is a strange abufe: Let's fee thy face.  

Mar. My husband bids me,now I will vnamake.  

This is that face, thou croull Angelo  

Which once thou fawft, was worth the looking on:  

This is the hand, which abides with wound contra.  

Was falt belocke in thine: This is the body  

That took away the match from Iabels.  

And did supply thee at thy garden-houfe  

In her Imag'd person.  

Duk. Know you this woman?  

Luc. Carallie she faces,

Duk. Sitha, no more.  

Luc. Enouy my Lord.  

Ang. My Lord, I must confede, I know this woman,  

And five yeares since there was some speech of marriage  

Between my selfe, and her: which was broke off,  

Partly for that her promis'd proportions  

Came short of Composition: But in chiefe  

For that her reputation was dif-valued.  

In latitude: Since which time of five yeares  

I never spake with her, faw her, nor heard from her.  

Upon my faith, and honor,  

Mar. Noble Prince,  

As there comes light from heaven, and words for breath,  

As there is fencce in truth, and truth in vertue,  

I am affiance this mans wife, as ftrongly  

As words could make vp vows: And my good Lord,  

But Tuesday night left gon, in garden houfe,  

He knew me a wife. As this is true,  

Let me in safety raise me from my knees,  

Or else for euer be confined here  

A Marble Monument.  

Ang. I did but fmile till now,  

Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of jusitice,  

My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceive  

Thefe poore infmall women, are no more  

But instruments of some more mightier member  

That fees them on. Let me have way, my Lord  

To finde this partesl ftrengte.  

Duk. I, with my heart,  

And punish them to your height of pleafure.  

Thou foolish Frier, and thou pereocious woman  

Compaft with her that's gone: think thou thy oathes,  

Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,  

Were testimonies against his worth, and credit  

That's feald in approbation? you, Lord Eufalme  

Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines  

To finde out this abufe, whence 'tis deuidd;  

There is another Frier that fet them on,  

Let him be fet for.  

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he needed  

Hath fet the women on to this Complaint;  

Your Proos it knows the place where he abides,  

And he may fetch him.  

Duk. Go, doe it instantly:  

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cozen  

Whom it concerns to heare this matter forth,  

Doe with your miniries as teenes you beh  

In any chafftlement: I for a while  

Will leave you; but ife nor you till you have  

Well determinded vpon thefe Slanderers.  

Exit.  

Efe. My Lord, we'll doe it thoroughly: Signior Lin-  

cin, did not you fay you knew that Friet Ladiernick to be a  

dishonert perscon?  

Luc. Cozciuus non facit Monarchum, honest in nothing  

but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke molt villao-  

ous speeches of the Duke.  

Efe. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come  

And informe them against him: we shall finde this Frier a  

notable fellow.  

Luc. As I say in Pfeina, on my word.  

Efe. Call that fame falehe here once againe, I would  

Speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giuen mee leave, to  

question, you shall fee how he handle her.  

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.  

Efe. Say you t  

Luc. Martyr fe, I thinke, if you handled her priuately
Measure for Measure.

She would sooner confess perchance publicly she'll be

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Efg. I will goe darkely to work with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Efg. Come on Misthirs, here's a Gentlewoman,

Denies all that you have said,

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of,

Here, with the Provost.

Efg. In very good time: speake not to youm, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Efg. Come Sir, did you see these women out to slander Lord Angelo? they have confelt'd you did.

Duk. This falsfe.

Efg. How? know you where you are?

Duk. Repea't to your great place; and let the diuell sometime honour d, for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? tis he should bear me speake.

Efg. The Duke's in vs: and we will have you speake, Lookes you speake fully.

Duk. Boldly at least. But oh poore foules,

Come you to speake the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redres: is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too! The Duke's virtuall, Thou art to try your manifest Appeale,

And put your trial in the villainous mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Efg. Why thou wretchered, and unhallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou haist furborn thee women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule month, And in the wittnesse of his proper ease, To call him villaines and then to glance from him, To thuDuk himselfe, to take him with insulue?

Take him hence; to th'o'tackle with him: we'll take you joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose: What's vniuall?

Duk. Be not so hot: the Duke dare

No more frezech this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subject am I not, Nor here Provinciall: my beneficse in this State Made me a looker on here in Fenna, Where I have seen corruption Boyle and bubble, Till is one-run the Stewr: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenance'd,that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop, As much in moke, as marke.

Efg. Stander to th' State.

Away with him to prision, Arg. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. This he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, do you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice, I met you at the Prision in the absence of the Duke.


Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the Duke's fleeing monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You legisl Sir] change persons with me, ere you read my report: you indeed spoke of him, and

much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I pluck thee by the nose, for the sperees?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe,

Arg. Harke how the villaines would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Efg. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prision: Where is the Provost? away with him to prision: lay bolts enough vpon him; let him speak no more: away with those Giglers too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, say a while.

Arg. What refists he help him Lucie.

Luc. Come sir, come Sir, come Sir: foh sir, why you bald-pated lying rascal you must be hooded must you? show your knaves visage with a poxe to you: show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd: an hour: will not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knave, that are mad't a Duke.

First Provost, let me by pale this gentle three: Sneake not away Sir,for the Fryer, and you, Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.

Duk. What you have spoken, I pardon: fit you downe,

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave: Ha'thou stor or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can dothe office: If thou hast not Replied to it, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Arg. Oh, my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier then my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscoverable,

When I perceive your grace, like powre diuine,

Hath look'd vpon my fallens. Then good Prince,

No longer Seifion hold vpon my shame,

But let my Trial be mine owne Confession:

Immediate sentence then, and frequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariana,

Say: was thou ever contradicted to this woman?

Arg. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office (Fryer) which confummate,

Resume her her name: goe with him Provost. Exeit.

Efg. My Lord, I am more asaz'd at his dicion part,

Then at the frangeness of it.

Duk. Come hither Isabella,

Your Frier is now your Prince: As I was then

Aduerstying, and holy to your beneficse,

(Not changing heart with habir) I am full,

Assumed at your seruice,

Ifab. Oh guile me pardon

That I, your vassalle, have imploid, and pain'd

Your unknowne Soueraignet.

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabell:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to v:

Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart:

And you may maruaile, why I desset'd my selfe,

Labouring to solve his life: and would not rather

Make raife renouncement of my hidden powre,

Then let him, for the speeches?

It was the foit celestis of his death,

Which I did think, with lower foot came on,

That brand'd my purpose: but peace be with him,

That life is better intresst fearing death,

Then that which lives to foresee: make it your comfort,
Measure for Measure.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, Provost.
Duke. For this new married man, approaching here,
Whose fault imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For Mariana's fake: but as he seduc'd your Brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-break,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death:
Hath still pæs haufe, and leasur, answers leasur;
Like doch quith like, and Measure full for Measure.
Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou wouldst deny, deny'st thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very stake
Where Claudio troop'd to death, and with hate haufe.
Away with him.
Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?
Duke. It is your husband mockt you with a husband,
Confenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And thank your good Lord to come: For his Poffessions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-flarte, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.
Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definittive.
Mar. Gentle my Liege.
Duke. You doe but loose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.
Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isobel, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'LL lend you all your life to doe you service.
Duke. Against all hence you doe impornture her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fault,
Her Brothers goost, his pased bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.
Clara. Isobel.
Sweet Isobel, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'LL speake all.
They say beth men are moulded out of faultes,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh Isobel: will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isob. Moft bountious Sir.
Lookes it fit please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother list'd: I parcell think,
A due sinceritie governed his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he di'd,
For Angelo, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perifh'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.
Mar. Merely my Lord.
Duke. Your fute's unprofitable: stand up I say:
I have bethought me of another faute.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an vnusuall hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?
Prov. No my good Lord: it was by private meffenge.
Duke. For which I doe discharge you of your office.
Give vp your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
I'LL for tellimony whereof, in one in the prison
That should by private order else haue di'd,
I haue refurred of it.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou hast done so by Claudio;
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke uppon him.
Eso. I am forry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, haue fil'd appear'd,
Should flipp fro' groffelie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am forrie, that fuch forrow I procure,
And to deeps fllicks in it my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my defiring, and I doe entreat it.
Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Juliette.
Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This my Lord.
Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man,
Sitha, thou art saide to haue a shubborne foule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'ly it life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faultes, I quitt them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to provide
For better times to come: Friar aduise him,
I leave him to your hand. What mufled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I cou'd,
Who shold haue di'd when Claudio loft his head,
As like almost to Claudio, as himselfe.
Duke. The be like your brother, for his fake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie fake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But better time for that:
By this Lord Angelo perceivs he's a fake,
Medinethis I see a quickening in his eye:
Well Angelo, your exuil quitts you well.
Look to that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remiffion in my felle:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You firah, that knew me for a fool, a Coward,
One all of Louiziane, an affe, a mad man:
Wherein haue I so defende'd of you
That you extoll me thus?
Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick
If you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.
Duke. Whipt first, fles, and hand'd after.
Proclaime it Provost round about the Cite,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one
Whom he begg you childle) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the suppost fault's d,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.
Luc. I beseech your Highnesse do not marry me to
A Whore: your Highnesse spake eu'n now: I made a
Duke, good my Lord do not recomence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon
Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt require her. 
Thy Flanders I forgive, and therewithall 
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison, 
And see our pleasure herein executed. 
Luc. Marrying a punk my Lord, is pressing to death, 
Whipping and hanging. 
Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it. 
She Claudius that you wrong'd, dooke you restore. 
Joy to you Mariana, loue her Angelo: 
I have confess'd her, and I know her vertue. 
Thanks good friend, Esclus, for thy much goodnesse, 

There's more behind that is more gratulate. 
Thanks Provost for thy care, and seecece, 
We shall impoy thee, in a worther place. 
Forgive him Angelo, that brought you home 
The head of Raguzino for Claudius', 
Th'offence pardons it felle, Deere Isabella, 
I have a motion much imports your good, 
Whereeto if you'll a willing care incline; 
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine, 
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll shew 
What's yet behind, that meeete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.
The names of all the Actors.

Angelo, the Deputy. 
Esclus, an ancient Lord. 
Claudio, a young Gentleman. 
Lucio, a fantastique. 
2. Other like Gentlemen. 
Provost. 

Thomas. 2. Friers. 
Peter. 
Elbow, a simple Constable. 
Frass, a Jewel Gentleman. 
Clowne. 
Abbonson, an Executioner. 
Bernardine, a disolute prisoner. 
Isabella, Sister to Claudio. 
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo. 
Juliett, betroth of Claudio. 
Francisca, a Quain. 
Mistres Guer-don, a Band.

FINIS.
Enter the Duke of Ephesius, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Page, and other attendants.

Merchant,

Dr. To proceed Salinus to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all,
Yet from Merchants of Siracusa, please not more.
I am not partial to infringe our Laws;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who waiting gliders to redeem their hues,
Have seal'd his rigorous flatus with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening lookes;
For since the mortall and infinite tares
Twixe thy tedious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemn Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Siracusan and our selves,
To admit no traffick to our aduersie towne:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Be seen at any Siracusan Mart and Fayres:
Againe, if any Siracusan borne
Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnto a thousand Markes be leas'd
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him:
Thy subtile, value, at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Men. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the cutting Sonne,
Duke, Well Siracans; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departest from thy native home?
And for what cause thou canst not to Ephesus?

Men. A heautier taste could not have bene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vuter what my sorrow guesse me leave.
In Siracusa was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman happy but for me,
And by me: had not our hap bene bad:
With her I liu'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made.
To Epidemium, till my fators death,
And he great care of goods as randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not fixe months elde,
Before her felic (almost at paining vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And gone, and safe, atriuted where I was:
There had he not bene long, but he became
A joyfull mother of two goodly fones:
And, which was strange, the one to like the other,
As could not be diffinguish'd but by names.
Duke. It was very late, and in the fole same true,
A meane woman was delivered
Offsuch a burthen Male, swins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my fones.
My wife, not meanely proud of two such byres,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soon eee came aboord.
A league from Epidemium had we vs'd
Before the alwaies winde-obeying strepe
Gave any Tragicke Inflance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obtur'd fortune the heavens did grant,
Did but consay vnto our fearfull minde
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incitant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what the law must come,
And pittifull playnings of the accte Babes
That mournd for fasion, ignorant what to fear.
Forfeitt me to fecke delays for them and me,
And this it was (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors fought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then finking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter boane,
Had fain'd him vnto a small spare Maif,
Such as sea-faring men provide for thones:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilest I had borne like heedfull of the other,
The children thus dopisde, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastened our fules at eyther end the maif,
And floating straight, obedient to the freame.
Was car'd towards Corinthus, as we thought.
At length the loone gazing upon the earth,
Disperft bose vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The fes waxt calme, and we discouer'd
Two shipsse from farre, making amasino to vs:
Of Corinthus, that of Epidemus this:
But ere they came, oh let me fay no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.
Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not break off so.
The Comedie of Errors.

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh has the gods done so; I had not now
Worthily learned them mercifully to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was spitted in the midle;
So that in this swift diuoure of vs,
Fortune had left both to vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for;
Her part, poore foule, seeming as burdened
With lefser weight, but not with lefser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fishers of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had feiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gave heallfully welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have rett the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their barke beene very slow of saille;
And therefore the homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me seuer'd from my biffle,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell flid stories of my owne mis hap.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou Forrow full for,
Doe me the faunct to dilate as full,
What hauęe Bafelme of them and they till now.

Merch. My youngest boy, and yet my eliuest care,
At eiehtene yeares became inquietude
After his brother; and importuned me,
That his attendant, so his cafe was like,
Reft of his brother, but recain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whoil'd lAboured of a loute to see,
I hazarded the loffe of whom I lou'd.
Flue Sommers haue I spent in farshell Greece,
Roining cleane through the bounds of Afia,
And coalling homeward, came to Ephesus:
Hopelessly to finde, yet loath to leave vnought
Or thaf, or any place that harbors men:
But here we mult coult the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelife death,
Could all my trauals warrant me they flie.

Duke. Haplesse Egeon whom the fates hate much
To beare the extremities of dire mishap:
Now truth me, were it not against our Laves,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignitie,
Which Princes would they may not diuall
My soule shou'd sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adluged to the death,
And pasted sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honours great disparragement:
Yet will I favoure thee in what I can:
Therefore Merchants, I le limit thee this day
To feeke thy helpe by beneficall helpes,
Try all the friends thou haft in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Islyor, take him to thy custodie,
Islyor, I will my Lord,

Merch. Haplesse and helpeless doth Egeon wand,
But to proculminate his Jujicie end,
Exeunt.

Enter Antipholus Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Merch. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Left that your goods too foone be confiscate:
This very day a Syracusian Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuaill here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the townes,
Dies ere the weater comes set in the Weft:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Go beare it to the Centaurie, where we hoft,
And say these Dremites till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ie view the manners of the townes,
Peruse the tranders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and fleepe within mine house,
For with long trauaille I am tire and weatie.
Get thee away.

Dre. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goeindeed, having fo good a meaning.

Exit Dremites.

Ant. A truffle villainse fir, that very off,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry lye's.
What will you walkie with me about the townes,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E.March. I am intent firt to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefite:
I crave your pardon, foone at sixe a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpoun the Matm,
And afterward confort you all bed time:
My present businesse calle me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe looze my felle,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

E. March. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exit.

Ant. Hee that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Violence, inquietude) confounds him felfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quith of them (unhappie) loose my felle.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd fo foone.

E. Dre. Return'd do foone, rather approach too late:
The Capon burnes, the Feg falls from the spits,
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell:
My Miftris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no foameacke:
You haue no foameacke, having broke your faft:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are pentent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your wade fir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the monie that I gaue you.

E. Dre. Oh fixe pence that I had a wednesday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Miftris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I keep't it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how darst thou truft
So great a charge from thine owne custodie?

E. Dre. I pray you left it as you fit at dinner:
I from my Miftris come to you in poft:
If I returne I shall be put indeede.
The Comedie of Errors.

For the will scoure your fault upon my pate: M'thinks your miw, like mine, should be your cooke, And strike you home without a messanger.

Ant. Come Dromio, come, thefe leaves are out of feason, Referre them till a merrier house then this: Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? E.Dra. To me lfi? why you gaue no gold to me? Ant. Come on fir knave, have done your foulbones, And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

E.Dra. My charge was but to fetchy you the Mart Home to your house, the Pagnac, fir, to dinner; My Miftris and her sister flates for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian anfwer me, In what fafe place you have belon'd my monie; Or I fhall breake that merrie fonce of yours That flants on tricks, when I am vnprop'd; Where is the thoufand Marks thou hadft of me? E.Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate: Some of my Miftris marks upon your shoulders: But not a thoufand marks betweene you both. If I fhould pay your worship ftofe againe, Perchance you will not beare them patientlie.

Ant. Thy Miftris marks what? Moft Miftris fcaue hall thou? E.Dra. Your worship's wife, my Miftris at the Pagnac; She that doth fhift till you come home to dinner: And prays that you fhall hit you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face Being forbid? There take you that fir knave.

E.Dra. What meanes you fir, for God fake hold your Nay, and you will not fir, he take my heele, (hands Exeunt Dromio Sen.)

Ant. Vpon my life by fome defuite or other, The villaine is one-wrought of all my monie. They fay this towne is full of coftrage: As nimble Ingles that deceite the eie: Darke working Sorcers that change the minde: Soule-killing Witches, that deform the bodie: Diffguifed Cheate, prating Mountebankes: And manie fuch as liberties of finne: If ftir prufe fo, I will be gone the fooner: He to the Centaur to goe fecke this flane, I greatly fear my monie is not fafe.

Aesop. Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus, and Luciana her Sifer.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the flave return'd, That in fuch haile I fent to fecke his Mifer? Sure Luciana it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps fome Merchant hath invited him, And from the Mifer he's somewhere gone to dinner: Good Sifer, let vs dine, and neuer ftrike: A man is Mifer of his liberty: Time is their Mifer, and when they fee time, They'll goe or come; if fo, be patient Sifer.
Adr. Why fhould their libertie then ours be more? Luc. Because their bufinesse still lies out adore. Adr. Look when I fere him fo, he takes it thus. Luc. Ob, know he is the bridle of your will. Adr. There's none but affes will be bridled fo.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is laft with woe: There's nothing fucceus vnder heaven's eye, But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie. The beaffe, the fheffe, and the winged fowles Are their males fubjefts, and at their controules: Man more difme, the Mifer of all thefe, Lord of the wide world, and wilde warty leas, Indued with intellifent fence and foules, Of more preheminence then fish and fowles, Are masters to their females, and their Lords: Then let your will attend on their accordes.

Adri. This feruitude makes you to keepe yuved.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed, Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some way Luc. Ere I learn loue, Ile pradifie to obey. Adr. How if your husband flate fome other where? Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear. Adr. Patience ynnou'd, no maruel though the paufe. They can be meke, that haue no other caufe: A wretched foule bru'd with aduerfeitie, We Bid be quiet when we heare it crie. But were we burdened with like weight of paine, As much, or more, we fhould our felues complain: So thou that haft no vnkind mate to greeue thee, With viging helpefull patience would releue me; But if thou liue to fee like right brefis, This foule-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to trie: Here cometh your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie mifer now at hand? E.Dra. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witneffe.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowft thou his minde?

E. Dra. 1. I, he told his minde vpon mine eare, Before he was gone. I feare could vnderftand it.
Luc. Spake hee fo Doubtfullie, thou couldft not feele his meaning.

E. Dra. Nay, hee strooke fo plainely, I could to well feele his blowes; and vnhall fo doubtfullie, that I could feare vnderftand them.

Adri. But gay, I prethee, is he coming home? It feemes he hath great care to pleafe his wife.


Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dra. Quoth my Mifer, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no Miftrif: fo that my arant due into vnty my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my Shoulders: in foon conlusion, he did beat me there.


H 2

Adr. Backe
The Comedie of Errors.

Adri. Backe flau, or I will brake thys pace a croffe.
Dre. And he will baffle y croffe with other beasting: Betweene you, I shall have a holy head. Adri. Hence prasing peaffant, fetch thy Master home. Dre. Am I round with you, as you wish me, That heke a foot-ball you doe punne me thus: You punne me hence, and he will punne me lither, If he will this morning, you must call me in leathers. Lecbi. Sic how impatience loweth in your face. Adri. His company must do his minus grace, Whilft I at home faire for a merrie looke: Hath homelie age ch'assuring beauty tooke From my poore cheekes, then he hath wasted it, Are you discourtes dulle? Darren my wit, if voluble and sharpe discourtes be marke'd, Voilingneffe blinds it more than marble hard. Doe their gay vextments their affections bate? That's not my fault, he's master of my state. What ruines are in me that can be found, By him nor sin'd? Then is he the ground Of my defeates. My decayd faire, A flunke looke of his, whose foule repair: But, too vnruely Dere, he breaks the pale, And teeldes from home; poor I am but his flule. Leci. Selfe-harming leauele; sic beasts in hence. Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs displace: I know his eye doth homage other-where, Or elfe, what lets it but he would be here? Sifter, you know he promis'd me a chaine, Would that alone, a loue he would detain, So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed: I fee the jewel beft examin'd. Will looke his beautie; yet the gold bides still That others touch, and often touching will, Where gold and no man that hath a name, By fallhood and corruption doth it shame: Since that my beautie cannot please his ete, He weepes (what's left away) and weeping die. Leci. How mane fond fooleis flerne mad leolouie? Exit. Enter Autipilie Erratis. Ant. The gold I gaue to Dromio is lade vp Safe at the Centaur, and the heedfull flauie Is wandred forth in care to secke me out By computation and mine hofts report, I could not speake with Dromio, since at first I fent him from the Mart; fee here he comes, Enter Dromio Strangul. How now sir, is your minne humble alter'd? As you loue striakes, so left with me againe: You know not to Centaur? you receiv'd no gold? Your Miftriſfe fent to haue me home to dinner? My houfe was at the Phaenix: Waft thou mad, That thus so madly thou didst not anfwer me? S. Dre. What anfwer fit? when I fpake I fuch a word? E. Ant. Even now, even here, not haife an hoare fince. S. Dre. I did not fee you fince you fent me hence Home to the Centaur with the gold you gaued me. Ant. Villaine, thou didst deline the golds receiv, And told me of a Miftriſfe, and a dinner, For which I hope thou feife? I was diſplea's d. S. Dre. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine, What meanes this left f, I pray you Mafier tell me? Ant. Yes, doft thou feire & flowte me in the teeth? Think'st I left hold, take thou that, & that. Beats Dre. S. Dr. Hold fer, let Gods fake, now your left is carn'd, Vpon what bargain doe you give it me? Antar. Because that I familierle fometimes Doe ite you for my foole, and chat with you, Your faucincle will left vpou my loue, And makes a Common of my ferious howres. When the funne finnes, let toolifh gnats make sport, But crepe in erantines, when he hides his beames: If you will left this herke, know my affeit, And fashion your demeanour to my lookes, Or I will beat this method in your fonce, S. Dre. Sconde call you if? you would leafe battering, I had rather haue a head, and you vse thefe blows long, I must get a fonce for my head, and Incence it to, or elfe I shall feek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray fir, why am I beaten? Ant. Doft thou not know? S. Dre. Nothing fir, but that I am beaen. Ant. Shall I tell you why? S. Dre. I fir, and wherefore, for they fay, every why hath a wherefore, Ant. Why lift for flowing me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the second time to me, S. Dre. W's ther euer ame man thus beaten out of feacons, when in the way and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reafon. Well fir, I thanke you, Ant. Thanke me fir, for what? S. Dre. Marry fir, for this fomething that you gave me for nothing. Ant. Ile make you amend next, to give you nothing for fomething. But fay fir, is it dinner time? S. Dre. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue. Ant. In good time fir? what's that? S. Dre. Baffing. Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be drie. S. Dre. If't be drie, I pray you ear none of it. Ant. Your reafon? S. Dre. Left it make you chollerickke and purchafe me another drie baffing. Ant. Well fir, learte to left in good time, there's a time for all things. S. Dre. I dunt haue deneted that before you were fo chollerick. Antar. By what rule fir? S. Dre. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himfelfe. Ant. Let's hear it. S. Dre. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that grows baly by nature. Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recuperie? S. Dre. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the loft haire of another man. Ant. Why, is Time fuch a niggar of haire, being (as it is) to plentiful an excrement? S. Dre. Because it is a bleffing that hee betowe on beasft, and what he hath flantned in haire, hee hath giv'en them in wit. Ant. Why, but therees man hath more haire then wit. S. Dre. Not a man of shohe but he hath the wit to lofe his haire. Ant. Why thou didt conclude hairy men plain dea- lers without wit. S. Dre. The plain dealer, the fooner loft; yet he loofeth it in a kinde of follitude. Ant. For what reafon. S. Dre. For two, and found one to. An Nay.
The Come die of Errors.

An. Nay not found I pray you.
S. Dra. Sure one then.
An. Nay, not sure in a thing failing.
S. Dra. Certain one then.
An. Name them.
S. Dra. The one to faue the money that he prints in trying to the other, that as dinner they should not drop in his porrage.
An. You would all this time have proudly, here is no time for all things.
S. Dra. Marry and did fir; namely, in no time to re):
An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to re.
S. Dra. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bale, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bale followers.
An. I knew there would be a bald conclusion: but soft, who walks vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I. J. Amphiatus, look strange and crowne, Some other Mistrelle hath thy sweet aspect: I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. The time was once, when thou vaw'rdst not would vow, That newer worlds were muskele to thine eare, That newe oblique pleasing in thine eye, That newe touch well welcome to thy hand, That newe meat sweeter'd in thy taste. When I speake or look'd, or touch'd, or car'd to thee. How comes it now, my husband, oh how comes it, That thou art then estranged from thy selfe? Why selfe I call it, being strange to me: That vndiscourable Incorporate Am better then thy dece selfe better part. Ah doest not eare away thyselfe from me; For know my love: as eafe maifie thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gulf, And take vnniallent thee that drop againe Without addition or diminishing, As tale from me thy selfe, and not me too. How dearely would it touch thee to the quicke, Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious? And that this body consecrate to thee, By Ruffian Luff should be contaminate? Would thou not spitt at me, and spurre at me, And hurle the name of husband in my face, And star the skin'd skin of my Hasting brow, And from my falsie hand cutte the wedding ring, And breake it with a deep discomposing vow? I know thou canst, and therefore fee thou doe it. I am possett with an adulterate blush, My blood is mingled with the crime of lust: For if we two be one, and thou play false, I doe digge the poise of thy flesh, Being frumptum by the contagion: Keep then faire league and truce with thine true bed, I line diatam't, thou vndishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not.
In Esopus I am but two hours old,
As strange into your towne, as to your tale,
Who euer word by all my wit being found,
Want in all, one word to vnderstand.
Lucif. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you: When were you wont to vs my fitter thus? She fent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio? Drom. By me.

Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him. That he did buttfer thee, and in his blowes, Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

An. Did you converse with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compasse?
S. Dra. I irst I never saw her till this time.
An. Villaine thou liest, for enen her verie words, Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dra. I neuer spake with her in all my life.
An. How can the thus then call vs by our names
Vuliffe it be by inspiration.
Adri. How ill it agree'st it with your grautie,
To counterfeit thus grofly with your face,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode,
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt,
Come I will fallen on this fleuce of thine: Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whole weekes fettled to thy stranger slate,
Makes me with thine strength to communicate;
If ought posfithe thee from me, I thee droffe,
Vriuping liue, Brier, or Idle Mofle,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruption,
Inake thy fan, and like on thy confusion.
An. To mee thee speakes, fice mouses mee for her
themese:
What, was I maried to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thence I heare all this?
What error droues our eyes and cares smifle?
Vnill I know this sure uncertaintie,
It enteraines the freed Falacie.

Luc. Dromio, goe bid the seruants fired for dinner.
S. Dra. Oh for my beads, I crosse mee for a finner.
This is the Fairle land, oh spight of spightes,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will influe:
They'll fickle our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blow.
Luc. Why prast thou to thy felse, and shoulft not
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou faine, thou flug, thou far.
S. Dra. I am transformed Malter, am I not?
Ant. I think you are in minde, and so am I.
S. Dra. Nay Mafter, both in minde, and in my shape.
Ant. Thou haile thine owne forme.
S. Dra. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.
S. Dra. 'Tis true fis ridies me, and I long for graffe.
Tis fo, I am an Affe, elfe it could never be.
But I should know her as well as the knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foule,
To put the finger in the eie and weep.
What'll man and Malter laughs my woes to soone:
Come fit to dinner, Dromio keep the gate:
Husband Ie dine aboue with you to day.
And shroue you of a thousand idle prantes:
Sirs, if any askes you for your Mafter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come fitter, Dromio play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduised:
Knowne vnto theif, and to my felse diiguid:
Ie faie as they faie, and pretender so:
And in this mist at all aduences go.
S. Dra. Mafter, shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. 1, and let none enter, leat I brake your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipius, we dine to late.

H 3.
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo you must excuse us all. My wife is there when I keep not hours; say that I lingered with you at your shop to see the making of her Carliane, and that to morrow you will bring it home. But here’s a villain that would face me downe. He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, and charg’d him with a thousand marks in gold, and that I did denie my wife and house. Thou drunken thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, but I know what I know. That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show; if my skin were parchement, & y’blows you gave were ink, your owne hand writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marty fiz to doth appease By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I should fkee being kickt, and being at that paffe, You would keepe from my heele, and beware of an asse. E. Ant. Y’are fad signior Balthazur, pray God our cheere may answer my good will, and your good welcame here.

Ball. I hold your dainties cheap fir, & your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Oh signior Balthazur, either at fteft or ffish A table full of welcome, makes fearce one dainty diff.

Bal. Good meafe fir is comon that every cheere affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common, for that nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcame, makes a merrie feast.

E. Ant. I, to a nigardy Hoft, and more sparing guest: But though my cates be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.

But ffof, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E. Dro. Stand, Briquet, Marian, Cijey, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. Monte, Mithofe, Capon, Caxowme, Idor, Patch.

Either get thee from the doore, or fit downe at the hach: Doft thou couriure for wenches, that y cali for such flore,

When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master flayes in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, left hee each cold or’s feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hee, open the doore.

S. Dro. Righte fir, ile tell you when, and you’ll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue no din’d to day.

S. Dro. Not to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep’st me out from the bowle I love?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dranum.

E. Dro. O villains, thou haft stolen both mine office and my name, The one nere got me credit, the other nicle blame: If thou hadst beene Dromio to day in my place,

 Thou wouldest haue chang’d thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there Dromio? who are thoshe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue you at with you a Pro-

verb,

Shall I let in my flaffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that’s when I can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou haft an-

swer’d him well,

Ant. Doe you heare you minion, you will let me in hope.

Luce. I thought to haue asked you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well brooke, there was blow for blow.

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose fake?

E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Ant. You’ll criie for this minion, if I beat the doore down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore? there keeps all this noife?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vna-

ruly boies.

Ant. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.

Ant. Your wife is knaze? go get you from the doore,

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaze wold goe for.

Angelo. Here’s neither cheere fir, nor welcome, we

would faine have either.

Baile. In debating which was beff, we shall part with neithe,

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Ant. There is something in the winde, that we can-

not get in.

E. Dro. You would fay fo Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within; you stand here in the
cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bough-
ted and fold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile breake ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knazes pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your fir, and

words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he breake it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seems thou wan’t breake it, out upon their kind.

E. Dro. Here’s too much out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers, and ffish have no

fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so; For
For a night without a flame, she's a fool without a father, if a crow help vs in fara, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Herein you waste against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspeet;
Th' vnioaled honor of your wife,
Once this your long experience of your wedfome,
Her fober vertues, years, and modestie,
Pled in your part, some cause to you unknowne;
And doubt not sir, but the well will execue
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be hold by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about cunning come your felle alone,
To know the reason of this strangere event:
If by ftrong hand you offer to break in
Now in the flitting pasage of the day,
A vulgar commet will be made of it;
And that suppos'd by the common rowe
Agains't your yet vnngalled estimation,
That may with foule intution enter in,
And dwell upon your graue when you are dead;
For slander lines upon inceffence;
For ever how'd, wherein's gett leffision.
Ant. You have presum'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in defpite of mirth mean to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discours,
Prettie and writtie, wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without defects)
Hath oftimes vpbraided withall:
To her well to be dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made;
Bring it I pray you to the Parthenone,
For th'eare the house: this chain will I bellow
(To be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hoste there, good fir make haffe:
Since mine owne dores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke elite-where, to fee if they'll disdaine me.
Ant. Ile meet you at that place sometime hence.

Ant. Do so, this lett shall cost me some expeence.

Exeunt.

Enter Tuflaha, with Antipholus of Siracusa.

Tufla. And may it be that you have quite a froward
A husbands office! (all Antipholus
Even in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot.
Shall love in buildings grow to ruinate?
If you did wed my fitter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's-fake w'e her with more kindneffe:
Or if you like elfe-where doe it by health,
Muffle your falle love with some shew of blindneffe:
Let not my fitter read in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become diſplyative:
Apparel vice like verses harbergen:
Bear a faire prefence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach finde the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secreet fall, what need't he acquainted?
What fimple chiefe brag's of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to trusting with your bed,
And let thus read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baffard fame, well managed,
Ille deeds is doubled with an euil word:
Alas poor women, make vs not beleue
(Being compact of creeds) that you love vs,
Though others hate the same, lovd vs the flicue:
We in your motion turne, and you may mowe vs,
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my fitter, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy fport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers ftrife.

S. Ant. Sweete Miltris, what your name is elfe I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do bite of mine:
Lofe in your knowledge, and your grace you shew not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine,
Teach me creature how to thinke and speake;
Lay open to my earthis groffe conceit:
Smothered inerrors, feeble, shallow, weakne,
The fouled meaning of your words deceit:
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ie yield.
But if that I am, then well! I know,
Your weeping fitter is not wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no hommage do I owe:
Farre more,farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh trayne me not sweet Mermaid with thy note,
To drown me in thy fitter fould of tears:
Sing Siren with thy felfe, and I will doe:
Spread ore the fitter wares thy golden haires:
And as a bed Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition thine,
He gains by death, that hath fuch meares to die:
Let Loue,being light, be drowned if the fanke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reafon so?
Ant. Not mad but, marked, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. For graving on your beames faire fun being by,
Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleare
your fight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my fitter so.

Ant. Thy fitters fitter.

Luc. That's my fitter.

Ant. Nor, if thy felfe, mine owne owles fitter better part:
Mine owles clearer eye, my deare hearts deare heart;"my foodle,my fortune, and my fweet hopes alone;
My fole earths heauen, and my heauen's claime.
Luc. All this my fitter is, or elfe shoulde be.

Ant. Call thy felfe fitter fweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life; Thou hast no husband yet,poor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh I felled, hold you full;
Ile fetch my fitter to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dramio, Siracusa.

Ant. Why how now Dramio, where run't thou fo falt?

S. Dramio. Do you know me sir? Am I Dramio? Am I your man? Am I my felle?

Ant. Thou art Dramio, thou art my man, thou art thy felle.

Dramio. I am an elfe, I am a womans man, and besides my felle.

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy felle?

Dramio. Marrie sir, besides my felle, I am due to a woman.
One that claims me, one that haunts me, one that haue me.

Ant. What
Enter Angell with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Antipholus.

Ant. That's his name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine, I thought to have tane you at the Perpentine.

Chaine vnfinisht'd me flay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shal do with this.

Ang. What pleaseth your felle fir: I have made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, not twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your Wiff withall, And foone at supper time Ile visit you, And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you sir receive the money now, For feare you ne're fee chaine, nor many more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:

But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine, That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine. I fee a man here needs not lye by shifts, When in the streets he meets with such Golden gifts: Ile to the Mart, and there for Dromio stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit.

Alitus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mor. You know since Pentecost the sun is due, And since I have not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To perfuade, and want Gilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even suft the fum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antipholus, And in the intant that I met with you, He had of me a Chaine, at fue a clocke I shall receive the money for the fame: Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his houfe, I wil discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus Euph. Dromio from the Continuances. Off. That labour may you fave: See where he comes. Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths houfe, go thou
The Comedie of Errors.

And buy a ropes end, that will I bellow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For looking me out of my doores by day:
But oft I fea the Goldsmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dra. I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

Exit Dramio

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe vp that truths to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long.
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Saving your merrie humor: here's the note.
How much your Chaine weighs to the stovm chair'd,
The fineneffe of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd Ducks more
Then I stand debted to this Gentelman,
I pray you fee him pretendly discharge'd.
For he is bound to Sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Belide I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the rangeter to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Dribble the fumme, on the receiue thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her selfe.

Ant. No beare it with you, leaff I come not time e-
ough.
Gold. Well sir, I will: Have you the Chaine about
Ant. And if I hate not sir, I hope you hate:
Or else you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine:
Both windes and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame hau'd held him here too long.
Ant. Good Lord, you vfe this dalliance to excufe
Your breach of promisse to the Peripetie,
Ifhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a threwe you firft begin to brawle.
Mar. The house flares on, I pray you for dispatch.
Gold. You heare how he importunes the Chaine,
Ant. Why gue it to my wife, and itch your monie,
Gold. Come come, you know I gawe it you euen now.
Either fend the Chaine, or fend me by some token.

Ant. Sir, you now run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me fee it.
Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir fancy, who's you'll anfwer me, or no:
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.
Ant. I anfwer you? What should I anfwer you,
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gawt it you half an hour fince.
Ant. You gawt monie, you wrong mee much to
fay fo,
Gold. You wrong me more fir in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mar. Well Officer, arreil him at my fuite.
Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-
be me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either content to pay this summe mee,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Content to pay thee that I never had:
Arreil me foollifh fellow if thou dar'ft.

Gold. Here is thy fee, arreil him Officer
I would not spare my brother in this cafe,
If he should forme me fo apparantly.
Off. I do arreil you sir, you here the faiue.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile
But fircha, you shall buy this fporcas deere,
As all the mettell in your fhop will anfwer.
Gold. Sir, fir, I fhall have Law in Ephesia,
To your notorious blame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dramio Sirs. from the Bay.

Dra. Matter, there's a Barke of Epidamnns,
That flais but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then for the beares away. Our fraughtage fir,
I have confer'd abroad, and I have bought

The Oyle, the Balsamum, and Aqua-vite.
The flip is in her trim, the merrie windes
Blowes faire from land: they flay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Matter, and your felfe.
Ant. How now a Madman? Why thou peecifh fleep
What flip of Epidamnns flais for mee.
S.Dre. A flip you fent me to, to here waftage.
Ant. That drunken flip, I fent thee for a rope.
And told thee to what purpofe and what end.
S.Dre. You fent me for a ropes end as goone,
You fent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And your cares to lift me with more heede:
To Adriana Villaine his thee ftraight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deke
That's cou'd d ore with Turkifh Tapfrifie,
There is a purje of Ducks, let her fend it:
Tell her, I am arreil'd in the tree,n
And that fhall baile me: the hee flaye, be gone,
On Officer to priifon, till it come.

Exeunt
S Dramio. To Adriana, that is where we did'
Where Dowflabell did claim me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaffe,
Thither I mutt, although againft my will:
For fequans myth their Mallets minds fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee fo?
Might'st thou perceiue anfwerlesly in his cie,
That he did plead in earnest, yes or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or fad or merrily?
What obfervation mad'st thou in this cafe?

Oh, his hearts Meteor's elating in his face.

Luc. Firth he de'me you had in him no right.
Ant. He meant he did me none: the more my plight.
Luc. Then fwere he that he was a strangar heere.

Adr. And true he fware, though ye'f for wonne he were.

Luc. Then pleded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perfwafion did he temp thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honest fuit might move.
Firth, he did prafie my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'tsパーkee him faite?

Luc. Hau patience I befeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me fill,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformd, crooked, old, and fcarc,
Ill-fa'd, worfe bodied, shapeleffe every where:
Vicious, vngentle, foollifh, blunt, vekinde,
The Comedie of Errors.

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Stigmatical in making w orse in minde,
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No euill loft is w alt'd,when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I think he him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were w orse:
Farre from her neft the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him,though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the dext, the pure, sweet now make haft.
Luc. How haft thou loft thy breath?
S. Dro. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A duell in an everlifting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steel:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittifte and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow in all buffet:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermads
The passagges of allites, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drivous too,
One that before the Judgement carries poore souls to hell.
Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I do not know the matter, hee is rested on the cafe.
Adr. What is he aressed? tell me at whose suite?
S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is aressed well;
but in a suite of buffe which resteth him, that can I tell,
will you send him Miftris redemption, the monie
in his deke.
Adr. Go fetch it Sifer: this I wonder at.
Exit Lucina.

Thus he unkowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he aressed on a band?
S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adr. What, the chaine?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell, this time that I were gone:
It was two eare I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I never here
S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meece a Serjeant, a turnes
backe for verie feare.
Adr. As if time were in debt: how fondly doft thou reason?
S. Dro. Time is a verie bankrour, and owes more then
he's worth to feaon.
Nay, he's a theepe too: ihaue you not heard men say,
That time comes flealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and chefd, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houfe in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go Dromio, there's the monie, beare it straigt,
And bring thy Master home immediately.
Come sifter, I am prite downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comforts and my iniuste.

Enter Antipholus Strasunia.

There's not a man I meete but doth falute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some monie me;
Some other give me thankes for kindnesse;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And how'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And Ipland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Drimus Sr.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what
have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?
Adr. What gold is this? What Adam do'th thou meanes?
S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but
that Adam that keeps the princes; hee that goes in the
calures-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall; hee
that came behinde you fir, like an euill angel, and bid you
fake your liberie.
Adr. I understand thee not,
S. Dro. Not why'tis a plaine cafe: he that went like a
Bafe-Viole in a cafe of leather; the man fir, when
gentlemen are tURED gives them a bob, and resteth them
he fir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and gives them
futes of durance: he that fets vp his reft to doe more ex-
ploits with his Mace, then a Moits Pike.
Adr. What rou thing's itt an offfen?
S. Dro. Sir, I fir, the Serjeant of the Bande: he brings
any man to answer it that breaks his Band: one that
thinkes a man alaways going to bed, and faires, God giue
you good reft.
Adr. Well fir, there reft in your fooleerie:
Is there any flips puts forth to night: may we be gone?
S. Dro. Why fir, I brought you word an houre since,
that the Britke Expedition put forth to night, and then
were you hindered by the Serjeant to tarry for the Hey
Delay: Here are the angels that you fear for to deliver you.
Adr. The fellow is diuerted, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blest power deliver vs from hence.

Enter a Ceremon.

Cur. Well mer, well mer, Master Antipholus: I
see fy you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to day,
Adr. Satan auide, I charge thee tempt not me.
S. Dro. Master, is this Miftris Sathan?
Adr. It is the diuell.
S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench,
and thereof comes, that the wenches say God damme, That's
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-
ten, they appeate to men like angels of light, light is an
effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will
burne, come not neere her.
Cur. Your man and you are marualous metrice fir.
Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here.
S. Dro. Master, if do expet fpoon-messe, or belleake
a long fponge.
Adr. Why Dromio?
S. Dro. Master he must have a long fponge that must
eat with the diuell.

Adr. Avert therefore, what felv't thou me of fpon-
Thou art, as you are all a forfcreefe: (ping)
I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.
Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Dinner, the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone fit, and not trouble you.
S. Dro. Some duels sate but the parings of ones naile,
Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a letter.

Ant. Fear me not man, I will not breake away.
Hee give thee e re I leaue thee for mu ch mo ney
To warrant thee as I am refted for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Meffenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesia,
I tell you I will found hartily in her ca res.

Enter Dromio Ephes. with a rope end.
Here comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir! Haue you that I sent you for?
E. Dres. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Ant. But where's the monie?
E. Dres. Why sir, I gueue the monie for the Rope.
Ant. Five hundred Ducksells villain, for a rope?
E. Dres. He feue you for five hundred at the rate.
Ant. To what end did I bid thee tie the home?
E. Dres. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I return'd.
Ant. And to that end fir, I will welcome you.
Off. Good fir be patient.
E. Dres. Nay'is for me to be patient, I am in adue-
Rest.
Off. Good now hold thy tongue.
E. Dres. Nay, rather perfwade him to hold his hands.
Ant. I thou whofen confeffe by Villaine.
E. Dres. I would I were fenfeffe fir, that I might not feele yor blowes.
Ant. Thou art fenfele in nothing but blowes, and so is an Affe.
E. Dres. I am an Affe indeede, you may pronoue it by my long eares.
I have fetoned him from the house of my Na tivious to this inn, and haue nothing at his hands for my service but blowes.
When I am cold, he heares me with beast: When I am warme, he cooles me with beast: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I fin, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcome'd home with it when I returne, my
The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and laide in some darke roomes.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day, And why dost thou deny the bagge of gold?

Aed. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Drm. And gentle Mr. I receiued no gold:
But I confesse ftr, that we were lock'd out.

Off. Difemblyngr Villain, thou speakest falsely in both 
Art. Difemblyngr harlot, thou art faile in all, And art confedrate with a damned packe,
To make a loss at home abfurdlye of me;
But with these nails, Ie plucke out thefae eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to bindes him: Men prison.

Aed. Oh bindes him, bindes him, let him not come neere me.

Pinech. More company, the feaft is strong within him

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Art. What wil you murther me, thou tailor thou?

I am thy prifoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a refcure?

Off. Matters let him go: he is my prifoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinech. Go binde this man, for he is franckie too.

Art. What wilt thou do, thou peerles Officer?

Hast thou delight to fee a wretched man
Do ouragge and dísplesse to himself?

Off. He is my prifoner, if I let him go,
The deade he owes will be requir'd of me.

Aed. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the deade grows I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe conney
Home to my houfe, oh most unhappy day.

Art. Oh most unhappie frunmer.

Dru. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.

Art. Out of thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?

Dr. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
Master, cry the dunell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idelye doe they talke.

Aed. Go beare him hence, fitter go you with me:
Say now, whole fuite is he arellated at?


Off. One a Angelus Goldsmith, do you know him?

Aed. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Aed. Say, how grows it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Aed. He did beare a Chaine for me, but had it not.

Cnr. When as your husband all in rage to day.

Came to my houfe, and toke away my Ring,
The Ring I have vpon his finger now,

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Aed. It may be so, but I did not see it.
Comes tailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereat at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracusae with his Rapier dramme, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Aed. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs.

Exeunt annes, as falke as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I fee thefe Witches are afraid of wands.

S. Docs. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence:

I long that we were safe and found aboord.

Dru. Faith flay here this night, they will surely do vs no harme; you saw they speake vs faire, give vs gold:
I meene they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad fith that claims marriage of me, I could finde in my heart to flay here still, and tune Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindered you,
But I proteste he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestely he doth deny it.

Mar. How is the man ezem'd here in the Cite?

Gold. Of very reverent reputation fir.
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues here in the Cite:
His word might beare my wealth any time.

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that felie chaine about his necke,
Which he forwore most monstrously to have.

Good fir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, to do denie
This Chaine, which now you were to openly.

Beside the charge, the fame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for stayng on our Controuersie,
Had hoifted sale, and put to fen to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Art. I think I had, I neuer did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did fir, and forwore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowest did hear thee:
On thee wretch, 'tis pity that thou liest not
To walke where any honest men reftor.

Art. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proste mine honor, and mine honifie
Against thee presently, if thou darst stand:

Mar. I dare and do deffe thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriane, Lucinae, Creditor, & others.

Aed. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his fword away:
Bindes Dromio too, and bear him to my house.

S. Docs. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a houfe,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are tipoll'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter.
Enter Lady Abbess.

_Ab._ Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither? 

_Ade._ To fetch my poore distraught husband hence, 

_Lad._ Ah was come in, that may bind him fast, 

And bear him home for his recovery. 

_Gold._ I knew he was not in his perfect wits. 

_Mar._ I am sorry now that I did draw him here. 

_Ab._ How long hath this poxion held the man, 

_Ade._ This weke he hath beene heaste, lowest fad, 

And much different from the man he was: 

But till this afternoone his passion 

Ne'ere brake into extremity of rage. 

_Ab._ Hath he not loch much wealth by wrack of seas, 

Buried some deere friend, bat not else his eye 

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love, 

A faire prevaileth much in young men, 

Who glose their elees the liberty of gazeng, 

Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too? 

_Ade._ To none of these, except it be the last, 

Namely, some love that drew him ois from home. 

_Ade._ You should see that have reprehended him, 

_Ab._ Why go I bid. 

_Ab._ I but not rough enough, 

_Ade._ As roughly as my modelle would let me. 

_Ab._ Happily in prastue. 

_Ade._ And in affemblies too. 

_Ab._ I, but not enough. 

_Ade._ It was the copie of our Conference. 

_In bed he slept not for my vrging it, 

At board he fed not for my vrging it: 

Alone, it was the subiect of my Theme: 

In company I often glanced it: 

Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad. 

_Ab._ And thereof came it, that the man was mad. 

The venomous alloners of a jealous woman, 

Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth. 

It forme his fleapes were hindred by thy railing, 

And thereof comes it that his head is light. 

Thou fault his meanes was faire'd with thy vpbraiding, 

Vapquet meales make ill digestions, 

Thereof the ragging fire of feuer bred, 

And what's a Feuer, but a fit of madneffe? 

Thou taykest his spors were hindred by tiny brallets. 

Sweet recreacions barr'd, what doth enufe 

But moodie and dull melancholy. 

Kinfman to grim and comfortlesse dispair, 

And at her heeles a huge infecious troope 

Of pale diemtemperatures and foes to life? 

In food, in sport, and life-prefering ref. 

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beft? 

The consequence is then, thy ieaus hit 

Hast fear'd thy husband from the vie of wits. 

_Lad._ She never reprehended him but mildly, 

When he deman'd him selfe, rough, rude, and wildly, 

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not? 

_Ade._ She did hert ye to me of her owne repose, 

Good people enter, and lay hold on him. 

_Ab._ No, nor a creature enters in my house. 

_Ade._ Then let your freantes bring my husband forth 

_Ab._ Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary, 

And it shall pinitude thee from your hands, 

Till I have brought him to his wits againe, 

Or loose my labour in assaying it. 

_Ade._ I will attend my husband, be his nurse.
The Comedie of Errors.

Therefore most graciously Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpes.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princess word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go fane of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeffe come to me:
I will determine this before I sitte.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Miftris, Miftris, shite and issue your felfe,
My Master and his man are both broke looke,
Beaten the Maid's a row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose head they have fwind'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great piles of puddled myte to quench the haire;
My M' preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers niches him like a foole:
And sure (welfy you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniiurer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his men are here,
And that is false thou doft report to vs,
Meff. Miftris, upon my life I tel you true,
I haue not bread't almost since I did fee it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To fcorch your face, and to disfigure you:
Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Miftris: flie, be gone.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: winneffe you,
That he is borne about infufible,
Even now we hou'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E.Dreamio of Ephesius.

(Effie,
E.Ant. Juffice most gracious Duke, oh grant me in
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When befraid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepre scares to fave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loft for thee, now grant me Juffice.

Mar. fat. Vnfeffe the fete of death doth make me
dore, I fee my fonne Antipholus and Dromio.
E.Ant. Juffice(fweet Prince) againft I Woman there.
She whom thou gau't to me to be my wife;
That hath abufed and defشورoned me,
Even in the strength and height of iurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That this day hath flame nelle throwne on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou fhalt finde me iuft.
E.Ant. This day (great Duke) the flire doore
vpon me,
While the with Harlotts feasted in my house.

Duke. A greevous fault: fay woman, didft thou fay so?
Adr. No my good Lord. My felfe, he, and my fitter,
To day did dine together: fo behalf my foule,
As this is falle he curchens me withall.
Luc. Here may I lookke on day, nor fleep on night,
But the tels to your Highneffe fimple truth.
Gold. O perui'd woman! They are both foworne,
In this the Madman unlawfully chargeth them.
E.Ant. My Life, I am aduised what I fay,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Winc,
Nor head-rall prouok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiler mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could winneffe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promiffing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Bathofar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to feke him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perui'd Goldsmith feare me downe,
That this day of his receiued the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I faw not. For the which,
He did arrefte me with an Officer.

I did obey, and fent my Pelant home
For certaine Duckets he with none return'd
Then fairely I brefpake the Officer
To go in perfon with me to my house.
Bythway, we met my wife, her fitter, and a rabble more.
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one Pitch, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomy, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare fugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy hollow-eyed -frarpe-looking-wretch;
A living dead man. This pernecious flue,
Foordoe tooke on him as a Conijurer:
And gazeing in mine eyes, feeling my pule,
And with no-face (as twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poffed. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and daffiff vault at home.
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gunt my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beleefh
To give me ample satisfacion
For thefe deepie flames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, far I winneffe with him:
That he dind not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he fuch a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be foworne these cares of mine,
Heard you confefle you had the Chaine of him,
After you fift foioe it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my fword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E.Ant. I never came with in thishe Abbey walls,
Nor euer didf I houdraw thy fword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, fo helpe me heauen:
And this is falle you burrenthe me withall.

Duke. Why what an iuricacie impeach is this?
I thinke you all hau'e drunken of Caree cup:
If heere you hou'd him, heere he would bin,
If he were mad, he would not pleafe so coldly:
You fay he din'd at home, the Goldsmith fheres
Denies that faying, Strata, what fay you?

E. Div. Sir he din'd with her there: at the Porpentine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch that Ring.

E.Ant. This true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ft thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Cur. As fure (my Liege) as I do fee your Grace.

Duke. Why this is a strange: Go call the Abbeffe his thers.
I thinke you are all mated, or blake mad.

Exit
Exit me to the Abbess.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me a speak a word: Haply I see a friend will ease my life, And pay the fain that may deliver me. 


Fab. Is not your name Sir Call'd Antipholus? 

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman, 
But he chanke him down'd in two my cords, 
Now am I Dromio, and his man, vnbound. 

Fab. I am sure you both of you remember me, 
Dre. Our felues we do remember you by you: For lately we were bound as you are now. 

Yo. Are not Pincher patient, are you sir? 

Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well. 

E. Ant. Neuer saw you in my life till now. 
Fa. O! O! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last, And carefull houses with times deformed hand, Have written strange defeatures in my face: But tell me yet, doe thou not know my voice? 

Ant. Neither. 

Fat. Dromio, not thou? 

Dro. No trut I see to, nor I. 

Fa. I am sure thou dost? 

E. Dromio. I see, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleive him. 

Fat. Not know my voice, oh times e trentity 

Hast thou so crack’d and splited my poor tongue 
In feuen fhort yeares, that heere my onely sonne 
Knowes not my feeble key of vrtnur’r care? 
Though now this grained face of mine behide 
In fignifying Winters disbled snow, 
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp; Yet hath my night of life some memoire: 
My wafting lamps some fading glimmer left; 
My dull deafe ears a little vie to heare: 
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre. 

Tell me, thou art my sonne Antipholus. 

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life. 

Fa. But feuen yeares since, in Srracufa boy. 

Thou knowest we parted, but perhaps my sonne 
Thou shouldest to acknowledge me in miferie. 

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City, 
Can witnesse with me that it is not so. 

I ne’t saw Siracufa in my life. 

Duke. I tell thee Siracufian, twentie yeares 
Have I bin Patron to Antipholus, 
During which time, heere I saw Siracufa; 
I fee thy age and dangers make thee dote. 

Enter the Abbess with Antipholus Siracufa, 
and Dromio Sir. 

Abbess. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong’d; 
All gather to feethem. 

Abr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me. 

Dre. One of thefe men is geniun to the other: 
And fo of thefe, which is the natural man, 
And which thespirit? Who decipher them? 

S. Dromio. Sir am Dromio, command him away. 

E. Dro. Sir am Dromio, pray let me flay. 

S. Ant. Egeon at thou not or else his ghost. 

S. Dromio. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him here? 

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will loose his bonds, 
And gain a husband by his libertie: 
Speake olde Egeon, if thou be’eft the man 
That hadst a wife once call’d Aemilia, 
That bore thee at a barthen two faire fonnen? 
Oh if thou be’eft the fame Egeon, speake: 
And speake into the fame Aemilia. 

Duke. Why here beginnes his Morning floridight: 
These two Antipholus, these two fo like, 
And these two Dromio’s, one in felimetes: 
Besides her virgin of her wracke at sea, 
These are the parents to those children, 
Which accidentally are met together. 

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art Aemilia, 
If thou art fl, tell me, where is that fonne 
That floated with thee on the farall raffe. 

Abb. By men of Epidamnium, he, and I, 
And the twin Dromio, all were taken vp; 
But by and by, rude Fishermens of Corinth 
By force tooke Dromio, and my fonne from them, 
And me they left with those of Epidamnium, 
What then became of them, I cannot tell: 
I, to this fortune that you feee me in. 

Duke. Antipholus thou can’st not from Corinthus 

S. Ant. No. not yet I, I came from Stracufa. 

Dro. Stay, and apart, I know not which is which. 

E. Ant. I came from Corinthe my most glorious Lord 

Dre. And I wish it. 

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warrour, 
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned Vnckle. 

Abr. Which of you two did dine with me to day? 

S. Ant. I, gentle Mithris. 

Abr. And are not you my husband? 

E. Ant. No, I say not to that. 

S. Ant. And do I yet, did the call me so? 

And this faire Gentlewoman her fitter heere 
Did call me brother. What I told you then, 
I hope I shall haue leasure to make good, 
If this be not a dreame I feee and heare. 

Gildsmith. That is the Chaine fir, which you had of mee. 

S. Ant. I thinke it be fir, I denie it not. 

E. Ant. And you fir for this Chaine arrested me. 

Gold. I thinke I did fir, I deny it not. 

Abr. I fear you monie fir to be your baile 
By Dromio, but I thinke he brought it not. 

E. Dro. No, none by me. 

S. Ant. This purfe of Duckets I receui’d from you, 
And Dromio my man did bring them me: 
I fee we still did meete each others man, 
And I was tane for him, and he for me, 
And thereupon thefe errors are afre. 

E. Ant. Thefe Duckets pawn I for my father heere. 

Duke. It shal not neede, thy father hath his life. 

Cor. Sir I mutt haue that Diamond from you. 

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere. 

Abr. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains 
To goe with vs into the Abbey heere, 
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes, 
And all that are assembled in this place: 
That by this sympathized one daies error 
Haue fuffer’d wrong. Go, keep ye companie, 

And
And we shall make full satisfaction,
Thirtie three years haue I but gone in trouble
Of you my sones, and till this present house
My beautee but thine are deliver'd:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Gofflings feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goffip at this feast.

Exit omnes. Meet the two Dramio's and
two Brothers.

S.Dre. Must I fetch your stuffe from shipboard?
E.Au. Dramio, what stuffe of mine haft thou imbarke
S. Dre. Your goods that lay at hoff fir in the Centaur.
S.Au. He speakes to me, I am your master Dramio.

Come go with vs, wee'll looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him.
S. Dre. There is a fat friend at your masters hous,
That kicshen'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-sac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gosspipping:
S. Dre. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E. Dre. That's a question, how shall we trie it.
S. Dre. We'll draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou firft.
E. Dre. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

FINIS.
Much ado about Nothing.

A flu primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Imogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a messenger.

Leon. I must in this Letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Meff. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you left in this action?

Meff. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice as felie, when the architector brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Pedro hath borely shewed honor on a yong Florentine, calleth Claudio.

Meff. Much defervd on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indee better better expectation, then you must expext of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vackle heere in Messina, wil be very much glad of it.

Meff. I have alreadie deliverd him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even fo much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bittemifice.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meff. In great mirth.

Leon. A kind of overflow of kindnesse, there are no farseaters, then thosse that are so waflied, how much better is it to weep as joy, then to joy at weeping?

Bessa. I pray you, is Signior Montarone returnd from the wars, or no?

Meff. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for Nece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedict of Padua.

Meff. Ohe's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Bessa. He left vp his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the flights: and my Vackles tooole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolts. I pray you, how many hath hee kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? For indeed, I promis'd to ease all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you take Signior Benedict too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meff. He hath done good service Lady in these wars.

Bessa. You had better vsefull, and he hath holpe to ease it: there's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent flomacke.

Meff. And a good fouldier too Lady.

Bessa. And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meff. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, fight with all honourable victuours.

Bessa. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a fouldier: but for the flushing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (for) mistake my Niecee, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedict, & her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bessa. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our lost confict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enuough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference between himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new fowrebrothe.

Meff. It's possible?

Bessa. Very easily possible: he weares his fayth but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with each block.

Meff. I see (Lady) the Gentlemans is not in your booke.

Bessa. No, and he were, I would burne my fudy. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there now young fquare now, that will make a voyage with him to the dilll?

Meff. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudius.

Bessa. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a distesse: he is sooner caught then the peltry, and the takeu runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudius, if hee haue caught the Benedift, it will cost him a thousand pound es he be cur'd.

Meff. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bessa. Do good friend.

Leon. You are very mad Nece.

Bessa. No, not till a hot January.

Meff. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudius, Benedick, Baltesfer, and John the bussard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid coff, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, forrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may gheffe by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her felle: be happy lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Mefina, as like him as this is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick, no body marks you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdale ! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdale should die, while she hath such meece foode to feede it, as Signior Benedick? Curtefe it feele must conter to Disdale, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is curtefe a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happenesse to women, they would elle have beene troubled with a pettition Suter, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barks at a Crow, than a men sweare he loues me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladiship fill in that minde, fo some Gentleman or other shall faire a predetermine serachete face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worfe, and twete such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and fo good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a ladestricke, I know you ofold.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: Leonato, Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick; my deere friend Leonato, hath invited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, as the least a moneth, and he heartily praises some occasion may delaine vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but prais from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please yt your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt Leonato, Benedick and Claudio

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Ben. I noted her not, but I look out on her.

Claud. Is she a modest yong Ladie?

Ben. Do you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my cuttome, as being a professed tyrant to their face?

Claud. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Ben. Why yfacht me thinks thee's too low for a hie prase, too browne for a faire prase, and too little for a great prase, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were hie other then she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in force, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you buie her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewell ?

Ben. Yes, and a cafe to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowing jacke, to tell vs Copid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Comye, in what ke thy shall aman take you to goe in the song?

Claud. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cofin, and she were not pooffit with a furie, exceeded her as much in beautie, as the flift of Mait doth the laft of December; but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Bened. I would ferce truut my selfe, though I hadsworne the contrarie, is Hero would be my wife.

Ben. If this come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with fupposition? shall I necer see a battcher of three (core againe) goe to fyt, and shou wt needes shurt thy necke into a yoke, wrecare the print of it, and figh away sundays: looke, don Pedro is returned to fecke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the baskart.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato?

Bened. I would your Grace would conflatime to me.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegence.

Bened. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be fceret as a dumbe man, I would have you think f (but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance) he is in loye, With who? now that is yourGrace spar: mark how fche fhew his anfwer is, with Hero, Leonato short daughter.

Claud. If this were fo, two were it vetted.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not fo, nor twas not fo: but indeed, God forbid it should be fo.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwife.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is very well worthie.

Claud. You speake this to fche me, in my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Pedro. And by my two by faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claud. That I louce her, I feele.

Pedro. That the fire is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how fhee should be loued, nor know how fhee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the fakete.

Pedro. Though you haue an obfinate heretique in the de- (pight of Beatrice,

Claud. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bened. That
Much adoe about Nothing.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a rechace wond in my forehead, or hang my bag in an unvisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I doe my selfe the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for which I may goe the finer) I will lye a Batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loose.

Ben. With anger, with ficknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I looke more blood with loose, then I will get againe with drinking, pecke out mine eyes with a Balletters maker penne, and hang mee vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this fault, thou wilt proove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang mee in a bottel like a Cat, & floot at me, and he that hit's one, let him be clapt on the shoul-der, and call Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall tell: In time the Sausage Boll doth bear the yoke.

Benedick. The sausage boll may, but if ever the sensible Benedick beare it, plucke off the bollies hones, and set them in my forehead, and let me be wildeely painted, and in such great letters as they write, here is good horse to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see Benedick the married man.

Claui. If this should ever happen, thou wilt be hooted horse mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiber in Venice, thou wilt quake for this thoroly.

Benedick. Ben. I looko for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours, in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato, commend mee to him, and tell him I will not stay at supper, for in deedee he hath made great preparation.

Benedick. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and 10 commitor mee.

Leonato. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The first of July, Your loving friend, Benedick.

Benedick. Nay mocke not, mocke not the body of your ditione, is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but lightly bafted on neither, ere you ftoat old ends any further, examine your confidence, and 10 I leave you.

Exit. Ben. My Liege, your Highness now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is shinte to teach,teach it but hoo, And how thinke fee how apt it is to learnee
Any hard Lefon that may do thee good.

Benedick. Hath Leonato any fonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childee but Her, she's his onely heere.
Doft thou selle her Claudio?

Claudio. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a fouldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
To drive likeing to the name of loue.
Benedick, I am returned, and that wastes thoughts
Have left their places vacant: in their roomes;
Come throving soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Heres is,
Saying Ulk'd her eie I went to warres.
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Beatrice, Iago, John, Leonato, and John. Beatrice.-Have we not seen thee at supper? Iago.-I know not. Beatrice.-Forsooth then, my good master, it is not me you see. Iago.-What a shame! I know it not. Beatrice.-Yet it is the same Iago we do see. Iago.-I know it not, I know it not. Beatrice.-You know not me? Iago.-I know you not. Beatrice.-O, thou hast a bad mind of me! Iago.-I have a bad mind of thee. Beatrice.-It is my weakness that makes me thus appear: I am a very melancholy disposition.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero, his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinsman.

Leonato.-Was not Count John here at supper? Iago.-I know him not. Beatrice.-How tardy that Gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour or so. Hero.-He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Enter Leonato, and Leonato.-Beatrice.-Here we were an excellent man that were made sult in the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one is too like an image and fables nothing, and the other too like my Ladies' eldest son, e'en more treading. Iago.-Then half signior Benedick tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John melancholy in Signior Benedick's face. Beatrice.-With a good legge, and a good foot vault, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will. Leonato.-By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so thourd of thy tongue. Iago.-In faith there's too curst. Beatrice.-Too curst is more then too curst, I shall leffen Gods fending that way: for it is said, God fends a curst Count John, short hornes, but to a Cow curst he fends none. Leonato.-So, by being too curst, God will fend you no hornc. Iago.-Then, if he send me no husband, for the which bleeding, I am at him upon my knees every morning, and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen. Leonato.-You may light upon a husband that hath no beard. Beatrice.-What should I doe with him? discr his in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman he that hath a beard, is more than a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lefe than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me: and he that is lefe than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take frisence in ear-net of the Berard, and lead his Ape into hell. Leonato.-Well then, goe you into hell. Beatrice.-No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuell mee mee like an old Buckold with horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven Beatrice, get you to heaven, heere's no place for you maidens, so deliver I vp my Ape, and away to S. Peter: for the heavens, her thewes were where the Batchellers set, and there I sue wee as merry as the day is long. Brother.-Well niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father. Beatrice.-Yes faith, it is my cofens due to make curte, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cofin, let him be a barndome fellow, or else make an other curte, and say, father, as it please me. Leonato.-Well niece, I hope to see you one day fitter with a husband. Beatrice.-Not till God make men of some other met-tall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be over-mated with a piece of valiant duct to make account of her life to a clod of waiward martial? no winkle, Ile none: Adams fommes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a finne to match in my kinde. Leonato.-Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe forbid you in that kinde, you know your an-swer. Beatrice.-The fault will be in the mistick curb, if you be not good in time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answere, for heare me Here, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch liggge, a measure, and a cinque paces: the first pulse is hot and USA like a Scotch liggge (and all the rest) I will put the wedding measure (as a measure) full of spite & amencity, and then comes repentence, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave.
Much ado about Nothing.

Leonato. Cosin you apprehend passing frivolously.

Beatrice. I have a good eye to your, I can see a Cheshire by daylight.

Leon. The trueellers are erring brother, make good room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, and Baldefor, or dons John, in a down.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk tostily, and joksely sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk a way.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may so say when I please.

Pedro. And when please you for fo? or Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lord should be like the cale.

Pedro. My will is Philetas roose, within the house is Loue.

Hero. Why then your will should be that when?

Pedro. Speak low if you speak Loue.

Hero. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have manie ill qualities.

Beat. Which is one?

Mar. I lay my prayers slowd.

Beat. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Bened. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my fight when the daunce is done: ansuer Clarke.

Bald. No more words: the Clarke is answered.

Vysula. I know you well enough, you are Signior Antonio.

Antb. A word, I am not.

Vysula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Antb. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Vysula. You could never due him so ill well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up & down, you are he, you are he.

Antb. At a word I am not.

Vysula. Come, come, do you thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? can you not hide it fesse? goe to, mamma, you are he, grace will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who you are?

Beat. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales; well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Beat. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Beat. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Beat. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes latter, a very dull foole, only his gift is, in denising impossible flanders; none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth men and angers them; and then they laugh at him, and bear him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Beat. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee but breake a comparison or two on me, which peraduenture (not makst, or not laugh'd at) brings him into melancholy, and then there's a Partridge wing fauted, for the foole will care no stopp that night, Wemust follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turnings.

Exeunt.

Muffles for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about in the Ladies follow her, and but one willor remains.

Porarch. And that is Claudio, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Cla. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie near my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on Hero, I pray you diffuse him from her, this is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of a man left man in it.

Claudi. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swears his affection.

Beat. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie he: to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

Enter Claudio.

Clau. Yeas, the same.

John. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the Garde land off? About your necke, like an Villers chaine? Or under your arme, like a Lieutenants face? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Clau. With him joy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so they fel Bollowes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue feared you thus?

Clau. I praye you leave me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman,"twas the boy that flote your master, and you not best the poft.

Clau. If it will not be, I leave you.

Ben. A man moore hurt fowle, now will he creep into fedges: But that my Lady Beatrice shoule know me, & not know me: the Princes fool? Hah! it may be I goe vnder that title, because I am merrie: yes but fo I am apto do me felle wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the bafe (though better) disposition of Beatrices, that part's the world into her person, and so gives me out: well, he be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?
Much ado about Nothing.

Benedick. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady
Beatrice. You have put him downe. Lady, you have put
him downe.

Benedick. So I would not he should do me, my Lord;
Beatrice. I should procure the mother of foole : I have brought
Claudio, whom you sent me to feake.

Benedick. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio. Not sad my Lord.

Benedick. How then? Pique

Claudio. Neither, my Lord.

Beatrice. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry,
not well: but ciuill. Count, ciuill as an Orange, and some-
thing of a tedious complexion.

Beatrice. If faith Lady, I think you blazon to be true,
though Ile be foome, if thee be so, his conceit is false:
here Claudio, I have woed in thy name, and faire Troth
is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will
obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give
thee joy.

Leonato. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her
my fortunate: his grace hath made the match, & all grace
say, Amen to it.

Beatrice. Speake Counts, tis your Qu.

Claudio. Silence is the perfectest Herosit of quall, but
I was but little happy if I could day, how much? Lady, as
you are mine, I am yours. I give away my selfe for you,
and doe vpon the exchange.

Beatrice. Speakes cofin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth
with a kiffe, and let not him speakes neither.

Beatrice. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beatrice. Yes my Lord! I thanke it, poore fooe it keepes
on the windy side of Care. My coofin tells him in his case
that he is in my heart.

Clan. And by the doh coofin.

Beatrice. Good Lord for alliance; thus goes every one
to the world but I, and I am fun burn'd, I may sit in a
corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Beatrice. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice. I would rather have one of your fathers getting:
hath your Grace nee a brother like you? your father
got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady.

Beatrice. No, my Lord; vnleafe I might have another for
working-dayes, your Grace is too collie to waste euerie
day: but I befeech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne
to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Beatrice. Your silence most offends me, and to be mer-
ry, beft becomes you, for of question, you were born
in a merry howre.

Beatrice. No sure my Lord, My Mother cried, but then
there was a flaire daunt, and under that I was born co-
fin God give you joy.

Leonato. Nece, will you looke to those things? I told
you of?

Beatrice. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Grace pardons.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her
my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepe, and not
ever sad them: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath
often dreams of voluptises, and wake her selfe with
laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no means, the mocks all her woors
cutt of suit.

Prince. She were an excellent wise for Benedick.

Leonato. O, my Lord, if they were but a weeke
married.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Prin. Come, Claudio, when means you to go to Church?
Cla. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue have all his rites.
Len. Not till Monday, my deare fomme, which is hence a suft feuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer minde.
Prin. Come, you fiske the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shal not goe duly by vs, Will in the interim, undertake one of Hevnile labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of afffection, th'one with th'other, I faine haue a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minifie fuch afffFection as I shall give you direcon.
Len. My Lord, I am for you, though it coll mee ten nights watchings.
Claud. And I my Lord.
Prin. And you to gentle Hero?
Hero. I doe will appoynt my Lord, to helpe my cofin to a good husband.
Prin. And Benedick is not the vnHopefulléft husband that I know: thus farre can I praine him, hee is of a noble straine, of approved vavour, and confirnde himfelfe, I will teach you how to humour your cofin, that hee fhall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helpes, will fo praffe on Benedick, that in defpite of his quicke wit, and his quefte flomacke, hee fhall fall in love with Beatrice: if wee can doe this, Copid is no longer an Archer, his glory fhall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.
Exit. Enter John and Barnach. 

John. It is fo, the Count Claudio fhall marry the daughther of Leonato.
Barnach. Ye my Lord, but I can troffe it.
John. Any barre, any croffe, any impediment, will bee medicinable to me, I am fickle in dilpeleth to him, and whatfoever comes atwaerd his afffection, ranges euently with nine, how can thou croffe this marriage?
Barnach. Not honesly my Lord, but fo curteely, that no difhonesty fhall appear in me.
John. Shew me breafely how.
Barnach. I think you told your Lordshipp a yere since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentle- woman to Hero.
John. I remember.
Barnach. I can at any unfea manus of the night, appoynt her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.
John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?
Barnach. The pooyion of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, feare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose elimation do you mightly hold vp, to a contaminated state, such as one as Hero.
John. What prooufe shall I make of that?
Barnach. Prooufe enough, to misufe the Prince, to vexe Claudio, to vnde Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for any other issue.
John. Onely to defpight them, I will endeavoure any thing.
Barnach. Goe then, finde me a meane howre, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loues me, intend a kind of zeale both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who that thus like to be eoffed with the emblame of a maid, that you haue difcouered that, they will faceleefly beleue this with out trially offer them infinences which fhall beare no leffe likelihood, than to fee mee at her chamber window, heare me call Margarets, Hero; heare Margarets terme me Claudio, and bring them to fee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the mean time, I will do fashion the matter, that Hero fhall be abfent, and there fhall appeare such feeming truths of Heroes dillofity, that louliefe shall be calld affurance, and all the preparation ouerthrown.

John. Grow this to what aduerse iffe it can, I will put it in prafife he cunning in the working this, and I doubt fee is a thoufand ducates.
Barnach. Befoue confuant in the acutation, and my cunning fhall not shame me.

John. I will preuentlie goe leame their day of marriage.

Exit.

Enter Benedick alone.

Bene. Boy. 
Boy. Signior.
Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.
Boy. I am heere already fir.

Exit.

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heare againe. I doe much wonder, that one man feeling how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauious to loue, will after bee hath laught at fuch shameful follies in others, become the argument of his owne forrne, by falling in loue, & such a man is Claudio, I have known when there was no musifke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had bee rather hefe the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would have walke ten mile afoore, to fee a good armorer, and now will he be ten nights awake caring the fashion of a new doubler: he was wont to fpeake plainly, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a fouldier) and now is he cur'd orthography, his words are a very fantaffical bunquet, full fo many strange difhes: may I be fo converted, & fee with thele eyes? I cannot tell, I think not: I will not bee fowerne, but loue may transforme me to an officer, but le me take my ozh on it, till he haue made an ozyfer of me, he shall never make me fuch a fool, one woman is faine, yet I am well: another is wife, yet I am well: another veruous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich fiece fhall be, that's certaine: wife, or Ile none: veruous, or Ile neither cheper her: faire, or Ile never looke on her milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Mufitian, and her bairle fhall be of what colour it pleafe God, hah! the Prince and Monfieur Loue, I willhide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilton.

Prin. Come,shall we hear this musifke?
Claud. Yea my good Lord: how ftille the evening is, as bulle on purpofe to grace harmonie.
Prin. Sere you where Benedick hath hid himfelfe?
Claud. Very well my Lord: the musifke ended, we'll fit the kid-forde with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Balladwar, we'll leare that fong again.
Ballach. O good my Lord,take not so bad a veyer, to flander musifke any more then once.

Prin. It is the winneffe full of excellency,
To slander Musick any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse hill of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee fire, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a woman doth beginne his fault,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet the wooer,
Yet will he sware he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There is not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why there be very crostners that he speaks,
Note notes for sooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine sire, now is his foule rais'd, is it
not strange that theepest guts should hate foules out of
men bodies? well, a horse for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh no more, for let them go,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Counting all your sounds of war,
Into by noy noy.

Sigh no more ditties, sigh no more,
Of damps do dwell and deare,
The friends of men were ever so,
Since summer is but leavy,
Then sigh no more.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill figuer, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a
 sûrt.

Bene. And he been a doge that should have howld
thus, they would hau cang'd him, and I pray God his
bad voyce bode no milchiece, I had as helie hau heard the
night-rauen, some what plague could have come af
ter it.

Prince. Yea marry, doth thow heare Balthasor? I pray
thee get vs some excellent musick for to morrow night
wee hau have it at the Lady Heroes chamber window.

Balth. The beft I can, my Lord. Exit Balthasor.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what
was it you told me to to day, that your Niece Beatrice
was in love with signior Benedick?

Cla, O I, itake on, itake on, the foule fits. I did ne
ther thinke that Lady would have loued any man.

Leon. No not I neither, but most wonderfull, that she
should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all
ourward behauiors seemd enter to abhorre.

Bene. Is it possible? fits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to
think of it, but that she loses him with an inragd affec
tion, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be the doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeitt there was never counter
feit of passion, came so necer the life of passion as she dif
covers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes the?

Claud. Baite the bookke well, this fish will bite,

Leon. What effects my Lord? thee will fit you, you
heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prince. How, how do you pray I amaze me, I would
haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all
sallts of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it had, my Lord, especially
against Benedick.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white
bearded fellow speakes it: insanter cannot fire hide
himselfe in such reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane thine affectation, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath shee made her affectation known to Bene

Leonato. No, and swareas the never will, that's her
torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter faies: shall
I, I faies the, that haue so of encounterd him with scorne,
write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This faies free now where shee is beginning to
write to him, for free I'le be vp twenty tyes a night, and
there will the fit in her stomack, till she haue a write a
sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Claud. Now you talk of a shee of paper, I remember
a pretty left your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when she had wrote it, & was reading it ouer,
the found Benedick and Beatrice between the ficture.

Claud. That.

Leon. O shee the letter into a thousand halfe
space, said at her self, that she should be so immodde to write,
to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him,
saves free, by my owne spirit, for I shall flout him if hee
write to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

Claud. Then downe upon her knees shee falls, weeper,
sobs, besets her heart, tears her hyJay, prays, curtes, O
soft Benedick, God give me patience.

Leon. Shee doth indeed, my daughter faies so, and the
extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is
sometyme apear shee will doe a deare rate rager to her
life, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some
other, if the will not discoure it.

Claud. To what end she would but make a sport of it,
and torment the poore Lady worfe.

Prince. And he should, it were an almes to hang him,
there's an excellent sweet Lady, and out of all infatuation,
she is veruous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wife.

Prince. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wilde one and bloody combating in
so tender a body, we have ten prooves to one, that blood
hath the victory, I am forry for her, as I have not caule,
being her Vade and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage on
me, I would haue daft all other respectes, and made her
half my selfe: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and heare
what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Claud. There thinks surely the will die, for shee shee
will die, if shee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee
make her love knounce, and shee will die if shee woue her,
rather than shee will bare one breath of her accustomed
croftness.

Prince. She doth well, if she she should make tender of her
loue,
Much ado about Nothing.

"Ioue, 'tis very possible he'LL come it, for the man as you know all hath a contemptible spirit.
Cluo. He is a very proper man.
Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.
Cluo. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.
Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.
Leou. And I take him to be valiant.
Prin. As HIdor, I affirme you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he adviseth them with great discretion, or vndertaketh them with a Christian-like faire.
Leou. If hee doe feare God, a must необходимости kepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with faire and trembling.
Prin. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large facts hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see Benedick, and tell him of her love.
Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out without counsell.
Leou. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.
Prin. Well, we shall hear further of it by your daughter, let it be coole the while, I loue Benedike well, and I could wish he would moddily examine himselfe, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.
Leou. My Lord, will you walk'd dinner is ready.
Claud. If he do not doe on her upon this, I will never trufl my expectation.
Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that muft your daughter and her gentlemans carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's doteage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would fsee, which will be merelie a dumb show: let vs send her to call him into dinner.
"Exeunt.
Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was falsely borne, they have the truth of this from Hero, they feeme to gittle the Ladya: it seems her affections have the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I hearowe how I am cenfr'd, they fay I will beare my felfe prouidcly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they fay too, that the will rather die than give any figne of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I muft neuer fowe, happy are they that beare their defections, and can put them to ftringing: they fay the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare the world; and vertuous, fio, I cannot reprooue it, and wife, but for louing me, by my troue it is no addition to her witte, not no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chauce have some oddd quixes and remaines of wite broken on me, because I have rai'd do long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and fentences, and thefe paper bullets of the brains awe a man from the carrie of his humour? No, the world muft be peolewed. When I faid I would die a bachelour, I did not thinke I should live till I were maried, here comes Beatrice: by this day, fhe's a faire Lady, I doe sipe some markes of loue in her.

Beatrice.
Beat. Against my will I am fent to bid you come in to dinner,
Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painfull, I would not have come.
Bene. You take a pleasure then in the message.
Beat. Yeas it was much as you may take upon a knoyn point, and chokoe a daw withall you have no flomacke signior, fare you well.
"Exeunt.
Bene. Ha, against my will I am fent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you took paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easy as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villain, fhe do not love her I am a Jew, I will goo get her picture.

A Lus Tortius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemens, Margaret, and Vefuls.

Here. Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour, There thatl thou finde my Cofin Beatrice, Propping with the Prince and Claudio, Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Vefuls, Walk in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, fhe fayes thou oute-heard it vs, And bid her flie into the pleasant bowers, Where hooy-fuckles spiped by the funne, Forbid the funne to enter: like favourites, Made proued by Princes, that advance their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will fhe hide her, To liffen our purpofe, this is thy office, Beare thee well in it, and leave vs alone.

Mary. He make her come I warrant you prefently.

Hero. Now Vefuls, when beatrice doth come, As we doe trace this alley vp and downe, Our talk muft only be of Benedick,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part, To prife him more then ever man did merit, My talk to thee muft be how Benedick Is fike in loue with Beatrice: of this matter, Is little Capitale crafty arrow made, That only wounds by heare-flynow begin, For looke where Beatrice like a Lapping rune Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vefuls. The pleafant't anglng is to fee the fith Cut with her golden ores the flutte fireame, And greedily douboure the treacherous bafe: So angle we for Beatrice, who even now, Is couched in the wood-bine coueroure, Fear we not your part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we near her that her care loose nothing, Of the fale sweete baze that we lay for it: No truely Vefuls, fhe is too diffidainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Haggards of the rocke.

Vefuls. But are you fure, That Benedick loues Beatrice to intirely?
Hero. So fakes the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.
Vefuls. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madame?
Her. They did inprece me to acquaint her of it, But I perfwaded them, if they lou'd Benedick,
Much ado about Nothing.

To with him wrestle with affections,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Ves. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Devise as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Her. O God of love! I know he doth devise,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart,
Of power'full fluence that of Beatrice:
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it feele so highly, that to her
All manner else seems weake: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
Shee is so feele inducted.

Vesfita. Sure I think she is,
And therefore certainly it was not good
She knew his love, left the make sport at it.

Her. Why you speake true, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, strong, how rares teau'd.
But she would speel him backwards if faire fact,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blake, why Nature drawing of an antick,
Made a sole blow'ntall, a launcell head:
If low, an age very wildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moved with none.
So turns the every man the wrong side out,
And never guies to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplessene and merit purchase.

Ves. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Her. No, nor to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? I'll in feafe.
She would mocke me into saine, O she would laugh me
Out of my false, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedick like crossed fire,
Confume away in fighes, waste in Wardly;
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with ticking.

Ves. Yet tell her of it, whereas what fibre will say.

Her. No, no, rather I will goe to Benedick,
And confaine him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuie some honest flanders,
To raine my cofin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoifon liking.

Vesfita. O does not do your cofin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prou'd to hauze, as to refufe
So rante a Gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Her. He is the only man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare Claudio.

Vesfita. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes forth in report through Italy,
Her. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Vesfita. His excellence did earne it e'e he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Her. Why curie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and hauie thyn counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Vesfita. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue causd her Madame?

Her. He proue fo, then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps.

Exit.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn and foue much? Contempt, farewell, and madlen pride, adieu,
No glorious flues behind the backe of fuch.

Bened. Love, on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If I should love, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To binde our loves vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost disfere, and I
Believe it better then reportingly.

Exit.

Euer Princes, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but play till your marriage be consummate,
and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'vouchsafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a folly in the new glowe of your marriage, as to fewe a childle his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with Benedick for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupids bow string, and the little hang man dare not fnoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.
Leo. So fay I, methinks you are fadder.

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be fad, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Clau. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What figh for the tooth-ach.

Leo. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, every one cannot matter a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau. Yet fay I he is in loue.

Prin. There is no appearance of fanch in him, vnlesse
it be a fanchy that he hath to strange disguifes, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee haue a fancy to this fooleryy, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no noile for a fancy, as you would have to appeare he is.

Clau. If he be not in loue with some vwoman, there is no beleewing old fignes, a bruseth his hat a mornings, Where doth that bole?

Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Claud. No, but the Barbers man hath beeen feen with him, and the old omittance of his checke hath alreadie flut teen tennis balle.

Leo. Indeed he lookes younger than hee did, by the loffe of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Citrus, can you smell him out why thou hast him?

Claud. Thats as much as to say, the swee youth's in loue.

Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was hee vront to vront his face?

Prin. Ye, or to paint him selfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his lefting spirit, which is now crept into a late-thing, and now governed by floups.

Prince.
Much ado about Nothing.

III

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clan. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Clan. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Prin. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bee. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ske, old fig-nier, walk aside with me, I have studied eight or nine wife words to speak to you, which their hobby-hores must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about Beatrice.

Clan. This even fo, Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Beatrices will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John the Ballard.

Baff. My Lord and brother, God faue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baff. If you so please ferud, I would speake with you.

Prin. In private?

Baff. If it please you, yet Count Claude may heare, for what I would speake of concerns him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Baff. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Clan. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Prin. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Baff. You may thinke I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and ay me better at me by this, I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke he holds you well, and in desearneffe of heart) hath holpe to effect your ending marriage: surely fure ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baffard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortend, (for the hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is diisoyll.

Clan. Who Hero?

Baff. Even face, Lowestatt Hero, your Hero, euuty mans Here.

Clan. Disfoyll?

Baff. The word is too good to paint out her wicked-ness, I could fay the were worre, thinke you of a worfe title, and I will fitt her to it: wonder not till further warrant goe but with mee to night, you shall fee her cham-ber window entred, even the night before her weddind day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Clan. May this be so?

Prin. I will not thinke it.

Baff. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will fiew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clan. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I Flame her.

Prin. And as I woorde for thee to obtaine her, I will joyne with thee to disgrace her.

Baff. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnessles, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue fiew it selve.

Prin. O day westwardly turned!
Much ado about Nothing.

Verge. If you hear a child cry in the night you must call the nurse, and bid her hush it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the eve that will not hear her Lambe when it baes, will never anfwer a call when he beates.

Verges. This is very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you confable are to prevent the Princes owne perfon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may flame him.

Verges. Nay burlade I thinke it a cannot.

Dog. Fue flillings to one or with anie man that knows the Statues, he may flame him, marry not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to flay a man against his will.

Verges. Birlade I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weighte chancels, call vp me, keep your fellows confalles, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we have our charge, let vs go sit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Lemerado door, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, aside, be vigilant I defeech you.

Exit. Enter Balthaz and Conrade.

Bar. What Conrade?

Watch. Peace, first not.

Bar. Conrade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bar. Mas and my elbow ickth, I thinke there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bar. Stand thee close then under this penhouse, for it drieffle raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, yeter all to thee.

Watch. Some treas fom masters, yet fand clofe.

Bar. Therfore knowe, I have earned of Don John a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it poffeble that anie villanice should be fo deare?

Bar. Thou shoulft rathe ask if it were poffeble anie villanice should be fo rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder arit.

Bar. That thefes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knoweft that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bar. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bar. True, I may as well say the fooles the fool, but let it thou not what a deformd thee of this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a hat a vile thefe, this vii. years ago vp and downe like a gentle man; I remember his name.

Bar. Did'it thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, I was the vaine on the house.

Bar. Sceft thou not (I say) what a deformd thiefe this fashion is, how gudilly & tunes about all the Hot-

blouds, betweene foure teene & fane & thirtie, sometymes fashioning them like Phanomous fouldiers in the reche painting, sometymes like good Biels prietas in the old Church window, sometymes like the flauan Hawkes in the finrece worke exten tapeftrye, where his cod-pece seems as maffis at his club.

Con. All this I fee, and fee that the fashion wearres out more apperrell then the manbut art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too thosouh half fluted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bar. Not fo neither, but know that I haue to night wood Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leenes me at her misters chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly, I shoulft ftrill fee thee how the Prince Claudius and my Master planted, and placed, and poffefed by my Master Don Ioh, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero.

Bar. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudius, but the diuell my Master knew fie was Margaret partly by his oaths, which ftrill poffelt them, partly by the dark night which did decidue them, but chiefly, by my villani, which did confume any flander that Don Ioh had made, away ven Claudius enraged, swore hee would revenge as he was alamed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation flame her with what he faw o'er night, and fent her home against with a husband.

Watch. I. We charge you in the Princes name stand;

Watch. 2. Call up the right master Confable, wee have here recovered the moft dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, he venere a lacke.

Watch. 2. Masters, masters.

Watch. 1. Youe be made being deformed forth I warrant you,

Con. Masters, never speake, ye charge you, let you o拜e you to goe with vs.

Bar. We are like to proue a goodly commodite, being taken vp of these mens bills.

Con. Ammittance in queffion I warrant you come, weele obey you.

Exit. Enter Hero and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Sir, wake my cofin Beatrice, and de-

fer her to rife.

Ursula. Defire, I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Beatrice. Well.

Hero. Truth I thinke thy other rebato were better.

Ursula. No pray thee good Mioy, I leve care this.

Margaret. By my truth's not fo good, and I warrant your cofin will fay so.

Hero. My cofin's a foole, and thou art another, ie

v rare not this.

Margaret. I like the newe tire vrithe excellently, if the faire vret a thought browne and your gowne's a moft rare fashioned yeath, I faw the Dutchelie of Mollines gowne that they prife fo.

Enter. O that exceedes they fay.

Margaret. By my troth's but a night-gowne in teffpect of yours, cloth a gold and cutis, and faul'd with Luther, let with peartles, downe fleeces, fide fleeces, and skirts, round un-derborn with a blewe with ynfyle, but for a fine quart grace-

ful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.
Much ado about Nothing

Hero. God glie mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heavier loone, by the weight of a man.

Hero. fie upon thee, are not ashamed? 

Marga. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honorable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, fasting your reverence a husband; and bad thinking doe not with true speaking, ilk offend no body, is there any harme in the heuser for a husband? none I think, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise is light and not heavy, ask my Lady Beatrice else, here fine comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet Hero.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Creeps into Light a boye, (that goes without a burden,) how fatting and Hedance it.

Beat. Ye Light alone with your heele, then if your husband hauie stables enough, you'll looke he shall take no nombres.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scornie that with my heele.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke coyn, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceedingly ill, I lie lye.

Mar. For a hauke, a horfe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins all H.

Mar. Well, and you begin not Turke, there's no more sayling by the stresse.

Beat. What means the foule trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God fend every one their harts desire.

Hero. Thes gloues the Count fent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am flaut coyn, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and flaut! there's goodly cathers of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long hauie you profet apprehenion?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth nor my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not feene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this diffildil and sauce benefisius and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a stiffeull.

Beat. Benedictus, why beneficlus? you have some morall in this benefisius.

Mar. Morall! no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plane holy stiffeull, you may thinke perchaunce that I think ye are in loue, my blydeye I am not such a foule to thinke what I lift, nor I lift not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinkeing, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet Benedictick was such another, and now is he become a man, he fowre hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despit of his heart he eates his meate without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a falle gallop.

Enter Virgils.

Virgils. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior Benedick, Don Iohn, and all the gallants of the towe are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dicte mee good coze, good Maeg., good Virgils.

Enter Leonato, and the Confelable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Confel. Dag. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that descynes you nearely.

Leon. Brieue I pray you, for you see it is a buffet time with me.

Confel. Dag. Mary this is in stirr.

Head. Yes in truth it is stirr.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Confel. Dag. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would deifie they were, but infaite honest as the skin betweene his brawes.

Head. Ye thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Confel. Dag. Comparions are odorous, palabral, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Confel. Dag. It pleases your worships to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to beftow it all of your worships.

Leon. All the bedefuouefie on me, sir?

Confel. Dag. Yes, and twere a thousand times more than is, for I hearte as good exclamation on your Worships as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to hear it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say.

Head. Mary sir our watch to night, excepting your worshipes preence, have tune a couple of as arant knowes as any in Meffins.

Confel. Dag. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said yfath neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horfe, one must ride behind, an honest foule yfath sir, by my troth he is as ever broke broke, but God is to bee worshiped, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.


Leon. I must leave you.

Confel. Dag. One word sir, our watch sir have indeed comprehended two spirituous persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Confel. It shall be suffinace. (Exit.

Leon. I thank God, I am not afoare you well.

Meffinger. My Lord, they say for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am not ready.

Dogh. Go to good partner, goe get you to Francis Steward, bid him bring his pen and ink box to the Gaule: we are now to examine theile men.

Verges. And we must doe it willing.

Dogh. Woe will spare for no witte I warrant you: 

K S

here,
Enter Prince, Balard, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Phoebus.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fris. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Cla. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Fris. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Her. I do.

Fris. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoynd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you anie, Hero?

Her. None my Lord.

Fris. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Ben. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Claud. Stand thee by Friar, father, by thy leave, Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid thy daughter?

Leon. As freely some as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Fris. Nothing, vnlees you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me somuch chantlneus:
There Leonato, take her back againe,
Give not this rotten Orange to your friend,
She's but the signe and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid this blusses here!
O what authoritie and drow of truth
Can cunning linen cover itselfe within!
Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not swear
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these extreame flowers? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blusses is guiltineffe, not modestie,
Leonato, What do you meane, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knoye my soule to an approved wanton.

Leon. Decey my Lord, if you in your owne proofes,
Hast you left the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.

('er, Claud. I know what you wold say: if I have knowne
You will fay, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forsooth sinne: No Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his fitter, showed
Bishfull sincerite and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Much ado about Nothing.

Bear. How now, cousin Hermione? I have comfort of you, my lady.

Leont. Doth thou look up? And, my lord, is it some thing you seek? Wherefore? Why dost thou not curry my horse?

Cesy flame upon her? Could she bear to deny the fire that is printed in her blood? Do not liue, Hero, do not ope thine eyes: for did I think thou wouldst not quickly die, I thought thy spirits were stronger then thy flames; my selfe would on the reward of reproaches strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, had I but one? Child I, for that at frugal Natures frame?

O one too much by thee: why had I one? Why ever was't thou loue in my eies? Why had I not with charitable hand Took e vp a beggars life at my gates, Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamous, I might have said, no part of it is mine:

This flame denieth it felie from yonknowne loanes, but mine, and mine I loued, and mine I prais'd, and mine I was proud on mine so much, That I my selfe, was to my felte not mine: Valewinge other, why the fire, O the is false Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe, And falt too little, which may seafon glie To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, for be patient for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.

Beat. On my soule my coyne is belted. Ladi. Were you on her bed fellow last night? Beat. Not truly: not although 'till last night, I have this tonight month on her bed fellow.

Leon. Confound'd, confound'd, O that's stronger made Which was before brass'd vp with ribs of Iron. Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie, Who lound her so, that speaking of her foulenesse, Wasf'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Hear me a little, for I have only bene silent so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by not ing of the Ladie, I have markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions, To rest into her face, a thousand innocent flames, In Angel whiteneatt beare away those bluffs, And in her eies there hath appear'd a fire To burn the errors that these Princes hold Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool, Trust not my reading, nor my observations, Which with experimental lesse doth warrant The tenure of my booke: truth not my age, My reverence, calling, nor diminution, If this forest Ladie ley not guiltifie her, Vnder some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be: Thou feest that all the grace that she hath left, Is, that she will not add to her damnation, A fire of perfury, she not denies it: Why feck't thou then to couer with excus, That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of? Here. They know that do accusme, I know none: If I blame more of any man alive Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant, Let all my sinnes lack mercy. O my Father, Prove you that any man with me concur.
"Much ado about Nothing."

Yet, by mine honor, I will desire in this,
As secretly and slyly, as your foulie
Should with your bodies.

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Enter. Being that I flow in greene,
The smithest twine may lead me.

Beat. Tis well confcured, prefently away,
For to strange fores strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. Exit.

Bent. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept all this while?
Beat. Yes, and I will wepe a whilc longer.
Bent. I will not defire that.
Beat. You haue no reafon, I doe it freely.

Bent. Surelie I do beleue your faire cofin is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man defeare of mee
That would right her!

Bent. Is there any way to fwear such friendship?

Beat. A verie even way, but no fuch friend.

Bent. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bent. I doe looke nothing in the world fo well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
poifible for me to fay, I looke nothing fo well as you, but
beleue mee not, and yet I lie not, I confefs nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am forry for my cousin.

Bent. By my word Beatrice thou fay'st me,
Beat. Does not fwear by it and exije.

Bent. I will swear by it that you looke mee, and I will
make him eat it that fayes I loue you not.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bent. With no fawce that can be deuifed to it, I pro-
tell I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bent. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have flied me in a happy houre, I was a-
about to protell I loued you.

Bent. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with fo much of my heart, that none
is left to protell.

Bened. Come bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bent. Haply for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to dience, farrewell.

Bent. Tannie sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no loue
in you, nay I prays you leue me.

Beat. Beatrice.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Beat. We'll be friends yet.

Beat. You dare eafier be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bent. Is Claudio thine enemie?

Beat. Is not approv'd in the height a villain, that
hath flained, fornac'd, defhonnour'd my kinswoman? O
that I were a man I what, beate her in hand vntil they
come to take hands, and then with publique accufation
uncourc'd flander, unsuccess'd rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bent. Hearce me Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window, a proper
faying.

Bent. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Swete Hero, the is wrong'd, thee is flandered,
thee is vndone.

Beat. Beat?"
Much ado about Nothing.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Confl. Yea by this informe that it is.

Sefton. What shall we doe?

Watch. And that Count Claudio did meane upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assemblie, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villain thou wilt be condemn'd into everlafting redemption for this.

Sefton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sefton. And this is more matter then you can deny, Prince John is this morning secretly flown away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refuse'd, and upon the grieffe of this fadlynie died: Master Conflable, let thefe men be bound, and brought to Leonato, I will goe before, and shew them his examination.

Confl. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sen. Let them be in the hands of Cazzome.

Kemp. Gods my life, where's the Sefton? let him write downe the Princes Officer Cazzome: come, binde them thou naughtie varlet.

Cowley. Away, you are an affe, you are an affe.

Kemp. Doth not thou suspect my place? doth thou not suspect my yeeres? O that bee were here to write mee downe an affe: but masters, remember that I am an affe: thought it be not written downe, yet forget not I am an affe.

No thou villain, ye art full of pietie as shall be proudd by thee with good wifdom; I am a wife fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houfholder, and which is more, as prettie a piece of flesh as any in Melitia, and one that knows the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loffes, and one that hath two gownes, and every thing hand.

Some about him: bring him away. O that I had been writ downe an affe! Exi.

A Thuc Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus you will kill your selve.

Thee not wise enough to second grieffe, against your selve.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counfaile, Which falls into mine ears as profiteffe, As water in a flue: glue not me counfaile, Nor let no comfort delight mine ear, But such a one whole wrongs doth flue with mine. Bring me a father that so loud his childe, Whole joy of her is over-whelmed like mine, And bid him speake of patience, Measure his woe the length and breth of mine, And let it answer every straine for straine, Asthus for thus, and such a grieffe for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and forme: If such a one will smite and stroke his beard, And sorrow, waggie, criie hem, when he should grone, Patch grieffe with prosperbs, make misfortune drunke, With candle-writer: bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man. for brother, men Can counfaile, and speake comfort to that grieffe, Which they themselves not feel, but saffing it, Their counfaile tunes to passion, which before, Would giue pretecepal medicine to rage, Fetter strong madneffe in a fliken shad, Charme ahee with ayre, and agony with words. No no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience.

To those that wriking under the load of sorrow:

But no mans vertue nor suficience.

To be fo morall, when he shall endure

The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counfaile,

My grieves cry lowerd then adornishment.

Broth. Therin do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud, For there was never yet Philosophers,

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,

How euer they hauie write the file of gods,

And made a paff in chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selve,

Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speakest right reason, may I will doe so,

My soule doth tell me, I hers is belied,

And that shal Claudio know. So shal the Prince,

And all of them that thou difhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Claudio. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear ye my Lords?

Prin. We have some haste Leonato.

Leo. Some haste my Lordswell, fay you well my Lord, Are you so harshly now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.

Broth. If he could rite him selfe with quarrelling,

Some of vs would lie low.

Claudio. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry 'tis not wronged me, thou distemblar, thou

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I feare thee not.

Claudio. Marry bestraw my hand,

If it should giue thy age fuch caule of fear,

Infaith my hand meant nothing to thy sword.

Leonato. Tulf, tulf, man, never fieere and jeft at me,

I speake not like a dotard, nor a soole,

As vnder priviledge of age to bragge,

What I have done being young, or what would doe,

Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,

Thou haft so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,

And with grey haires and bruffle of many daies,

Doe challenge thee to trial of a man,

I say thou haft belied mine innocent childe,

Thy flander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she is buried with her ancestres.

O in a rombe where never fcamall flep,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villain.

Claudio. My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudio, thinke I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

He prowe on it on his body if he dare.

Delight his nice fenne, and his active prattife,

His Mayne of youth, and bloom of lustuhood.

Claudio. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Cant thou so daffle me, thou haft kill my child,

If thou kill me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Broth. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,

But that's no matter, let him kill one first.
Win me and weare me, let him anfwere me.
Come follow me boy, come fit boy, come follow me.
Sir boy, why have you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Ben. Brother.

Broth. Content your felf, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And fhe is dead, flander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anfwer a man indeede,
As I do take a fervent by the tongue.

Boy: Espres, braggers, Packes, milke-fops.

Ben. Brother Anthony.

Broth. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the vinoft fcruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fomation-monging boys,
That by, and cog, and flour, deprave, and flander,
Goe antiquely, and how outward hideousife, and
Speak of falle a dozen dagors words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durf.
And this is all.

Ben. But brother Anthony.

Anm. Come, as I no manner,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not take your patience
My heart is ferr for your daughters death:
But on my honour the was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofes.

Leem. My Lord, my Lord.

Pri. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedick.

Lee. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Extcto ambo.

Broth. And fhall, or fome of vs will fmar for it.

Pri. See, see, here comes the man we went to fcoke.

Clan. Now fignior, what news?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Pri. Welcome fignior, you are already come to part
Almost a fraw.

Clan. Wee had like to have had our two fones snap
off with two old men without teeth.

Pri. Leonato and his brother, what think'ft thou had wee fought, I doubt we shou'd have beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a fable quarrell there is no true valour, I came to fecke you both.

Clan. We have beeen vp and downe to fecke thee, for we are high profts melancholey, and would faine have it beatiwhet away, with thou fye thy wis.

Ben. It is in my fapped, fhall I draw it?

Pri. Dofc thou weare thy wit by thy fide?

Clan. Neuer any did fo, though very many have beene befide their wis, I will bid thee draw, as we do the minds, draw to pleafe vs.

Ben. As I am an honeft men he looks pale, art thou fiche, or angiue?

Clan. What, courage man: what though care kill'd a cat, thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sit, I fhall ride thy wit in the careere, and you charge it againft me, I pray you chufte another fubjeft.

Clan. Nay then give him another faffce, this left was broke croffe.

Ben. By this light, he changes more and more, and I think he be angiure indeede.

Clan. Ifhe be, he knows how to turne his girdle

Ben. Shall I fpeake a word in your eare?

Clan. God bleffe me from a chalenge.

Ben. You are a villain, I left not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will protect your cowardife: you have kill'd a fweete Ladie, and her death shall fail becaufe on you, you let me heare from you.

Clan. Well, I will meete you, fo I may have good cheare.

Pri. What, a feaft, a feaft?

Clan. I fay thanke him, he hath bid me to a cales head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most curiously, fay my knife's naugh, fhall I not finde a wood-cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eafily.

Pri. He tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day, I faid thou hadft a fine wit, and fakes fhe, a fine little one: no faid I, a great wit: right fakes fhe, a great groffe one: nay faid I, a good wit: iuft faid the; it hurts no body: nay faid I, the gentleman is wife: certain faid the, a wife gentleman: nay faid I, he hath the tongues: that I beleue faid fhe, (for fhe faw a thing me to me on munday night, which he for wrore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did thee an bowre together tranf-ffrape thy particular veruues, yet at fhe the conclufed with a figh, thou waft the proprell man in Italie.

Clan. For the which, I do not weare it, and faid thee car'd not.

Pri. Yea what fhe did, but yet for all that, and if fhe did not hate him dreadly, they should love dearly; the old men dought told vs all.

Clan. All, all, and moreover, God faw him when he was hid in the garden.

Pri. But when fhall we fet the fauage Bulls hornes on the lemible Benedick head?

Clan. Yea and text vnderneath, here dwells Benedick the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my mind, I will leave you now to your godfeep-like humour, you breakes ifts as braggers do their blades, which God be thank'd hurt not my Lord, for your manie courtefies I thank you, I must difcontinue your companie, your brother the Baffard is fled from Matfima: you have among you, kill a fweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Encrebeard there, he and I fhall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Pri. He is in earneft.

Clan. In moft profound earneft, and I warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Pri. And hath challeg'd thee.

Clan. Molf sincerely.

Pri. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hate, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Claffable, Coward, and Bercelin.

Clan. He is then a Giant to an Age, but then an Age a Doctor to such a man.

Pri. But foff you, let me be, fpackle up my heart, and be fat, did he not fay my brother was fled?

Clan. Came you fir, if juftice cannotカー you, fhe fhall not weare more reaons in her baliance, nay, and you be a cufing hypocrite once, you must be looke to.

Pri. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Barclin one.

Clan. Harke after their offence my Lord.

Pri. Officers, what offence have the men done?

Con. Marrie
Much ado about Nothing.

I would bend yonder stately height,
That heele enlonly me to.
Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible, but I praise you both,
Poffef the people in Mftris here,
How innocent the dead, and if your love
Can labour aught in fad Inuention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And fing it to her bones, fing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And fince you could not be my fonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoft the coupl of my childes that's dead,
And the alone is here to both of vs,
Gue her the right you should have glin her coind,
And to dies my reencge.
Clau. O noble Sir,
Your oruerkindneffe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and diipofe
For henceforth of poore Claudius.
Leon. To morrow then I will exceprt your comming,
To night I take my leave, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.
Bar. No by my foule fie was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But alwaies hath ben infult and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.
Conf. Moreover Sir, which indeed is not vnder white
And black, this plaintytse here, the offendour did call mee
affe, I befellce you let it be remembered in his punishment,
And alfo the watch had time talke of one Difformd,
they say he weares a keyn in his ear and a lock hanging
by it, and bowres monie in Gods name, the which
he hath had long, and never paied,that now men grow
hard-hardted and will lend nothing for Gods fake: praye
you examine him upon that point.
Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honell paines.
Conf. Your vwrórship speakes like a moft thankfull and
relevend youth, and I praise God for you.
Leon. There's for thy paines.
Conf. God faue the foundation.
Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I
thank thee.
Conf. I leave an arrant knave with your vwrórship,
which I bencech your vwrórship to correct your felle,
for the example of others: God keepes your v)$_w_
I with your vwrórship vwell, God refere you to health,
I humble you leave to depart, and if a meect
meeting may be wifht, God prohibite it: come
neighbour.
Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewelle.
Exeunt.
Brat. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow.
Leon. We will not faie.
Conf. To nighte ride monse with Her.
Leon. Bring you these fellows on, weel talke with
Margaret, how her acountenance grew with this lewd
fellow.
Exeunt.
Enter Benedict and Margaret.
Ben. Praise thee sweete Miftris Margaret, defence
vwell at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of dra-
ttrice.
Mar. Will
Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Beat. In so high a fife Margaret, that no man living shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deter-

Mar. To have no man come ouer me, why, shall I al-

Beat. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it cas.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which his, but hurt not.

Beat. A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I gieue thee the bucklet.

Mar. Gieue vs the swords, wee have bucklets of our own.

Beat. If you vs them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thynke hathlegges.

Exit Margaret.

Beat. And therefor will come. The God of love that fits about, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitif-

Mar. I meanes in finge, but in louing, I can-

Beat. The good fwermer, Trillous the first imploier of parden, and a whole booke full of these quondam car-

Mar. There is none, nor yet seen (mocky in the e.

Beat. In rode of a blanke verfe, why they were never so true-

Mar. Thou canst shew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Lady but baby, an innocent rime: for feene,

Beat. Home, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babbling time: vere oминous endengs, no, I was not borne under a ri-

Mar. Thou hast beare us to Mr. Plancet, for I cannot nooce in fettifull tramees: Enter Beatrice.

Sweete Beatrice wouldst thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yes Signior, and depart when you bld me.

Beat. Of stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken I fare you well now, and yet ere

Beat. Let me goe with that I came, which is, with know-

Beat. One fyble wordes, and thereupon I will kiffe thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefor

Beat. Thou halfe dropt the wordes out of his right fience, so forible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, Clandis under goest my challenge, and either I must shortly

Beat. For them all together, which maintaing I do politique a flate of effuell, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintaing I do politique a flate of effuell, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts didst thou first love me for?

Beat. Suffer loue a good epithete, I do suffer loue in de-

Beat. In sight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you frighe it for my sake, I will frighe it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Beat. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceab-

Beat. No. It appeares not in this confession, there is not one wife man among twentie that will praise himselle.

Beat. An old, an old infame Beatrice, that liued in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not reft in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, he shall lie no longer in monuments, then the Beltring, the Widow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thynke you?

Beat. Question, why an hower in cloumour and a quar-

Beat. Thee, and the expediens of the wife, if Don worne (his confience) finde no impediment to the connivance, to be the trumper of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse it proue worthie, and now tell me, how doth you confine?

Beat. Verie ill.

Beat. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.
Much ado about Nothing.

Then this for whom we rendred vp this we.  
Exit Lu.  
Frier. Did not I tell you she was innocent?  
Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus’d her.  
Vpon the word that you heard debated:  
But Marg. was in some fault for this,  
Although against her will as it appears,  
In the true course of all the question.  
Oft. Well, I am glad that all things forsoo well,  
Benn. And to am, being off by faith enforc’d  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.  
Leo. Why, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,  
Withdraw into a chamber by your fathers,  
And when I send for you, come hither mask’d:  
The Prince and Claudio promis’d by this howe  
To visit me, you know your office Brother,  
You must be father to your brothers daughter,  
And give her to young Claudio.  
Exeunt Ladies.  
Old. Which I will do with confirm’d countenance.  
Ben. Frier. I must intereat your paisnes, I think,  
Frier. To do what Signior?  
Benn. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:  
Signior Lestat. truth it is good Signior,  
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauer.  
Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, ’tis moft true.  
Benn. And I do with an eye of loue require it.  
Leo. The fight whereof I think you had from me,  
From Claudias and the Prince, but what’s your will?  
Benn. Your answer is Enigmatical,  
But for my will, my will is, your good will  
May fland with ours, this day to be conioyn’d,  
In the state of honourable marriage,  
In which (good Frier) shall define your helpe.  
Leo. My heart is with your liking.  
Frier. And my help.  
Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.  
Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.  
Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:  
We heere attend you, you are yet determi’ed,  
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?  
Cluad. I hold my minde were fie an Ethiope.  
Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.  
Prin. Good morrow Benedick, why is this the matter?  
That you have fuch a Fecund face,  
So full of hairs, of hone, and cloudiness.  
Cluad. I think he thinkes upon the favage bull:  
Tush, feare not man, we’ll rip thy hornes with gold,  
And all Europa shall reioycce at thee,  
As once Europa did at lusty Loue,  
When he would play the noble beeit in loue.  
Ben. Bull Loue ftr, had an amiable low,  
And some fuch strange bull kept his fathers Cow  
A got a Calfe in that fame noble feat,  
Much like to you, for you haue ift his bleed.  
Enter brother Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrjold.  
Cluad. For this I owe you here comes other rekkin’s.  
Which is the Lady I must feize upon?  
Leo. This farte is fie, and I doe give you her.  
Cluad. Why then she’s mine, sweet let me fee your face.  
Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand,  
Ben. That my Frier, and I warrbe to marry her.  
Cluad. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,  
I am your husband if you like of me.  
Hero. And when I liu’d I was your other wife,  
And when you loud, you were my other husband  
Cluad. Another Hero?  
Cluad. Are you not, Signior?  
One Hero died, but I doe live  
And surely as I live, I am a maid.  
Prin. The former Hero, Hero that is dead.  
Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander’d,  
Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,  
When after that the holy rites are ended,  
Ie tell you largely of faire Heres death:  
Mene time let wonder feme familiar,  
And to the chappel let us presently,  
Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?  
Beate. I answer to that name, what is your will?  
Ben. Do not you love me?  
Beate. Why no, no more then reason.  
Ben. Why then your Vnclc, and the Prince, & Claudiu,  
have beene deceyued, they wore you did.  
Beate. Does not you love mee?  
Ben. Troth no, no more then reason.  
Beate. Why then my Coftn Margaret and Vrjold  
Are much deceyued, for they did swear you did.  
Ben. They swore you were almof t forke for me.  
Beate. They swore you were wel-aye dead for me.  
Ben. Thou no matter, then you do not love me?  
Beate. No truly, but in friendly recompence.  
Leon. Come Cofi, I am sure you love the gendema.  
Cluad. And Ile be sworne your’s, that he loves her,  
For heere a paper written in his hand,  
A halting fonnet of his owne pure braine,  
Fashioned to Beatrice.  
Hero. And heere another,  
Writ in my cofts hand, frolne from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.  
Benn. A miracle, here’s our owne hands againft our hearts; come I wil haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pistle.  
Ben. I would not denye you but by this good day, I yeeld on great perifivation, & partly to fave your life, for I was told, you were in a confusion.  
Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth.  
Prin. How doth thou Benedick, the married man?  
Ben. Ile tell thee what Prince a Colledge of wittie-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, doft thou think I care for a Sotage or an Epigram no, ita man will be beaten with braines, a flall ware nothing handforme about him in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can lay againgst it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue faid against it: for ma is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part Claudia, I did thinke to have beene thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinman, live va-  
bruidd, and loue my couin.  
Cluad. I haue bold hop’d I would haue denied Beatrice;  
I might haue cudge’d thee out of thy fingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queftion thou wilt be, if my Couin do not look excedding narrowly to thee.  
Ben. Come, come, we are friends, let’s haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and haue a dance.  
Leon. We’ll have dancing afterward.  
Ben. First, of my vord, yet forre play musick, Prince, thou art a man, a wife get thee a wife, there is no staff more true and nor all but with heart.  
Enter Mefijn. My Lord, your brother John is tane in flight,  
And brought with armed men backe to Messina.  
Ben. Think not on him till to morrow, i doe desire thee draue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers.  
Doom. L

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Enter Ferdinando King of Navarre, Berowne, Longwill, and Dummer.

Ferdinando.

Et Femme, that all hunt after in their lives,
Lust regild upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disguise of death:
When slights of consortant deceiving Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall base his fhyes keen edge,
And those vasheyes of all eternity.
Therefore brate conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against you owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds defires,
Our late edch allstrongly stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in livin Arct.
You three, Berowne, Dummer, and Longwill,
Hate (worne for three yeeres terme, to live with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this feudale here.
Your oaths are paff, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may friske his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your depee oaths, and keep it to.

Longwill. I am resolf'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fall:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have lean eates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt the wits.

Dummer. My loving Lord, Dummer is mortified,
The groffer manner of these worlds delights,
Hefdbes vpon the groffre worlds bater blazes:
To lust, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these lying in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protration oyer,
So much, dear Liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three yeeres:
But there are other strik oblovers:
A snot to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there,
And one day in a weke, to touch no foode:
And but one meal on every day before:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be feene to winke of all the day,
When I was wont to thinke no barme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, nor sleepe.
Ferd. Your oath is paff, to passe away from these.

Berowne. Let me say no my Lord, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And play here in your Court for three yeeres space.

Long. You swore to that Berowne, and to the rest.

Berowne. By yea and may fit, than I swore in left.
What is the end of study, let me now know?

Ferd. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & hard (you mean) to common sense.
Ferd. I that is studie godlike recompence.

Ber. Come on then, I will swear to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.
Or study where to meet some Mistrelie fine,
When Mistrelies from common sense are hid.
Or having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breakes it, and not break my oath.
If studie gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doeth not know,
Sware me to this, and I will here say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchased, dote inherit paine,
As painefull to passe upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsly blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seekeing light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,
Your light grows dazling by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it upon a faire eye,
Who dwelling fo, that eye shall be his heede,
And glue him light, that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with fawcy looke:
Small haue continuall plodore ever wonne,
Sawe safe authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That give a name to every fixed Starre,
Have no more profit of their flaming nights,
Then those that walke and wont not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know ought but fame:
And every Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well he's read, to reason against reading.
Enter a Confable with Coflard with a Letter.

Conf. Which is the Dukes owne perfon.  
Ben. This fellow, What would it?  
Conf. I my felfe reprehende his owne perfon, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would fee his owne perfon in feafe and blood.  
Ben. This is he.  
Conf. Signor Arno, Arno recommends you: That his villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.  
Clear. Sit the Contempus thereof are as touching, mee.  
Ben. A letter from the magnificent Armado.  
Conf. How low louet the matter, I hope in God for high words.  
Lom. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.  
Ben. To heare or forbeare hearing.  
Lom. To heare meekely fir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.  
Ben. Well fir, be it as the file shall give vs soule to elime in the merrinife.  
Clo. The matter is to me fir, as concerning laqueuneta.  
The manner of it, was taken with the maunter.  
Ben. In what manner?  
Clo. In manner and forme following for all three.  
I was feeen with her in the Mannor house, fitting with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following: Now fir for the manner: It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in forme.  
Ben. For the following fir.  
Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.  
Ben. Will you heare this Letter with attention?  
Clo. As we would heare an Oracle.  
Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to balcken after the fleth.

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Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.  
Lom. Hee weeded the corn, and still letts grow the weeding.  
Ben. The Spring is neare when greene grass is a breeding.  
Dum. How followes that?  
Ben. Fit in his place and time.  
Dum. In feason nothing.  
Ben. Something then in time.  
Ferd. Armado is like an envious fistaping Froft, 
That bites the firft borne infants of the Spring,  
Ben. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast, 
Before the Birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I toy in any abritme birth?  
At Chriftmas I no more defer a Roofe, 
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled flowes: 
But like of each thing that in feason growes, 
So you to studye now it is too late, 
That were to clymbe ore the houfe to unlocke the gate.  
Ferd. Well, fit you out a home Armado a sans.  
Ben. No my good Lord, I hate sworn to fray with you.  
And though I hauie for barbarisme spoke more, 
Then forthat Angell knowledge you can say, 
Yet confides I kepe what I haue sworn, 
And hide the penance of each three years day.  
Glue me the paper, let me reade the fame, 
And to the firft decrees I leve my name.  
Ferd. How well this yielding refuces thee from flame, 
Ben. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.  
Hath this bin proclaimed?  
Lom. Foure dayes aoe.  
Ben. Let's see the penalty.  
On paine of loosing her tongue.  
Who deuis'd this penalty?  
Lom. Marry that did I.  
Ben. Sweete Lord, and why?  
Lom. To fright them hence with that dread penalty, 
A dangerous law against gentilities.  
Item. If any man be seen to talke with a woman within 
in the terme of three yeares, hee shall induftr publique flame as the ref of the Court shall poiftely deuife.  
Ben. This Article my Lidgey your felle must break, 
For well you know here comes in Embaffie  
The French Kings daughter, with your felle to speake;  
A Maide of grace and compleat maifte,  
About surrender vp of Armado:  
To her decke, fike, and bed-aid Father.  
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,  
Or vaineely comth admired Princeffe hither.  
Ferd. What say you Lords?  
Why, this was quite forgot.  
Ferd. So Studie euermore is ouerfoot,  
While it doth fluddy to have what it would,  
It doth fortoor to doe the thing it shou'd:  
And when it hath the thing is hunteh moft,  
This woman as townes with ftre, so won, fo loft.  
Ferd. We must of force dilipence with this Decree,  
She must lye here on meer neceffitie.  
Dum. Necessity will make vs all foroweome  
Three thousand times within this three yeares space:  
For euerie man with his affeets is borne,  
Not by might madded, but by special grace.  
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,  
I am foroweome on meer neceffitie
Loves Labour's lost.

Ferdinand

Great De沛tive, the Wrikins Vicegerent, and sole domi-
inator of Navar, my foole earthy God, and bodies fe- 
riority patron.

Caf. Not a word of Calfard yet.
Ferd. So it is.
Caf. It may be so but if he say it is so, he's in telling
true: but so.
Ferd. Peace,
Caf. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.
Ferd. No words,
Caf. Of other mens affairs I beech you.
Ferd. So it is believed with false coloured melancholy,
I did commence the blacke oppressing humour to the most whole-
Some Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gent-
man, betake my selfe to walke; the time? when about
the first hour, When bleaste most grave, birds first pecke, and men
fit downe to lest nourishment which is called supper: So much
for the time When, Now for the ground which? which I
mean I walked upon, it is the Parkes, Then for the
place where where I mean I did encounter that obscure and
most preposterous event that draweth from my flame-white pen
the clow coloured lake, which here thou viewest, beholdst a
swansett, or feft. But to the place where? It handeth
North North-east and by East from the west corner of thy
curious knoited garden; There did I see that two spirited
a Swaine, that best勾on vine of thy myrth. (Cleanor, Mea)
that unbeknowne knowing face, (Clow Me) that follow
waftall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Calf-
Fard, (Cleon. O me) fortrd and comforted contrary to the
established proclaimed Edfil and Continent, Common: Which
with, with, with this I passion to fay versuswherewith.

Cleon. With a Wench.
Ferd. With a child of our Grandmother Bar, a female;
or for thy more wise understanding a woman, & (as my
ever of learned ditty pricks me on) have sent to, to receive
the meed of punishment by thy sweet Grace Officer Anthony
Dull, a man of good repaire, carriage, bearing & elimination.
Auth. Me, shall plaise you? I am Anthony Dull.
Ferd. For laquenetta, (she is the weakest weftle called )
which I apprehended with the dargest Swaine, I keepe her
as a weftle of thy Loves faire, and at the feast of thy
sweets notice, bring her to traul. Take in all complements of
entertained and heart-burning tear of ditty,
Don Adriana de Armado.

Ferd. This is not so well as I looked for, but the beft
that ever I heard.
Ferd. I the beft, the worft. But first, What say you
to this?
Cleon. Sir I confesse the Wench.
Ferd. Did you hear the Proclamation?
Cleon. I do confesse much of the hearing it; but little
of the marking of it.
Ferd. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonmet to bee
taken with a Wench.
Cleon. I was taken with none firm, I was taken with a
Damasell.
Ferd. Well, was proclaimed Damasell.
Cleon. This was no Damasell me Barth fir, there was a
Virgin some.
Ferd. It is so varried for, it was proclaimed Virgin.
Cleon. If it were, I denie her Virginiti: I was taken
with a Maid.
Ferd. This Maid will not ferye your dumbe fir.
Cleon. This Maid will ferye my dumbe fir.

Kim. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall
fay a Wecke with Braine and water.
Ferd. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and
Porriage.
Kim. And Dam Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Berewy, see him delivered o're,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
Bra. I lay my head to any good mans harm,
Their oaths and lavers will prove an idle fcone.
Sita, come on.
Cleon. I suffer for the truth fir: for true it is,
I was taken with laquenetta, and laquenetta is a true girl,
and therefore welcome the fower cup of prosperite, affilfion
may one day smile again, and vntill then fit downe
sorrow.

Enter Armado and Mothib Page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great signe fir, that he will look sad.

Boy. Why fadness is one and the selfe-same thing
deare imple.

Boy. No, O Lord fir, no.

Boy. How canst thou part fadness and melancholy
my tender Indians?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working my
thoughts and ground.

Boy. Why tough signe? Why tough signe?

Boy. Why tender Indians? Why tender Indians?

Boy. I spoke it tender Indians, as a congruent spath-
athan, appertaining to thy young dates, which we may
nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signe, as an appertinent title to
thine oldie time, which we may name tough.

Boy. Pretty and apt.

Boy. Howmeanest you fir, I pretty, and my faying apt
or I apt, and my faying prettie?

Boy. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little, whereof apt?

Boy. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiie Masters?

Boy. In thy condigne praiie.

Boy. I will praiie an Eele with the same praiie.

Boy. What eall that an Eele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Eele is quick.

Boy. I do fay thou art quicke in answere, Thou
heart in my bloud.

Boy. I am anwer'd fir.

Boy. I looe not to be croft.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crofls I none

Boy. I have promis'd to study in yeares with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an house fir.

Boy. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Boy. I am all at reckoning, it frit the spirit of a Tapfer.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamefter fir.

Boy. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a
compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the gross
functions of deit-se acct amounts to.

Boy. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Boy. True. Boy, Why fir is this such a piece of study?

Boy. Now here's three studiis, ere you'll thrike wits, & how
eafe it is to put yeares to the word three, and study three
yeares in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Boy. A.
Boy. To prove you a Cypher.
Boy. I will heare upon confesse I am in love: and as it is base for a Souldier to loute; so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would delite mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Counter for a new deuid of curst, I think scarce to fight, me thinkes I should out-fewe Corin. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love? Boy. Hercules Malter.
Boy. Must sweete Hercules: more authority dear Boy, name more; and sweet my childeth let them be men of good repute and carriage.
Boy. Sampson Malter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his back like a Porter, and he was in love.
Boy. O well. Ani Sampson fought ionyted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson? love my dear Math? Boy. A Woman, Malter.
Boy. Of what complexion? Boy. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.
Boy. Is that one of the four complexion? Boy. As I have read sir, and the beft of them too.
Boy. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to have a Loue of that colour, methinks Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affedled her for her wit.
Boy. It was so sir, for she had a Greene wit.
Boy. My Loue is most immaculate white and red.
Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Malter, are mask'd under such colours.
Boy. Define, define, well educated infant.
Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue affift mee.
Boy. Sweet invention of a child, most pretty and pasturefyll.
Boy. If thee be made of white and red, Her faults will here be knowne: For blust-in cheekes by faults are bred, And feares by pale white shone: Then if the fear, or be to blame, By this thou shall not know, For full her cheekes polifh the fame, Which name the dech oxe: A dangerous time malter against the reason of white and redde.
Boy. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Beggar? Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.
Boy. I will have that subiect newly write ere, that I may example my digression by some mighty preface. Boy. I doe loute that Courtey girl that I tooke in the Parkhe with the rationall hinde Corin: she delutes well.
Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better louse then my Malter.
Boy. Sing Boy my spirit grows heasty in loute.
Boy. And that's great manuell, losing a light wench.
Boy. I say sing.
Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.
Enter Clemence, Constable, and Wench.
Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Co-
stan plot, and you must let him take no delights, nor no
purce, but hee must rest three daies weke: for this
Damsell, I must keep her at the Parkhe, feste is slowd for
the Day-woman. Fare you well.
Boy. I do betray my felic with blushinge: Maide.
Maid. Man.
Boy. I will visit thee at the Lodge.
Maid. That's here by.
Boy. I know where it is stately.
Maid. Lord how wife you are! Boy. I well tell their wonders.
Maid. With what face?
Boy. I love thee.
Maid. So I heard you say.
Boy. And so farewell.
Maid. False weather after you.
Cie. Come Jaunetsa, away.
Boy. Villaine, thou shalt fall for thy offences ere
thou be pardoned.
Cie. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on
a full tomacce.
Boy. Thou shalt be heavly punished.
Cie. I am more bound to you then your fellows; for
they are but lightly rewarded.
Bib. Take away this villain, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you tranferring blyue, away.
Cie. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being
loose.
Boy. No Sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to
prison.
Cie. Well, if euer I doe see the merry days of de-
flation that I have scene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some fee?
Cie. Nay nothing, Malter, but what they
look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their
words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God, I
have as little patience as another man, and therefore I
can be quiet.
Boy. I doe affift the very ground (which is base)
where her face (which is bafer) guided by her foot
(which is basest), doth tread. I shall be forsworn(which
is a great argument of fafhood) if I loose. And how can
that be true loose, which is falsly attempted? loose is a fa-
me, loose is a Diuell. There is no cuill Angel but
Loose, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an ex-
cellent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and he had
a very good witte. Cupids Bursfaff is too hard for Her-
cele Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spa-
niards Rapier: The first and second could not fore
nerm my tune: the Pasaffe hee respects not, the Diuell
he regards not; his driugere is to be called Boy, but his
glote is to subdue hem. Adue Valour, ruff Rapier, bee
full Drum, for your manag is in the case, yes hee louphe.
Affist me from temporal god of Rome, for I am free.
I shall turne Sonnet, Desire Wits, write Pen, for I am
for whole volumes in folio.
Enter the Princess of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyes. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father sends: To whom he tendeth, and what's his Embassie: Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme, To parle with the noble embassador Of all perfection that a man may owe; Matchless Nature, the plea of no leffe weight Then Aquinatis, Dowrie for a Queene, Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces desire, When she did staine the general world before, And prodigally gave them all to you. Queen. Good L. Boyes, my beautie though but mean, Needs not the painted boughs of thy praise: Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not vated by base fale of chapmanes tongues I am leefe proud to heare you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counted wise, In spending your wit in the praisie of mine, But now to take the tasket, good Boyes, Prim. You are not ignorant all-telling fame Doth noyle abroad Nauar hath made a vow, Till painfull Julie flall out-wear three years, No woman may approach his daintt Court: Therefore too's feemth in a needfult course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that behalf Bold of your worthinse, we fingle you, As our belf mouing faire follicter: Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On ferior businesse crauing, quicke dispatch, Importunes personall conference with his grace. Haftie, ignifite fo much while we attend, Like humble vifag'd fisters his high will, Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I goe. Exeunt. Prim. All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo: Who are the Vowaries my loving Lords, that are your fellowes with this vertuous Duke? Loe. Languill is one. Prim. Know you the man? 1. Lady. I know him Madame at a mariage feast, Berewene L. Perigou and the beauteous heire Of Nauar Cambridge colonnized. In Normandie faw I this Languill, A man of fouveraine parts he is effem'd: Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The onely joye of his faire vertues gloffe, If vertues gloffe will blaming with no folic, Is a sharp weath with and too bluet a Will: Whole edge there is no power to cut whose will, It should none space that come within his power. Prim. Some merry mocking Lord belike, it is? Lad. 1. They say fo most, that most his humors know. Prim. Such short it is't will do wither as they grow. Who are the rest? 2. Lad. The yong Durnaine, a well accomplisht youth.

Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved. Most power to doe most harme, leaf knowing ill: For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though she had no wit. I saw him at the Duke Alainfor once, And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worthinesse. Kaffa. Another of thefe Students at that time, Was there with him, as I have heard a truth. Berewone they call him, but a merchandise man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an houres talke withall. His eye hegets occasion for his wit, For every obiect that the one doth catch, The other turns a mischiefe moving jest. Which his faire tongue (conceits expostor) Delivers in fuch apt and gracious words, That aged ears play treuant at his tales, And yonger hearings are quite ravished. So sweet and valuable is his discourse. Prim. God bleffe my Ladies, are they all in love? That every one her owne hath garnished, With fuch bedecking ornaments of praife. Ms. Heere comes Boyes.

Enter Boyes.

Prin. Now, what admiration Lord? Boyes. Nauar had notice of your faire approache And he and his competitors in oath, Were all devart to meete you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt, He rather meanes to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes heere to beligne his Court, Then feke a dispensation for his oath: To let you enter his voguepleased house. 

Enter Nauar, Languill, Durnaine, and Berewone. 

Heere comes Nauar. 

Now, faire Princeesse, welcome to the Court of Nauar. 

Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I have not yet: the roote of this Court is too hight to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too safe to be mine. 

Nauar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court. 

Prim. I will be welcome then, Conduct me sighter. 

Nauar. I hear me desire Lady, I haue sworn on oath. 

Prim. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'le beforworne. 

Nauar. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will. 

Prim. Why, will shall brake it will, and nothing els. 

Nan. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is. 

Prim. Were my Lord fo, his ignorance were wife, 

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. 

I heare your grace hath sworn out Housekeeping: 

Tis deadly sinne to keepeth that oth my Lord, 

And sinne to breake it: 

But pardon me, I am too fonde beld, 

To teachs a Teacher ill beseemeth me, 

You may beafe to read the purport of my comming, 

And fondebly refolve me in my state. 

Nauar. Madam, I will, if fondebly I may. 

Prim. You will the sooner that I were away, 

For you'll proue persifle if you make me stay. 

Bera. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? 

Kaffa. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? 

Ber. 1
Ladies Labour's lost. 127

Ber. I know you did.
Refa. How needfully was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quick.
Refa. 'Tis long of you to stir me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit is too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Refa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mirror.
Ber. What time a day?
Refa. The hour the horoscope should ask.
Ber. Now fairest being your maske.
Refa. Farewell the face it covers.
Ber. And you may maul louts.
Refa. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kia. Madame, your father beare doth intimate,
The painedit of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th' one half, of an intire summe,
Disbursted by my father in his warres,
But say that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that summe; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in futility of the which,
One part of Aquitania is bound to ye,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is vnslated.
We will give vp our right in Aquitania,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seems he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repair,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One painedit of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To have his title liue in Aquitania.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father's lett,
Then Aquitania, so guid'd as it is.
Dear Princefse, were not th'threathen'd faire
From reasons yelding, your faire felic shou'd make
A yeelding gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to France againes.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In fow vneeming to confesse receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.
Kim. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you prate it, Ie repayt it backe,
Or yeeld vp Aquitania.
Prin. We arrift your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquaintances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father.
Kim. Satisfie me fo.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialities are bound,
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.
Kim. It shall sufficie me; at which interview,
Allliberal reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princefse in my gates,
But heere without you shall be to receiue,
As you shall deme your selfe long'd in my heart,
Though fo dem'd therfore harby in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visti you againe.
Prin. Sweet health faire doles confirme your grace.
Kim. Tho' own with with I thee, in every place.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
La. Re. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.
Boy. I would you heard it gone.
La. Re. Is the foule fiche ?
Boy. Siche at the heart.
La. Re. Alacke, let it be loud,
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La. Re. My Phisicke faieth 1,
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.
La. Re. No poynt, with my knife.
Boy. Now God faue thy life.
La. Re. And yours from long liuing,
Ber. I cannot flay thankf-giving.

Exit. Enter Dumaste.
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that fame?
Boy. The heire of Almain, Refale her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounder fare you well?
Long. I believe you a word what is she in the white?
Boy. A woman oftimes, if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shamce.
Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I have heard.
Long. Gods blesting a your beard.
Boy. Good for he not offended,
Shes an eyeare of Fastenbridge.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a most sweet Lady.
Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Berose.
Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. Katherine by good hap.
Ber. Is she wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will sir, or fo.
Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.
Boy. Fare well too ouer sir, and welcome to you.
Exit. La. Ma. That laft is Berose, the marry mad-cap Lord
Not a word with him, but a left.
Boy. And eurly left but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to make him at this word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La. Ma. Two hot Shepeies marie
And wherefore not Ships? (lips.
Boy. No Shepeie (sweet lamb) vnlesse we feed on your
La. You Sheep & I saulure: shall that finish the seil?
Boy. So you grant pasturage for me.
La. Not to gentile beath.
My lips are no Common, though feeter all they be.
Ber. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be iangling, but gentiles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vfed
On Namer and his bookemem, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Be. If my obseruation (which very feldome lies
By the hearts filli theorickie, difclofed with eyes)
Decent me nor now, Namer is infected.
Prin. With what?
Be. With that which we Louers intitle affect,
Prin. Your reason.
Be. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agor with your print impressed,

Proud.
Loves Labour's lost.

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not fee,
Did humble with hate in his eye fight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repairie,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glafe)
Who tendering their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you saw!
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes faw his eies incantchet with gazes.
He gue you Aquataine, and all that is his,
And you gue him for my fake, but one losing Kiffe.

Brat. But to speake that in words, which his eie hath dif-
I onelie have made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd)
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad. No. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest skillfully,
Lad. Ma. He is Copied Grandfather, and learnes news of
him.

Lad. 1. Then was't venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you hear my mad wenches?

Lad. 2. No.

Boy. What then, do you fee?

Lad. 3. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

EXCEEDING

Aulus Tertius.

Enter Boggart and Boy.

Sing.

Warble childe, make passionate my fene of hea-
ing.

Brat. Concelin.

Brat. Sweete Ayer, go tendenelle of yeares: take this key, glue enlargemente to the swaine, bring him le-
timnly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Brat. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune at
the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: figh a note, sing a note, sometime through the throat: if you fwallowed loue with fanging loue sometime through nofe: as if you muff vp loue by felling loue with your hatt pinhous-
like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes croft on your thinbelie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not to long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these breake
nice wenches that would be betrayed without thee, and make them men of note: do you nece men that moft are
affected to these?

Brat. How haft thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of oleftration.

Brat. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horfe is forgot.

Brat. Call hit thou my Loue Hobbi-horfe.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horfe is but a Cole, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But have you forgot your Loue?

Brat. A moife I had.

Boy. Neglect him stud, Jeame her by heart.

Brat. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all thee three I will
procute.

Brat. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I live and this thy jay, in, and without, vp-
on the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart, you love her,
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brat. I am all these thee

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at
all.

Brat. Fetch hit her the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter.

Boy. A message well sympathis'd, a Horfe to be em-
blazefull for an Aste.

Brat. Ha, ha, what signifies thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must fend the Aste upon the Horfe
for he is very low garded: but I goe.

Brat. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brat. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
moral heauie, dull, and lowe?

Boy. Master beleeves Master, or rather Master no.

Brat. I say Lead is low.

Boy. You are too swift for to say fo.

Is that Lead low which is said from a Gunne?

Brat. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,

He repartes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that he:
I shooe thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump thee, and I flie.

Brat. A moft acute louenall, valuable and free of grace,
by thy tastour sweet Welkin, I must figh in thy face.
Moot rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.

My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a Cuffard broken in a
fin.

Cle. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lemney
begin.

Pag. No egma, no riddle, no Lemney, no false, in thee
male sir. Of sir, Plantain, a plaime Plantain: no lemney, no
Lemney, no Salue sir, but a Plantain.

Ar. By vertue thou inforceat laughter, thy fllie
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lungen proinates
me to reducios impatient: O pardon me my fars, both
the inconfinerace take faine for lemney, and the word lem-
ney for a faine?

Pag. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not lemney a
false? (plaine)

Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue or difcrife to make
Some obfoure precendence that hath tofore bin faine.

Now will I begin your morall, and do you follow with
my lemney.

The Fox, the Axe, and the Humble-Bee,
We're all at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good Lemney, ending in the Goose: would you
deire more?

Cle. The Boy hath fold him a bagrine, a Goose, that's
flat
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fat and loose:
Let me see a fat Lenwy, I that's a fat Goose.

Ask. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a Coffard was broken in a thin.
Then call'd you for the Lenwy.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantain:
Thus came you to an argument in:
Then the Boyes fat Lenwy, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ask. But tell me: How was there a Coffard broken in a thin?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly,
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it Man,
I will speak that Lenwy.
Coffard running out, that was safely within,
Fell out the threshold, and broke my thin.

Arm. We will take no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the thin.
Arm. Sirs Coffard, I will infranchize thee.
Clow. O, marrie me to one Frances, I sinne some Lenwy,
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete foule, I meane, ferring thee at liberty.
Entertainment, thy pettifog: thou art emured, refrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purlooning,
and let me looke.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and
in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Beate this signifiant to the country Maitre Beaumarchais:
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours,
is rewarding my dependants.

Clow. To the fquelle 1.
Signeur Coffard adieu,
Exit.
Clow. My sweete ounce of mans fleth, my in-conie Jew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-fartings:
Three-fartings remuneration. What's the price of this yncle? i.dio, He giue you a remuneration: Why?
It carrieth it remuneration: Why? It is a faire name then
a French-Crowne. I will newe buy and fell out of this word.

Enter Berowne,
Ber. O my good knaue Coffard, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man hoy for a remuneration?
Ber. What is a remuneration?
Coffard. Maitre sir, half pence farting.
Ber. O, Why then threethings worth 1 of Silke.
Coffard. I thank your worship, God be wy you.
Ber. O stay flauz, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.
Clow. When would you have it done frit?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clow. Well, I will doe it frit: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.
Clow. I shall know frit, when I have done it.
Ber. Why wills thou must know fis.
Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Haste flauz, it is but this:
The Princesse cometh to hunt here in the Pake,
Lones Labour's lost.

For. Yes Madam faire.

Que. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glafs) take this for telling true:
Faire payment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Que. See, see, my beaute will be far'd by ment.
O hercic in faire, fix for thes days,
A guing hand, though foule, shall hawe faire praise,
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shoottt well is then accounted ill:
Thus will I faue my credit in the fhoott,
Not wounded, pittic would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to fhew my will,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of queftion, so is it for minutes;
Glory grows guiltie of detilct crimes,
When for Fames fake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, thf my heart weighs no ill.

Boy. Do not curft winnes hold that felfe-Soueraignant
Onely for praise fake, when they fritte to be
Lord of one their Lords.

Que. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that fubdewas a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Que. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the fett that hawe
no heads.

Clo. Which is the grea{t Lady, the highest?

Que. The thickest, and the tallle fett.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallle: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waife Miftris, were as flender as my wit,
One a thefe Maides gistled for your waife noth to be fit.
Are not th{e the ficle woman? You are the thickest here?

Que. What's your will fit? What's your will?

Clo. I hane a Letter from Monfett Berown.

To one Lady Rafalet.

Que. O thy letter, thy letter! He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a fide good bearer.

Boyet. you can caufe,
Brauke vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ferue.

His letter is minفكke: it importeth none here:
It is wrt to Capemare.

Que. We will read it, I fware.
Brauke the necke of the Waxe, and euer one giue eare.

Boyet. readeth.

By heaven, that thou art faire, is moft infallible: true
that thou art beaqueus, truth it felle that thou art
lovely: more faire then faire, beauteous then beauteous,
truer then the truth it felle faire beauteous comifionary on thy heroic
call Vaflall. The uaganimous and mofl illuftrate King
Cybopus fet efe vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-{er
Vexeliploum: and he it was that might rightingly lay,Ves
ni, vidi, vixi: Which to annotharize in the vulgar, O
baffe and obilcle vulgar; vihlie{f, He came, See, and o-
uercome: he came one; fee, two; ouercame three:
Who came f the King, Why did he come? to see.Why
did he fee? to overcome. To whom tame he? to the
Begger. What faw he? the Begger. Who ouercame
he? the Begger. The conclusion is vidioire: On whole
side? the King: the captive is inricht: On whole side?
the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nupital: on whole
side? the King no, on both in one, or one in both.
I am the King (for to stands the comparifon) thou the Beg-
ger, for to winnefeath thy lowifie. Shall I command
Shall I ouercome thy loue? I will. What, fhall thou ex-
change for ragges, robass: for tittles titles, for thy felb
nee. Thus expeding thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy foorr, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
euerie part.

Those in the deareft deigne of industrie,
Don Adriana de armatho.

Thus doth thou heare the Nemeon Lion roare,
Gainft thee thou Lambe, that flande as ths prays:
Submiffive fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou faire (poore foule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaffe for his diet.

Que. What plume of feathers is hee that indist this
ever heare better?

Boy. I am much deceyfed, but I remember the file.

Que. Elfe your memory is bad, going ore it ehere\th.

Boy. Th{is Armaede is a Spemard that keeps here in court
A Phanta{me, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Bookes-mates.

Que. Thou fhow, a word.

Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clo. I told you, my Lord.

Que. To whom should it thou giue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Que. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord Berama, a good matter of mine.

To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rafalet.

Que. Thou haft miftaken his letter, Come Lords away.
Here fweete, put vp this, twill be thine another day.

Exit.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rafa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautee.

Rafa. Why the that bears the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lord, he goes to kill horses, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if horses that yeare miscarrie,
Finely put on.

Rafa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rafa. If we choose by the horses, your selfe comne not
near. Finely put on indeed.

Maria. You full wrangle with her Boyet, and thee
strikes at the bow.

Boyet. But the her selfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.

Rafa. Shall I come vpone thee with an old laying, that
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as
touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may ansewere thee with one as old that
was a woman when Queen Consowor of Brittanoe was
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rafa. Thou
The prooffull Princefle pears and pricket,  
A prettie pleasing Pricket,  
Some say a Sowre, but not a fere,  
still now made faire with hoasting.  
The Dogge did yel, put out to Sowre,  
then Sowrel lemped from thicket:  
Or Pricket-fere, or elfe Sowrel,  
the people fell a hoasting.  
If Sowre be fere, then elife to Sowrel,  
makes fiftie feres O sofrel:  
Of sowe feres an hundred make by  
adding but one more L.  

Nath. A rare talent.  
Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he claves him with a talent.  

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foo-  
lifh extravagant spirit,full of forms, figures, figues, ob-  
jects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, resolutions. These  
are begun in the ventricle of the memorie, nourisht in the  
woode of phisater, and delurred upon the mellowing of  
occasion: but the gift is good in thofe in whom it is  
acute, and I am thankful for it.  

Dul. Sir, I pracie the Lord for you, and fo may my  
parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,  
and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you  
are a good member of the common-wealth.  
Nath. I agree, if their Sonnes be ingenious, they
Loues Labour's lost.

Hath want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But Sir Japh giue passe Ioyner, a soule Feminine falselie vs.

Enter Isouieretta and the Clowne.

Isou. God giue you good morrow M. Person.
Nath. Master Person, ofaist Person! And if one should be perill, Which is the one?
Ch. Mary M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogstrad.
Nath.Offering a Hoghead, a good lUSER of con- cet in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine; 'tis prettie, it is well.
Isou. Good Master Person be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was gien mee by Ceffard, and lent mee from Don Armado: I befeech you reade it. 
Nath. Facile proxo giellis, quinde pecas vsmsa sub vio- braumin, and fo forth. Ah good old Montuan, I may speake of thee as the traveller doth of Venice, num- cems gentem, que non te vende, que non te percorre. Old Montuan, old Montuan. Who vnderstandeth thee not, or re- tat la mi fina: Vnder pardon fir, What are the contents or rather as Auraces fayes in his, Whet my soule veres.
Isou. I fir, and very learned.
Nath. Let me heare a flaffe, a flanne, a verfe, Lege do- mines.
If Loue make me forowe, how shall I sweere to loue? An neater faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forowen, to thee I faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Oufers bowed, Studie his byas leues, and makes hee booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures lie, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to me some prais, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye Iones lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder. Which not to anger bent, is mutique, and sweete fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong, That fings heuans prais, with such an earthely tongue. Pod. Thou findest not the apostrophes, and so milie the accent. Let me supraine the cangene.
Nath. Here are openly numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poete cæst. O- midtibus Nefo was the man, And why in deed Nefo, but for snelling out the odousiferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of invention imitate is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But Dainfield's vorgen. Was this directed to you?
Isou. I fir from one mounter Berowne, one of the franque Queens Lords.
Nath. I will ouerglance the superterf. To the faire-white band of the most beantious Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.
Four Ladishops in all defined employment, Berowne.
Per. Sir Jefterner, this Berowne is one of the Vctaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a fe- quent of the franger Queens: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath misfarted. Trip and goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complemet, I forgive thy dutie, adoe.
Maid. Good Ceffard go with me: Sir God faue your life.
Coft. Haue with thee thy girle. Exit.
Hed. Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith 
Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare coloura- ble colours: But to returne to the Veres,Did they please you Sir Nathaniel?
Nath. Maruellous well for the pen.
Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pup- pil of mine, where if (being repast) it shall plaise you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Childre or Pupill, vnderake your beun vnto, where I will proue those Veres to be very vnlearned, neither favouring of Poeteic, Wit, nor Intention. I befeech your So- cietie.
Nah. And thanke you to: for societie (faith the text) is the satisfacti of life.
Peda. And certes the text most infallibely concludes it. Sir I do smite you too, you shall not say me nay: pasc a verba.
Away, the gentiles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Ber. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.
They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pyth, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, let thee downe sorrow; for so they tye the foule said, and so say I, and I the foule: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as Aces, it kils sheepe, it kills me, I a sheepe: Well proued againe my flyde. I will not loue, I do lang me so; yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doo nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throat. By heauen I do loue, and it hath caught mee to Rime, and to be malichiose: and here is part of mine Rime, and here my malichiose. Well, the hauh one a my Sonnes already, the Clowne bore it, the Hound sent it, and the Lady hast: sweete Clowes, sweete- Toole, sweete Lady. By the world, I would not case a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper. God giue him grace to grone.
He standi a side. The King entrat.
Kia. Ay me!
Ber. Shot by heauen procede sweet Cephid, thou haft thump'd him with thy Bird bolt under the left papian faith seares.
Kia. So sweete a kisfe the golden Sunne giues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rofe, As thy eye beare, whentheir fresh raye haue forgot, The migiet of dew that on my checkes doowne flowes. 
Not shines the fluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bofome of the deepes, As doth thy face through tears of mine giue light: Thou thinkest in every vearse that I doe weep, No drop, but as a Cowchin doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Ber. Do but behold the teares that swell in me, 
And they thy glory through my grieve will shrow.
Loues Labour's lost.

But doth not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My tears for glasse, and still make me wepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how faire dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortal tell,
How shal the now my griefes I cleare the paper.
Sweeet leaves shade folly, Who is he comes here?

Enter Longavile. The King steps aside.

What Longavile, and reading it seven ease.
Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foulc appears.
Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a periter, writing papers,
Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunkard louse another of the name.
Len. Am I the first I have been peritt'd for (Know,
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that
Thou makest the triumphes, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicie,
Lou. I fear shefth born I meses lack power to mowt.
O sweet march, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prof.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hole,
Disguise not her Stow.
Len. This shame shall goe. He readeth the Sonne:
DId not the heavenly leryrvice of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perfonde my heart to this fall perfore ir?
Vowes for thee broke deferte not paviour,
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Fow was worthy, thou alacely Loue,
Thy grace being goad, curres all diffence on me.
Vowes are but breaths, and breaths a vapour is:
Then thus faire Sun, pitch on my carde sofntone,
Exhale this vapour.com, in thee it is a:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me brake, What fault is not so wise,
To losse an oath, to win a Paradise?
Ber. This is the liuer vein, which makes fleshes deity.
A greene Goole, a Coddefe, pure pure idolatry,
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out oth'way,

Enter Dominate.
Lou. By whom shall I fend this (company?) Stay.
Ber. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a deme God, here fit I in the skie,
And wreathed fowes secrets headfully one-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauen I have my with,
Dominate transform'd, fourre Woodockes in a dight.
Dom. O moff distine Kate.
Ber. Omore prophan prooxcombe.
Dom. By heauen the wonder of a mortal eye.
Ber. By earth the is not corporall, theore you Iye.
Dom. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted,
Dom. As epright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I say her shoulder is with-child.
Dom. As faire as day.
Ber. I sso fears dater, but then no sunne must shine.
Dom. O that I had my with?
Lou. And I had mine.
Kim. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?
Dom. I would forget her, but a Fever the
Ringses in my bloud, and will remembered be.
Ber. A Fever in your bloud, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawéreys, sweet mifpition.
Dom. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have wirt.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Domante reads his Sonnet.

On a day, allck the day:
Loue, whose Amehe is every May,
Spied a blifome falling faire.
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velvet, leaves the winds,
All unseen, saw passages finds,
That the Louer foley to death,
With himselfe the beaures breath.
Aye (quoth he) thy cheeks may blome,
Aye, would I might triumph for:
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Now to plucke the faire from thy strowe:
Vow alacke for youth unmeere,
Touch so apt to plucke a sweet,
Doe not call it mine to me,
That I am forsworne for that:
Then for whom Loue was faire,
Iuno but an Adolph were,
And deme himselfe for loue.
Turning mortal for thy Loue.

This I will fend, and something else more plaine.
That shall exprasse my true-loues falling paine.
O would the King, Berame and Longamild,
Were Louers too, lit to example ill.
Would from my forehead wipe a perfum'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe doot.
Lou. Dominate, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefes defit loicietie.

You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be one hearde, and taken napping fo.
Kim. Come fir, you blush: as his, your cafe is fuch,
You childe at him, offending me write as much.
You do not Iose Marta Longamild,
Did never Sonnet for her fake compile:
Nor never lay his wreathed armes awthwart
His loving bofome, to keepe downe his heart.
I have beene closely throwed in this bushe,
And mark not you both, for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes,obserued your fashion:
Saw fightes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me,eyes me I Loue, the other cities:
On her haires were Gold, Chisell all the others eyes.
You would for Paradifie breake Faith and troth,
And love for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Berame say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did swear.
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For the wealth that ever I did Ier,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Ber. Now step I forth to whip hypocritise.
At good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to reproue
These wormes for lousing, that ars moit in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches. In your tears
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be perit'dt, 'tis a basefull thing:
Tuthnone but Mindstrel like of Smartytting.
But are you not alland't any, are you not

M All
...Loue, and it
Of fighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what first patience hau I fat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salomon running a Tygege.
And Neptune play at puffs-pawn with the boys,
And Criticike Tymow laugh at idle toys.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Damoiselle;
And gentle Longvoid, where lies thy paine?
Where and my Lidgets? All about the bref:
A Candle hoa!

Kim. Too bittre is thy left.
Are we betrayed thus to thy out-view?
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it fine
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men,like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Lomme? to spend a minutes time,
In prunning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand,
A foot, a fote, a gate, a flate, a brow, a bref, a waife, a legge, a limme.

Kim. Soft, Whither-a-way so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so.

Ber. I poft from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Inequities and Causse.

Jaqu. God bleffe the King.
Kim. What Pretent haft thou there?
Clo. Some certaine tresfon.
Kim. What makes treasfon heere?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing fir.
Kim. If matter nothing neither,
The treasfon and you goe in peace away together.
Jaqu. I befeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doibts it: it was treason he said.
Kim. Berowses read it over.

Kim. Where hadft thou it?

Jaqu. Of Captrard.
King. Where hadst thou it?

Clo. Of Don Ardemado, Don Adramado.
Kim. Hownow, what is in you? why do you thinke it?
Ber. A toy my Lidget, a toy: you your grace needes not
fear it.

Lom. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's have it.

Kim. It is Berowses writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ah you wherofor loggerhead, you were borne to
do me shame.
Gulity my Lord; guilty: I confesse, I confesse.
Kim. What?
Ber. That you three foole, Jackt mee foole, to make
me up the meffe.
Hehe, and you: and you my Lidget, and I,
Are pick-e-purses in Loue, and we deferue to die.
O dismis this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Lom. Now the number is even.

Berow. True true, we are lowre: will thee Turtles be gone?
Kim. Hence far, away.
Clo. Walk aside the true folk, & let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as feath and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbse and flow, heauen will flew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decreer,
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands mut we be forsworne.

Kim. What, did these tent lines thou some loue of thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
That (like a rude and savage man of bands)
At the first opening of the gorgeous Eait,
Bowes not his raffall head, and strooken blinde,
Kills the base ground with obedient bread?
What peremptoryEagle-fighted eye
Dares looke upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieffe?
Kim. What scale, what farie, hast inspirt'd thee now?
My Loue(her Miftres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce feene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berows.
O, but for my Loue,day would turne to night,
Of all complactions the cul'd fouenie,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where feuerall Worships make one dignity,
When nothing wants, that want it false dothe feke.
Lend me the flowers of all gentle ronquies,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O the needes it is,
To things of fale, a sellers praife belongs:
She paffes prays, then praysle two short doth plot.
A witherd Hermitte, frustrice worses wote,
Might flake off fiettie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth vannieth like, as if new borne,
And gives the Cruch the Cradles infancte.
O' the Sunne that makes all things shine.

Kim. By heaven, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of fuch wood were felicitie.
O who can give an oth? Where is a book?
That I may fieare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If the fame leart not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full fo blacke.
Kim. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of bell,
The hue of dunces, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Dues sooneft tempt refembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It murnes, that painting vluring harre
Should ranish doters with a faire aparit?
And therefore is the borne to make blacke, faire.
Her favour turns the fashion of the dayes:
For naíse bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it belke blacke, to imitate her brow.

Kim. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blakc.
Lom. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

Kim. And a little of their sweet complaction creare.
Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your mistreffes are never come in raine,
For eare their coulours should be waffit away.

Kim. Twere good yours did: for fit to tell you plainly,
She finde a faire face not wassit by day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.
Kim. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as flee.

Kim. I never knew man bold vyle stuffed so dere.
Lom. Lookke, here'try loue, my foot, and here face.
Ber. O if the firesets were pased with thine eyes,
Her foot were much too dainty for such tread.

Dame. O vile, then st the goes what upward eyes?
The street should see as in walk'd our head.

Kim. But of what is, are we not all in love?

Ber. Nothing at all, there for we know it is.

Kim. Then leave this chat, & good Brown now proce
Our loving lawfull, and our faith not torne.

Dame. I marie there, some flattey for this suill.

Long. Of some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quietels, how to cheat the dwell,

Dame. Some false for perisure.

Ber. 'Tis more then neede.

Hawe st you then affection men at arms,
Consider what you first did sware onto:
To fall, to study, and to see no woman:
Fixed treafon against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fall? your flatteiefs are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to fluids (Lords)
In that each of you have forfornwe his Bookie.
You can fill dreame and pore, and thereof looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Hawe found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman face;
From womans eyes this doctrine I declare,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achaedem,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, unseal plodding poysons wp
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The finnyow vigour of the traualer.
Now for not looking on a woman face,
You hawe in that forfornwe the fife of eyes:
And fluid too, the coruer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches fuch beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adjuant to our felie,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is,
Then when our felies we see in Ladies eyes,
With our felies.
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O we have made a Vow to fluid, Lords,
And in this vow we have forfornwe our Bookes:
For when would you (my Lege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation hawe found our
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors hawe intrich'd you with:
Other flowr Authors intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine praifizers,
Scarce hewe a harleuch of their heaue tyolle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone enured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Course as swift as thought in every power,
And glues to every power a double power.
Aboue their functions and their offices,
Aaddes a precious feeling to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers care will hear the louest found.
When the superficial head of theft is float.
Loues feeling is more soft and sentient.
Then are the tender hornes of Cockeld Snayles.
Loues tongue proceeds dainty, Eacubus grofe in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules?
Still climbing trees in the Highpolders.
Subill as Sphonie, as sweee and muficall,

As bright Apollo's Lute, fringing with his hair.
And when Loues spake, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowne with the harmonie.
Neuer durft Poec touch a pen to write,
Vnstill his Inke were teempred with Loues figthes:
O then his lines would rauish favage cares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humiliu.
From womans eyes this doctrine I derive.
They Spacile fill the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achaedem,
That fliwes, containe, and nourish all the world.
Eife none in all in oughe proues excellent.
Then foole you were thefe women so forfornwe:
Or keeping what is fwoone, you will proue fools.
For Wifedomes fave, a word that all men love:
Or for Loues fave, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens fave, the author of thefe Women:
Or Womens false, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our cathers to finde our felues,
Or eile we lose our felues to keepe our cathers:
It is religion to be thus forfornwe.
For Charity is felle fulfills the Laws:
And who can feuer loue from Charity.

Kim. Saint Cupid then, and Soulfeers to the field.

Ber. Advance your standards, & vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be not afraid, &
in conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plains dealing, Lay these gloze by,
Shall we reoluow to woe these gifuls of France?

Kim. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuife,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. Fief from the Park let vs conduow them thither,
Then home ward euery man attach the hand.
Of his faire Midifee, in the afternoon.
We will with some fomrge a fomrge more to fave them.
Such as the fhorterfeffe of the time can fhape,
Fort Renles, Dances, Maskes, and merry hours,
Fore-runne fare Loue, throwing her way with flowers.

Kim. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone fowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Jufiice alwayes wherle in equal measure.
Light Wrenches may prove plagues to men forfornwe,
If we, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dall.

Pedant. Satte quid sufficit,

Curat. I praise God for you fir, your reasons at dinner have beene sharpe & fenueionspleafant without feuerility, wiry without affection, audacious without imdpudency, learned without opinion, and strange without herefe: I did conuerse this ground day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituated, nominated, or called,

Don Adriano d'Armata.

Ped. Neuhominiu eamquae, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majestikal, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasilical. He is too picked, too fpiece, too affected, too odelle, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.
Peda. He draweth but the third of his verbobstie, fin-
ner then the flape of his argument. I abhor such pha-
natical phantasms, such infectious and poyns deuilie
companions, such rackers of ortographic, as to speake
dout fine, when he should say doubte; det, when he shold
pronounce debtid e b t, put dete the elepeth a Calf,Caufe;
half,haues;neighbour vocatur nebois;neigh abreviats
net: this is abominable, which he would call abomini-
able:it is inueteeth me of infamie: we intelligi dominus,
to make franckie, junsticke?
Cura. Lam doe, bone intellige,
Peda. Some boors for boor presciph, a little scratch, twill
seue.

Enter Bragart, Beg.

Cura. Vide, ne quis venit?
Peda. Video & gaudia,
Brag. Chirra.
Peda. Quay, Chirra, not Strata?
Brag. Men of peace well inentreated.
Peda. Most militiaria for salutation.
Beg. They have beene at a great feast of Language,
and holme the fraps.
Clov. They have list'd on the almes-basket of
words, I mean thy Master not eaten thee for a world,
for thou art no longer by the head as honourificabiliti-
dinistantibus : Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdra-
gon.
Page. Peace, the peale begins,
Brag. Mounifer, are you not letted ?
Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke-
What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?
Peda. Ba, paireca with a horne added.
Brag. Ba most frldly Sheepe, with a horne: thou hear-
e his learning.
Peda. Quis qua, thou Confront?
Page. The lait of the fuce Vowels if You except them,
or the fift ili.
Peda. I will repent them: a e l.
Page. The Sheepe, the other two conclude it ou.
Brag. Now by the fult waue of the meditranian, a
fune roack, a quicke vane we of wit, fnap, quick &
home, it retioecth my intellel, true wit.
Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is
wit-olde.
Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?
Page. Horne,
Peda. Thou dippes like an Infant: goo whip thy
Gigge.
Page. Lend me thy Horne to make one, and I will
whipp about thy Insamie vnnum cia a gigge of a Cuck-
olds horne.
Clov. And I had but one penny in the world, thou
shouldst have it to buy Ginger breads: Hold,there is the
very Remenneration I had of thy Master, thou halfeppen
purse of wit, fnow Pidgeon-egg of differation. & the
heauens were fo plesed, that thou went but my Battard;
What a joyfull father would thou make mee? Com to
thou hall it ad dangif, at the fingers ends, as they say.
Peda. Oh I smell falle Latine, dougel for ungarn.
Brag. Artefman prenebat, we will bee fngled from
the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-
houfe on the top of the Mountains?
Peda. Or now the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountains.
Peda. I doe fays pation.
Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and af-
fecition, to congratulate the Princesse at her Paution,
in the payentors of this day, which the rude multitude call
the after-noone.
Peda. The payentor of the day, most generous sir, is is-
bile,conquarent, and measurable for the after-noone:
the word is well culd, choie, sweet, and ap I doe affure you
sir, I doe affure.
Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my fa-
miliar, I doe affure ye very good friend : for what turn-
betweene vs, let it passe. I doe befeech thee re-
member thy curtefie. I befeech thee appell thy head:
and among other importunet & most serous degine
and of great import indeedo: but let that passe, for I
must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world)
sometime to lean upon my poore shoulder, and with
his royal finger thus dulle with ny excriment, with my
mustache: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world
I recounts no fable, some certaine special honours it
pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armand a Souldier,
a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that
passe; the very all of us: but sweet heart, I do implore
serceely, that the King would have mee present the
Princesse (sweet chuckes) with some delightfull offenta-
cion, or flow, or pages, or anticks, or face-workes
Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self
are good at such euposions, and sodaine breaking out of
myrth (as it were ) I have acquainted you withall, to
the end to craue your auffiance.
Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Wor-
thy. Sit Holofemes, as concerning some entertainment
of time, some bow in the payentor of this day, to bee
rendred by our auffiants the Kings command: this
most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before
the Princesse: I say none to first as to preente the Nine
Worthies.
Cuar. Where will you finde men worthy enough to
present them?
Peda. lofia, your fellemny felfe, and this gallant gen-
tleman hakes Macbokor ; this Swaine (because of his
great liame or inynt ) shall passe Pomyy the great, the
Princesse.
Brag. Pardon first, eror: He is not quantitive eno
ough for that Worthies thume, hee is not to big as the end
of his Club.
Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall preente Hercu-
les in minoritie: his enter and exit shall bee strangling a
Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpofe.
Pag. An excellent deute: so if any of the audience
hille, you may cry, Well done Hercules, now thou cru-
sheld the Snake: that is the way to make an offence gra-
cious, though few have the grace to doe it.
Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?
Peda. I will play three my selfe.
Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.
Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?
Peda. We attend.
Pag. We will have, if this fedge nor, an Antique. I
befeech you follow.
Peda. Via good-man Doll, thou haues spoken no word
all this while.
Doll. Nor understande none neither fis.
Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.
Doll. Ie make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on
Loes Labour's loft.

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on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Ped. Molt dow, honseff, Dow, to our sport away. Exit.

Enter Ladies.
Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart; If fairies come thus plentifully in.
A Lady was't about with Diamonds; Look you,what I have from the leuing King.
Refe. Madam, came nothing else along with that? Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Bime, As would be cram'd wp in a flyer of paper.
Writ on both fides the letters margent and all,
That he was faie to feale on Cupids name.
Refe. That was the way to make his godhead was:
For he hath fene five thoufand yeares a Boy.
Kate, I, and a fhred unhappy gallows too,
Refe. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your fides.
Kate. He made her melancholy, fad, and heavy, and
So the died: had the bene Light like you, of fuch a mer-
rie nimble firling spirit, the might a bin a Grandam ere
the died, and fo may you: For a light heart lies long.
Refe. What's your darkc meaning mouse, of this light
word?
Kate. A light condition in a beauty darke.
Refe. We need more light to finde your meaning out.
Kate. You'll marke the Light by taking it in hand?
Therefore I darkely end the argument.
Refe. Look what you do, you doe it fill 1' th darke.
Kate. So do not you, for you are a Light Wench.
Refe. Indeed I waige not you, and therefore Light.
Kate. You waige me not, O that you care not for me.
Refe. Great reafon: for past faire, is till faire cure,
Kate. Well banded boke, a fea of Wit well played.
But Refalins, you have a Fauour too?
Qu. Who fent it? and what is it?
Kate. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, haue Verfes too, I thanke Bereomes,
The numbers true, and were the numbering too,
I were the faireft goddefe on the ground.
I am compar'd to twofand thoufand faire.
O he hath drawn me in his picture in.
Refe. Any thing like?
Kate. Much in the letters, nothing in the praffe.
Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclufion.
Kate. Faire as a text Boke in a Coppice booke.
Refe. Ware penals, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Domnhireall, my golden letter,
O that your face were full of Oes,
Qu. A Pox of that left, and I defhrew all Showes:
But Katherine, what was fent to you
From faire Dammes?
Kate. Madame, this Gloue,
Qu. Did he not fend you twaine?
Kate. Yes Madame: and moreover,
Some thoufand Verfes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge translation of hypocrifie,
Villify compiled, profound impudencie.
Mar. This, and thefe Pearls, to me fent Languiile.
The Letter is too long by half a mile,
Qu. I thince no leffe: Droft thou with in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter fhort.
Mar. Ior, I would these hands might neuer part.
Qu. We are wife worldes to mocke our Louers foe
Refe. They are worfe foolcs to purchase mocking fo.

That fame Bereome Ile trouble are I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and feke,
And wait the feation, and obferue the tines,
And spend his prodigall wits in bootees rimes,
And flape his leuitce wholly to my deuce,
And make him proud to make me proude that lefts,
So pertuant like would I of refway his flace,
That he fhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Qu. None are so furely cauf'd, when they are catche,
As Wit tum'd foole, folliu in Witfome hau'd:
Hath wifefdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schooles;
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
Refe. The bloud of youth burns not with fuch exceffe,
As graneties requit to wantons be.
Mar. Follifie in Foolcs bears not to ftronge note,
As foofry in the Wife, when Wit doth doore.
Since all the power thereof doth apply,
To proye by Wit, worth wth impudencie.

Enter Boyet.
Qu. Here comes Boyet, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am flab'd with laugh, Who'ts her Grace?
Qu. Thy newes Boyet t
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, in counters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth the proufe, difguif'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Mufter your Wits, fend in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowsards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint Dennis to C. Cupid: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say fccallay.
Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siceamore,
I thought to clofe mine eyes some halfe an hour:
When lo to intercept my purpofe rett,
Toward that hope I might behold adrest,
The King and his companions: waresly
I flote into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you flall ouer-heare:
That by and by difguif'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knauff Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embalme,
A concluion and accent did they teach him thote.
Thus much they fhould know, and thus the body bear.
And cue and anor they made a doubt,
Prefence maifeiciall would put him out.
For quoth the King, an Angell thall thou fee:
Yet fare not thou, but fpeak audaciously,
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should have fear'd her, had fhe beene a deuill,
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shouder,
Making the bold wagg by their prafes bolder,
One rub'd his elboe that, and fleer'd, and fwoe,
A better speech was never fpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd via, we will not, come what will come.
The third he capet'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With much a loud laughter so profound,
That in this spleete ridiculious appreates,
To check the folks passions feeme neare.
Qu. But what, but what, come they to vifit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Mecucners, or Raffians, as I gefse.
Their purpofe is to palifie, to court, and dance,
M 3 And
And every one his Louse-feast will advance,
Vnto his feuerall Mifrefle: which they'll know
By fauours feuerall, which they did belowe.
Queen. And will they fethe Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies we vnto every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Delight of fate, to fee a Ladies face.
Balf. Rafaline, this Faughter thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare :
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and gie me thine,
So full Bemowe take me for Rafaline.
And change your fauours too,so full you Loues
Woo contrarly, decei'd by them enueous.
Rafa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.
Kurst. What in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The eoffect of my intent is to croffe their's:
They doe it in but mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is only my intent.
Their feuerall conteyls they vnbofore shall,
To Loues miutbeoke, and so be mocke withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Vlages displaid to talke and greete.
Rafa. But shall we dance, we may define vs too?
Queen. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Not to their pen'd speech render we no grace.
But while it's spoke,eac'h turne away his face,
Bey. Why that contempe will kill the keepers heart,
And quite duorce his memory from his part.
Loue. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reft will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no fuch sport, as sport by foot oerbrownse:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So full we play mocking endecing game,
And they well mocke,depart away with frame. Sound.
Bye. The Trumpet founds, be maskts, the maskers come.

Enter Black mores with mufick, the Bey with a speeche,
and the reft of the Lords disguifed.

Page. All hail the richell Beauties on the earth.
Bey. Beauties no ticher then rich Tiffata.
Page. A holy paircell of the fairest dames that ever turn'd
their backs to mortal viuems.
The Ladies turne their backs to him.
Bey. Their eyes will shine,their eyes,
Page. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortal viuems.

Out
Bey. True, out indeed.
Page. Out of your fonour beautie's spirits vouchsafe
Not to behold.
Bey. Once to behold, roguie.
Page. Once to behold with your Suone beneamed eyes,
With your Suone beneamed eyes.
Bey. They will not anwer to that Epythite,
You were belter call it Daunger beneamed eyes.
Page. They do not make me, and that brings me out.
Bey. Is this your perfec't chief? be gon you roguie.
Rafa. What would these strangers?
Know their minds Beyes
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purpofes,
Know what they would?
Beyes. What would you with the Princes?
Bey. Nothing but peace, and gentle viuistration.
Rafa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.
Bey. She laies you haste it, and you may be gon.
Kinn. Say to her we haue meafur'd many miles,
To tread a meafure with you on the graffe.
Bey. They fay that they have meafur'd many a mile,
To tread a meafure with you on this graffe.
Rafa. It is not fo. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meafur'd mane,
The meafure then of one is easie told.
Bey. If to come hither, you have meafur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princefse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Kinn. Tell her we meafure them by wearey Reps.
Bey. She heares her felfe.
Rafa. How mane wearey Reps,
Of many wearey miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbered in the trauell of one mile?
Bey. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is for rich, fo infinite,
That we may doe it full without accompt
Vouchsafe to shew the finline of your face,
Then ifke (faue jag) may worship it.
Rafa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kinn. Bleffed are clouds, to doe as fuch clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and thefe thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds removed) upon our watterie eyne.
Rafa. Ovaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requets but Moonefheine in the water.
Kinn. Then in our meafeure, vouchefale but one change.
Thou bid me begge, this begging is not frange.
Rafa. Play mufick they: nay you muft doe it loone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kinn. Will you not dance? How come you thus eftanged?
Rafa. You took the Moone at full, but now thee's changed?
Kinn. Yet full the is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rafa. The mufick players, vouchefale some motion to it:
Our cares vouchefale it.
Kinn. But your leggere should doe it.
Rafa. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance;
Welle'nt not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kinn. Why take you hands then?
Rafa. Onelle to part friends,
Currie the sweet hearts, and to the meafeure ends.
Kinn. More meafeure of this meafeure be not nice.
Rafa. We can afford no more at such a price.
Kinn. Prife your feluets What buyes your compainie?
Rafa. Your abfence onelle.
Kinn. That can never be.
Rafa. Then cannot we be bought and fo adue,
Twice to your Vifore, and halfe once to you.
Kinn. If you denie to dance, let's hold more char.
Rafa. In priuate then.
Kinn. I am bell pleas'd with that.
Bey. White handet Mifer, one sweet word with thee.
Kinn. Hony, and Milke, and Sager there is three.
Bey. Nay then two treyen,as if you growe no mile
Methiglone, Worte, and Malmife; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen fweetes.
Qwe. Seventh sweet adue,since you can cogg,
I'll play no more with you.
Bey. One word in secre.
Kinn. Let it not be fower.
Bey. Thou green'ft hit my gall.

Queen.
Qu. Gall, bitter.
Bett. Therefore orceete.
Duo. Will you vouchsafe me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Duo. Faire Lady.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Duo. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your wizard made without a rong?
Long. I know the reason Lady why you ask.
Duo. O for your reason, quickly sir, Long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speecchele vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calf?
Long. A Calf, faire Lady?
Quo. No faire Lord Calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, lie not be half your face.
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Ox.
Long. Look he how ye but your felle in these sharpe mokes.
Will you give horses halfa Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then dye a Calf before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. Least foldly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, orkeule:
Cutting a smaller hair then may be feene,
Aboute the fore of fence so fatellible:
Seemeth their conference,their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, wofier things
Rofa. Not one word more my maidens, brake off, brake off.
Ber. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have pimples wits.

Enter, twenty adueys my frozen Mucconits,
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at? 
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes
puff out.
Rofa.Wel-liking wits they bave, groffe, groffe,fat, fat.
Quo. O pourfrie in wits, Kingly poore fleut.
Will they not (think ye) hang themselfes to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces?
This pert Berryone was out of countnance quiete,
Rofa. They were all in lamentable cafes.
The King was sweeping tipe for a good word.
Boyet. Berryone did sweare himselfe out of all fluite.
Mar. Damaine was as my servise, and his sword:
No point (quoth I) my servent straet vva was mute.
Ka. Lord Longesall said I came ore his hart:
And tryow you who he call'd me?
Quo. Quilme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Quo. Go fickniefle as thou art.
Boyet. Wel, better wits have wore plain flatute caps,
But wil you hear; the King is my loute Rowere.
Quo. And quiuctose Berryone hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And Longesall was for my servise borne.
Mar. Damaine is mine as fur as backe on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistrelles guile care,
Immediately they will againe be here;
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digget this hastli indignite.

Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are came with blowses:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repaires,
Blow like sweete Roales, in this summer aire.
Quo. How blowes? how blowes? Speake to bee under-
footed.
Boy. Faire Ladies masks, are Roales in their bud:
Difinmask, their damaske sweete commixture shoune,
Are Angels tailing clouds, or Roales blowne.
Quo. Auant perplextie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Boje. Good Madam, if by me you'll be aduit'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowned as diuignis:
Let vs complain to them what fooles were heare,
Difin's like Mucconites in shaepetele geare;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue wildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be prefentad at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quo. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Enter the King and the rest.

Ka. Faire sir, God face you. Wher's the Princeffe?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Quo. Please it your Maiestie command me any service to her?
King. That the vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will shee, I know my Lord.
Exeunt. 
Boy. This fellow pickes vp wic as Pigeons peace,
And vitres it againe, when Ione doth pleas.'
He is Wits Poiter, and retaires his Water,
At Wakes, and Walfet, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know,
Hawe not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his fleece.
Had he bin an Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can earce too, and Hispe: Why this is he,
That kift away his hand in courtseye.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monfieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice.
In honorable tearsmes: Nay he can fing.
A meane mott melainy, and in Vifering
Mend him who can i: the Ladies call him sweete.
The flaizers as he treads on them kisse his fetce.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And confidences that will not die in debts,
Pay him the duise of honest-seanged Beret; 
King. A bliffer on his sweete tongue with his hart,
That put Armatoes Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladiess.

Ber. See where it comes. Behaviour what wert thou,
Till this maistman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All halle sweete Madame, and faire time of day.
Quo. Faire in all Halle is foule, as i conceive.
King. Constrate my speeches better, if you may
Quo. Then with me better, I will gule you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Quo. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periti'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The
Loves Labour's lost.

The verite of your eie must breake my oath.

2. You nickname verite: vice you should have spoke.

For verites office neuer breaks men trueth.

Now by my maden honor, yet as pure
As the unscallied Lily, I protest,

A world of tormentous though I should endure,

I would not yeeld to be your houles guest:

So much I hate a breach, I hate to be

Of heavenly ought, would with integritie.

Kin. O you have flued in defolation heere,

Vnfeene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

2. Not for my Lord, it is not so I swear.

We have had patitimes heere, and pleasent game,

A meaft of Rusfians left us but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Rusfians?

2. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of State.

Rafa. Madam speake true. It is not so to my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)

In euerthie gies vnderfeing praffe.

We foure indeede confronted were with foure

In Rusfia habite: Here tweynd an houre, and

Talk'd with a: and in that houre (my Lord)

They did not bleeve vs with one happy word.

I dare not call them foules; but this I think,

When they are thirftie, foules would faine have drinke

Ber. This leet is drie to me. Gentle sweete,

You witts makes wife things foolish when we greete

With dies beft seeing, heumpties eie :

By light we looke light; your capacitie

Is of that nature, that to your houge floore,

Wife things threeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Raf. This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foule, and full of pooretie.

Raf. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to fantast words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours and all that I poiffe.

Raf. All the foule mine.

Ber. I cannot glue you leffe.

Raf. Which of the Wizzard what is it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Wizzard?

Why demand you this?

Raf. There, then, that Wizard, that supernatural cafe,

That hid the worlde, and shew'd the better face.

Kim. We are dieried,

They'll mocke vs now downright.

Dn. Let vs confende, and turne it to a lef.

Que. Amaz'd any Lord? Why lookeys your Highnes Ladie?

Rafa. Help me hold his browne, he'll found: why looke

you pale?

Sea-fick I thinke comming from Musconote.

Ber. Thus poute the flars downe plaques for perity.

Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Heree (and I, Ladie dar thy skille at me,

Brufe me with forrne, confound me with a flout.

Thruit thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit:

At I will with thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Rusfian habitt waite,

O! nor will I truut to fpeeches pen's:

Nor to the motion of a Schooele-bootes tongue.

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woue in time like a blind-harpers songe,

Tafata pharise, fficken tearmes precifc:

Three-pi'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedantick, these summer flies,

Have blowe me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I heere protest,

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my woing minde (shall) be effrept

In ruffet yeares, and honest kerrie noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My love to thee is found, far cracke or flaw.

Raf. San, faire, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a tricke.

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ficke.

He leave it by degrees: soft, let vs fee,

Write Lord have mcrice an vs, on those three,

They are infected, in their heerth is lies:

They haue the plaugue, and caught it of your eyes:

Thele Lords are victed, you are not firc:

For the Lords tokens en you do I fe.

Que. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ber. Our fates are forfeit, feke not to vno vs.

Raf. It is not fo; for how can this be true,

That you fland forfeit, being thofe that fie.

Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Raf. Nor fhall not, if I do as I intende.

We speake for your felues, my wit is at an end,

King. Teach vs faire, Madame, for our rude tran.

gression, fome faire excufe.

Qu. The faireft is confession.

Were you not here but euen now, disguis'd?

Kim. Madam, I was,

Qu. And were you well aду?d?

Kim. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heree,

What did you whiffer in your Ladies ear?

King. That more then all the world I did refpect her.

Qu. When fhee fhall challenge this, you will refigt her.

King. Upon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbears:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Delpife me when I brake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keep it.

Rafelm. What did the Rusfian whisper in your eare?

Raf. Madam, he woure that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-fight, and did value me

About this World: adding thereto moreover,

That he woulde Me, or eile die my Lourer.

Qu. God glue thee loy of him: the Noble Lord

Molt honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my trueth,

I neuer swore this Ladie fuch an other.

Raf. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,

you gaue me this: but take it fir againe,

King. My faith and this, the Princefel I did giue,

I knew her by this lewell on her fleene.

Qu. Pardon me this, this lewell did the weare,

And Lord Bourme (I thank him) is my deare.

What Will you have me, or your Pestle gaine?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both waite.

I fee the tricke on't: Heree was a confent,

Knowing afoarehand of our meirrement.

To daff it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some pleafl-enome, some flight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick

That finile his cheekes in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispatch'd;

Told
Told our intents before: which once discolor'd,
The Ladies did change, Faustus, and then we:
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of the
Now to our purties, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworn in will and error.
Much upon this tis: and might not you
Forset all our sport, to make vs thus untrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by th' iquier?
And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
You put our Page out: go, you are slow'd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your throwed,
You leer upon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leander sword.
Boy. Full meritly hath this brave manager, this car-
eree bene run.
Ber. Lo, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.

Enter Cleonoe.

Welcome pure wit, thou part 'tis faire fray.
Clo. O Lord fir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No fir, but it is vasa fine,
For curtey one purfents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not so fir, under correction fir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what
we know: I hope three times thrice fir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clo. Under correction fir, wee know where-estilt it
doth amount.
Ber. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Clo. O Lord fir, it were pitty you should get your
living by reckning fir.
Ber. How much is it?
Clo. O Lord fir, the parties themselfes, the actors fir
will stew where-estilt it doth amount: for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) Pompey the great fir.
Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthy of Pompey
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to land for him.
Ber. Go, bid them prepare.
Ext. Clo. We will turne it finely off fir, we will take some
care.
King. Berenoe, they will blame vs:
Let them not approach.
Ber. We are thame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis some,
politics, to have one flown warre then the Kings and his
company.
Kin. I say they shall not come.
Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport beth pleas'd, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale frisies to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which pretext: its
Their forms confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labourage perihs in their birth.
Ber. A right defcription of our sport my Lord,

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweet breath, as will vitter a brace of woods.
Qu. Dost this man serve God?
Ber. Why ask ye?
Qu. He speake' not like a man of God's making.
Brag. That's all one my faire sweet hone Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fanningstakell:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they
say) to Fortuna delegany, I wish you the peace of wünde
most royall complement.
King. Here is like to be a good preference of Worthies;
He pretends Hollar of Troy, the Swaine Pompey: great,
the Pariss Curate Alexander, Armado's Page Hercules,
The Pedant Indus Machabens: And if these foure Worth-
thes in their first flew thriue, these foure will change
habites, and pretern the other fue.
Ber. There is fue in the first flew.
Kin. You are deceived, tis not so.
Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hodge-Prieff, the
Fool, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole would againe,
Cannot pricke out fue such, take each one in's vaine.
Kin. The ship is vnder saile, and here she come saime.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.
Ber. You he, you are not he.
Clo. I Pompey am.
Boy. With Libbards head on knee.
Ber. Well said old macker.
I must needs be friends with thee.
Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey servam'd the big.
Du. The great.
Clo. It is great fir: Pompey servam'd the great:
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
Did make my fue to flower:
And running along this cost, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this faire Lord of
France.
If your Ladyship would say thankes Pompey, I had done
La. Great thankes great Pompey.
Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-
fected, I made a little fault in great.
Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prouces the
bell Worthie.

Enter Curtece for Alexander.

Curte. When in the world I lind, I was the worldes Com-
mander:
By Esch Welk, North and South, I bred my conquering might
My sonne's throne declareth that I am Alisander.
Bont. Your nose faile not, you are not:
For it hand to right.
Ber. Your nose failes no, in this most tender smel-
ling Knight.
Qu. The Conqueror is dimisaid:
Procede good Alexander.
Cur. When in the world I lind, I was the worldes Com-
mander.
Bont. Most true, 'tis right: you were so Alisander.
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clo. Your feruant, and Officier,
Ber. I take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander
Clo. O fir, you have overthrowe Alisander the con-
quor: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth to
this.
Loues Labour's loft.

Enter Pcdt, for Ikudes, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is prefented by this Impe, Whose Club kit'd cephrau that three-headed Caurus, And when he was a babe, a childle, a firimpe, Thus did he trangle Serpents in his Mains:

Loues, Enter for Exit but Exit the gieftis I.

Ere, I come with this Apologie. 
Kepe some flate in thy eft, and vanifh. Exit Boy

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. A Judas?


Iudas I am, with Machabees.

Dum. Iudas Machabees clip, is plain Iudas.

Ber. A kiling traitor. How art thou proud'ud’ Iudas?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more fame for you Iudas,

Ped. What mean you for it?

Boi. To make Iudas hang himself.

Ped. Begin fr, you are my elder.

Ber. Will follow’d, Iudas was hang’d on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce scene.

Boi. The pummell of Caffar Faulchion.

Dum. The card’d bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S. Georges halfe checke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worse in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Daffe, we haue given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac’d them all.

Ber. And thou weft a Lion, we would do fo.

Boi. Therefore as he is, an Afe, let him go:

And fo adieu sweet Iuda. Nay, why doft thou fly?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the Afe to the Iuda: give it him. Iudas a-way.

Ped. This is not generous, nor gentle, nor humble.

Boy. A light for monfieur Iudas, it grows darke, he may humble.

Que. Alas poore Machabees, how hath hee beene bated.

Enter Bragg'rs.

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, here comes Hector in Arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boi. But is this Hector?

Kim. I think Hector was not to clean timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for Hector.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is bell indented in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Bragg. The Armipsent Mars of Lounges the almighty, gave Hector a gift.

Dum. A gift Nymegge.

Ber. A Lenmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Bragg. The Armipsent Mars of Lounges the almighty, gave Hector a gift, the boire of Illions;

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yet

Frome Moroe till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am but that Fower.

Dum. That Mint.

Lon. That Cullambine.

Bragg. Sweet Lord Longamill reyne thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-gainst Hector.

Dum. Land Hector's a Grey-bound.

Bragg. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:

But I will forward with my device;

Sweet Royalty bellow on me the fence of hearing.

Bremores steps forth.

Kim. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Bragg. I do adore thy sweet Graces fliper.

Boy. Loues her by the foor.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Bragg. Thia Hector forces farrowd Hamilcull.

The parie is gone.

Cle. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Bragg. What meanest thou?

Cle. Faith vnleffe you play the honeft Troyan, the poore Wench is cail away: she's the quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: it's yours.

Bragg. Doft thou infanmonize me among Potenates?

Thou hast die,

Cle. Then shall Hector be whipt for foucette that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moft rare Pompey.

Boi. Renowned Pompey.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey.

Pompey the budge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. Pompey is moued, more Aetes more Aetes flire them, or fiire them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if she have no more mans blood in't belly, then will flup a Flea.

Bragg. By the Northpole I do challenge thee.

Cle. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile flie, he is by the sword: I pray you leave me bor-

low my Aromes againe.

Dum. Roomes for the incensed Worthies.

Cle. Ile do it in my thirt.

Dum. Moft resolute Pompey.

Page. Matter, let me take you a button hol lower.

Do you not see Pompey is vocuing for the combat: what meane
meant your you will lose your reputation.

Dum. You may not decline it, Pompey hath made the challenge.

Plaid. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Bart. What reason have you sect?

Brig. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was injoyed him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be either he wore none, but a difficult of Laynetta's, and that hee weares next his hear for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Marc. God save you Madame.

Que. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. I am forre Madam, for the newes I bring is healie in my tongue, The King your father

Dum. Dead for my life.

Marc. Even so: My tale is told.

Bart. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brig. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will fight my selfe like a Souldier.

Enter Worthy Souldiers.

Kyn. How fare's your Majestie?

Que. Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beeafe you stay.

Que. Prepare I say. I thank you gracious Lords.

For all your faire endeavours and enterpris: Out of a new fad-soule, that you vouchsafe, In your rich wisedome to execue, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirites, If out- boldly we have borne our felowes, In the center of breath (your gentlenesse Was guilty of it,) Farewell worthie Lord: A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue. Excuse me fo, comming so short of thanks, For my great suite, fo easily obtrain'd.

Kyn. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes All caustes to the purpose of his speed: And ofte'n in his very loues decides That, which long procees could not arbitrate. And though the mourning braw of progience Forbidden the smiling carefull of Loue: The holy soie which faine it would conuince, Yet since loues argument was first on foote, Let not the cloud of sorrow fuffle it From what it purpor'd: since to wail friends loft, Is not by much so wholesome profitable, As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Que. I understand you not, my griefes are double.

Bart. Honest plain words, belt piece the ears of griefe And by these badges understand the King, For your faire fakes have we neglected time, Plead soe quy with our oaths: your beautie Ladies Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our honors Even to the oppoed end of our intents, And what in vs hath feene'd ridiculous: As Loue is full of vsbefitting straines, All wanton as a child, skipping and vaine. Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie. Full of flattering shapes, of habitts, and of formes Varying in subiectes as the eie doth roule, To euerie varied object in his glance.

Which partie-coated presence of loose loue Put on by vs, if in your heavenly eies, Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravityes, Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults, Suggesting vs to make: therefore Ladies Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes Is likee wives yours. We to our feluer proue faile, By being once faile, for ever to be true, To shoo that make vs both, faire Ladies you. And even that falshood in it felle a stone, Thus purifies it felle, and turns to grace.

Que. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue, And in our maiden consoule rais'd them, At courtship, pleasanfleed, and carefree, A bombast and as lining to the time: But more do you then these are our respecs Have we not bene, and therefore may your loues In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then left.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Ref. We did not cost them so.

Kin. Now at the lastminute of the hour,

Grant vs your loues.

Que. A time me thinkes too short,

To make a world-without-end bargaine in:

No, no, my Lord, your Grace is peruer'd much,

Full of desire guillinefle, and therefore this: If for my Loue (as there is no fuch cause) You will do ought, this shall you do for me.

Your och I will not trut: but go with speed To come forlorn and asked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world; There flay, with the twelve Celestiall Signes Have brough't about their annual reckoning. If this auterbe inflexible life,

Change not your offer made in heauen of breath: I froth, and facts, hard lodging, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudie blosomes of your Loue, But that it beare this triall, and fall loue: Then at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these deferrts, And by this Virgin paloune, how keiving chine, I will be chine: and till that inflamme thine

My woeful felle vp in a mourning house,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death. If this thou do denie, let our hands part,

Neither invitel in the others part.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,

To Barter vp these powers of mine with reft,

The sodaine hand of death clofe vp mine eie.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

Bart. What to me your Loue? and what to me?

Ref. You must be purg'd too, your fins are rack'd,

You are attainted with faults and perjuriue;

Therefor if you my favour meane to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and neuer reft,

But feeke the wearey beds of people fckie.

Dum. But what to me your loue? what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,

With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Dum. O shall I say, I thank you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
Plough for her sweet luste three yeares. But most effe-
cemed greatness, will you hear the Dialogue that the two
Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and the
Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our
new.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.


Enter all.

This side is Hemis, Wintuer.

This Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.

Ver. begin.

The Song.

When Dafes pied, and Violets blew,
And Ladie smocks all filuer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euere tree,
Mockes married men, for thus fings he,
Cuckow,
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vuplesing to a married eare.

When Shepherdes pipe on Oaten frowes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The Cuckow then on euere tree
Mockes married men; for thus fings he,
Cuckow,
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vuplesing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Ilices hang by the wall,
And Dike the Spiehede blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pailte;
When blood is npt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasse lone doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coiff drouwnes the Parfons law:
And birds fit brooding in the snow,
And Marriians nose lookes red and raw:
When rostled Crabs hifie in the bowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasse lone doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercureis,
Are hardli after the songes of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

FINIS.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Thesear, Hippolita, with others.

The sea.

Of our faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on space; foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, thou art not thefree, how flow.
This old Moon wanes, I she illustres my defires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennue.

Hip. Foure daies will quickly steep the flues in nights.
Sovereign, for nowe my father, and I to the Moon.
Hippolita, I wou'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Thesear, our renowned Duke.
Thes. Thanks good Egeus, what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius,

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lyfander,
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bofolme of my childe:
Thou, thou Lyfander, thou hast gien her times,
And interchang'd love-token with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone, light at her window fang,
With faining voice, veres of faining love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knees, trifles, Noble-gaies, sweet meates (messengers
Of strong preualment in enhardened youth)

With cunning haft thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborn harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace,
Confess to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilidge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Ou to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately pronounced in that cafe.

Thes. What say you Hermia? be advis'd faire Maide.
To your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your betters, yea and one
To whom you are but, as a forme in wasse
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To ollow the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.
Thes. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other moit be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The rather your cies muft with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern me my modellie
In such a presence here to pleade my thoughts:
But I befeech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may besell me in this cafe,
I refere to wed Demetrius.

Her. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For euer the company of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the fluerie of a Nunne.
For aye to be in shady Cloister mow'd,
To liue a barren lifter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleffe Moone,
Thrice blessed they that matter for their blood,
To vndergo such maidens pilgrimage,
But enioy more the nuns diuine, and sickle blefiedneffe.
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collidde night,
That (in a sfeene) unfolds both heaven and earth;
And eke a man hath power to say, behold,
The is of darknesse doth devote ye vp;
So sickly bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers have beene ever crost,
It standes as an edit in infinitie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customearie croste,
As due to lose, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. Good perfection; therefore heare me Hermia,
I haue a Widdow Aunr, a dowager,
Of great reuenue, and the hath no childle,
From Athens is her house remote feuen leagues,
And the refpeets me, as her onely fonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I large thee,
And to that place, the phare Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs.
If thou lookest me, then
Steele forth thy fathers house to morning night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meeet thee once with Helena,
To do obseruance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his beft arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicite of Venus Doves,
By that which knieth fowles, and propers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the faile Troyan vnder faile was fette,
By all the vows that ever men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that fame place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meeet with thee.


Enter Helena.

Her. God speed thee faire Helena, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnlay,

Dem. loves you faire? O happy faire!
Your eyes are loaddaries, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to the fheepards ear,
When wheate is green, when hathorne buds appear,
Sicknesse in catching, O were fure to,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eare, my eare,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweeter meledie,
Were the world mine, Demetres being based,
The refi fliue to be to you tranflated,
O teach me now you looke, and with what art
You fway the motion of Demetres hart,

Hel. I frowne upon him, yet he loues me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my familys such skil.

Her. I gie him curfes, yet he glues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affecition move;
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

Her. His follene Helena is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, world that fault wer mine
eternal joy.

Her. Take comfort: he no more fhallee fee my face,

Lysander and my felfe will fee this place.
Before the time I did Lysander fee,

Seem'd Athens like a Paradifie to me.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Layer. Helen, to you my mindes we will unfold,
Tomorrow night, when Phoebus doth behold
Her fluer vifage, in the watry glaffe,
Decking with liquid pearl, the blazed grace.
(A time that Louers flights doth full conclude)
Through Athens gates, have we deid thy thee.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to ly;
Empying our bonoles, of their counsell swelt
There my Lysander, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from Athens turne there away my eyes
To seeke new friends and Strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good-hall grant thee thy Demetria.

Keep we wood Lysander we must flarue our fight,
From lowes toodie, till morrow deep in midnight.

Exit Hermione.

Layer. If I will my Hermia. Helena adieu,
As you on him, Demetrius dotes on you.
Exit Lysander.

Layer. How happy some, or other some can be?
Through Athens I am thought as faire as she,
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he erreth, doth on Hermia eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things bale and wilde, holding no quantity,
Loure can transport to fomee and dignite,
Loure looks not with the eyes, but with the mindes,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath loues mindes of any judgement taile:
Winges and no eyes, figure, wherely halfe.
And therefore is Loue fai'd to be a child.
Because in choife he is often beguil'd,
As wastifull boyes in game themselfes forswear;
So the boye Loue is perier'd every where.
For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermia eyes,
He hal'd doone oashes that he was ouely mine.
And when this Hale some hest from Hermia fell,
So he disfond'd, and flowers of oashes did wel,
I will goe tell him of faire Hermia flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purifie her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thankes, it is a deepe expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my paine,
To have his lighte thitber, and backe againe.

Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Bottom the Shepherd, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Quince. Is all our company here?

Bottom. You were belte to call them generally, man by man, according to the flip.

Snug. Here is the flcrobe of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bottom. First good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quince. Marry our play is the most imstandable Comedy, and most cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Bottom. A very good piece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good Peter Quince, call for thy Actors by the scrowel. Maisters spread your fenes.

Quince. Anwere as I call you. Nick Bottom the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You Nick Bottom are set downe for Pyramus.

Bottom. What is Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quince. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for loue.

Bottom. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eyes: I will moue frowmes; I will condole in some measure.

Bottom. That yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Enterely rare, or a part to teasie a Cat in, to make all fop the raging Rocks, and shuering shocks shall break the locks of prisone gates, and Pyramus caste shall flinte from farre, and make and mare the foolifh Fates. This was loffe. Now name the reft of the Players. This is Exctes vaine, a tyrantes vaine: a louer is more condeling.

Quince. Francis Flint the Bellows-mender.

Bottom. Here Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisbe on you.

Bottom. What is Thisbe, a wandring Knight?

Quince. It is the Lady that Pyramus must loue.

Bottom. Nay faith, let not mere play a woman, I have a beard coming.

Quince. That is all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bottom. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too: He speake in a monitrous little voyce; Ectes, Ectes, oh Pyramus my louer deare, thy Thisbe deare, and Lady deare.

Quince. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flint, you Thibby.

Bottom. Well, proceed.

Quince. Robin Starveling the Taylor.

Bottom. Here Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.

Bottom. Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Quince. You, Pyramus father; my self, Thisbe's father; Snugge the loyner, you the Lyous part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Louns part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am flow of fluide.

Quince. You may doe it exemplarie, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roaste againe, let him roaste againe.

Quince. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutches and the Ladies, that they would flinate, and that were enough to hang you all.

Bottom. That would hang vs every mothers sonne.

Bottom. I grant you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wistes, they would have no more disfremption but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as genly as any faking Doe; I will roare and tvere any Nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but Piramus, for Piramus.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Misdeane night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Thome that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their workes, and they shall have good lucke. Are not you he? Rob. Thou feelest right, I am the merrie wanderer of the night: I left to Oberon, and make him smile, When I a fat and beanes-fed horfe beguile, Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale, And sometimest lurke I in a Gosspis bote, In very likenesse of a roadded crab: And when the fine drinks, against her lips I lob, And on her withered dewlap poure the Ale. The wifeft Aunt telling the laddell tale, Sometime for three-foot floote, mislike thee, Then flip I from her bason, downe topples she, And talloure cries, and falls into a coffe, And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loft, And wozin in their mirth, and neeze, and sweate, A merrier howre was never wafted there. But roome Fairy, here comes Oberon. Fair. And here's my Mifsirs: Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. I'll met by Moone-light, Proud Tytania. Qu. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence. I have forsworne his bed and companie. Ob. Terrie rash Warton; am I not thy Lord? Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou vswast floone away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of Coral,face all day, Playing on pipes of Corne, and vering loue To adorous Flolida. Why art thou here Come from the farthest fleete of India? But that forsooth the bouncing Amazon Your buskin'd Mistrefse, and your Warrior loue, To Thefeus must be Wedded; and you come, To give their bed joy and prosperitie. Ob. How canst thou thus for shame Tytania, Glance at my credite, vith Hippolytus? Knowing I know thy loue to Thefeus? Didst thou not curse him through the glimmering net From Perseus, whom he ravished? And make hitn with faire Eagles break his faith With Ariadne, and Ariadna? Que. These are the forgeries of faleloufe, And never since the middle Summers spring Met wee on hil, in daie, forrest,or mead, By paused fountaine, or by rufhe brooke, Or in the beated margent of the sea, To dance our singlers to the whistling Winnde, But with yth brasse thou hast disturb'd our sport, Therefore the Winnde, piping to vs in vaine, As in reveu, have fucked up from the sea Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land, Hath euer petty Riuer made so proud, That they have ouer-borne their Continents. The One hath therefore frett'd his yoke in vaine, The Ploughman loft his fweeet, and the greene Corne Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard: The fold empties empy in the drowned field, And Crows are fatted with the murion flocke, The
The nine mens Morris is fild up with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene;
For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heare,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernor of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That rheumaticke disease doe abound.
And though this dis TEMperation, we fee
The feasons alter, hoisted headd frotts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimfon Rose,
And on old Hymns chinnce and Jee crowne,
An ordeous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockey et. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childling Autunme, angry Winter change
Their wonted Lurtues, and the mazed world;
By their increas, now knowes not which is which.)
And this fame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diuision,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, its les in you,
Why shouild Titania croffe her Oberon?
I do burc beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Quin. See your light eft aff,
The Fairy land buyes nor the childe of me,
Hit mother was a Votresse of my Order,
And in the spied Includ sire, by night
Full often hath the gosmall by my side,
And fat with me on Nepsunn yellow sands,
Marking the embark'd traders on the flood,
When we haue laughed to see the fules conceale,
And grow big belled with the wanton winde:
Which she with prettys and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong quire)
Would imitate, and falle upon the Land,
To fetch me trilles, and returne againe,
As from a voy age, rich with merchandize.
But shee being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her fake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her fake I will not part with him.
Oh. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Or. Perchance till after Thefeu wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light reuels, done with vs;
If not, than me and I will spare your haunts.

Oh. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.
Or. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
We shall clide downe right, if I longer stay. 
Extrem. Oh. We go thy waytourne shalt not from this ground,
Till I terme thee, for this injury.
My gentle Pucke come hither: thou remembreth
Since once I fart vp a promontory,
And heard a Mere-side on a Dolphins backe,
Vterning such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her fong,
And certaine fantes first madly from their Splicers,
To hear the Sea-maidens musick.

Puck. I remembre.

Oh. That very time I faie (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Captd all arm'd; a certaine sime he tooke
At a faiie Veffall, throwen by the Wefl,
And loos'd his loue-shaft (marke this from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young Cupids fiery shaft
Quenches in the chafie bernes of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votresse paffed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markes I where the bolls of Cupid fell,
It fell vpon a little wefternr flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And madiens call it, Loue in idleness.
Fetch me that flowers; the heart by flue d thee once,
The iuyce of it; on sleeping eye-bids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doe
Vpon the next lute creature that it fees.
Fetch me this heartes, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the Lenianth can swim a league.

Pucke. I cleft a girdle about the eare, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ie watch Titania, when she is asleepe.
And drop the liqueur of it in her eyes.
The next thing when she waking looke vp on,
(He is on Lyon, Bere, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on bufic Ape)
Shee shall pursuie, with the foule of none.
And ere I take this charme off from her fight.
(As I can take it with another hearte)
Ie make her sender vp her Page to me.
But who comes here, I am indibible.
And I will over hearte their confession.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Demetrius. I loue thee not, therefore pursue menot,
Where is Esfander, and faire Hermis?
The one he fly, the other flyeth me.
Thou toldst me they were floote in this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood.
Because I cannot mee my Hermis.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Heli. You draw me,you hard-hearted Adaman,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as freile, leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Demetrius. Do I entice you? do I speak you faire?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot loue you?
Heli. And even for that do I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniel, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will favoe on you.
Vie me but as your spaniel; sporne me, strike me,
Neglet me, love me; onely give me leau
(You worthy as I am) to follow you.
What wouold place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high refpect with me)
Then to be vied as you do your dogge.

Demetrius. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirt,
For I am sick when I do looke on thee.

Heli. And I am sick when I looke not on you.

Demetrius. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trufl the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a defert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Heli. Your vertue is my priuledge: for this
It is not night, when I doe fer your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

For you in my respect are all the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone,

When all the world is here to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;

Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:

Apollo flies, and Demeter holds the chafe;

The Dove pursues the Griffin, the mild Hinde

Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootleffe speede,

When cowardly pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;

Or if thou follow me, do not beleue,

But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. 1, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field

You doe me mischief. 

Eye Demeter, your wrongs doe fete a scandal on my fexe:

We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;

We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.

I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,

To die upon the hand I loue so well.

Oh, Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,

Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue.

Halt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. I there it is.

Oh, I pray thee giue it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,

Where Oatflips and the noddling Violer growes,

Quite ous-cannaied with luxuous woodbine,

With sweet muske roles, and with Egplantine;

There sleepe Tytus, sometime of the night,

Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skinne,

Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.

And with the iuyce of this Ile freske her eyes,

And make her full of fatall fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;

A sweet Athenian Lady is in loue

With a disdainfull youth: anno unt his eyes,

But doe it when the next thing he epiries,

May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man.

By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care, that he may proue

More fond on her, then she upon her loue;

And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pr. Fear not my Lord, your fennent shall do so, Exit.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;

Then for the third part of a minute hence.

Some to kiell Cankers in the muske rofe buds,

Some warre with Reemeifie, for their leathern wings,

To make my small Elias coate, and some keepe backe

The elamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits: Sing me now alleepe,

Then to your offices, and let me reft.

Fairies Sing.

 Thou o'ertopped Snakes with double tongue,

Thorny Hedgebottes do not seene,

News and Binda worms do no wrong,

Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Philomel with melody,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby,

Lullaby, lullaby,

Never born, nor fish, nor charmee.

Come our lovely Lady ets,

So good night with Lullaby.

1. Fairy. Waving Spiders come not beere,

Hence you long leg'd Spinners hence.

Beetles blacke approach not neere;

Wormes nor Snails dare no offence.

Philomel with melody, &c.

2. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;

One asleep, fland Centinell,

Shee sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seeft when thou dost wake,

Doest thou any true Loue take?

Loue and lenguage for his fake.

Be it Ounce, or Carre, or Bearre,

Pard, or Boare with bristles hail.

In thy eye that shall appeare,

When thou wak't it, is thy dear,

Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fairie loue you, faint with wandering in i' woodes,

And to speake a troth I haue forgot our way:

We'll rest vs Hermia, if you thinke it good,

And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so Lysander: finde you out a bed,

For Ipon this banke will I rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall ferue as pillow for both,

One hert, one bed, two bofomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good Lysander, for my sake my deere

Lie further off ye, doe not lie to neere.

Lys. O take the faire sweet, of my innocence,

Loue takes the meaning in loues conference,

I mane that my heart unto yours is knit,

So that but one heart can you make of it.

Two bofomes interchanged with an oath,

So then two bofomes, and a single troth.

Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,

For lying so, Hermia, I do not lye.

Her. Lysander ridles very prettily;

Now much behrew my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

But gentle friend, for loue and courteisie

Lye further off, in humane modesty,

Such seperation, as may well be said,

Becomes a verous matchelour, and a maide,

So faffe be distante, and good night swee: friends,

Thy loue nere stils, till thy sweet life end,

Lys. Amen, amen, so that faire prayer, say I,

And then end life, when I end loyalty.

Here is my bed, sleepe you the all his rest.

Her. With halfe that with, the widders eyes be prest.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest haste I gone,

But Athenian finde I none,

One whose eyes I might approve,

This flowers force in flattering loue,

Night and silence: who is here?

Weedes of Athens he doth weare;

This is he (my master ait)

Defineth the Athenian maide,

And here the maiden sleeping found,
On the dace and durtie ground,
Pretty soule, the durt doth not ye.

Neere this lache-loue, this kill-cresse.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw,
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'lt, let love forbid
Sleepe his feate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

_Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetrius._
_Dee. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
_Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
_Dee. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe._

Exit Demetrius.

_Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the jeffer is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wherefore the lie; for
The hath blest and attractive eyes,
How came her eyes so bright? Not with stall teares.
If so, my eyes are ofter waft then hers.
No, no, I am as vygly as a Rease; for
Blest that meete me, runne away for teares.
Therefore no marustile, though Demetrius
Doe as a monster, this my preference thus,
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with Hermias fiery eye?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground.
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound,
Lyfander, if you live, do good awake.

_Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweete fake.
Transparent Helena, nature her sweetes art,
That through thy bosome makes me fee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to peril on my sword?
_Hel. Do not say to Lyfander, say not so:
What though he love your Hermia, Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loues you: then be content.
_Lyf. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love.
Who will not change a Rauen for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason way'd:
And reason faies you are the worsthit Maide.
Things growing are not rpe untill their season;
So be yong, till now rpe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richel fortues.
_Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mackery borne?
When at your hands did I defende this corne?
If not enough, ift not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Defende a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)
In such diftinfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; I perfice I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that's Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd._

Exit.

_Lyf. She fees not Hermia: Hermia sleepe thou there,
And never maifhethou come Lyfander neere;_

For as a farifeit of the sweeteft things
The depeat loathing to the flamacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated mot of those that did decieve:
So thou, my suffit, and my heeffe,
Of all be hatred; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her Knight.

_Her. Helpe me Lyfander, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brief.
Aye me, for pity, what a dreafe was here?
Lyfander looke, how do I quake with feare?
Me thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat filling a此项 cruel prey.
Lyfander, what remou'd? Lyfander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake and if you hearse:
Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.
No, then, I well perceive you are not yue,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.

Exit.

_Aulus Terius._

Enter the Clownes.

_Bot. Are we all men?
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruoules convenient
place for our reheasall. This greene plou shall be our
stage, this hauorth brake our syring houfe, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke._

_Bot. Peter quene?_
_Peter. What fealt thou, bully Bottom?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Piraus and
Thisby, that will never please. First, Piraus must draw a
sword to kill himifcfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How anwere you that?
_Snoit. Berlaken, a parlous featre.
_Sars. I beleue we musste leave the killing out, when
all is done._

_Bot. Not a whit, I have a deside to make all well.
Write me a Prologue and let the Prologue feeme to fay,
we will do no harme with our swords, and that Pyramus
is not kill'd Indeed: and for the more better affurance,
 tell them, that I Pyramus am not Piramus, but Bottom the
Weaver, this will put them out of feare.

_Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and fixe._

_Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight._

_Snoit. Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon?
_Quin. I feare it, I promife you._

_Bot. Matters, you ought to consider with your felfes,
to bring in (God shield us) A Lyon among Ladies, a most
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearfulle wilde
foile then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke
to it._

_Snoit. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon._

_Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and haile his face
must be feene through the Lyons necke, and he himfelfe
must speake through, faying thus, or to the fame defeat;
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would
request
request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitiful of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Qun. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moon-light into a chamber; for you know, Piramus and Thamyse meet by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moon shine that night wee play our play?

Bst. A Calendar, a Calendar, look in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine finde out Moone-shine. Enter Pucke.

Qun. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bst. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Lion. Lor else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lambshorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to prevent the perfon of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for Piramus and Thamyse (fits the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you?

Bstome. But. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Platter, or some Lome, or some rough cutt about him, to confume wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall Piramus and Thamyse whisper.

Qun. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe every mothers sone, and rehearse your parts.

Piram. you begin, when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Qunin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here?

So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene?

What, a Play toward? I lea be an auditor,

An Actor too perhaps, if I see caule.


Thamyse, the flowers of odious favors sweete.

Qun. Odours, odours.

Piram. So hath thy breath, my dearest Thamyse desire.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. Exit Pir.

Park. A stranger Piramus then ere plaid here.

Pir. Must I speake now?

 Fer. I murther murther you. For you must understond he goes but to fec a noyfe that he heard, and is so come a-gaine.

Thamyse. Moft radiant Piramus, moft Lily white of hue, Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant byser,
Moft briskly Ionall, and eke must lowly lye,
As true as strictl horse, that yet would never yeer,
I meete thee thee Piramus at Ninnus toombe.

Pir. Ninnus toombe man: why, you must not speake that yeer; that you answere to Piramus: you speake all your part as once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is paft; it is never yeer.

Qun. As true as strictl horse, that yet would never yeer:

Pir. If I were faire, Thamyse I were only thine.

Pir. O monstroous. O strange. We are hanted; pray matters, flye matters, help.

The Scenes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bufl, through brake, through brake,
Sometime a hourse ile be, sometime a hound:

Btter. A hogg, a headleffe beare, sometyme a fire,
And neig, and barke, and grunt, and rose, and burne,
Like hourse, hound, hogg, beare, fire, at euery tune. Exit.

Enter Piramus with the Aife-head.

Bst. Why do they run away? This is a knaury of them to make me aford. Enter Sweet.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

Bst. What do you fee? You see an Aife-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pir. Blefe thee Piramus, blefe thee; thou art transla-

Bst. But I see their knaury this is to make an affe of me,
I would not be subject to this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe
t here, and I will sing that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The Woodcock, so blacke of hewe,
With Orange-canny bill.

The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Jyr. What Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bst. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plaining Cuckow gray;

Whoole not full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would let his wit to fo foolish a bird?
Who would giue a bird the eye, though he cry Cuckow, never so?

Jyr. I praty these gentl men, sing againe,
Mie care is much enarmed of thy note;

On the first view to say, to swere I love thee,
So is mine eye enthrall'd to thy shape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bst. Me-thinks misfresse, you should have little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue kepe little company together, now adays.
The more the pitrie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.
Nay, I can glecke vpon occasion.

Jyr. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautiful.

Bst. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to fere me owne tune.

Jyr. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate,
The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepes,
And flinge, while thou on prested flowers doft sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortal grossnesse so,
That thou shalt like an aluite spirit goe.

Enter Peas-blisfesse, Columb, Much,Mudard-

Fed, and faire Fairies.

Fer. Ready; and land land, I, Where shall we go? 

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I.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must hope in foules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in thow,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vowe, and sweare, and superfarse my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue Helena;
And now both Riuals to mocke Helena.
A trim exploit; a manly enterprize,
To conuee tears in a poor maidens eyes,
With your derision; none of noble for,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor foules patience, all to make you sport.

**Lyfia.** You are vankind Demetrius be not so,
For you loue Helma; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia loue I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
*Hel. Neuer did mockers want more idle breth.*

Dem., Lyfander, keep thy Hermia, I will none:
If I euer loued her, all that love is gone,
My heart to her, but as guelst-fwife foulound,
And now to Helma it is home returnd,
To there to remaine.

**Lyf.** I am not so.
*Di Disposing not the faith thou dost not know,*
Left to thy peril thou abide in deare.
*Looke where thy Love cometh, yonder is thy deare.*

**Enter Helma.**

**Her.** Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seene fente,
It plates the hearing double recemtence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that found,
But why vankind didst thou leave me so? (to go?)

**Lyfian.** Why should shee be trayed when I loud preffe her.
*What loud could preffe Lyfander from my side?*

**Lyf.** Lyfander loue (that would not let him bide)
Fair Helena, who more englisht the night,
Then all you fierie oes, and eyes of light.
Why feelest thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so;

**Her.** You speake not as you think; it cannot be,

**Hel.** Loe, she is one of this confidentry,
Now I perceive they have conioyn'd all three,
To fashioned this false sport in sight of me.
Injuris Hermia, mutt vgratulate maid,
Haue you conioyn'd, haue you with thee contriund
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsel that we two haue for'd,
The sifters vowe, the howres that we haue spent,
When we have chide the halfe footed time,
For parting vs; I, is all forgo't?
All schooldesides friendship, child-hood innocence?
We are men, like two Artificall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cullion,
Both warring of one fong, both in one key;
If our hands, our fides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporeal. So we grew togethe,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in parition,
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

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Two lonely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life casts in Heradry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love aunder,
To swoon with men in feorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis nor maidsamblid.
Our fave as well as I, may chide you forts,
Though I alone doe feelthe intimate.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scarce you know it; 'tis feemes that you forrne me.

Hel. Have you not fent Lyfander, as in forrne
To follow me, and praffe my eies and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius
(Whoeven but now did fpurne me with his foore)
To call me goddef, nimp, diviane, and rare.
Precious, celeffiall? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he tastes? And wherefore doth Lyfander
Dene your looe (for rich within his looue)
And tender me (forfooth) affeotion,
But by your feeling on, by your confent?
What though I beare fo in grace as you,
So hung upon with looue, fo forlorned,
(But miliferable moif, you loue vnlove'd)
This you would pittie, rather then defpife.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. 1, doc,perfeuer,counterfeit false lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I tumne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the fweete left vp:
This fport well carri'd, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, its partly mine own fault,
Which death or abfence foon shall remedie.

Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,
My love, my life, my foore, fayre Helena.

Hel. O excellent
Her. Sweete, do not fcorne her fo.

Dem. If she cannot entertaine, I can compel.

Lyf. Thou canst not compel, no more then the enatrate.
Thy threats have not more strength then her weak praines.

Helena I love thee, by my life I do;
I (waste by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him falle, that fates I loue thee not.

Dem. 1 say, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lyf. If thou fay fo; with-draw and proue it too,

Dem. Quick, come.

Lyf. Wherefore tend all this?

Lyf. Away, ye fpirit,

Dem. No, no, Sir, feeme to breake loose
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a came man, go.

Lyf. Hung off thou cat, thou but vile thing let loohe,
or I will make thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you groome to tude?
What change is this fweete Loue?

Lyf. Thy loue! oue tawny Tartar out;
Our loathed medicine; O hated pofion heue.

Hel. Do you not lef?

Hel. Yes foorth, and fo do you.

Dem. Demetrius I will keep my word with thee.

Lyf. I would I had your bond: I for perceiue
A weake bond holds you: hee not truif your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, 11e not harme her fo.

Her. What can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I Herma? Are not you Lyfander?
I am as faire now as I was ere while.
Since night you leue dme, yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (Of the gods forbid
In earnest, shall I say?)

Lyf. By my life;

And never did defire to fee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no lef.
That I do hate thee, and loue Helena.

Her. O me, you ugler, you canker bloffeone,
You theefe of loue; What, have you come by night,
And IOme my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine faiths,

Hauue you no models, no maiden fame,
No touch of banfifhnesse? What, will you teare
Impaient answers from my gentle tongues?
Fie, fie, you countrefeit, you ppper, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? 1 that way goes the game.

Now I perceiue that the hath made compare
Between our flatterers, the hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perfonage, her tall perfonage.
Her hight (forsooth) the hath preusid with him.
And you are growne to high in his efteme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my names can reach into thine eyes.

Hel. 1 pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curf,
I haue no gift at all in fhewifhnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me; you perhaps may thinke,
Because fie is something lower then my felle,
That I can match her.

Her. Loues haue backe again.

Hel. Good Herma, do no be to biffer with me,
I evermore did loue you Herma,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Sawe that in loue into Demetrius,
I told him of your fleth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chide me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, fparne me, pay to me too and;
And now, so you will let me quit go,
To Athens I will bearre my fally backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who lift that hinderes you?

Hel. A foolifh heart, that I leave here behinde.

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Her. With Demetrius.

Lyf. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee Helena.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and fierce,
She was a vixen when she went to Schoole;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little;
Why will you futter her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyf. Get you gone you dawre,
You minimus, of hindring knot-grafe made,
Youбед,you aconce.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that foernes your servises.

Let
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Let her alone; speak not of Helen,
Take nor her part. For if thou dost intend
Ne'er to little threw of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Oberon. This is thy negligence, still thou misthʼat,
Or else commitst thy nursery willingly.

Puck. Behave me. King of the dowsers, I mistake,
Didst thou tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And to farre blamesslese proues my enterpize,
That I have nointed an Athenian eies,
And so farre am I glad, it did fort,
As this their langling I esteeme a sport.

Oberon. Thou sentst these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
He therefore Robin, overcast the night,
The fairest Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping bogge as blacke as Asteron,
And lead the selfe fitts Roos ful sly,
As one come not within another waye.
Like to Lyfander, sometyme frame thy tongue,
Then flite Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometyme raile thou like Demetrius;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ert their browes, death-courageveteing sleepe,
With heade legs, and Battie-wings doth crecpe;
Then cloth this hearte into Lyfanders eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals role with woned fight.
When they next wake, all this defension
Shall seme a dreame, and fruitlese vifion,
And backe to Athens shall the Lovers wende
With league, whose fate till death shall never end,
Whilest I in this affaire do thee impyle,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releafe
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fall,
And yonder flines Aurora as huzbering;
A whole approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; dammed spirits all,
That in crose-watres and fluous have buriell,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare lest day should looke their flames vpom,
They wilfully themselfes dive from right,
And milt for eye comfort with blacke browd night.

Oberon. But we the spirits of another fort:
In with the morings loue hauie of made spores,
And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Easteme gate all fierie red,
Opening on Nepoase, with faire bleded bresses,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene treames,

But nought standing halfe, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe.
I am feard in field and towne.
Gobine, lead them vp by the downe, hence comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?

Oberon. Here villain, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Oberon. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Oberon, Lyfander, speake againe;
Thou run way, thou coward, art thou fled?

Lyf. Speake in some bushe: Where doft thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that you lookʼt for wars,
And will not come? Come recreant, come thou childle,
Hie with thee with a rod. He is defill'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Ye, art thou there?

Oberon. Follow my voice, weʼll try no manhood here, Exit.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still darts me on,
When I come where he calls, thenʼs he gone.

Oberon. The villain is much lighter heeld then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; estating places.

That fallen am I in darkes vnneat way,
And here will refte. Come thou gentle day: rise down.
For if but once thou fowen me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this plight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Oberon. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why corneʼt thou not?

Demetrius. A abide me, if thou darʼt. For well I wot,
Thou run before me, shuffling every place,
And darʼt it not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Oberon. Where art thou?

Robin. Come hither, I am here.

Oberon. Nay then thou mockʼst me: thou shalt buy this deere,
If ever I thy face by day-light fee.

Enter Helena.

Helena. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor companie deserve,
And sleepe that sometyme flutes twoe cowes eie,
Steele me a while from mine owne companie.

Robin. Yet but three? Come onemore,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curt and sad,
Cupid is a knaull lad.

Enter Hermia.

Hermia. Thus to make poore females mad,

Enter. Neuer so wearele, never so in wo.
Bedabbled with the dew, and come with brattes,
I can no further crawl, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I trete thei till the break of day,
Heavens shield Demetrius, if they mean a fray.

Robin. On the ground sleepe found,
Ile apply your eie gentle lourer, remedy.
When thou wakʼit, thou rāke
True delight in the flight of thy former Ladies eye
And the Country Proverb knowne,  
That every man should take his owne,  
In your wating shal be Bowme.  

Savour shall haue lit, nought shall goe ill.  
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.

They stepe all the As.

Enter Quar tus.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clowme, and Fairies, and the  
King behinde them.

Tit. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowere bed,  
While I thy amiable checkes doe cry,  
And dice muske restes in thy flecke snooche head,  
And Kiffe thy faire large eares, my gentle Ioy.  
Clow. Where's Pease-bloome?  
Peas. Ready.  
Clow. Stretch my head, Pease-bloome Wheter's Moun-  
sfier Cobweb.

Cob. Ready.

Clow. Mounsfier Cobweb, good Mounsfier get your  
wepons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humbles-De,  
on the top of a shifile: & good Mounsfier bring mee  
the honey bag. Doe not fee your selfe too much in the  
action, Mounsfier; and good Mounsfier haue a car the  
honey bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you outer-  
flowne with a honey-bag digniour. Where's Mounsfier  
Muffardseed?

Muf. Ready.

Clow. Give me your nease, Mounsfier Muffardseed,  
Pray you leve your courtely good Mounsfier.

Muf. What's your will?

Clow. Nothing good Mounsfier, but to help Caustery  
Cobweb to stretch, I mutt to the Barbers Mounsfier, for  
me-thinkes I am maruellous hauing about the face. And I  
am such a tender afle, if my haire do but tickle me, I mutt  
stretch.

Tit. What wilt thou have some musike, my sweet  
love.

Clow. I have a reasongable good ease in musike, let  
vs haue the songs and the bones.

Musick Tonges, throughout Musick.

Tit. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.  
Clowme. Truly a pecke of Pronouncer; I could munch  
your good dry Oates: Me-thinkes I have a great desire  
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fe-

Tit. I have a venrurous Fairy,  
That shall seek the Squirrel hoard,  
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clow. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried  
pease, But I pray you let none of your people firke me, I  
have an expollition of fleape come uppon me.

Tyt. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,  
Fairies be gone, and be alwayes away.  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honifuckle,  
Gently entwist, the female luy so  
Ennings the barky fingers of the Elme.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

These. Go one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our oblobration is perform'd;
And since we have the waward of the day,
My Loue shall hear the musicke of my hounds.
Voueup in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch 1 say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queenie vp to the Mountaine top.
And make the musicall confusion
Of hounds and echo in continition.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they troysted the Beare
With hounds of Sparta; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the grooves,
The skis, the fountains, euyry region neere,
Seemes all one musickall cry. I never heard
So musickall a disord, such sweet thunder.

These. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So flew'd, so fanned, and their heads are hung
With eares that swepe away the morning dew,
Crouche kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like Thephalian Bulls,
Sliuing in purrie, but march'd in mouth like belts,
Each vnder eatch. A cry more taneable
Wes never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you heare. But sof't, what nymphs are these?
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleep,
And this Lyfander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, olde Nectar, Helena,
I wonder of this heere heere together.
The. No doubt they rofe vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our forlornity.
But speake Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should giue answr of her choice?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
These. Goe but the hunt-men wake them with their hores.

Hermes and they wake.

These. Showe within they all flrst vp.
These. Good morrow friends; Saint Valentine is past,
Begin thee wood birds but to couple now?
Lyf. Pardon my Lord.
These. I praye you all stand vp.
I know you two are Rival enemies,
How comes this gentle concord in the world?
That hatred is to faire from trasoloue,
To sleepe by haste, and faire no enmity.
Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazely,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I fresser,
I cannot truly fay how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now doe beathihe me, for it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent,
Was to be borne from Athens where we myght be
Without the peril of the Athenian Law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpoin his head,
They would have lone away, they would Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my content;
Of my content, that she fould be your wife.

These. My Lord, fair Helen told me of their health,
Of this their purpofe hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hithet followed them;
Helle, in fancy followed me;
But my good Lord, I wont not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my loue
To Hermia (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gauze,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I bethath'd, ere I see Hermia,
But like a sick nerfle I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now doe I wish it, lose it, long for it,
And will for evenmore be true to it.

These. Faire Louers, you are fortunatly met;
Of this dissoufe we shall hear more anon.
Egeus. I will ouer-beare your wills;
For in the Temple, and by and by with vs,
These couple shall eallternely be knit.
And for the morning now is somthing worne,
Our purpof'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great forlornity.
Come bobolize.

Exit Duke and Lords.

Dem. Ttiele things seeeme small & vndiftinguishable,
Like faire off mountaines turned into Clouds.
Her. Me-thinks I see thee things with parted eye,
When euyry things seeeme doubles.
Hel. So me-thinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a newell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.
Dem. It seeeme to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was lieere, and bid vs follow him?
Her. Yes, and my Father,
Hel. And Hippolita.
Lyf. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then we ar wake, let vs follow him, and
By the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottom wake.

Exit Louers.

Clo. When my cuw comes, call me, and I will anwser,
My next is, moft faire Piroue. Hey ho. Peter Quince?
Howe the belllowes-mender? Snout the tinker? Starving?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and let me sleepe: I
have a moft rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to fay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse,
if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I
was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foolo,
if he will offer to fay, what me-thought I had. The eye
of man hath not heard, the care of man hath not seen, mans
hand is not able to fhalpe, his tongue to concieve, nor his
heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get Peter
Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it fhall be called
Bottomes Dreame because it hath no bottome; and I will
fire in my chamber at the end of a play, before the Duke.
Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall fling it
at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince, Fluft, Thisbe, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you fent to Bottoms house? Is he come
home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is
transported.

This. 1 f.
Enter Snug the Joiner.
Snug. Matters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.
Thes. Of sweet bully Battarome; thus hath he left fifteen a day, during his life he could not have spared fifteen a day. And the Duke had not given him fifteen a day for playing Piramus, he be hanged. He would have defecled it. Fifteen a day in Piramus, or nothing.
Enter Battarome.
Batt. Where are these Ladies? Where are these hearts? Quin. Battarome, I most courageous day! O most happy hour!
Snug. Matters, I am to discourse wonders but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.
Oth. Let us hear, sweet Battarome.
Batt. Not a word of me all that I will tell you, that the Duke had dined. Get your apparel together, good fittings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete prettily at the Palace, every man take one his part: for the short and the long is, one play is preferred: In any case let Thady have clean linen and let not him that plays the Lion, paire his nails, for they shall hang out for the Lions claves. And most dear Actors, ease no Oinions, nor Garlickie: for we are to write sweete Comedy, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Alas Quintus.

Enter Thesius, Hippolyta, Egeus and his Lords.

Thes. Tis strange my Thesius, these lovers speake of. The more strange then true. I never may believe These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men have such feebling, brains, Such shapling phantasies, that apprehende more Then coole reason evert comprehends. The Lunatike, the Lorer, and the Poet, Are of Imagination all compact.

Lunatike. The Lorer, and the Poet, Are of Imagination all compact.

One sees more diuine then will he hold; That is the mad man. The Lorer, all as framiacke, Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Poets eye in a fine frence rolling, doth glance. From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknowne; the Poets pen tourns them to flapes, And glues to site nothing, a local habitation, And a name, Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some toy, It comprehends some bringer of that toy. Or in the night, imagining some faire, How easie is a bush suppos'd a Bear? Hipp. But all the storie of the night told out, And all their minds transfigur'd to together, More witnessest than fancyes images, And grows to some thing of great confiance; But howfower, strange, and admirable.

Enter lovers, Lyndard, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here comes the lovers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and fairest dayes Of love accompany your hearts.

Lyf. More then to vs, wait in your roofall walks, your bords, your beds.
The. Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have, To sweare away this long age of three hours, Between our alter supper, and bed-time? Where is our vizual manager of mirth? What Renels are in hand? Is there noe play, To eale the anguish of a tormenting house? Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Thesius.
The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What maske? What mucket? How shall we beguile Thelaze time, if not with some delight?
Ege. There is a briefe how many sports are rife: Make choice of which you Highesse shall see first.

Lyf. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

Thes. We'll none of that. That haue I told my Loue In glory of my kinman Hercules.

Lyf. The riot of the tipple Bacchanae, Tearing the Thracian finge, in their rage.

The. That is an old device, and it was plaid When I from Thesbus came left a Conqueror.

Lyf. The three three Mules, mourning for the death of learning, late deceas'd in beggarie.

The. That is some Satire keen and criticall, Nutsorting with a supcilllal ceremomie.

Lyf. A tedious briefe Scene of yong Piramus, And his Loue Thaby, very tragically mirth.

The. Merry and tragically! Tedious, and briefe! That is hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as breafe, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word aps, one Player fitted. And tragically my noble Lord it is for Piramus Therin doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw Rehears'd, I must confesse, made mine eyes water: But more metrie trae the passion of loud laughter Never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play is?

Ege. Hard hended men, that worke in Athens here, Which never labour din their mindes till now; And now have toyed their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptiall.

Thes. And we will heare it.
Enter the Prologue.    

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe. Wall, Moone shine, and Lyen. 

This grisly beast (which Lyon hight by name)  
The truly Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did fearre away, or rather did affright:  
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;  
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did flaine.  
Anon comes Piramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his Thisbie Mantle flaine;  
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,  
He bravely breathes his boiling bloody breath,  
And Thisby, trailing in Mulberry blende  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lyon, Moone, shine, Wall, and Louers twaine,  
At large discouer, while here they doe remaine.  

Exit all but Wall.  

Thief; I wonder if the Lyon beto speake.  

Dame. No wonder, my Lord: one Lyon may,  
When many Ailes doe.  

Exit Lyon, Thisebie, and Mooneshine.  

Wall. In this same Interclude, it doth befall,  
That I one Swain (by name) present a wall:  
And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a Cranied hole or chinkie;  
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thisebie  
Did whisper often, very secretecly.  
This loame, this rough, cast, and this stone doth shew,  
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so,  
And this the cranied, right and finiter,  
Through which the fearfull Louers are to whisper.  
Thief. Would you define Lime and Haire to speake  
better?  

Dame. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard  
discouer, my Lord.  

Thief. Piramus draws neere the Wall, silence.  

Enter Pyramus.  

Pir. O grim looks night, O night with hue so blacke,  
O night, which ever are, when day is not:  
O night, O night, slake, slake, slake, slake,  
I feare my Thisebie promis is forgot.  
And thou O wall, thou sweet and louely wall,  
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,  
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Shew me thy art, to look through with mine eie.  
Thankes courteous wall. lust shield thee wall for this:  
But what seie I? No Thisebie doe I see.  
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,  
Curt be thy ftones for thus deceiving me.  
Thief. The wall me-thinke being sensible, should  
cure it againe.  

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. Deceiving me,  
Is Thisebie euer she is to enter, and I am to spy  
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fail.  

Enter Thisebie.  

Par as I told you; yonder she comes,  
Thief. O wall, full often haft thou heard my moneys,  
For parting my faire Piramus, and me.  
My cherry lips have often kiss thy ftones;  
Thy ftones with Lime and Haire knitt vp in thee.  
Pyra. 1 see a voyce; now will I to the chinkie,  
To spy and I can hear my Thisebies face. Thisebie?  
Thief. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.  
Thief. I think what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,  
And like Linnender am I truthly still.  
Thief. And like Helen till the Fates me kill.  

Pir. Not Shefolds to Provence, was so true.  

Thief. As Shefolds to Provence, I to you.  

Pir. O
Pie. O kni Fist me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thys. I kni Fist the walls hole, not your lips at all.
Pie. Eight thou at Nimises tombe meete me straight way?
Thys. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wod. Thus have I, sae, my part discharge d for,
And being done, thus Wall away doth go. Ext Clew.
Dw. Now is the morrow dawnnes between the two
Neigbours.
Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so vil
full, to hear without warning.
Dw. This is the sillest thole that ere I heard.
Thys. The bell in this kind are shadowes, and the
worst are no worste, if imagination amend them.
Dw. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.
Pie. If we imagine no worse of them than they of
themselves, they may pallie for excellent men. Here come
two noble beaft, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone:Shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whole gentle harde do fcarce
The smalleft monstrous mouse that euer flooe)
May now percheate, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon right in wilderfhe rage doth reare.
Then know that I, one Sney the loyer am
A Lion full, or if not no Lion dam:
For if I should as Lion come in th strife
Into this place, 't were pittie of my life.

A vere gentle beaft, and of a good confience.
Dem. The verie belt at a beaft, my Lord, ye eie law.
Lyf. This Lion is a vere Fox for his valor.
Thys. True, and a Gouffe for his difcretion.
Dem. Not by my Lord: for his value cannot carrie
his difcretion, and the Fox carries the Gouffe.
Dw. His difcretion I am free cannot carrie his valor:
for the Gouffe carrieth not the Fox. It is well; leave it to
his difcretion, and let vs beare to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre
dent.
Dw. He should have warne the horned on his head.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present:
My felfe, the man ith Lanthorne doth feme to be.
Dw. This is the greaftt error of all the felf; the man
fould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man
ith Moone?
Dem. He dates not come theare for the candle.
Dw. For you fee, it is already in trufe.
Lyf. I am waretie of this Moone; you wou'd he would change.
Dw. It appers by his small light of difcretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courefe, in all reafon, we
muft lay the time.
Lyf. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that
the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this
thorne buft, my thorne buft; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why all these fhould be in the Lanthorne: for
they are in the Moone. But fillence, here comes Thibky.

Enter Thibky.
Thys. This is old Nimises tombe: where is my love?
Lyon. Oh.

Dw. Well run Thibky.

Moone. Truly the Moone thines with a good grace
Dw. Wel mou'd Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lyf. And to the Lion vafhit.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy fome beames,
I thank thee Moone, for fhining now so bright;
For thy graciouf, golden, glitteting beams,
I truft to tale of true Thibkys light.
But fay: O fleft! but mark! a poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?

Eyes do you fee! How can it be?
O dancky Ducke; O Deere!
Thy maltie good; what fluid with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut through and thrum,
Quale, crufh, conclufe, and quell.

Dw. This paffion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go noere to make a man looke fat.

Dw. Before my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pie. O wherefore Nature, did it thou Lions fame?
Since Lion wilde hath here deflou't my deare:
Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lovd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come reare, confound: Out fword, and wound
The papp of Pyramus:
I, that left pap, where hearts doth hop;
Thus dye, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fied, my foule is in the sky,
Tongue lofs thy light, Moone take thy fight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but anace for him; for he is but one.
Lyf. Lefte then an ace man, for he is dead, he is noathing.

Dw. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco
er, and proace an Affe.

Dw. How chance Moone:Shine is gone before?
Thibky comes backe, and finds her Louet.

Enter Thibky.

Dew. She will finde him by flare-light,
Here he comes, and her passion ends the play.
Dew. Me thinkes fie should not fee a longe one for
such a Pyramus: I hope fie will be breefe.

Dew. A Moone, will turne the ballance, which Pyramus
which Thibky is the better.

Eyes,
Lyf. She hath fpyed him already, with thofe sweete

Dem. And thus fie meanes vifticiet.

Thibky. Alfeep my Louet? What, dead my Dount?
O Pyramus alke:

Speake, Speake. Quite dumber? Dead, dead? A tombe
Muft couer thy sweet eyes.
These Lily Lions, this cherrie nere,
These yellow Cowflip chekkes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make more:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O fifters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, fince you have broke
With fhutters, his thred of flite.

Tongue not a word, Come thibky word:
Come blade, my breef imbuse:

O 3

And
And farewell friends, thus Thibis ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duck, Moon-shine & Lion are left to bury the dead.

Done, I, and Wall too.

But, No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to hear a Buffomask dance, betwixt two of our com-
pany?

Duck, No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse; Neer excuse; for when the players are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if bee that
write it had plaid Piramus, and hung himselfe in Thibis;
garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
truely, and very notably dishing'd. But come, your
Burgomask; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost pasty time,
I fear we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue over-watcht,
This palpable groffe play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fastnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Beuels; and new tollitez.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds his Moone;
Whilest heaui the ploughman stone,
All with weauiy taske force-done.
Now the wairst brands doe glow,
Whilest the fetich owl, stratching loud,
Puts the wretch that liest in woe,
In remembrance of a siuowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the grases, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spight,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do rume,
By the triple Heauen teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darknesse like a dreame,
Now are frolickse; not a Moue
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am wont with broome before,
To sweep the dust behind the doore.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies,with their train.

Ou. Through the house glue gimmering light,

By the dead and drowsie flet,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spight,
Hop as light as bird from briet,
And this Diuy afer me, sing and dance it tripping like.

Tota. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blyffe this place.

The Song.
Now until the breakes of day,
Through this house each Fairy play,
To the left Birde-bird will we,
Whieby we shall bless be:
And the enfeire there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the complex three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the blos of Natures hand,
Shall not in their sites stand.
Neuer mole, barelop, nor fearte,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Disjusied in Nathassie,
Shall open their childrens eye,
With this field doo confacrate,
Every Fairy take her gate,
And each farewell chamber bleece,
Through this Palace with sweet peace,
Et here in safety rest,
And the owner of it bleece.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breakes of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Think but this (and all is mend)
That you haue but flambred heare,
While these visions did appeare,
And this wake and ide theeare,
No more yeelding but a dreame.
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honost Pucke,
If we have vreamed lucke,
Now to feape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends are long:
Elife the Pucke a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Salanio.

Antonio.

Nor doth I know not why I am so sad: It wearies me; you say it wearies you; But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, What fluffe'tis made of, whereof it is borne, I am to learn: and such a Want-wit fadness makes of mee,
That I have much ado to know my felfe.
Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean, Where there your Argories with portly faire Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood, Or as it were the Pageants of the fens, Do over-peepe the pettie Traffiquers That curtfe to them, do them reverence As they flye by them with their wornen wings.
Salerio. Believe me fie, had I fuch venture forth, The better part of my affections, would Be with my hopes abroad. I should be fill Plucking the graffe to know where fis the winde, Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes: And everly obied that might make me feare Misfortune to my ventus, out of doubt Would make me fad.
Sal. My winde cooling my brothe, Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought What harme a winde too great might doe at fea. I should notfee the fandie hourfe-graffe runne, But I should thinke of swallows, and of fats, And feemy wealthy Andrew docks in fad, Vailing her high top lower then her ribs To kiffe her buriall: fhould I goe to Church And fee the holy edifice of Stone, And not behinke me ftraight of dangerous rocks, Which touching but my gentle Vehefs fide Would fcaft: all lies spices on the freame, Enrobe the roting waters with my fikes, And in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing. Shal I haue the thought To thinke on this, and fhall I lacke the thought That fuch a thing becaufe'd would make me fad? But tell not me, I know Antonio
Is fad to thinke uppon his merchandize.
Sal. Believe me noo, I thank ye fortune for it, My ventures are not in one bottome truste, Not to one place; nor is my whole eftate
On the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not fad.
Sal. Why then ye are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie,
Sal. Not in love neither: then let vs fay ye are fad Because ye are not merry; and twere as eafe For you to laugh and leape, and fay ye are merry Because you are not fad. Now by two-headed Janus, Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time: Some that will euermore peape through their eyes, And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper. And other of fuch vinegar aperf, That they'll not fhw their teeth in way of fmile, Though Neferfware the teit he laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.
Sal. Here comes Bassanio, Your moft noble Kinman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Farewell, We leave you now with better company. Sala. I would have faid till I had made you merry, If worther friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very great in my regard. I take it in your owne busines calls on you, And you embrace th'ocefation to depart. Sala. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?) Bass. Good fignors both, when shall we laugh? Say, You grow exceeding strange: muff I be fo? Sala. We'll make our leyfores to attend on yours. Exeunt Salerio, and Salanio.
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, fince you have found Antonio We two will leave you, but at dinner time I pray you have in minde where we muft meece, Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You look not well fignor Antonio, You have too much refpe&t upon the world: They looe it that doe buy it with much care, Believe me you are merriloue chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano, A farge, where every man muff play a part, And mine a fad one.
Grat. Let me play the foole, With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, And let my Liuer rather heate with wine, Then my heart coole with mortifying grones. Why should a man whole blood is warme within, Sit like his Grandire, cut in Alabafire? Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the Iauoies
By being peevish? I tell thee what. 

What thou love, and it is my love that speaks. 

There are a sort of men, whose visages 

Do create and mantle like a standing pond, 

And do a wilfull fihlnotte entertaine, 

With purpose to be sure, in an opinion 

Of wifedom, gravity, profound concit, 

At who should fay, I am in an Oracle, 

And when I open my lips, let no dogge bark. 

O my Antonio, I do know of thefe 

That therefore onely are reputed wife, 

For faying nothing; when I am vere sure 

If they should speake, would almoft dam thofe cares 

Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles: 

Ile tell thee more of this another time. 

But finth not with this melanocholy baffe 

For this foole Gudgin, this opinion: 

Come good Lorenzo, faywell while, 

Ile end my exhortation after dinner. 

Lor. Well, we will leafe you then till dinner time. 

I must be one of thofe fame dambe women, 

For Othello Hearer, let's me speake. 

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe, 

Thou fhalt not know the flound of thine owne tongue. 

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this gae. 

Gra. Thanks is faith, for silence is onely concendable 

In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vennible. 

Exit. 

Ant. Its that any thing now. 

Baf. Gratiano Speakes an infinite deale of nothing, 

more then any man in all Venice, his reafons are two 

graines of wheate hid in two batels of chaffie you fhall 

feke all daie ere you finde them, & when you have them 

they are not worth the search. 

An. Well: I tell me now, who Lady is the fame 

To whom you fwear a fecret Pilgrimage 

That you to day promis'd to tell me of? 

Baf. Tis not vnknowne to you Antonio 

How much I have disabled mine elfe, 

By fomething driwing a more dwelling port 

Then my faint meanes would give contiuance: 

Nor do I now make more to be abridg'd 

From a fhuch noble rate, but my cheefe care 

Is to come fatisfiely off from the great debt 

Wherein my time something too prodigall 

Hath left me gag'd is to you Antonio 

I owe the mone in money, and in love, 

And from your love I have a warrantie 

To unburthen all my plots and purpofes, 

How to gete clere of all the debts I owe. 

An. I pray you good Baffiano let me know it, 

And if it stand as you your felfe ftil do, 

Within the eye of honour, be affhir'd 

My purfl, my perfor, my extramett meanes 

I ye alvholck'd to your ocations: 

Baf. In my fchoole daies, when I had left one shaft 

I shot his fellow of the felfeafe flame 

The felfeafe way, with more adored watch 

To finde the other felth, and by aduenturing both, 

I oft found both. I vrgce this child-hoode poore, 

Becaufe, what followes is pure innocence. 

I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth, 

That which I owe is lost but if you pleafe 

To foote another arrow that felfeafe way 

Which you did shoot the fift, I do not doubt, 

As I will watch the afume: Or to finde both, 

Or bring your latter bazzard backe againe, 

And thankfully ref debter for the fift. 

Ant. You know me wel, and herein fpend but time 

To winde about your love with circumfance, 

And out of doubt you doe more wrong 

In making queftion of mine owtrenoff 

Then if you had made waffe of all I have: 

Then doe but fay to me what I fhould doe 

That in your knowledge may be me be done, 

And I am prett into it therefore speake. 

Baf. In Belmanto is a Lady richly left, 

And she is faire, and faier then that word, 

Of wondrour vertues, fometymes from her eyes 

I did receive faire peecruffle meafages: 

Her name is Portia, nothing vnderallewed 

To Cesario's daughter, Bruna Portia, 

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth, 

For the foure winde blow in from every coft 

Renowned fortunes, and her funny locks 

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, 

Which makes her face of Belmanto Chollos strang, 

And many Infans come in queft of her. 

My Antonio, had I but the meannes 

To hold a ritual place with one of them, 

I have a minde prefages me fuch thift, 

That I should queftionlife be fortunate. 

Ant. Thou knoweft that all my fortunes are at fea, 

Neither have I money, nor commodity 

To raife a prefent Summe,therefore goe forth 

Try what my credit can in Venice doe, 

That it shall be rach euem to the vertreynoff, 

To furnish thee to Belmanto to faire Portia 

Goe prefently enquire, and to will I 

Where money is, and I no quefion make 

To haue it of my truft, or for my fake. 

Extract. 

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerifia. 

Portia. By my truth Nerifia, my little body is a wea- 

ric of this great world. 

Ner. You would be fweet Mafdam, if your miftifes 

were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are: 

and yet for ought I fee, they are as fiche that furfer with 

too much, as they that flarue with nothing; it is no fmal 

happinefse therefore to be feced in the meane, 

superfluicie comes fooner by white buares, 

but competent lies longer. 

Portia. Good fenences, and well prencound. 

Ner. They would be better if well followed. 

Portia. If to doe were as eafe as to know what were 

good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore 

cents cottages Princes Palaces: it is a good Diuine that 

followes his owne inftructions; I can easier teach twen- 

tie what were good to be done, then be one of the twen- 
tie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de- 

till lavel for the blood, but a hot temper leaves orce a 

cold deecer, fuch a bare is made neffe the youth, to skip 

d the mefhes of good confolante the cripple: but this 

reafon is not in fallition to choose me a husband; O me, 

the word choafe, I may neither chooze whom I would, 

nor refufe whom I diflike, fo is the wil of a living daug- 

tur curb'd by the will of a dead father; it is not hard Ner- 

ifia, that I cannot choose one, nor refufe none. 

Ner. Your father was ever ventuous, and holy men 

at their death have good infpirations, therefore the lot- 

terie that he hath defign'd in thefe threeapers of gold, 

fluer, and leade, whereof who chooes his meaning, 

chooses
chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightlie love but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely fitters that are already come?

Per. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description level army assistance.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Per. I that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but take of his horse, and hee makes it a great application to the own good parts that he can floo him himself: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid falls with a Smyth.

Ner. That is the cousin Palemone.

Per. He doth nothing but forwine as he should say, and you will not have me choose he bears merrie tales and fineiles not, I feare hee will prove the weeping Phyllophere when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from the two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsiter Le Bonne?

Per. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a fine to be a buckler, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better badie habing of crowning then the Count Palemone, he is every man in no man, if a Tralliffing, he fails straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twintie husbands: if hee would deposite me, I would forgive him, for if I love me to madnede, I should never require him.

Ner. What say you then to Faucumber, the young Baron of England?

Per. You know I say nothing to him, for hee under-
flands not me, nor I: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & Iwears that I have a poor poenie-worth in the English, hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conforme with a dumbe show? how odly he is fainted, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hote in France, his bonnet in Germaine, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Per. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boaxe of the care of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his suticie, and said vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxons Nephews?

Per. Very videlicet in the morning when hee is sober, and most videlicet in the eternoone when hee is drunk: when he is bel, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is Routing, he is better then a beast: and the worst fall he ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. If the should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to perform your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Per. Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rijnwijn on the contrary Casket, for if the dulle be within, and that emptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing Nervissa ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You seeke not faire Lady the having any of thefe Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is Indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, you may be won by some other fort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Per. If I like to be as old as Sibilla, I will dye as chaste as Byssus: you shall be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcel of wowers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doase on his verie absence: and I with them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Fenician, a Schoiller and a Souldidor that came hither in company of the Marquesse of Mont- ferrat?

Per. Yes, ye, it was Baffano, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best defeuling a faire Lady.

Per. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy prais.

Enter a Serwishingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers seek ye Madam to take their issue: and there is a fore-runner come from a flift, the Prince of Morose, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night.

Per. If I could bid the flift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other fore-runner, I should be glad of his appraoch: if he hath the condition of a Saint, and the completion of a diuell, I had rather her should frie me then wise me. Come Nervissa, first go before, whiles wee thus the gate vpon one wooter, another knocks at the door.

Exeunt.

Enter Baffano with Skylocks the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.
Baff. 19, for three months.
Shy. For three months, well.
Baff. For the which, as I told you, Antonia shall be bound,
Shy. Antonia shall be bound, well.
Baff. May you fled me? Will you make me trade? Shall I know your anwrec?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonia bound.
Baff. Your anwerc to that.
Shy. Antonia is a good man.
Baff. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.
Shy. No no, no no: no meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient, yet his means are in foppition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover vpon the Rydsla, he hath a ship at Mexico a fourth for England, and other venturers he hath squandered abroad, but ships are but boards, saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theues, and land theues, I meane Pyras, and then there is the perill of waters, winde, and rocks: the man is not withstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I think I may take his bond.

Baff. Be satisfied you may.

Smw.
Enter Antonio.

Baff. This is signor Antonio.

Iam. I will be afflietd I may: and that I may be affliet-
d, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with Anto-

Shy. If it pleasy you to dine with vs.

Iam. Yes, to smell porke, so eate of the habitation
which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the diuell
into: I will buy with you, fell with you, talke with
you, walke with you and so following: but I will
not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.
What neveres on the Ryalas, who is he comes here?

Baff. If it please you to dine with vs.

Iam. Yet, to smell porke, so eate of the habitation
which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the diuell
into: I will buy with you, fell with you, talke with
you, walke with you and so following: but I will
not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.
What neveres on the Ryalas, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Baff. This is signor Antonio.

Iam. I will be afflietd I may: and that I may be affliet-
d, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with Anto-

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neter goffe of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the goffe
Of all three thousand ducats; what of that?

Thadd. a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe.

Iam. Will furthmore I have, but how many months
Do you defire? Reft me faire signor,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by guing of excursion,
Yet to supply the rine wants of my friend,
Ile breake a coultme: is he yet possifte?

Shy. How much he would?

Ant. I three thousand ducats.

Iam. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgott, three months, you told me fo.
Well then, your bond, and let me fer, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantaige.

Ant. I do never vfe it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his Ynde Labans sheepe,
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poffecer; I he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interefte?

Shy. No, not take interefte, not as you would say
Directly interefte, marke what Jacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were comprensy'd.
That all the cattellings which were ftreake and pied
Should fall as Jacob fheuer, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumnes turned to the Rammes,

And when the worke of generation was

Bethune other wooley breeders in the aile,
The skillfull they heard of me certaine wands,

And in the dooing of the deede of kindes,
He flucke them vp before the fullome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colou'd lambs, and thofe were Jacobs.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrifte is bleffing, if men fleaste it not.

Ant. This was a venture fur that Jacob faw'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to poffe,
But fvy'oy' and fashion'd by the hande of heauen.

What was this inferred to make interefte good?

Or is your gold and fiver Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breece as falle,
But note me fignor.

Ant. Marke you this Shylock,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy winnifte,
Is like a villain with a fingling cheere,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round fum.
Three months from to due, then let me fee the rate.

Ant. Well Shylock, Shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Sinsignor Antonio, many a time std oit
In the Ryalas you have rated me
About my monies and my vances.

Still have I borne it with a patient thref.
(For fuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)

You call me misbelieuer, cut-throate dog,
And fpet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for vie of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Go to ther, you come to me, and you fay
Shylock, we would have moneyes, you fay, fo,
You that did voide your rume upon my beard,
And foote me as you fpante a foreigne curre.
Oure your threfhold, moneyes is your fuit.

What fhoald I fay to you? Should I not fay,
Hath a dog money? I is impoffible
A curre fhould lend thee thou fend ducats?
or Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whirping humbleffe,

Say this: faire fir, you fpet on me on Wednesay laft;
You fpont me fuch a day, another time
You eaid me dog; and for these curteties
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee fco againe,
To fpet on thee againe, to fpunte thee too,

If you will lend this moneye, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendfhip take
A breede of baratine metalls of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maifie with better face
Exadt the penaltie.

Shy. Why looke you how you forrne,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,

Forget the fhames that you have flaind me with,
Supply your prefent wants, and take no doite
Of vance for my moneyes, and youe not hear me,
This is kinde I offer.

Baff. This were kindneffe.

Shy. This kindneffe will I thowse,
Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there
Your yngle bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repair me nor on fuch a day,
In fuch a place, fuch fum or fums as are
Express in the condeit, let the forlate
Be nominate for an equall pound
Of your faire feth, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleafeth me.

Ant. Content infaift, Ile feale to fuch a bond,
And fay there is much kindneffe in the Law.

Baff. You
That flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymon,
I would ore-flare the flemest eies that looke:
Out-brase the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the young flicking Cobs from the fire Beare,
Ye, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
H. Hercules and Lyceus plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weakester hand:
So is, Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind fortune leading me.
Mifle which that one w orthvother may attaine,
And die with grining.
Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or fware before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage,therefore be advis'd.
Mar. Nor will not, come bring me onto my chance.
Port. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your marriage shall be made.
Mar. Good fortune then.
Gentleman, Cornets.
To make me blest or curst as men among men,
Exeunt.

Enter the Clamme alone.

Cle. Certainly, my confidence will ferue me to run
from this Lew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow
and tempts me, saying to me, Jobbe, Launcestes Jobbe, good
Launcestes, ongood Jobbe, or good Launcestes Jobbe, if you
take the star, run away: my confidence fares
no; take heed honest Launcestes, take heed honest Jobbe
or as fore-said honest Launcestes Jobbe, do not runne,
forcery running with thy heele: well, the most corageous
fiend bids me packe, fia faires the fiend, away faires the
fiend, forthe heavens roufe vp a braue mind faiies the
fiend, and run; well, my confidence hanging about
the necke of my heart, fies vnie wisely to me: my ho-
net friend Launcestes, being an honest man fiome, or ra-
ther an honest women sometime, for indeed my Father did
something fiame something grove to such a kind of
tafe; well, my confidence faiies Launcestes bouge nor, bouge
faies the fiend, bouge nor my confidence, confidence
fay I you confaiue well, fienf fay I you confaiue well,
to be rul'd by my confidence I should fiay with the Iew
my Maifter, who God bleffe the makke: a kind of di-
uell; and to run away from the Iew I should be rued by
the fiend, who faying your reverence is the diuell him-
faiue: certainly the Iew is the verie dwell incarnation,
and in my confidence, my confidence is a kind of hard
confidence, to offer to confaiue me to auy with the Iew;
the fiend the giues the more confaiue confaiue: I will runue
fiend, my heele are at your commandment, I will runue.

Enter old Gobbo with a Buffet.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praiue you, which is the
waie to Maifter Jewes?
Lau. O heauen, this is my true begotten Father, who
being more then fand-blind, high graue blindes,knows
me not, I will trie confusions with him.
Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praiue you which is
the waie to Maifter Jewes.
Lau. Turne upon your right hand at the next turn-

**The Merchant of Venice.**

**Actus Secundus.**

Enter Merchant, a warme Moore all in white, and three or
four followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerissa, and their traine.
Flr. Cornets.

Mar. Mislike not for my compleation,
The fiadowed luerie of the burnifh fume,
To whom I am a neighbour, and nearer bred.
Bring me the faireft creature North-worde borne,
Where Phoebus fire forces the warke, the ycles,
And let vs make inuenion for your loue,
To prove whole blood is reddeft his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this affeet of mine.
Hath heard the valiant, (by my lone I ferue)
The bell regarded Virgins of our Cyme
Hauie lou'd it so; I would not change this hooe,
Except to feele your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In terms of choifie I am not; folie led
By nice direcon of a maidens eyes;
Besides, the loterie of my definate
Bare me the right of voluntarie choosing:
But if my Father had not chanct me,
And heig'd me by his wit to yeeld me felfe
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your felie (renowned Prince) than flood as faire
As any comon I hate look'd on yet
For my affeotion.
Por. Euen for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Casket
To trie my fortune: By this Synrature

**Exeunt.**
The Merchant of Venice.

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; mattrie at the very next turning, ruine of no hand, but turn down inditefull to the Iewes house.

Gob. Be Gods fonties twill be a hard wate to hit, can you tell me whether one Lawnclett does dwell with him, dwell with him or no.

Lan. Tale you of yong Maister Lawnclet, mark me now, now will I raise the waters; tale you of yong Maister Lawnclet.

Gob. No Maister fir, but a poore mans fonne, his Father though I fay't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thank'd well to foue.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee tale of yong Maister Lawnclet.

Gob. Your worships friend and Lawnclet.

Lan. But I praire you eng old man, eng I brefeth you, tale you of yong Maister Lawnclet.

Gob. Of Lawnclet, an please your maifhip.

Lan. Enga Maifter Lawnclet, tale not of maifter Lancet-let Father, for the yong gentleman according to faith and definiti, and such audie sayings, the filters three, & foue branches of learning, is indeed deceas'd, or as you would fay in plaie reasors gone to heaven.

Marr. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie flaffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lan. Do I look like a cudgell or a houett-poff, a flaffe or a prop; doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alasce the day, I know you not yong Gentle- man, but I praire you tell me, is my boy God rett his foule alike or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alasce sir I am fand blindle, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if, you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me; it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your foon, glue me your bleeding, trufh will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans fonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you fir fland vp, I am sure you are not Lawnclet my boy.

Lan. Praie you leaue not more fooling about it, but glue mee your bleeding; I am Lawnclet your boy that was, your fonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my fonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am Lawnclet the Iews man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margerie indeede, Ile be swome if thou be Lawnclet, thou art mine owne fteels and blood; Lord worshipes might be he, what a beart haft thou got? thou haft got more hair on thy chin, then Dobbin my philiborke has on his tale.

Lan. It shoulde feeme then that Dobbins tale growses backward I am sure he had more hair of his tale then I haue of my face when I left faw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how deaft thou and thy Maifter agree, I haue brought him a presente; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue fet vp my reft to run awaie, I will not reft till I haue run some ground; my Maifter a vere Iew, gluie him a pre- sent, gluie him alfter, I am famith in his fervice. You may tell every finge flanee I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, glue mee your presente to one Maifter Baffiano, who indeede gies rare new Liueries, if I ferue not him, I will run as far as God haue anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a frow if I ferue the Iew anie longer.

Enter Baffiano with a fowler or two.

Baff. You may doe so, but let it be fo hafted that supper be reade, at the fathke by fuit of the clocke, fee the fheets Letters deliered, put the Liueries to making, and defire Graziano to come anon to my lodg- ing.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God bleffe your worfhip.

Baff. Gramerie would't thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my fonne fir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich Iews man that would fir as my Father shall fpeece.

Gob. He hath a great infecion fir, as one would fay to fere.

Lan. Indeede the flhort and the long is, I ferue the Iew and have a defire as my Father fhall fpeece.

Gob. His Maifter and hehaving your worfhips re- ceuence are (are) carece carce compain'd.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth caufe me by my Father be- ing I hope an old man fhall fruite fent 

Gob. I have here a dith of Doves that I would befow upon your worfhip, and my fuite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the fitte is impertinent to my felle, as your worfhip fhall know by this honest old man, and though I fay it, though old man,yet poore man my Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

La. Sere you fir.

Baff. That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

Baff. I know thee well, thou haft obern thy fuite, Shylocke thy Maifter fpoke with me this daye, and haft prefer'd the fuit to be preferment.

To leaue a rich Iews fervice, to become

The followers of fo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerce is verie well parted betweene my Maifter Shylocke and you fir, you haue the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

Baff. Thou speake it well; goe Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Maifter, and enquire

My lodging out, glue him a Liuerie

More garden then his fellows: fee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a fervice, no, I haue here a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in this Iew haue a fairer table which doth ofter to fware upon a book, I shal have good forruote goe too, here's a fimple line of life, here's a fimple wife of wits, alas,flaftic wits is nothing, a leuen widowes and nine maides is a fimple comming in for one man, and then to feape drow- ning thirte, and to be in perfec of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are fimple fakes: well, if Fortune be a good wench for this gear. Father come, Ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling.

Exit Graziano.

Baff. I praie thee good Leonards thinke on this, These things being bouget and orderly beftowe Returne in haffe, for I doe feafe to night

My bell eee and a acquaintaniffe, Ile theene goo.

Lam. My bell endeuors shall be done herein. Exit. L. 

Enter Graziano. 

Gra. Where's your Maifter.

Lan. Yonder.
Enter Iffica and the Clowns.

Iff. I am farry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is bell, and thou a merry dissel
Didst rob it of some taste of tendousnisse;
Eus far thee well, there is a dext for thee,
And Lancelot, fooe at supper that thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maffers guest,
Gie him this Letter, doe it secretely,
And so farwell I would not have my Father
See me walk with thee.

Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautiful
Pagan, meft sweete Lew, if a Christian doe not play the
Innace and get thee, I am much deceiced; but adue, these
footlook drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue.

Iff. Farewell good Lancelot.

Alacke, what hainous disere is it in me
To be a name to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manneres: O Lorenzo,
If thou keepe promife I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Lanc. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an house.

Exeunt. Iffica, Lorenzo, Zancus, and Salanie.

Iff. I am prooued of a Torch-bearer.

Sal. This vile vnleffe it may be quittance ordered,
And better in my minde not vnderstoode.

Lanc. 'Tis now but fourte of clock, we have two houres
To furnish vs a friend Lancelot what's the newes.

Lanc. Elent Lancelot with a Letter.

Lanc. And it shall plesse you to break vp this, shall it
Seeme to signifie.

Lanc. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiten then the paper it wirte on,
I the faire hand that wirte.

Sal. Loue newes in faith.

Lanc. By your leave sir.

Lanc. Whither goest thou?

Lanc. Marry for to bid my old Master the Jew to sup
To night with my new Master the Christian.

Lanc. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Iffica
I will not faile her, speake it privately,
Go Gentleman, will you prepare for this Maske to
night,
I am prooued of a Torch-bearer.

Sal. I amy, she be gone about it fast.

Lanc. And to will i.

Lanc. Messeme and Gratiano to Gratianos lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. This good we do so.

Sal. Was not that Letter from faire Iffica?

Lanc. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,
What Pages fute the fhe hath in readinesse;
If eere the Jew her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her footes,
Ulleffe she doe it vnder this escuse,
That she is inuerse to a faithlesse Jew:
Come goe with me, er sye this as thou goeest,
Faire Iffica shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exeunt. Iffica, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iff. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Stybloc and Baffiano;
What Iffica, thou shalt not garmanderize
As thou hast done with me: what Iffica?
And sleepe, and srow, and rend apparell out.
Why Iffica I say.

Clo. Why Iffica.


Shy. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iffica.

Iff. Call you what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to suppet Iffica,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I goe?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet I goe in hate, to feede upon
The prodigious Iffica my gilte.
Look to my house, I am right loth to goe,
There is some ill a bruising towards my self.
For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I besteech you for goe, my young Master
Dost expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clo. And they have comparted together, I will not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday.
The Merchant of Venice.

Here dwels my father Iew. How, who's within?

 iffus above.

 Iff. Who are you tell me for more certainty, 
 Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

 Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue.

 Iff. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
 For who loue I fo much? and now who knowes
 But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

 Lor. Hesuan and thy thoughts are witnesses that thou
 art.

 Iff. Here, catch this caske, it is worth the paines,
 I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
 For I am much a sham'd of my exchange:
 But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit,
 For if they could, Cupid himselfe would bluifs
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

 Lor. Defend,you must be my torch-beare.

 Iff. What, must I hold a Candle to my flames?
 They in themselves good toth are too too light.
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery Loue,
 And I should be obstruct.

 Lor. So you are sweet,
 Even in the lonely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
 For the cloke night doth play the run-away,
 And weare flaid for at Bagianio's feast.

 Iff. I will make faft the doores and guard my selfe
 With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

 Gra. Now by my head, a gentle, and no few.

 Lor. Befrewre me but I loue her heartily.
 For she is wife, if I can judge of her,
 And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
 And true she is, as the hath proud her selfe:
 And therefore like her selfe, wife, faire, and true,
 Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

 Enter Iffus.

 What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
 Our masking mates by this time vs sty.

 Enter Anthonio.

 An't, Who's there?
 Gra. Signior Anthonio?

 An't, Fie, fie, Graciano, where are all the rest?
 Tis nine a clocke, our friends all sty for you,
 No maske to night, the winde is come about,
 Bagianio prettily will goe aboord,
 I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

 Gra. I am glad on't, I defire no more delight
 Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night.

 Enter Portia with Mennocchio, and both their traines.

 Per. Goe, draw aside the curtaine, and dicsouer
 The fueareall Caskets to this noble Prince:
 Now make your choyle.

 Mir. The first of gold, who this infcription beares,
 Who chooseth me, shall gain what men defire.
 The second fatter, which this promise carrieth,
 Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defires.
 This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
 Who chooseth me, must glue and hazzard all he hath.
 How shall I know if I doe choos the right?
How shall I know if she doth choose the right.

Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince, If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me se, I will turne the intercptions, baclie againe: What fakes this leaden casket? Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath. Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead. This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doth in hope of faire advantages: A golden minde floopes not to fewes of droue, He then not giue not hazard ought for lead. What fakes the Sliuer with her virgin hue? Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defers. As much as he defers; paule there Merwocbe, And weigh thy value with an even hand, If thou bestrest by thy effimation

Thou doost defere enough, and yet enough May not extend so farre as to the Ladie: And yet to be afraid of my deferus, Were but a weake disafflfation of my feele. As much as I defere, why that's the Ladie, I doe in birth defere her, and in fortunes, In graces, and in qualities of breeding: But more then theft, in love I doe defere, What will I haft no farther, but choe here? Let's fee once more this saying graud in gold. Who choogeth me shall gaine what many men defire: Why that's the Ladie, all the world defers her: From the four corners of the earth they come To kiffe this finste, this mortall breaching Saint. The Hircanion defects, and the wante wildes Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now For Princes to come view faire Portia.

The water Kingdome, whose ambitious head Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre To stop the forenaice fpirites, but they come As oare a brooke to fee faire Portia. One of these three contains her heavenly picture. Is't like that Lead contains her?were damnation To thinke so base a thought, it were too grofe To rib her searecloth in the obfure graue: Or haft I think in Sliuer he's immur'd Being ten times undervalued to trude gold; O finall thought, never to rich a item Was set in worse then gold? They haue in England A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell Stamp't in gold, but that's inscupt upon: But here an Angell in a golden bed Lies all within. Deliuer me the key: Here do I choos, and thrice I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme yce thereth: Then Iam yours.

Mor. O hell what have we here, a carion death, Within whose empirie eye there is a written scroule; I lea the writing.

All that givers is no gold, Often hail you hear that cold; Many a man his life hath sold But my soul die to behold; Forgiu me tender doe warmes inflame Had you borne as wife so bold, Long in limbs, in judgement old, Tour appearance had not beene inflamed, Everywhere your snuff is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour loft, Then farewell hear, and welcome froft: Portia anew, I haue too grieu'd a heart To take a serious leave: thus lovers part. Exit.

Por. A gentle ridance, I draw the curtain.go: Let all of his complexion choo; me fo, Enter Salario and Salamio.

Flo. Corres.

Sal. Why man I saw Baffanio undersaye, With him is Gratiano gone along: And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Sal. The villain Lew with onesties raid the Duke. Who went with him to search Baffanios ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnderfaile; But there the Duke was gotten to vnderland That in a Gondere were feene together Lorenzo and his amorous Jutia.

Besides, Antonio cerified the Duke They were not with Baffanio in his ship.

Sal. I never heard a passion fo content, So strange, outrageous, and to variable, As the dogge Lew did vter in the streets; My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter, Fled with a Christian. Omy Christian ducats! Tulleth, the law, my ducats, and my daughter; A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats, Of double ducats, frome me by my daughter, And ioew, two ducates, two rich and precious ducates, Stoned by my daughters: justice, finde the girlie, She hath the ducates vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boys in Venice follow him, Crying his ducates, his daughter, and his ducats, Sal. Let good Antonio looke he kepe his day Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred, I reason'd with a Frenchman yestreday, Who told me, in the narrow lass that past The French and English, there miscaried A refell of our countrey riyely fraught: I thought upon Antonio when he told me, And with a silence that he were not his.

Sal. Yo were bel to tell Antonio what you heare. Yet doe not fuddamely, for it may grieve him. Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth, I saw Baffanio and Antonio part.

Baffanio told him he would make some speede Of his returne he answered, doe not fo, Slubber not butineffe for my sake Baffanio, But stay the very riping of the time, And for the lemes bond which he hath of me, Let it not enter in your minde of loute: Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts To courtship, and such faire offres of love As shall consequently become you there; And even there his eye being big with teares, Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, And with affiction wondrouses sensible He wrung Baffanios hand, and to they parted.

Sal. I thinke he onely loves the world for him, I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out And quicken his embrasse beneficent With some delighte or other.

Sal. Doe we fo.

Enter Nerissa and a Serenitie.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain aside, P a. The
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Persia.  
Flor. Cornets.

Per. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,  
If you choose that wherein I contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rights be feloimiz'd:  
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to obtain three things;  
First; never to unfold to any one  
Which casket was I chose; next, if I faile  
Of the right casket, neuer in my life  
To woe a maid in way of marriage;  
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Per. To these inducions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthiness selfe.

Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortunate now  
To my hearts hope; gold, silver, and base lead.  
Who chooseth me must glue and hazard all he hath.  
You shall looke fairer ere I glue or hazard.  
What fales the golden chess, ha, let me see:  
Who chooseth me, shall gains what many men desire:  
What many men desire, that many may be meant:  
By the foolish multitude that choose by bow,  
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,  
Which prises not to th'interior, but like the Martlet  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not lumpe with common spirits,  
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why then to thee thou Silluer treasure houfe,  
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bestow;  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires:  
And well said too; for who shall goe about  
To coven Fortune, and be honourable  
Without the flame of merrit, let none presume  
To beware an vndefeured digneitie:  
O that eftates, degrees, and offices  
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour  
Were purchas'd by the merrit of the wiser;  
How many then should couer that fland bare?  
How may be commanded that command?  
How much low plesantry would then be gleaned  
From the true feeed of honor? And how much honor  
Picket from the chaffe and ruine of the times,  
To be new xarlinet: Well, but to my choyse.  
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desyres,  
I will assume defects; give me a key for this,  
And instantly unlocke my fortunes here.

Per. Too long a paufe for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot  
Presenting me a feedle, I will ride it:  
How much vnlike art thou to Persia?  
How much vnlike my hopes and my desperings?  
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he desyres,  
Did I deuise noe more than a fooles head,  
Is that my priz, are my defects no better?  
Per. To offend and judge are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?  

Enter Messinger,  
Mrs. Where is my Lady?  
Per. Here, what would my Lord?

Mrs. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate  
A yong Venetian, one that comes before  
To signifie his approaching of his Lord,  
From whom he bringeth infallible regrets;  
To wit (besides commendes and curteous breath)  
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not feene  
So likely an Embassador of loue.  
A day in Aprill never came so sweete  
To know how cooly Sommer was at hand,  
As this fore-spruner comes before his Lord.  
Per. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard  
Thou wilt lay anye he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend't such high-daye wit in prasing him:  
Come, come Nerissa, for I long to fee.  
Quicke Cupids Pott, that comes so mannerly.  
Ner. Basiano Lord, joute if thy will be it.  
Exeunt.

Actus Terriors.

Enter Solanio and Salario.

Sel. Now, what news on the Ryalto?  
Sel. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that Antonio  
Hath a shipp of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the  
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous  
Flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall shipp, lye  
Buried, as they say, if my golffips report be an honest wo-  
man of her word.

Sel. I would she were as lying a golffip in that, as ever  
knapt Giner, or made her neighbours beleue the weptr  
For the death of a third husband; but it is true, without  
any flips of prolixity, or scoffing the plaine high-way  
Of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, that  
I had a title good enough to kepe his name company?  
Sel. Come, the full stop  
Sel. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost  
A shipp.
The Merchant of Venice.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loaves.
Sal. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil crost my prayer, for he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now Shylock, what news among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You know none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.
Sal. That's certain, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings the Jew wrought.
Sal. And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledged, and then it is the completion of them at to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.
Sal. That's certain, if the diuell may her judge. My own flesh and blood to rebel. Sal. Out upon it old cautione, rebels at these yerees. Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.
Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than betweene Ier and Iuoe, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and renne\'ish but tell, do you heare whether Antonio have had any losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrupt, a profli\'gill, who dare scarce chew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was fad to come to foues upon the Merceres, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Viner, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curfise, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To bathe fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenge; he hath disgrac\'d me, and himfird me halfe a million, laughter at my loffes, mockt at my games, learned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dementsions, fences, affections, passions, fed with the fame food, hurt with the fame weapons, subject to the fame diseases, healed by the fame means, warmd and cooled by the fame Winter and Summer. As a Christian is: if you prick vs doe we not bleed? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poifen vs doe we not die? and if you wound vs, shall we not revenge? are we like you in the ref, we will reffemble you in that. It's a Jew wrong a Christian, what's his humility, revenge? It's a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his fuf\'erance be by Christian example, why revenge? The villain you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antonio

Gentlemen, my maistre Antonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We have beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tubal.

Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matchse, vnleffe the diuell himselfe care fur.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tubal, what newses from Genewalvnath thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, a diamond gone call me two thousand ducats in Francetford, the curie never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, précious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her care: I would the curie sat at my footes, and the ducat in her coffyn. I now news of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search, why thou losest upon loose, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfac\'tion, no reuenge, nor no ill luck sterring but what lights a my shoulders, no fighes but a my breathing, no tears but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, Antonio as I heard in Genowa?


Tub. Hath an Argoen call away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true? Tub. I spake with some of the Saylers that escaped the wreake.

Shy. I thanke thee good Tuball, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genova.

Tub. Your daughter spente in Genova, as I heard, one night foure score ducats.

Shy. Thou flieke a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, foure score ducats at affisting foure score ducats.

Tub. There came ducats of Antonio crectors in my company to Venice, that sweare he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it, it pleague him, it tortur\'e him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortur\'est me Tuball, it was my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a wilderneffe of Monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly vndone

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball, see me an Officer, bespeake him a forrnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forreft, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball, and meete me at our Singagogue, goe good Tuball, at our Singagogue Tuball,

Enter Bassian, Portia, Gratiano, and all these trains.

Por. I prays you tarriue, paues a day or two

Before you hazard, for in choofing wone

I lose your companions; therefore forbeare a while,

There's something tells me (but it is not true)

I would not lose you, and you know your selfe,

Hate counsails not is such a quallitie:

But leaff you should not vnderstand me well,

And yes a maiden hath no tonge, but thought,

I would desist you here some month or two

Before you ventur for me. I could teach you

How to choose right, but then I am forwone,

So will I never be, so may you misse me,

But if you do, youle make me with a finne,

That I had beene for wone: Behold your eyes,

They have ore\'lookt me and devised me,

One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,

Mine owne I would Say: but of mine then yours,

And to all yours; O these naughty times

Puts bar betweene the owners and their rights,

And so thought yours, not yours (proute it so)

Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I,

I speake too long, but 'tis to please the time,

To ich and to drawe it out in length,

To saye you from election.
The Merchant of Venice.

"Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

"Por. Upon the rack! Baffano, then confede.
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None but that vile treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enquiring of my love:
There may as well be amity and life.
’Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. 1, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced doth speak any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and I’ll confede the truth.
Por. Well then, confede and live.

Had beene the very turn of my confession:
Ohappie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets,
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will finde me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let murder found, while he doth make his choice,
Then if he looke he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And wawrie death-bed for him: hemay win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
Even as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such is it,
As are those dulcet sounds found in breake of day,
That crepe into the dreaming bride-groomes care,
And fummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leffe prefumption, but with more much love
Then yong Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, paiied by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrificce,
The rest aloofe are the Dauidian woues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th’ exploit: Goe Hercules,
Lute thou, I live with much more dismay
I view the fight, then thou mak’st the fray.
Here Musicks.

A Song the whilfe Baffiano comtents on the
Caskets to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head.
How beget, how nourished.
Repell, repulse.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancie dies.
In the cradle where it lies
Let us alrvine fancie kind,
He begin it.
Ding, dang, doll.
All Ding, dang, doll.

Bass. So may the outward showes be least themselues
The world is full deced’d with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupts,
But being seano’d with a gracious voice,
Obfures the show of guilt? In Religion,
What dammed error, but some other brow
Will blest it, and approwe it with a text,
Hiding the grofenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowardes, whose hearts are all as falfe
As flayers of hand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and browning Mars,
Who inward seach’t, have Lyuers white as milke,
And their affume but vnder their ornament.
To render them redoubled. Looke on beautie,
And you shall fee ‘tis purchas the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that were most o’er:
So are thole crisp’d flanke golden locks
Which makes such fantom gambols with the winde
Upon supposer fairenette, often knowne
To be the downe of a second head,
The feulf that breed them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautifull seac
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The feeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wifhest. Therefore then thou gaudiue gold,
Hard ffood for Minus, I will none of these,
Nor none of the thou pale and common drudge.
’Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meger lead
Which rather cheerneft then doft promise ought,
Thy palme reftues me more then eloquence,
And here choos I, joy be the consequene.
Por. How all the other passions flet to eyre,
As doubfull thoughts, and rash imbrac’d defpare:
And fluddering feare, and green-eyed jealouie.
Of love be moderate, allay thy exatc
In measure raine thy joy. I cant this exacce,
I feele too much thy bleeding, make it leffe,
For fear I forfeit.
Bass. What finde I here?
Faire Portia counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come to meere creation? moue thefe cies?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine
Sence they in motion? Here are feuer’d lift
Parded with fager breath, so sweet a batre
Should funde such sweet friends: here in her bairnes
The Painter plaise the Spiter, and hath wouen
A golden meath’l intrap the hearts of men
Falter then gras in cobwebes: but her cies,
How could he fee to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it is shoule power to steal both his
And leave it selfe unfortunat: Yet looke how faire
The subfance of my praffe doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprizing it, to faire this shadow
DOTH limpe behind the subfance. Here’s the scroule
The continent, and summation of my fortune.

You that chose not by the view
Chance as faire, and chose as true:
Since this forurse falt to you,
Be content, and fave no news.
If you be well pleas’d with this,
And hold your fortune for your blifes,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claims her with a loving kifs.

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to glue, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples cies:
Hearing applauze and winerfall shout,
Gidde in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of pralfe be his or no."
So thrice fair Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratifyed by you.

Par. You see my Lord Bajfiane where I stand,
Such as I am, though for my fate alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To with my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be troubled twelvetimes my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, then thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livinges, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which so to term in groffe,
Is an unflioned girlie, enfeathed, timephaz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But the may learn: happier then this,
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learn:
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now committed. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manor, master of my servants,
Queene ore my selfe: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this fame my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I glue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or glue away,
It prelume the rume of your, and
Be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bajf. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaded multitude,
Where every thing being bleft together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, face of joy
Expresst, and not expresst: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say Bajfiane's dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have flied by and seene our wishes proper.
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

Bajf. My Lord Bajfiane, and my gentle Lady,
I wish with you the all you that can with us:
For I am sure you can with none from me:
And when your Honours meane to forseeme
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you gave me one.
My eyes my Lord can loue as twift as yours:
You saw the milers, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermition,
No more perves to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune flied vpon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For woong here vntill I fives againe,
And fweering till my very tough was dry
With oaths of loue, as left, if promife left,
I got a prome of this faiere one here
to hate her lone: prooved that your fortune
Archived her militeere.

Par. Is this true, madam or no? Bajfiane?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bass. And do you Gratiano mean good faith?
The Merchant of Venice.

Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit, From Tripolis, from Mexico and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, And not one self'll escape the dreadful touch of Merchants' misfortunes. For all will follow Bxitltw. Exeunt.

Hath Of And A For To Thicbeft Of them. It Forfeit, If Then is forfeit, and hence, If thou dost impeach the freedom of the state If they dey him refuge. Twenty Merchants, The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes Of greatest port have all perished with him, But none can drive him from the envious plea Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. 

Iffe. When I was with him, I have heard him foretell To Tubal and to Chus, his Countri-men, That he would rather have Antonio's theft, Then twenty times the value of theummage That he did owe him; and I know my Lord, If law, authorifie, and power denie not, It will goe hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble? 

Baff. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man, The belter condition'd, and unwearied in work In doing justices, and one in whom The ancient Romanes honour more appears Then any that draws breath in Italie.

Por. What femme owes he the few? 

Baff. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more? 

Pay him five thousand, and difhace the bond Double face thousand, and then treble that, Before a friend of this description 

Shall lose a hair through Baffiutto's fault. 

First goe with me to Church, and call me wife, And then away to Venice to your friend: For neuer shall you lie by Portius side With an vnquiet fonte. You shall have gold To pay the petty debts twenty times ouer, When it is payable, bring your true friend along, My maid Nerissa, and my feele herein time Will live as maids and widdowes: come away, For you shall hence vpon your wedding day: Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere, Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere. But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baffiutto, my fhoppe have all misbarried, my Creditors grow cruel, my efface is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and face in paying it, it is impoffible I fhould live, all debts are clered between you and I, if I might fee you at my death, notwithstanding, if your pleafure, if your love doe not perufe you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O loue! dispatch all buines and be gone. Baff. Since I have your good leaue to goe away, I will make halfe but till I come againe, No bed that will be guilty of my lay, Nor reft be interptet twixe ws twaine. Exeunt. Enter the Jew, and Salambo, and Antonio, and the Tayler.

Jew. Tayler, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the fool that lends out money gratis. Tayler, looke to him. 

Ant. Hear ye me yet good Shytle. 

Jew. Hee have my bond, speake not against my bond, I have vnto me such that I will have my bond: Thou call'd me dog before thou hadst a caufe, But since I am a dog, beware my phangs, The Duke shall grant me inffeice, I do wonder Thou naughty Tayler, thou art to fand To come abroad with him at his requit. 

Ant. I pray thee hear me speake. 

Jew. He have my bond, I will not hear thee speake, He have my bond, and therefore speake no more. It be not made a soft and dull ey'd fool, To fhafe the head, relent, and figh, and yield To Christian interceffors: follow not, I have no speaking, I will have my bond. Exit Jew. 

Sol. It is the moft impenetrable curre That ever kept withmen. 

Ant. Let him alone, 

He follow him no more with bootleffe prayers: He seekes my life, his rafon well I know; I oft delier'd from his forfutures Many that have at times made move to me, Therefore he hates me. 

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant this forfuretee to hold. 

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law: For the commoditie that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, Will much impeach the iffiue of the State, Since that the trade and profit of the city Confifteth of all Nations. Therefore goe, These greefe and loffe have bo bated mee, That I shall hardly spare a pound of feth To morrow, to my bloody Creditor. Well Tayler, on pray God Baffe in come To fee me pay his debts, and then I care not. Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lawrence, Jeffico, and a man of Portia,

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence, You have a noble and a true conceit Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly In bearing the abfence of your Lord, But if you know to whom you shew this honour, How true a Gentleman you rend releafe, How decr a louver of your Lord your husband, I know you would be prouder of the worke Then cunomary bounty can enforce you, 

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good, Nor shall not newes for in companions That do conuerse and weifie the timetherer, Whose foules doe deserue an egale yoke of lone, There must be needs a like proportion Of lyniments, of maner, and of spirit; Which makes me thinke that this Antonio is Being the boforme louver of my Lord, Must needs be like my Lord, If it be so, How little is the corn I have beflowed In purchashing the embelment of my foyl; From out the state of babish cruelty, This comes too nere the praising of my fel, Therefore no more of it: here other things Lorenzo I committ into your hands,
The Merchant of Venice.

The husbandry and manage of my house, Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part I hau'e toward heaven breath'd a secret vow, To live in prayer and contemplation, Onely attended by Nerissia here, Vntill her husband returne: There is a monftrous too miles off, And there we will abide. I doe desire you Not to disre this imprison, The which my loue and some necessitie Now layes vpon you.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart, I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde, And will acknowledge you and Nerissia, In place of Lord Saffiano and my selfe.

So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Fare thoughts & happy hours attend on you.

Ner. I with your Ladifhip all hearts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd To wish it backe on you from well Nerissia, Extrem. 

Ner. Now Saffiano, as I have ever found them honest true, So let me finde thee fall: take this same letter, And vfe thou all the iudcature of a man, In speed to Mantua, fee thou render this Into my cofins hand, Dedock Belario, And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee, Bring them I pray thee with imag'd speed Vnto the Trained, to the common Ferrie, Which trades to Venice: walk'te no time in words, But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on Nerissia, I have work in hand.

That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands Before they thinke of it.

Nerissia. Shall they see vs?

Por. They shall Nerissia: but in such a habit, That they shall thinke we are accomplished With that we lacke: Ile hold thee any wager When we are both accomterd like yong men, Ile proue the prettiest fellowe of the two, And wear my daguer with the bracer grace, And speake betweene the change of man and boy, With a reede voyce, and turne two minifying steps Into a manly frise; and speake of frayses Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quain lyes How honourable Ladies fought my love, Which I denying, they fell sicke and died, I could not doe withall: then Ile repente, And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them; And twenty of these punie lies Ile tell, That men shall fiewe I haue discontinued schoole About a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks, Which I will practifie.

Nerissia. Why, shall we see two men?

Por. Fie, what a questions that?

If thou wert here a lewd interpreter: But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuice When I am in my coach, which stales for vs At the Parke gate; and therefore hafe away, For we must make twenty miles to day. Exeunt.

Enter Clowes and Nerissia.

Clow. Ye truly; for looke you, the fumes of the Fa- ther are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was always plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are dam'd, there is but one hope left, which can doe you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope nether.

Nerissia. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partake that your father got you not, that you are not the fewes daughter.

Nerissia. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the fints of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are dammed both by fa- ther and mother: thus when I thinke Sibylla your father, I fall into Charides your mother, well, you are gone both ways.

Nerissia. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christian's know before, none as many could well live one by a- nother: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shoritle haue a raider on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ifs. Ile tell my husband Lancedol what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall growe jealous of you shortly Lancedol, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ifs. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Lancedol and I are out, he tells me straight there is no money for men in heaven, because I am a lewes daughter: and hee failes you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conqueting levtes to Christian's, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall anfwere that better to the Common- wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belie the Moore is with childe by you Lancedol?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then reafon: but if she be lefe then an honest woman, thee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vp the word, I think the best grace of witte will shortly turne into fi- lence, and difcourfe grow commendable in none onely but Parrant: goe in firra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done fir, they have all thomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-flapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to fit, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than fir?

Clow. Not to fir neither, I know my duty.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, witt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an infrant: I pray thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellows, bid them couer the table, ferue in the mest, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table fir, it shall be feru'd in, for the mest fit, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner fir, why let it be as humours and conceals fir- gure.

Exit Clowes.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are futed, The foole hath plantted in his memory An Armie of good words, and I doe know A many fooles that land in better place, Garnished like him, that for a tristique word Defie the matter: how cheerr't thou Nerissia, And now good sweeter say thy opinion.
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?  
Inf. All angels. I am very mettle.  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life  
For having such a blessing in his Lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth,  
And if on earth he do not mean it,  
Is reason he should never come to heaven?  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Partia one: there must be something else  
Paund with the other, for the poorer rude world  
Hath not her fellow.  
Loro. Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as the is for a wife,  
Inf. Nay, but ask my opinion to of that?  
Lor. I will none, first let vs go to dinner?  
Inf. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.  
Lor. No pray thee, let it serve for table talk,  
Then how long ere thou speakest 'mong other things,  
I shall digest it?  
Inf. Well, lie let you forth.  

Exeunt.  

Actus Quartus.  

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.  

Duk. What, is Antonio here?  
Ant. Ready, to please your grace?  
Duk. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answe're  
A most adversatry, an inhumane wretch,  
Vncaegible of prity, vroyd, and empty  
From any dram of mercie.  
Ant. I have heard  
Your Grace hath tane great paines to quallifie  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carrie me  
Out of his eentries reach, I do oppole  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quenelle of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.  
Du. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.  
Sal. He is ready at the dooore, he comes my Lord.  

Enter Shylock.  

Du. Make room, and let him stand before our face.  
Shylock the world thankes, and I thinke fo to  
That thou but deafest this filthon of thy mattece  
To the last hour of sile, and then 'tis thought  
Thou'dst shew thy mercie and remorse more strange,  
Than is thy strange apparent cruellty;  
And where thou now exactst the penaltie,  
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,  
Thou wilt not one looee the forfeit,  
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and love:  
Forgive a myotie of the principall,  
Glancing an eye of pitty on his looeees  
That haue of late fo builded on his backe,  
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe:  
And plucke commiseration of his flate  
From braceffe boomes, and roogh hearts of flints,  
From stubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traine  

To offices of tender curtesie,  
We all expect a gentle answer Jew?  
Inf. I haue poiet your grace of what I purpose,  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne  
To take the due and forfeit of my bond.  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedome,  
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive  
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:  
But fay it is my honor; Is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducats  
To have it bin'd? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge?  
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings ithorne,  
Cannot containe their Virgin for affection.  
Matters of passion fwayne it to the moode  
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:  
As there is no crime reason to be rendred  
Why he cannot abde a gaping Pigge?  
Why he a harmefle necessary Cat?  
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force  
Muf't yield to such iniquitible shame,  
As to offend himselfe being offended:  
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,  
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing  
The offence, that I follow thus  
A loosing quite against him? Are you answer'd?  
Bar. This is no answer thou vanefling man,  
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.  
Inf. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.  
Bar. Do all men kill the things they do not love?  
Inf. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?  
Bar. Euerie offence is a base suffit.  
Inf. What wouldst thou have a Serpent flying thee  
 twice?  
Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew;  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the maine flood baize his visuell height,  
Or even as well vs question with the Wolf,  
The Ewe bleece for the Lambe:  
You may as well forbid the Mountain Pine  
To waage their high tops, and to make no noise  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seeke to softan that, then which what harder?  
His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseche you  
Make no more offers, vie no farther meanes,  
But with all breve and plaine conueniencie  
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.  
Bar. For thy three thousand Ducates heeres fix.  
Inf. If eweue Ducat in fixe thousand Ducates  
Were in fixe parts, and every part a Ducate,  
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?  
Du. How shall thou hope for mercie, rendering none?  
Inf. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?  
You have among you many a purchas flacue,  
Which like your Aflies, and your Dogs and Mules,  
You yve in abed and in furnish parts,  
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, make tie to your heires?  
Why shewest thou ynder burtesses? Let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats  
Be feas'd with fush Viands: you will answer
The Merchant of Venice.

The flutes are ours. So do I answer you,
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me; he is your lawful Wife,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgment, answer, shall I have it?

Du. Upon my honor, I may diffuse this Court
Valese Bellario a learned Doctor,
Whom I have fast for to determine this,
Come hither to day.

Sal. My Lord, hither plays without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.
Baff. Good cheere Anthony, What man, courage ye:
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt looke for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a painted Weather of the flocke,
Metteft for death, the weakest kind of fritue
Drops eallie to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd Baffio,
Then to live full, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both,
My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.
Baff. Why doth thou with thy knife so carfully?

Impr. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gr. Not on thy sole: but on thy sole harleth Jew.
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangman Ace bearst, halfe the keenesse
Of thy sharpe emy. Can any prayers pierce thee?

Impr. No, none that thou haft vest enough to make.

Gr. O be thou damned, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith;
To hold opinion with Physiogonies,
That fowles of Animals influe themselves
Into the tronkes of men. Thy curishfull spirit
Gouernd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell foule fete;
And whil'st thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
Ind'st it in thee: For thy defires
Are Woulisf, bloody, fier, and rausonnable.

Impr. Till thou canst raffe the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Luage to speake so loud:
Repair thy witt good youth, or it will fall
To endless ruine. I stand here for Law.

Du. This Letter from Bellario doth commend
A yong and Learning Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth hither hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Du. With all my heart: Some three or foure of you
Go give him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Count shall heare Bellarios Letter.

Yor Grace shall understand, that as the receive of your Letter I am very fikke: but in the imput that your messinger cam't, in loving vification, was with me a young Doct of Toros, his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in Contraversie, betweene the Jew and Anthonio the Merchant: We trowd it are many Books together: bee it furnished with my opinion, which betwixt his owne learning, the great affhe whereof I cannot enough commend comtes

with him at my improocrmony, to fill up your Graces request in
my stead. I beseech you, let his tattle of fables be no impediment
as to lett him lacke a returned answer: for I never knew fo
yong a body, with fo old a head. I leave him to your gracious
acceptance, whose triall shall better publish his commendation.

Enterポート for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes,
And heere (I take it) the Doctore come.
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Du. Anthonio and old Skylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Skylocke?

Impr. Skylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the face you follow,
Yet in such rulage, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he faies.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Impr. On what compulsion must I Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not fram'd,
It dropeth as the gentle rainne from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giveth, and him that takes,
This mightie fleft in this mightie fleft, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crown.
His Scepter showerthes the force of temporall power,
The attemde to awe and Maitel e,
Wherein doth fit the dread and fear of Kings:
But mercy is above this flickerd way,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthy power doth then (flew like God)
When mercie sesions Justifie. Therefore Jew,
Though Justifie be thy plea, consider this,
That in the court of Justice, none of us
Should fee saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that faire prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke this much:
To mitigate the suffage of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this first crouse of Venice
Muft needs give sentence gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Baff. Yes, here I tender is for him in the Court,
Yes, twice the fumme, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over.
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beats downe truth. And I beseeleth you
Wrest once the Law to your authoritie,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a President,
The Merchant of Venice.

And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the flate: It cannot be.

Iew. A Daniel come to judgment, says a Daniel.
O wife young ludge, how do I honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

Iew. Heere is the Deall, but give you little thanks for that.

Sly. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay pettrie upon my soule?
No not for Venice,

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may chaine
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nexte the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take threc thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy ludge:
you know the Law, your exposition
Hath bene most found. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-defearing pillar.
Procede to judgment: By my fowle I weare,

Por. Heere is no power in the tongue of man.
To alter me: I lay heere on my bond.

An. Moit heartily I doe befeech the Court
To give the ludgegement.

Por. Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your bofonke for his knife.

Iew. O noble Ludge, O excellent yong man,
Por. For the intent and purpofe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalitie,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond.

Iew. This vere true: O wife and wryft ludge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare you bofonke.

Iew. His brefl,
So yafe the bond, doth it not noble Ludge?
Nextt his heart, howe are the very words.

Por. It is so: Are these ballance heere to weighe the flesh?

Iew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To stop his wounds, leaft he should bleed to death.

Iew. It is not nogginized in the bond?

Por. It is not so express: but what of that?

Twere good you do much for charitte.

Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchants, haue you any thing to fay?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd,
Give me your hand. Baffia, fare you well,
Greeue not that I am faile to this for you:
For heret in fortune sheves her felte more kinde
Then is her cuffome. It is still her vie
To let the wretched man out-lie his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingering penance
Of such miserie, doth the cut me off:
Commed me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the procee of Antoni's end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her budge,
Whether Baffia had not once a Louse:
Repent not you that you shall looke your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.

For the Jew doth but repent enough,
He pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Baff. Antoni, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe,my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eftim'd above thy life.
I would looie all, I sacrifice them all
Heree to this deall, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife it is, that I give you little thanks for that.
If the were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I proteft I love,
I would were I were in heauen, fo he could
Intreame power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her backe,
The wish would make elde an vnquiet house. (ter

Iew. Thefe be the Christian husbands: I have a daugh-
Would any of the flocks of Barrahaw
Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue fentence.

Por. A pound of that fame marchants fleth is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth gie it.


Por. And you must cut this fleth from off his breath,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Iew. Mofit learned Judges, a fenctence, come prepare.

Por. Tary a little, there is something elc,
This bond doth gie thee here no iot of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of fleth:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleth,
But in the cutting it, if thou doft f缔
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice conficrate
Veto the flate of Venice.


Sly. Is that the law?

Por. Thy felle thall fee the Act:
For as thou vryflf iuftice, be aflur'd
Thou fhalt have iustice more then thou desireft.

Gra. O learned Judge, make Lew, a learned Judge.

Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thire,
And let the Christian goe.

Baff. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Lew shall have all iustice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the penalitie.

Gra. O Lew, an vryft Judges, a learned Judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleth,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leffe nor more
But ioft a pound of fleth: if thou tak't more
Or leffe then a fift pound, be it fo much
As makes it light or heayy in the fubflance,
Or the definion of the twentieth part
Of one poore fcruple, nay if the fcale doe turne
But in the estimation of a haire,
Thou dieft, and all thy goods are conficrate.

Gra A Second Daniel, a Daniel Lew,
Now infull I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Lew paufe, take thy forreitute.

Sly. Give me my principal, and I will goe.

Baff. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refuf'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meere iustice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel bill fay I, a Second Daniel,
I thank thee Lew for teaching me that word.

Sly. Shall I have bare my principal?
Por. Thou fhalt have nothing but the forreitute,
The role taken for the bill I Lew.

Sly. Why then the Deall gie him good of it,
I loe no longer question.

Por. Tary
The Merchant of Venice

Par. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enshrined in the Laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeks the life of any Citizen,
The party gains the which he doth contrive,
Shall fease one half his goods, the other half.
Comes to the privie coffer of the State.
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I lay thou stand'st:
For it appeareth by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou haft contribut'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haft incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou haist not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must doe the same to thy liffe charge.

Duke. That thou findest the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou askst it:
For halfe thy wealth; it is Antiochus's,
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblestlee may drive unto a fine.

Par. I for the state, not for Antiochus.

Syr. Nay, take thy life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain mine house, you take my life
When you doe take the manner whereby I live.

Par. What mercy can you render him Antiochus?

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will make me haue
The other halfe in vice, to render it.

Upon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately bore his daughter.
Two things prouided more: that for this favour
He presently becomes a Christian:
The other, that he do record a gift.
Herein the Court of all he dies poiffles
Vnto his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Par. Art thou contented Jew? what doth thou say?
Syr. I am content.

Par. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Syr. I pray you give me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In chritning thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I beene judge, thou shouldest have had ten more.
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Duo. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

Par. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meekest I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leyfure ferues you not:
Antiochus, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Baff. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Hauing by your wife done bene this day acquist
Of greenous penalties, in lieu whereof,
There thousand Ducats due unto the law.
We freely cope your curious patience withall.
And hand indetred over and above
In love and feruice to you evermore.

Par. Heis well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was never yet more mercifull.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I with you well, and so I take my leave.

Baff. Deare sir, of force I must attempts you further,
Take some remembrance of me as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

Par. You present mee faire, and therefore I will yeeld,
Gue me your graces, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love I take this ring from you,
Does not draw backe your hand, I take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Baff. This ring good for, alas it is a trifle,
I will not frame to felse to give you this.

Par. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a minde to it.

Baff. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The daepest ring in Venice will I give you,
And finde it out by proclamation.

Par. I see sir you are liberal in offeres,
You taught me first to beg, and now methinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Baff. Good fir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.

Par. That feuell ferues many men to faze their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have defend'd this ring,
Shall we not hold our enemy for euer
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you.

Ant. My L. Baffano, let him haue the ring,
Let his deferuings and my lone withall
Be valued against your wiuues commandement.

Baff. Goe Gratiano, run and ouer-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antiochus house, away, make haste.

Exeunt.

Comme, you and I will thinkther presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Belmont, come Antiochus.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Par. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. False sir, you are well one tane:
My L. Baffano upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intrest
Your company at dinner.

Par. That cannot be;
His singe I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Stephano house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Sir, I would speake with you:
The Merchant of Venice.

Ile see if I can get my husbands sing
Which I did make him sweare to kepe for ever.

Per. Thou maist I warrant, we that have oldswearing
That they did glue the rings away to men;
But wherefore face them, and out-swear them to:
Away, make haste, thou knowst wh're I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet windes did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no mynde, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Trojan walls,
And light'd his towre toward the Grecian tent
Where Cre Sey layd that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Phoebus fearefully once-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere hysselfe,
And ranne dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wide sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchant'd hearts
That did renew old Efes.

Lor. In such a night
Did Joffaie fleate from the wealthy Jewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo sweare he lod'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vows of faith
And here a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Joffaie (like a little throw)
Slender her Loue, and he forgave her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Mefienger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mef. A friend.

Lor. A friend, what name? I pray you my name I pray you
Mef. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Miftresse will before the break of day
Be heare at Belmont, the doth frey about
By holy croisses where the kneels and prays
For happy weellocke houses.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mef. None but a holy Hermit and her maide:
I pray you is my Miftray yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee Joffaie,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miftrayle of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Lor. Who calls?

Cla. Sola, sola: who ha ho, sola, sola.

Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere,

Cla. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Cla. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his home full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweete foule.

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend Gpben, signify prays you
Within the house, your Miftrayle is at hand,

And bring your musike forth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone-light sleepe's upon this banke,

Andere we will fit, and let the sounds of musike
Creepe in our ears soft sylence, and the night

Become the tutes of sweet harmonie:

Such harmonie in an Angel singes,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;

And there harmonie in immortal foules,

But whilift this muddie vellure of decay

Doth grossly clofe in it, we cannot heare it:

Come here, and wake Diana with a hymne,

With sweet soft tutes pace you my Miftrayle care,

And draw her home with musike.

Heere: I am never merry when I heare sweet musique,

Play musike.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard

Or race of youthfull and unhandled colt,

Fetching mad boundes, bellowing and neighing loud,

With al the hot condition of their bloud,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet found,

Or any ayre of musike touch their eares,

You shall perceve them make a mutuell fland,

Their sauge eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musickes; therefore the Poet

Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, flones, and floods.

Since naught so fweeter than a King,

In love with miftrayles, and in love with Lordly:

Of which you mayuell count, and speake of them,

For all your embastelles, the Poet says,

Or the heavenliall craftes, or the world.

Who hath no miftrayle in himselfe,

Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for staeas, faragems, and spoyles,

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections darke as obscure,

Let no such man be trusted: mate the musike.

Enter Pertia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is buming in my hall:

How farre that little candiel throwes his beames,

So shines a good deed in a nauy shawdow.

(die)

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leafe,

A substitute shines brightely as a King.

Untill a King be by, and then his face

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke,

Into the maine of waters: musike, harke.

Miftrayle.

Ner. It is your musike, Madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,

Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence be lowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweettely as the Larke

When
The Merchant of Venice.

When neither is attended: and I think
The Nightingale if the shou'd sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muffian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and in perfection:
Peace, how the Moon sleeps with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

"Mufick scarce.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd of Portia.
"Por. He knows me as the blinde man knows the
Cuckow by the bad voice?
Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?
Por. We have bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meffenger before
To dignifie their coming.
Por. Go in Nerrilia,
Gue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being at home hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Ijeffa nor you,
A Trumpet sounds.
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet,
We are no tell-nes Madam, feare you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight feke,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as this day, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffiano, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abse of the Sunne.
Por. Let me glie light, but let me not belight,
For a light wife doth make a saucie husband,
And neither Baffiano for me,
But God for all, you are welcome home my Lord.
Bass. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all fence be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am wel acquainted of.
Por. Sit, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other wales thern words,
Therefore I feant this breathing curset.

Grac. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I giue it to the Judges Cleareke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel how alreadie, what the matter?

Grac. About a hoope of Gold, a palettes ring
That the did giue me, whose Poetic was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry

Upon a knife; Lose mee, and losse mee not.

Ner. What tale you of the Poetics the valew:
You sweare to me when I did giue it you,
That you would wear it till the house of death,
And that it shou'd ye with you in your grave;
Though not for me, yet for your vechement eaths,
You should have beened a clouce and have kept it.

Gave it a Judges Cleareke: but well I know
The Cleareke will nere wear a hair on his face that had it.

"Grac. He wil, and if he liue to be aman,
Nerrilfa. If a Woman liue to be a man.
Grac. Now by this hand I gau it too youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scruobbed boy,
No higher then thy felte, the judges Cleareke,
A printing boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it to thee.
Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so lightly with thy wines first gift,
A thing fluctue on with oathes upon your fingers,
And fo riuent with faith vnto your theth,
I gau my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare,
Neuer to part with it, and here he hands:
I dare be sweare for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You giue your wife too vkinde a cause of greece,
And twere to me I shou'd be mad at it.
Bass. Why I was beft to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I loft the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Baffiano gau his Ring away
Vnto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deferr'd it too: and then the Boy his Cleareke
That tooko some pains in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take outh
But the two Rings.
Por. What Ring gau you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.
Por. Even fo vioate is your falfe heart of truth,
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe fei mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gau the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gau the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gau the Ring,
And how unwittingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeaure?
Por. If you had knowne the venue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthiness that gau the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of Zeale: wanted the moddefe
To vrg the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrilfa teaches me what to beleue,
Ile die for's, but some Woman had the Ring?
Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a chid Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And begg'd the Ring; which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to goe displea'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What shoul I say sweete Lady?
I was inform'd to send it after him,
I was beft with flame and cursethe,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much bemear it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by the blest Candles of this night.
Had you bene there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?
The Merchant of Venice

Por. Let not that Doctor etc come near my house, Since he hath got the jewel that I loved, And that which you did swear to keep for me, I will become as liberal as you, Ile not deny him any thing I have, No, not my body, nor my husbands bed: Know him I shall, I am well sure of it, Lie not a night from home, Watch me like Argos, If you doe not, i' th' first left alone, Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne, Ile haunt the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well assur'd How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well doe you so: let not me take him then, For if I doe, Ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels

Por. Sir, grieve not you, You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bafi. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong, And in the hearing of these manie friends I swear to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that? In both my eyes he doubly lesse himselfe : In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe, And there's an oath of credit.

Bafi. Nay, but heare me, Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth, Which but for him that had your husbands ring Had quite mischard. I dare be bound agane, My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord Will never more breake faith admisdie.

Por. Then you shall be his forrette: give him this, And bid him keep it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord Bassania, sweare to keep this ring,

Bafi. By heauen it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon Bassania,

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,

For that same scrubb'd boy the Doctors Clarke In leuw of this, last night did dye with me.

Gra. Why is this like the mending of high waies In Somner, where the waies are faire enough: What, are we Cuckolds ere we have detected it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd; Heere is a letter, read it at your leasure,

It comes from Padua from Belario,

There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,

Nerissa th'ere her Clarke. Lorenzo heere Shall witness I set forth as true a you,

And eu'n now retur' n'd: I have not yet

Entred my house. Antonio you are welcome,

And I have better newes in store for you Then you expect: vnseale this letter, there You shall finde three of your Argoshes Are richly come to harbour foole.

You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Bafi. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold,

Ner. 1, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,

Vnseale he lue vnill be a man.

Bafi. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,

When I am absten, then lie with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life & liuing;

For here I resde for certaine that my ships Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now Lorenzo?

My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. 1, and Ile give them him without a fee.

There doe I give to you and Grattano

From the rich Iove, a speciall deed of gift

After his death, of all he dies posses'd of.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these events at full. Let vs goe in,

And charge vs there upon intergatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory

That my Nerissi shall be sworn on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or goe to bed, now being two hours to day,

But were the day come, I shoulde with it darke,

Till I were couning with the Doctors Clarke.

Well, while I live, I feare no other thing

So fore,as keping late Nerissas ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
of my father in me, as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his residence,
Ori. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in Oli. Will thou lay hands on me villain?  
Ori. I am no villain : I am the youngest of the Som
Ranland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thither a villain that failes such a father begot villains: were thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pul'd out thy tongue for saying so, thou haft said on thy selfe.
Adm. Sweet Masters be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.
Ori. Let me goe I say.
Ori. I will not till I please: you shall have mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peacm, obfercuting and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grew strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercices as may become a gentleman, or give me the poore allowance my father left me by entailment, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.
Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent?  
Well sir, get you in I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leave me.
Ori. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.
Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.
Adm. Is it old dogge my reward: mof't true, I have left my teeth in your femince: God be with my olde matter, he would not haue spoke such a word. Ex, Ori. Ad.
Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your rankenelle, and yet give no thousand crownes yetther: rolls Demus.

Enter Demus.
Dem. Calls your worship?  
Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrafller here to speake with you?  
Dem. So plese you, he is here at the door, and impoertunes access to you.
Oli. Call him in: twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrafilling is.

Enter Charles.
Ches. Good morrow to your worship.
Oli. Good Mounfier Charles: what's the newes at the new Court?
Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes is, that the old Duke is banifhed by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three olde louing

Q: Lords
As you like it.

Seiena Seconda.

Col. I pray thee, Rofalind, sweet my Coz, be merry.
Rof. Deere Clelia; I shoule more mirth then I am mi-
Bnrefte of; and would you yet were merrier: vnlke you
could teach mee to forger a banished father, you muft not
learn mee how to remember any extraordinary plea-
}


Rof. Herein I fee thou too long mce not with the full
weight that I looke thee; if my Vncy thy banished father
had banished thy Vncle the Duke my father, so thou
hadst beene full with mee, I coule haue taught thy lore
to take thy father for mine; so wouldft thou, the truth
of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine
to thee.

Ref. Well, I will forget the condition of my elate,
to reioyce in yours.

Col. You know my Father hath no childe, but J, nor
none is like to bave: and truely when he die, thou shalt
be his herite; for what hee hath taken away from thy fa-
ther perfice, I will render thee againe in affiotion: by
mine honor I will, and when I break that oath, let mee
tume monaster therefore I my sweet Rofe, my deere Rofe,
be merry.

Ref. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuile sports:
let me fee, what thinkes you of falling in Love?

Col. Merey I pricethee doe, to make sport withall:
but loue no man in good earthen, nor no further in sport
neither, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in ho-
nor come againe.

Ref. What shall be our sport then?

Col. Let vs fit and moke the good houylfe Fortu-
ne from her wheel, that her gyfts may henceforth be
beflowed equally.

Ref. I would weee could doo lo: for her benefites are
mighty misplaced, and the boastfull blinde woman
doth mistake in her gyfts to women.

Col. Tis true, for those that she makes faire, flie scarce
makes honore, & those that she makes honest, the
makes very illfavoured.

Ref. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na-
tures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the
lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clome.

Col. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature,
may the not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature
hath given vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune
fent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ref. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when
fortune makes nature natural, the cutter off of fortunes
wittes.

Col. Deraduente this is not Fortunes work neither,
but Natures, who perceiue our natural witts too dull
to resion of such goddesse, hath sent this Naturall for
our wheelfone. for alwayes the dulnesse of the foole,
is the wheelfone of the wittes. How now Witte, whether
wonder you?

Clome. Miftrefte, you must come away to your father.

Col. Were you made the meffenger?

Clome. No by mine honor but I was bid to come for you

Ref.
Now So and — lie In Be I or they knowledge? more wife 'Bton-iowr

Alas. But what is the sport Monseur, that the Ladies have loft? Le Ben. Why this that I speak of. Cle. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Or I, I promise thee. Ref. But is there any else longs to see this broken Muficke in his fides? Is there yet another doxes upon rib-breakeing? Shall we see this wrasfling Costin? Le Ben. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrasfling, and they are ready to performe it.

Yonder sure they are comming. Let us now flay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intrested His owne perill on his forwordnede.


Ref. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Orl. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Orl. Are you crept hither to see the wrasfling?

Ref. I my Lige, so please you giue vs leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In point of the challengers youth, I would faine didwade him, but he will not bee emracted. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moue him.

Call him hether good Monfeur Le Ben.

Duke. Do fo. He not be by,

Le Ben. Monfeur the Challenger, the Princeffe calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ref. Young man, haue you challegd Charles the Wrasfler?

Orl. No faire Princeffe: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of your youth.

Orl. Young Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you have sette cruele proofe of this mans fitting, if you fav your felle with your cies, or knew your felle with your judgment, the fcare of your aduenture would confound you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you for your owne fake to embrace your owne safte, and giue our this attempt.

Ref. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be mifiold: we will make it our fute to the Duke, that the wrasfling might not go forward.

Orl. I beleeeh you, punish mee not with your bads thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guitte to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire cies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my trialles wherein if I bee fooll'd, there is but one thing that was neuer gracious: if I bee, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament methe world no inuite,for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I flv vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made it emptie.

Ref. The little strenght that I haue, would it weare with you.

"C"
Enter Le Bw.

Poore Orlande! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker matters thee.

Le Bw. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place; albeit you have deferr'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconfers all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More fittes you to conceive, then to speake of.

Orl. I thank you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraitling?

Le Bw. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manner,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vupring Vnicle
To keep her daughter company, whose loues
Are deare then the natural bond of Sitters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath taken displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded, upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pitie her, for her good Fathers sake:
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly break forth; Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better would then this,
I shall defire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I left much bounden to you; fare you well.
Thus must I from the smake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly Rosaline.

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cofen, why Rosaline: Cupid hath mesure,
Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celi, No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
Upon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
With reasons.

Ref. Then there were two Cofens laid vp, when
The one should be fam'd with reasons, and the other mad
Without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childs Father: Oh
How full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cofen, throwne upon thee
iholiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
Our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ref. I could make them off my coate, these burs are
In my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wratle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wratler then
my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you: you will trie in time
in
in dispight of all: but turning these feet out of servitude, let vs take in good earnest: it is possible on such a  doctrine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rould, you send for one? 

Ref. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dereelie. 
Ces. Deny it therefore enouu that you should lose his Sonne dereelie? By this kind of chafe, I should hate him, for my Father hated his Father dereelie: yet I hate not Orlande: 

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my sake. 
Ces. Why should I not I doth he not deferve well? 

Enter Duke with Lords. 

Ref. Let me loue him for that, and do loue him 
Becaus I doe. Look, here comes the Duke. 
Ces. With his eyes full of anger. 

Duk. Miftris, dispatall you with your safelie halfe, 
And get you from our Count. 

Ref. Me Vnclle. 
Duk. You Co/en, 
Within these tene days ef that thou best found 
So noere our publicke Court at tventie miles, 
Thou diest for it. 

Ref. I do Onee see your Grace 
Let me the knowledge of my fault bearue with me: 
If with my felle I hold intelligence, 
Or have acquaintance with mine owne defires, 
That I do not dreame, or bee not frantickce, 
(As doe truth I am not) then deere Vnclle, 
Neer to much at in a thought vnborne, 

Did I offend your highnesse. 

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors, 
If their purgation did conffit in words, 
They are as innocents as grace it felle: 
Let it suffice thee that I truft thee not. 

Ref. Yet your mirtrou cannot make me a Traitor; 
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depend? 

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, ther's enough. 

Ref. So was I when your highnesse tooke his Duke/dom, 
So was I when your highnesse benifith him: 
Treason is not inherited my Lord, 
Or if we did detriue it from our friends, 
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor, 
Then good my Leige, mislate me not too much, 
To chinke my puertie is treacherous. 

Ces. Deere Soveryaine heare me speake, 

Duk. I Crie, we flud her for your sake, 
Elfe had the with her Father raged along. 

Ces. I did not then intret or hauue her flay, 
It was your pleasure, and your owne remolfe, 
I was too yong that time to value her, 
But now I know her: If he be a Traitor, 
Why to am I: we full have hauet together, 
Roife at an infant, learnt d, plaid, caste together, 
And wherefoere we went, like innoc Swains, 
We still were coupled and inpeparable. 

Duk. She is too fubtile for thee, and her smoothnesse, 
Her very silence, and per patience, 
Speake to the people, and they pittie her: 
Thou art a foole, the robbs thee of thy name, 
And thou wilt shew more bright, & feem more vertuous 
When she is gone: then open not thy lips, 
Firme, and irreconcileable is my doome, 
Which I have paff upon her, the is banifh'd. 

Ces. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige, 
I cannot live out of her companie. 

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice promise you selfe, 
If you ouf-tay the time, upon mine honor, 
And in the greatnesse of my word you die, 

Ces. O my poore Refoute, whether wilt thou goe? 
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine: 
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am, 
Ref. I haue more caufe. 
Ces. Thou haft not Co/en, 
Prethee be cheerfulfull, know'll thou not the Duke 
Hath banifh'd me his daughter? 
Ref. That he hath not. 
Ces. No hath not? Refoute lacks then the loue 
Which teache thee that thou and I am one, 
Shall we be fundred? shall we part sweete girls? 
No, let my Father feeke another heire: 
Therefore deuise with me how we may fli 
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs, 
And do not looke to take your change uponyou, 
To beare your griefes yef your felfe, and leue me out: 
For by this meanes, now at our forrowes pale; 
Say what thou canft, I goe along with thee. 

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe? 
Ces. To feeke my Vnclle in the Fortref of Arden. 

Ref. Als, what danger will it be to vs, 
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth to faire? 

Beautie prouoketh theues sooner then gold. 

Ces. I leve my felle in poore and meane attire, 
And with a kindle of vmbre finch my face, 
The like doe you, fo shall we paffe along, 
And noe ftrangers. 

Ref. Were it not better, 
Because that I am more then common tall, 
That I did fuite me all points like a man, 
A gallant curtrell upon my thigh, 
A biree-speare in my hand, and in my heart 
Lye there what hidden womans fear thee there will, 
Worce have a twifhing and a maifhall outside, 
As many other maifhalls couerous haute, 
That doe ouf face it with their fmalnesse. 

Ces. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 
Ref. He have no worse a name then thoes owne Page, 
And therefore looke you call me Ganymede. 
But what will you by call'd? 

Ces. Something that hath a reference to my fiate: 
No longer Celia, but Aliena. 

Ref. But Co/en, what if we offend to steale 
The clouemall Fools out of your Fathers Court: 
Would he not be a complais to our trauail? 

Ces. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me, 
Leeue me alone to woe him; Let's away 
And get our Jewels and our wealth together, 
Deuile the fittifh time, and fafel way 
To hide vs from pursuifte that will be made 
After my flight: now goe in we content 
To librite, and not to banifie. 

Exeunt. 

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima. 

Enter Duke Senior: Anyans, and two or three Lords like Forfeyers. 

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile: 
Hath not old cutomne made this life more sweete
As you like it.

Du. Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in thee fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1.Lord. I'll bring you to him first.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villains of my Court
Are of content and sufferance in this.

1.Lord. I can not hearse of any that did fee her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed untenured of their Misfrit.

2.Lord. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh it also misfite;
Haper the Princeles Gentiewoman
Confesses that the secrettly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Coen much commend
The pacts and graces of the Wraffler
That did but lately soile the fynowice Charles,
And the beleutes where euer they are gone
That youth is furely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abfent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this fiodainely,
And let not fearch and inquisition quafle,
To bring againe thStee foolish runaways.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my yong Maffeuer, oh my gentle maffeuer,
Oh my sweet maffeuer, Oh you memorie
Of old Sir Lonland: why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be fo fond to overcome
The bannie priuer of the humorous Duke?
Your praffe is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Maffeuer, to feme kind of men,
Their graces refue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours your vertues gentle Maffeuer
Are fhandifhed and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuemous him that bafeets it?
Why, what’s the matter?

Ad. O unhappe youth,
Come not within thee doores: within this rooffe
The enimie of all your graces liues;
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the fome
(Yet not the fon, I will not call him)
Of him I was about to call this Fether,
Hath heard your praffles, and this night he means,
To burne the lodging where you vfe to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that
He will have other means to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place: this house is but a butchery;
Abhorre it, feare it, do not enter it.
Add. Why whether Adam would't thou have me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
OrL What, would'st thou have me go: beg my food,
Or with a bale and boistrous Sword enforce
A truthless living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subjeft me to the malice
Of a diuersted blood, and bloudie brother.
Add. But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thrieffe hire I faued vnder your father,
Which I did flore to be my follen Nufe, When feruice flould in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feede,
Yea prouidiently eateth for the Sparrow.
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I guie you, let me be your feuerant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hor, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with vnbaffull for head woe,
The means of weakneffe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frolloft, but kindly: let me goe with you,
He doe the feruice of a younger man
In all your buifie and necessitie.
OrL Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The conftant feruice of the antique world,
When feruice sweare for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweare: but for promotion,
And hauing that do choyce their feruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not fo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun't it rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a bloffome yeeldye,
In lieu of all thy paunes and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And eue we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele lighte upon some fetled low content.
Add. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laft graue with truth and loyaltie,
From fauentine yeeres, till now almoft fourscore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
As fauentine yeeres, many their fortunes feek,
But at fourecore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Reuelus for Camellion, Celin for Alceste, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Refl. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Cel. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not weakie.
Refl. If I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vellie, as doublet and hose ought: so show it selle couragious to petty-cause; therefore courage, good Alceste.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I cannot goe no further.

Cel. For my part, I had rather bear with you, then bear you: yet I should bear no croffe if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Refl. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.

Cel. I now am I in Arden, the more foolie, I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content.

Enter Celin and Silvia.

Refl. I, be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solerne talkes.
Cor. Therefore is the way to make her fororne you fill.
Sil. That is the way to make her fororne you fill, Thou art so yong, thou art so neere the prime of thy youth thou waitst as true a looser
For neuer figh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were ouer like to mine,
As fure I thinke did never man loue so:
How many actions soft ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thoufand that I have forgonst,
Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily,
If thou rememberst not the flightest folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haft not lou'd.
Or if thou haft not far for as I doe now,
Wearing thy huer in thy Miftits praiue,
Thou haft not lou'd.
Or if thou haft not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
I hou haft not lou'd.
O Plebe, Plebe, Plebe.

Refl. Alas poore Shephard searching of they would,
I haue by hard adventure found mine owne.

Clowne. And I mine: I remember when I was in loues, I broke my fword upon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to Jane Smif, and I remember the keie of her batley, and the Cowes dogs that her prettie choyce hands had milde; and I remembred the wooning of a peacoff instead of her, from whom I tooke two coads, and guing her them again, said with weeping teares, I waft the for my fake; wee that are true Lovers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mostall in nature, fo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Refl. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Cel. Nay, I houl nere be ware of mine owne wits, till I break my fmines against it.

Refl. Jane, Jane, this Shephards passion,
Is much upon my fission.

Clowne. And mine, but it growes some thing idle with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give vs any fooode,
I faint almost to death.

Clowne. Holla you Clowne.

Refl. Peace foolie, he is not thy kinman.

Clowne. Who cales?

Clowne. Your latey Sir.

Clowne. Efle are they very wretched.

Refl. Peace.
As you like it.

Ref. Peace I say; good even to your friend.

Cer. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ref. I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this desart place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our felues, and feed
Here is a yong maid with trauaille much opprested,
And farts for foccours.

Cer. FAIKE Sir, I prethee her,
And with for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleece that I graze:
My master is of churles disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitallitie.

Ref. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but cre-
That little cares for buying any thing.
I pray thee if he band with benefic,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it vs.

Cer. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Ref. Affuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The foile, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful Peeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amynes, Jaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
Who lyes to lye with mee,
And turns his merry Note,
Wnto the sweet Birds throte;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall be no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prethee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholy Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thankes: More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholy out of song,
As a Weasel suckes egges: More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:

Come, more, more, another flanze: Can you'rnflanze's?

Amy. What will Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
nothing. Will you sing?

Amy. More as your request, then to please my selfe.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, Ile thank
you: but that they call complement is like the encounter
of two dog: Apes. And when a man thankes me hardly,
I meane I have given him a penie, and he renders me
the beggerly thankes. Come fing; and you that will not
hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, count the while,
The Duke will drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
day to looke you.

Jaq. And Ile bin all this day to avoid him:
He is too dispresurable for my company;
I thinke of as many masters as he, but I glue
Heauen thankes, and make no boall of them.

Come, warble, come.

Song.

Altogether here,
Who hath ambition none,
And loves to live in the Sunne:
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleaseth with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he be, &c.

Amy. Ile give you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in delight of my Intention.

Amy. And Ile fing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.

If do come to passe, that any man turns Affe:
Losing his wealth and ease,
A shibboleth will pleas,
Dudcames, dudcames, dudcames:
Here shall he be, groves foolest as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Dudcames?

Jaq. Tis a Greeke innovation, to call fools into a cir-
cle. Ile go sleep: if I can: if I cannot, Ile rise against all
the first born of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Here lie I downe,
And mesearte out my grace. Farwel kinde master,
Or. Why how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee:
Like a little,comfort a little,cheere thy selfe a little,
If this vncoth Forrester yeeld any thing sauge,
I will either be food for, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is never death, then thy powers,
For my false be comfortable, hold death a while.
At the armes end: I will heere be with them prefently,
And if I bring thee not something to ete,
I will give thee lessee to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a moeker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I will beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Defert.

Cheerefully good Adam.

Exeunt.
**Scena Septima.**

**Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, &c Our-leavers.**

_Du. Sen._ I think he be transform'd into a beast. For I can no where finde him, like a man.

_Lord._ My Lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was my mercy, hearing of a Song.

_Du. Sen._ If he compact of larrors grow Musickall, We shall have shortly discord in the Spheares; Go seek him, tell him I would speake with him.

**Enter Leare.**

_Lord._ He causes my labor by his owne approach.

_Du. Sen._ Why how now Norwicke, what is this That your poor friends must woe your companie, What, you looke merrily.

_Ing._ A Folke, a foole: I met a foole I tht Forke, A motley Foloe (a miserable world,) As I do live by foole, I met a foole, Who laid him down, and bax'd him in the Sun, And ral'd on Lady Fortune in good termes, In good set termes, and yet a motley foole. Good morrow foole (quoth I) no Sir, quoth he, Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune, And then he drew a dirill from his poake, And looking on it, with lache-lustre eye, Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clock: Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges: Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine, And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven, And so from houre to houre, we rife, and rize, And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot, And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear The motley Foloe, thus morall on the time, My Lungs began to crow like Chanticlerc, That Fools should be fo deep conte mplas: And I did laugh, fans intermision An houre by his dial. Oh noble foole, A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare, _Du. Sen._ What fool is this?

_Ing._ O worthie Foloe: One that hath bin a Courtier And fayes, if Ladies be bin young, and faire, They have the gift to know it: and in his braue, Which is as drie as the remainder basket After a voyage: He hath strange places can'd With obseruation, the which he vents In mangled formes. O that I were a foole, I am ambitious for a motley coat.

_Du. Sen._ Thou shalt have one.

_Ing._ It is my onely fulte, Prouided that you weed your better judgements Of all opinion that grooves rank in them; That I am wife. I must haue libertie Withallass, as large a Charter as the windes, To blow on whom I please, for so foole haue: And they that are most galled with my folly, They miff mult laugh: And why fom mult they fo? The why is plain, as way to Paris Church: Hee, that a Foose doth very wisely hit. Doth very foolishly, although he mart. Seeme fenfleffe of the bob. If noe, The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd Even by the squandering glances of the foole.

Instruct me in my motley: Give me leave To speake my mindes, and I will through and through Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

_Du. Sen._ Fie, my lord. I can tell what thou wouldest do.

_Ing._ What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

_Du. Sen._ Moitt mischiefewous foule fin, in chiding fin: For thou thy felte hal bena a Libertine, As fenfual as the brutifh fling is felle. And all th'imboffed forees, and headed ealls, That thou with license of free foot haft caught, Would'lt thou difgorge into the general world. _Ing._ Why who cries out on proude, That can therein take any private party; Doth it not flow as hugly as the Sea, Till that the weary verfe means do ebb, What woman in the Cittie do I name, When that I say the City woman beares The coif of Princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I meane her, When such a one as free, fuch is her neighbor? Or what is he of faire floodtion, That fayes his braue is not on my coif, Thinking that I meane him, but therein fuites His folly to the mettie of my speech, There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him: if I do him right, Then he hath wrong'd himfelfe: if he be free, why then my rasing like a wild-goofe flies Vincleam'd of any, man But who come here?

**Enter Orland.**

_Orl._ Forbearce, and eate no more.

_Ing._ Why I have eate none yet.

_Orl._ Nor that not, till necessitie be fent'd,

_Ing._ Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

_Du. Sen._ Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy differe Or die a rude defpifer of good manners, That in ciuallty thou feem'd to eempie?

_Orl._ You touch'd my veale as a first, the thorny point Of bare differe, hath tane from me the sheaw Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred, And know some nurture: But forbeare, I say, He dies that touches any of this fruite: Till I, and my affaires are answered.

_Ing._ And you will not be anwer'd with reason, I must dye.

_Du. Sen._ What would you have? Your gentleflee fhall force, more then your force Mow vs to gentleflee.

_Orl._ I aifmill die for food, and let me haue it.

_Du. Sen._ Sit downe and feed, &c welcom to our table

_Orl._ Sprake you so fouldy? Pardon me I pray you, I thought that all things had bin faveage here, And therefore put I on the countenance Of flemne commandment. But what ere you are That in this defert Inaccessifle, Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes, Loote, and neglect the creeping hours of time: If euer you have look'd on better dayes; I feare beare where bees have knoll'd to Church: If euer fate at any good mans fraft: If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a tear, And know what fics to pitire, and be pitired: Let gentleflee my strong enforcement be, In the whitch hophe, I blush, and hide my Sword.

R
As you like it.

"As Exeunt go And Exit I And That Opprest This I Then, And Full Mewling, and leelous Fall Into the wide Sanstcctbjfans With the bubble like the bubble, doth his effigies witness, Mefl truly limb'd, and living in your face, Be truly welcome hither; I am the Duke That loud'd your Father, the residue of your fortune, Go to my Cause, and tell mee. Good old man, Thou art right welcome, as thy matters is : Support him by the arm: give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand, Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Olinor.

"Dr. Not fee him hence? Sir, sir, that cannot be: But were I not the better part made mercie, I should not feeke an abient argument Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it, Finde out thy brother wherefore he is, Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or living. Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more To feeke a living in our Territoye. Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine, Worth feasure, do we feize into our hands, Till thou canst quittance thee of thy brethren mouth, Of what we think against thee, OI. Oh that your Highness knew my heart in this: I neuer lou'd my brother in my life. Duke. More villainous thou,Well pull him out of dores And let my officers of such a nature Make an extent upon his house and Lands; Do this expeditiously, and turne him going. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

"Oli. Hang there my verfe, in withefe of my loue, And thou thirke crowned Queene of night furaye With thy chaffe eyes, from thy paule spheres a boue Thy Huntrefte name, that my full life doth fway, O Rafeland, theif Trees shall be my Beades, And in that makes my thoughts Ille characters, That curious eye, which in this Forrest lookes, Shall fee thy vertue winnet every where. Run,run Orlando,cure on every Tree, The faire, the chaffe, and vnexpressible flue. Exit

Enter Corin & Clowne.

"Go, and how like you this shepherfs life Mr Touchstone? Clo.
»

:

Asj/ou
Clvw. Trucly Shcpheard,
good life; but in xd^cSX that

naught. In rcfpcdt that
but

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Now
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a fpare

it fits roy humor well: but as there is no
moreplcntiein it, it goes much againll my ftomacke.
Has'tanyPhilofophic in ihcc Hicphcard i
Cer, No more, but that I know the more one fickcns,
thcworfcateafeheis: and that heechat wants moneyt
meanes, and consent, it without three good frends.That
theproperticofraineit towet, and fire to burner That
poodpafturemakcsfat flieepe: and that a great caufcof
the night, is lacke of the Sunnc ; 7 hat hec that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good
breeding.or tomes of a very dull kindred.
C/o. Such a one it a naturall Philofopher

Was't eiier in Court, Shcpheard

:

lil^e it.

1^.

to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme.
out of aH
reafonable match. If thou bee ft not damn'd

for this the

diueU himfelfc wiU haue no (hephcrds,
how thou (houldft fcape.

I

cannot fee

Cw'.Hecrc comet y ong M' g^imtd, my new

elfe

Miftt'if-

fes Brother.

Enter Roftli»d.
Ref.

From the eafi to wtfierne Indt^
no tew el ts

like T(ofalindt,

Hir worth heittg mounted on the winde,
through

all the

worldbeares l^ofilimie,

^SthepiHuret fairejl Linde,
are but hlaoke to RofaJmde
Let HO face he kept tn mind,

but the [aire ofRofaitnde.
Clo. llcrimcyou fo, eight yearcs together;
dinoerf,
and fuppcrs, and flceping hours excepted it i$ the
:

right

Buttcr-womcns rankc to Market,
I{pf. OutFoolc.

?

No truly.

Cer.

:

Clo. 1 hen thou art damn'd.

Cle.

Forataftc.

Ifn Hart dee lacke a ffytde.
Let himfeekeoHt Rofalinde
Ifthe Cat wHl after kjnde,

Ctr. Nay, I hope.

thou art damn'd, like an ill roaHed Egge,
on one fide.
Cer. For not being at Court? your rcafon.
Cle. Why,ifthouncuer was't at Court, thou neuer
faw'rt good manners if ihou neuer faw'ft good maners,
then thy manners muft be wicked, and wickcdnes is fin,
and finne is damnationiThou art in a parlous i^ate (hep.
^/o. Truly

all

:

fo befnre mil Rofalinde :
U^intredgarments mnft be linde,
Jo muff fender Rofalinde

:

7 he^ that reap muftlheafeandbindt,
thentocArt with RojaliruU.

Sweet efl nnt, haihfowrefi rinde,

heard.
Cor.

Not a whitTo«cA/?ow, thofcthar

are

good ma-

fncb a nut

the behauiour of the Countric

molt niockcable at the
notat the Courr, but
Court.
you kiflc your hands; that courtefic would be vndeanlic
if Courtiers were (hepKeards.
Cla. Inftance,britfly : come, inflancc.
Cor. Why we are ftill handling our Ewes, and their
Pels you know arc grcafic.
do. Why do not your Courtiers hands fweate ? and
is not the greafe of a Mutton, as wholcfomc as the fweat
of a man? Shallow, (hallow
Abettcrinltance I fay

You toldmc,yQU

:

ifr

Clo, Yourlips wilfecle them the fooner. Shallow ageu ; a more founder inflance, come.

And they arc often

tart'd

ouer.with the furgery

ofour(hecpc and would youhauc vs kiflfe Tarre ? The
Courtiers hands arc petfum'd with Ciuet.
C/tf
Mo(t (hallow man Thou wormcs meate io refpcft of a good pecce of flefh indeed learne of the wife
andperpend Citsctisofa baferbitth then Tarre, the
verie vndeanly (luxe of a Cat. Mend the inflancc Shcp;

:

:

:

heard.

Youhauc too Courtlya wit,formc,

:

the right vertue

Yon

of the Medlcr.
faid but whether wifely or no,

haue

:

the

RofPcace,here comes

my

fiftcr

rcadlng.ftand afide.

Cel. ivhy Ihonld thk'befert bee,

for

it ts

vnpeopled

i

Nee :

Tenges lie bang on eturie tree,
that /haSciHillfajingt/hee.

Some, how

brieve the Life ef man
runs his erring pilgrimage^

Tha I rhefiretching ^a Jpan,
knckjes in hufnmme ef age.
Some ofviolatedvowet,

Ilcrcft.

maiRefaTindawrite,

ne(rc glad of other mens good content with my harmc:
and the greate(t of my pride, is to fee my Ewes graic,

The qninteJfenceifeMerieJprtte,

:

;

;

&

my Larobesfucke.
That is another (imple fionc

let

Forreftiudge.
Enter CetU with a writing.

damn'd? God hclpc thee (hallow
man God make incifion in thee, thou art raw.
Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I carnc that I eate:get
that I wear e
owe no man hate, enuic no mans happiClo. Wilt thou reft

twixt thefoules tffriended friend:
"But vponthefairiflbowes,

or at eueriefentenee end ;
teaching all that reade, to knew

hetnen wenldin tittle prew.

to bring the
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a BclCla.

Refalindi,

This is the verie falfe gallop of Verfcs, why doe you infefl your felfe with themf
Rof. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.
Clo. Trucly the tree yeelds bad fruite,
Rof. Ilegraffeitwithyou, and then I fliall grafFc it
with a Medlcr : then it will be the earlleft fruit i'th country for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's
Clo.

Cor. Befidcs.our hands are hard.

Cor.

mufi fnde Lotus pricke^

it

Come.

.

%efalinde»

falutc

:

Cer.

it

He thatfweetefl rofe wtUfnde,

nets at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as

in you,

weatner, and co betray a (hce-Latnbc of a twelucmonth

Therefore heaxen Nature charg'd.
that ene bedtep^enld be fill d

WtbaU Graces

wideenlarg'd^

luttitrtfrefenth dtftill'i

R»

BeUnt


As you like it.

Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadder brow, and true maid.
Cel. I sithe [Coz.] tis he.
Cel. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.

What the day, what hall I do with my doubler & hope? What did he when thou saw'ft him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes be heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shall thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages fire, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to anwer in a Casechime.
Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparel? Looks he as freely, as he did the day he Wrasilled?
Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolue the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and rellesse it with good obeissance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ref. It may well be cal'd Loues tree, when it droppes forth fruites.
Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.
Ref. Proceed.
Cel. There lay hee fretch'd along like a Wounded Knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a fight, it well becomes the ground.
Cel. Cry hollo, to the tongue, I prethee six curuettes vnfeausely. He was furnisht like a Hunter.
Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.
Cel. I would finge his song without a burthen, thou bring't me out of tune.
Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I mutt speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.
Cel. You bring me out. Softs, comes he not here?
Ref. 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And I o had I: but yet for fashion sake I thank you too, for your societie.
Cel. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.
Orl. I do desire we may be better frangers.
Jaq. I pray you mrace more no trees with Writing Loue-songes in their barkes.
Orl. I pray you marre no mose of your verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.
Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
Jaq. What stature is she of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: haue you not bin ac- quainted with goldsmiths wive's, &cond the out of rings.
Orl. No fo: but I answer you right painted clothe, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think he 'twas made of Asculants heels. Will you fitte downe with me, and we twain helpe warfare against our Mifrics the world, and all our miferic.
Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against
As you like it.

against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Ori. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your belief of me: I am weary of you.

Iaq. By my oath, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Ori. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Ori. Which I take to be either a Foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. I must not longer with you, farewell good Signior Loue.

Ori. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Signior Melancholly.

Ref. I will speake to him like a favvic Lacey, and under that habit play the knave with him, do you bear Forreft.

Vnckle. Verie well, what would you? (tester).

Ref. I pray you, what's a clocke? You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clocke in the Forreft.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forreft, else fighting euerie minute and groaning euerie houre would deth the lazie foot of time, as well as a clocke.

Ori. And why not the twelfth foot of time? Had not that both a proper?

Ref. By no means sir; Time travels in divers passes, with divers persons: I tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he flands still withal.

Ori. I prethee, why doth he trot withal?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fewnight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of feuen yeares.

Ori. Who ambles Time withal?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Cowt; for the one flepeas easily because he cannot fluyd, and the other lives merillly, because he feece no pane: the one lacking the butchern of leane and wastfull Learning, the other knowing no burrethen of heathie redous purre, Thene Time ambles withal.

Ori. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ref. With a therfe to the gallopes: for though hee go as losly as fooe can fall, he thinke him selfe too soon there.

Ori. Who flase it still withal?

Ref. With Lawyers in the vacation: for they sleepe between Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moves.

Ori. Where dwell you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shephardeffe my father: here in the skirts of the Forreft, like fringe vpon a pegscoat.

Ori. Are you name of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where thee is kindled.

Ori. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ref. I have bin told fo of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in loue. I have heared him read many LeCters against it, and I thank God, I am not a Woman to be touchd with so many glittie offences as hee hath generally raisd their whole sex withal.

Ori. Can you remember any of the principall suitors, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Ori. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. Nor I will not cast away my phyfick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the Forreft, that abuses our yonge princes with carousing Rofalinde on their backes; hangs Oades vpon Hauntthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all (forfooth) defying the name of Rofalinde. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsel, for he feemes to have the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Ori. I am he that is Loue-fhak'd, I pray you tel me your remede.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue in which cage of ruthes, I am sure you are not pinnor.

Ori. What were his markes?

Ref. A leane cheche, which you haue not: a blew eie and lunken, which you haue not: an unquestonable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglecte, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for trimly your hairing in beard, is a younter brothers renowne) then your hole should be engaerc'd, your bonner vnhanded, your fleecue vnbuckred, your flaoe vndit, and eauice thing about you, demonstrating a careless deltation but you are no fuch man; you are rather point deuice in your accoutrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other.

(1 Loue.)

Ori. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue

Ref. Me beleue it? You may assfone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant the: as to do: then to confesse the do's: that is one of the points, in the which women still giue the lie to their confiencies. But in good southe, are you that hang the verfes on the Trees, wherein Rofalinde is ador'd?

Ori. I swerre to thee youth, by the white hand of

Ref. Rofalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in loue, as your times speake?

Ori. Neither time nor reason can express how much.

Ref. Loue is meereley a maddine, and I tell you, desvuers as well a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punifhed and cured, is that the Luscie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Ori. Did you ever cure any?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistri: and I sett euerie euerie day to wome. At which time would I, being but a moonight youth, greeue, be effiminate, changeable, loning, and liking, proud, fanatical, spif, sluggish, inconstant, full of tears, full of fmi'es; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, castle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then faire at him; that I drawe my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a living humor of madnes w was to forswear the full stream of yworld, and to lute in a nooke merely Monafick: and thus I cut'd him, and this way will I take vpon mee to wase your Lliter as cleanse as a found fliccous hart, that there shall not be one spot of Loue in't.

Ori. I would not be cured youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rofal

Ori. and come euerie day to my Coate, and woe mee.
As you like it.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cleone, Andry, & Jaques.

Clo. Come space good Andry, I will fetch vp your Goates, Andry: and how Andry am I the man yet?

Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, I ord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am here with she, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet fondly Odus was among the Gothes.

Iag. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be underfoot, nor a mans good wit feconded with the forward child, understanding; it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the Gods hadde made them poetical.

And. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and words: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trule: for the tuell poeteic is the most faining, and Louters are guen to Poetic: and what they swear in Poeticr, may be fals as Louters, they dost feigne.

And. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetcall?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swears it to me thou art honest: Now if thou wast a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

And. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wast hard favour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a fawce to Sugar.

Iag. A materiall fool.

And. Well, I am not faine, and therefore I pray the Gods make me hollie.

Clo. Truly, and to call away honestie uppens a foule flat, were to put good meate into vnndole dff.

And. I am not a flat, though I thanke the Gods I am foule.

Clo. Well, praise be the Gods, for thy foulinece, flut-timnece may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Victor of the next village, who hath promised to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iag. I would faine see this meeting.

And. We, the Gods giue vs joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, flagger in this attempt: for here we see no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horse-beasts. But what though? Courage. As horses and dudulous, they are necessity. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods right: Many a man has good Horses, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the downie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; horses, even to poor men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Ra.
call: Is the fingle man therefore blest? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worship then a village, so is the fore.
head of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is bet.
ter then no skill, by fo much is a horse more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs here vnder this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

O1. Is there none here to giue the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on guilt of any man.

O1. Truly the mull be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iag. Proceed, proceede: Hee giue her.

Clo. Good even good Mr what ye call: how do you Sir, are you very well met: goddid you for your lost company, I am very glad to see you, eu'n a toy in hand here Sir: Nay, pr'yse be couer'd.

Iag. Will you be married, Morley?

Clo. As the Oxhe hath his bowr, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, fo man hath his defires, and as Pigeons bill, fo wedlocke would be nibling.

Iag. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bolh like a beggar? Get you to church, and base a good Priests that can rely you what marriage is, this fellow will but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Waircoat, then one of you will prove a throne pannell, and like greenie timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

Iag. Goe thou with mee, and let me counsel thee.

O1. Come sweete Andry,

We must be married, or we must live in baudrey:

Farewell good Mr Oliver: Not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

O1. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knave of them all fill flour me out of my calling.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rafeald & Celia.

Raf. Never talke to me, I wil wepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Raf. But haue I not caufe to wepe?

Cel. As good caufe as one would desire, Therefore wepe.

Raf. His very haire

Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Luidesfer: Marrie his kisse are Luidesfer owne children.

Raf. Prithee his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:

Your Cheffonnet was ever the onely colour:

Raf. And his kisings is as full of intemite,

As the touch of holy bread.
As you like it.

Col. Hee hath bought a pair of sail lips of Diana: A Nun of witters sisterhood kisst not more religiose, the very yce of chastity is in them. 
Rofa. But why did hee (swear) hee would come this morning, and come not? 
Col. Nay certainly there is no truth in him. 
Rof. Do you think so? 
Col. Yes, I think he is not a pick a pure, nor a horsebreaker, but for his very in love, I do think him as tame as a couered goblet, or a Worme.eaten nut. 
Rof. Not true in love? 
Col. Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in. 
Rof. You have heard him (swear) downright he was. 
Col. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confimder of false reckonings, he attends here in the forriff on the Duke your father. 
Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him; he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke we of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? 
Col. O that's a brave man, hee writes brave veres, speaks brave words, sweats brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite breakes at hert the heart of his loyer, as a puny thin Tilter, s'igns his horse but on one side, breaks his staife like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere? 

Enter Carin. 
Corin. Mistrefte and Matter, you haue oft enquired After the Shepherd that complaint of Loue, Who you saw fitting by me on the Turph, Praifing the proud deftrustfull Shepheredfelle That was his Mistrefte. 
Col. Well: and what of him? 
Cor. If you will fee a pagant truly plaid Betweene the pale complection of true Loue, And the red glowe of fcone and proud disdaine, Goe hence a little, and I shall command you If you will make it, 
Rof. O come, let vs remove, The fight of Louers feedeth those in loue: fitting vs to this fight, and you shall say He proue a buffe after their play. 

Exeunt

Scena Quinta. 

Enter Adrian and Phebe. 
Sil. Sweet Phebe do not scorn me, do not Phebe Say that you love me not, but say not so In bitterness; the common executioner Whose heart the accoult'd fight of death makes hard Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: will you utter be Then he that dies and lives by bloody drops? 

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin. 
Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not injure thee: Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye This pretty fure, and very probable, 

That eyes that are the traitles, and forsett things, Who shew their coward gates on stromes, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers. 
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, I will let them kill thee: Now counterfeit to fownd, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for frame, for frame, 
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers: 
Now thou the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scarce of it: Leave upon a ruth 
The Cleartice and capable impreffure 
Thy palate some moment keepes: but now mine eyes Which I have darted at thee, hitt hee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt. 
Sil. O dear Phebe, 
If ever (as that euery may be neere) You meet in some freth cheque the power of faniety, Then shall you know the wounds inffible That Loues keen arrows make. 
Phe. But till that time 
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes, Aff & me with thy mookes, pitty me not, 
As till that time I shall not pity thee. 
Rof. And why I pray you who might be your mother That you insult, exult, and all at once 
Ouer the wretched? what though you haue no beauty As by my faith, I fee no more in you Then without Candle may goe darke to bed: 
Muff you be therefore proud and pietiflesse? 
Why what means this? why do you louke on me? I fee no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures tale-workes? ods my little life, I think I meanes to tangle my eies too: 
No faith proud Mistrefte, hope not after it, 
Tis not your inke broues, your blacke filke haire, 
Your bugle eye-ball, nor your cheeke of creame 
That can ename my spirits to your worship: 
You foolish Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her 
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and raine, 
You a shoufand times a properer man 
Then fee a woman. 'Tis such foules as you 
That makes the world full of ill-favourd children: 
'Tis not her glasse, but you that flaisers her, 
And out of you shee fees her felte more proper 
Then any of her lineaments can throw her: 
But Mistrefte, know your felte downe on your knees 
And thanke heauen, faining, for a good mans loue; 
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, 
When you can, you are not for all marke, 
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, 
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a foule offer. 
So take her to thee Shepherd, fareyouwell. 
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together, 
I had rather you chide, then this man woone. 
Rof. Here fall in love in loue with your fowlte, & s'chall I 
Fall in love with my anger. If I be fo, as fast 
As shee answeres thee with frowning looks, ile sauce 
Her with bitter worlds: why louke you so upon me? 
Phe. For no ill will I bestre you, 
Rof. I pray you do not fall in love with mee, 
For I am faller then voices made in wine: 
Befides, I like you not: if you will know my houfe, 
'Tis at the ruff of Oliue, here hard by: 
Will you goe Sifter? Shepherd ply her hard: 

Come
Shephard, looke, not the Soldiers, but am I also, answer'd will find omittance lower, and besides, he looke my griefe in love, but giving love your forrow, and my griefe were both extremities. Thou hast my love, is not that neighbourly? I would have you. Why that were countouesifie: Silvius, the time was that I hated thee; And yet it is not, that I bear thee love, but since that thou canst take of love so well, The company, which erft was likeforme to me I will endure; and I'll employ thee too: But do not look for further recompence Then thine owne gladness, that thou art employ'd. So holy, and so perfect is my love, And I in such a poverty of grace, That I shall think it is a mock plentiful stop To gleane the broken eares after the man That the maine honest reapeth, now and then And a fleetest smile, and that I love you. (while?) Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere? Not very well, but I haue met him off, And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds That the old Carlow once was Matter of. Thine. Thinke not I love thee, though I ask for him, 'Tis but a petuill boy, yet he talkes well, But what care I for words? yet words do well When he that speakes them pleases those that hear: It is a pretty youth, not very prettie, But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him; He'll make a proper man: the bell thing in him Is his complexion: and suffer then his tongue Did make offence, his eye did heat it vp: He is not very tall, yet for his secrets he is tall: His leg is but so fo, and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty rednesse in his lip, A little riper, and more luffe red Then that mixt in his cheekes: 'twas such the difference Betwixt the conflant red, and mingled Damask. There be some women Silvia, had they marks they In parcellas as I did, would have gone neere To fall in love with him: but for my part I love him not, nor hate him nor: and yet Have more care to hate him then to love him, For what had he to doe to childe at me?: He said mine eyes were black, and my hair blacke, And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me: I maruell why I answer'd not againe, But thate all one: amitance is no quittance: He write to him a very Caitling, Letter, And thou that bearst it, wilt thou Silvia? Ill. Pheo. I'll write it first: The master's in my head, and in my heart, I will be better with him, and passing short; Goe with me Silvia.  

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**Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.**

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.  
Rof. They lay you are a melancholly fellow.  
Iaq. I am so: I doe love it better then laughing.  
Rof. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellows, and betray themselves to every moderate cenfure, worse then drunkards.  
Iaq. Why, tis good to be sad and fay nothing.  
Rof. Why then 'tis good to be a poete.  
Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantastical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: not the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politick; nor the Ladies, which arcel: nor the Lovers, which is all these: but is a melancholy of mine owne, compound of many simples, extracuted from many objects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a moft humorous fadness.

Rof. A Traveller: by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I fear you haue fold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to have beene much, and to have nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.  
Iaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.  

Enter Orlando.

Rof. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaille for it too.  
Orl. Good day, and hapinesse, dear Rosalind.  
Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you take in blanke verfe.  
Rof. Farewell Mounfieur Traveller: looke you life, and weare strange fuites: difable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of love with your naufetute, and almost chide God for making you that counterenace you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where haue you bin all this while? you a lover? and you fente me fuch another tricke, neuer come in my light more.  
Orl. My faire Rosalind, I come within an houre of my promisse.  
Rof. Break a houres promisse in love? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part in a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath elapt him of his shoulder, but ile warrant him heart hole.  
Orl. Pardon me deere Rosalind.

Rof. Nay, and you be fo carde, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woode of a Snaile.  
Orl. Of a Snaile?  
Rof. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes flowly, he carries his house on his head: a better imagination I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his definition with him.  
Orl. What's there?  
Rof. Why homes: fuch as youare faine to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.  

Orl. Verue
As you like it.

Orl. Verstue is no horse-maker: and my Rofalind is a veracious.

Rof. And I am your Rofalind.

Orl. It pleaseth him to call you so: but he hath a Rofalind of a better lease then you.

Rof. Come, wooe me, wooe me: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie Rofalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grazel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kiss: verie good Oratons when they are out, they will fip, and for louers, lacking (God scarce vs) matter, the cleanlett shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denide?

Rof. Then the puts you to entertaine, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out. Being before his beloued Miftris?

Rof. Marrie that should you if I were your Miftris, orl should thinkke my honeflie ranker then my wife.

Orl. What, of my fulte?

Rof. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your fulte:

Am not I your Rofalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be laughing of her.

Rof. Well, in her perfon, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne perfon, I die.

Rof. No faith, die by Attorney: the poor world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne perfon (wifdroller) in a lowe caufe: Trelaw had his brains daft'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the pasternes of love. Leander, he would have liue d'man a faire yeere though Heor had turn'd Nun; it if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-nights, for (good yont'h) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampse, was drown'd, and the foolish Chronoclese of that age, found it was Heros of Celos. But these are all lies, men haue dited from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rofalind of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a fife: but come, now I will you be your Rofalind in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me Rofalind.

Rof. Yes faith, will I, fidales and faterdales, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Rof. Yes, and twenite fuch.

Orl. What aleft thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope fo.

Rofalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come fitter, you shall be the Prieft, and marrie vs: give me your hand Orlando: What doe you say fitter?

Orl. Pray the marrue vs.

Cel. I cannot fay the words.

Rof. You must begin, will you Orlando.

Cel. Go too: will you Orlando, haue to wife this Rofalind?

Orl. I will.

Rof. 1, but when:

Orl. Why now, as fatis fac tre can matrie vs.

Rof. Then you must fay, I take thee Rofalind for wife.

Orl. I take thee Rofalind for wife.

Rof. I might ask you for your Commission, But I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a girl goes before the Prieft, and certainely a Womans thought tuns before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are April when they woe, December when they wed:

Maides are May when they are maider, but the sky changes when they are wifes: I will bee more iculous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parras against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, than a monkey: I will wepe for nothing, like Diane in the Fountain & I will do that when you are disposs'd to be merry; I will laugh like a Hycen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my Rofalind doe so?

Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wife.

Rof. Or life thee could not have the wit to doe this: the wifer, the waywarder: make the dores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the eafement: four that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: frop that, 'twill fite with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with fuch a wit, he might fay, what whether will?

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke forit, till you meet your wifes wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what will wit could wit have, to excufe that?

Rof. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall never take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: & that woman that cannot make her fault her habbits occasion, let her erroneous wife chide her felfe, for the she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For thes two hours Rofalind, I will leave thee.

Rof. Alas, deere Ione, I cannot lacke thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two o clock.

I will be with thee againe.

Rof. Igoe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one eft away, and so come death: two o' clock is your hooure.

Orl. I, sweet Rofalind.

Rof. By my troth, and in good earneft, and so God mende mee, and by all pretie oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one lot of your promife, or come one minute behinde your hooure, I will think you the moft patheticall breake-promife, and the moft hollow louter, and the moft vnworthy of her you call Rofalind, that may bee choen out of the groffe band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my caufre, and keep your promife.

Orl. With no leffe religion, then if thou wert indeed my Rofalind: so adieu.

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Juftice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. Exit.

Cel. You have simply mislead our fece in your loue-prate;
As you like it.

peace: we must have your doublet and hose-pluck out your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne heart.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didn't know how many fathome deep I am in love: but it cannot be found: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Porrugall.

Col. Or rather bottomisfe, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ref, No, that name wicked Balfard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceit'd of spleenie, and borne of madnissee, that blindly ravishely, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out: let him bee judge, how deep I am in love: I tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the fight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sith till he come.

Col. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Luages and Lords, Forrester.

Laj. Which is he that killed the Deare? Lord, Sir, it was I.

Laj. Let's pretend him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to let the Deares horse upon his head, for a branch of victory: have you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord, Yes Sir.

Laj. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyle enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall I doe that killest the Deare?

His Leather skin, and bones to weare:

Then sing him home, the reft shall bear this burden:

Take thou no scorne to weare the bones,

I was a crest er thou walt bone,

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The bone, the bone, the lyfe bone,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How fay you now, is it not past two a clock?

And here much Orlando.

Col. I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled brain.

Enter Silvius,

He hath thrice his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth to sleepe: looke who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle Phoebe did bid me you this:

I know not the contents, but as I guess

By the seme brow, and wavefish action

Which she did use, as the was writing of it,

It beares an angry tenure: pardon me,

I am but a guilitlesse messenger.

Ref. Patience her felte would flatter at this letter,

And play the swaggerers, beare this, beare all:

Shee faires I am not faine, that I lacke manners,

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me

Were man as rare as Phoebis 'od's my will,

Her loole is not the Hare: that doe hunt,

Why writes the so to me? well Shepheard, well,

This is a Letter of your owne device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,

Phoebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a fool.

And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand, the she has a leahterne hand,

A freethone coloured hand: I verily did thinke

That her old gloues were on, but swas her hands:

She has a huswines hand, but that's no matter:

I say the newer did inuence this letter,

This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ref. Why, tis a boylerous and cruelle file,

A file for challengers: why, she defiles me,

Like Turk to Christiantv: women gentle braines

Could not drop forth such giantr rude invention,

Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect

Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I newer yet it:

Yet heard too much of Phoebus cruelitie.

Ref. She Phoebes me: marke how the tyrant writes.

Read, Arthue god, to shepheard turn it:

That a madens heart hath for'd.

Can a woman write thus?

Sil. Call you this raling?

Ref. Read, Why, thy godhead lacke a part,

Was't shoue with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such raling?

Whiles the eye of man did move me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a brat.

If the forme of your bright eyes

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alas, in me, what strange effect?

Would they workes in mildre affect?

Whiles you chide me, I did alone,

How then might your poynters move?

He that brings this love to thee,

Little knaves like Love in one:

And by him fate up thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and kind,

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or effey by him my love demi,

And then lie finde how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Col. Alas poor Shepheard.

Ref. D'oe you pittie him? no, he deserts no pitty:

Withouth love such a woman? what to make thee an

infrument, and play salse (traines upon thee) to be en-

dud'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath

made thee a tame snake) and fay this to her; that if the

love me, I charge her to leve thee: if she will not, I

will never have her, yneffle thou interst for her: if you be a

tue louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more

company.

Exit Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Olive. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, if you

Where in the Purlews of this Forreft, stands
A sheepe-coat, fene'd about with Oline-trees.

Cel. Weft of this place, down in the neighbor bottom

The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring fireame

Left on your right hand, brings you to the place?

But as this howse, the house doth keepeth it feulle,

There's none with me.

Oli. It is that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then should I know you by description,

Such garments, and fuch yeeres: the boy is faire,

Of smalll favour, and bellowes himselfe

Like a ripe fitter: the woman low

And browner then her brother: are not you

The owner of the howse I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boath, being ask'd, so fay we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth, he calls his Rofalinde,

He fends this bloudy napkin: are you he?

Rof. I am: what mule we vnderfand by this?

Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it

Within an hour, and pacing through the Forreft,

Chewing the fweet of fweet and bitter fannie,

Loo what befell: he threw his eye aside,

And marks what obiect did pretend it felte

Vnder an old Oak, whose bows were moss'd with age

And high top, bald with drie antiquite:

A wretched ragged man, ore-browne with haire

Lay sleeping on his back: about his necke

A greene and gildell fanke he had wreath'd it felte,

Who with her head, pimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth: but bodily

Seeing Orlando, it vntink'd it felte,

And with indented glides, did fip away

Into a buffe, vnder which buffes flade

A Lyonette, with vdeers all drawne drie,

Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch

When that the sleeping man fhould fliree: for tis

The royal disposiion of that beaffe

To prey on nothing, that doth feeme as dead:

This feeme, Orlando did approache the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speake of that fame brother,

And he did render him the more vnnaturall

That liued among fome men.

Oli. And well he might fo doe,

For well I know he was vnnaturall.

Rof. But to Orlando: did he leafe him there

Fod to the fuck'd and hunger Lyonette?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpof'd fo:

But kindneffe, nobler even then reuenge,

And Nature ftronger then his infat explosion,

Made him glue bazzelle to the Lyonette:

Who quicly fell before him, in which hurteing

From miserable flumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Rof. Was't you he refcued?

Cel. Was't you that did fo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: he doe not blame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So fweetely iates, being the thing I am.

Rof. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the fift to left between two,

Tears our recompences had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that Defert place.

I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,

Who gave me fheefh stay, and entertainment,

Committing me vnto my brothers leve,

Who led me infamly vnto his Cave,

There stript himfelfe, and heere vpon his arme

The Lyonette had fome fome fheefh away,

Which all this while had bled: and now he fainted,

And cride in fainting vpon Rofalinde.

Briefe, I recover'd him, bound vp his wound,

And after fome fmall space, being fhown at hearth,

He fent me fither, ftranger as I am

To tell this story, that you might exucce

His broken promifc, and to glue this napkin

Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,

That he in sport doth call his Rofalinde.

Cel. Why how now Ganimeed, sweet Ganimeed.

Oli. Many will fwoon when they do looke on bloud.

Cel. There is more in it: Cofen Ganimeed.

Oli. Looke, he recouer.

Rof. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you shither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Rof. If I doe fo, I confente it:

Ah, firi, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited,

I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeite:

He hath no heart.

Oli. This was not counterfei, there is too great ftimony in your complexion, that it was a paffion of carnell.

Rof. Counterfeite, affirre you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeite to be a man.

Rof. So I doe: but yeafih, I should have beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look pale and palet: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must breake anfwere backe.

How you excufe my brother, Rofalinde.

Rof. I shall deuife somethings: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Andrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time Andrie, patience gentie Andrie.

And. Faith the P left was good enough, for all the odie gentlemans saying.

Clow. A moft wicked Sir Oliver, Andrie, a moft vile Man. text. But Andrie. there is a youth there in the Forreft layes claim to you.

And. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no intereß in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Cl. It is meat and drinks to me to fee a Clowne, by my
my truth, that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be floating: we cannot hold.

**As you like it.**

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. It's possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And losing woof; and wooling, she should grumble? And will you pine upon her?

O. Neither call the giddiness of office in question: the power's of her, the small acquaintance, my solitude woe, nor sore confounding: but say with mee, I love Aliena: say with her, that she loves me: content with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your goods for my fathers house, and all the reuenue, that was old Sir Rowland's will I efface upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Refained.

Orl. You have my content. Let your wedding be to morrow: thisher will I invite the Duke, and all the consented followers.

Go you, and prepare Aliena; for look you, Here comes my Refained.

Ref. God sake you brother.

O. And you settle finer.

Ref. Oh my deere Orlando, how it greeues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arme, where my heart was sorely wounded with the claws of a Lion.

Ref. Woundt is it, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to find, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. 1, and greater wonders then that.

Ref. O, I know where you are: may, tis true: there was never any thing so fondaine, but the fight of two Ramnes, and Ophars Thrafonicall bague of I came, faw, and overcame. For your brother, and my fitter, no foo-ner me, but they look'd: no foner look'd, but they loit: no foner loit'd, but they fight'd: no foner figh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no foner knew the reason, but they fought the remedies: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of figures to marriage, which they will clime inconvenient, or elle bee inconvenient before marriage: they are in the weepest wrath of love, and they will together Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happiness through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I morrow be at the height of heart uneasiness, by how much I fhal think my brother happy, in hauing what he wiftes for.

Ref. Why then to morrow, I cannot ferve your turne for Refained?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ref. I will wearie you then no more with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some propulcit) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit. I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: innomon (I fay) I know you accneither do I labor for a greater effecte then may in some little measure draw a beleef from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleue then, if you pleafe, that I can do strange things: I have since I was three yeere old conceit with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Refained to scarce the hart, as your guffure criest it out: when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you,
to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Osr. Speak it thou in sober meanings?

Rof. By my life, I do, which I tender deeply, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to Rofaldin if you will.

Enter Rofaldin & Phere.

Look here, comes a Louer of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phr. Youth, you have done me much vngrumble, to shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not if it have it: it is my study. To seeme despightfull and vngrumble to you: you are there followed by a faithful shephard, Look here upon him, loue him: he worships you. Phr. Good shephard, tell this youth, what 'tis to loue. Srx. It is to be all made of fighes and teares, and so am I for Phere.

Phr. And for me for Garrison.

Osr. And for me for Rofaldin.

Rof. And so am I for no woman.

Srx. It is to be all made of faith and service, and so am I for Phere.

Phr. And for me for Garrison.

Osr. And for me for Rofaldin.

Rof. And so am I for no woman.

Phr. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Srx. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Rof. Why do you ipeake too, Why blame you me to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not here.

Rof. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irishe Wolces against the Moone: I will help you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if ever I marrie Woman, and be married to morrow: I will faise you, if ever I faise a man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what please you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you loue Rofaldin meet, as you loue Phere meet, and as I loue no woman, I me meet: so fare you well: I haue left you commands.

Srx. It ne forsaile, if I live.

Phr. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Enter Clowme and Audrey.

Cle. To morrow is the joyfull day Audrey, to morrow we will be married.

And. I do defir it with all my hearts and I hope it is no dishonest defire, to defire to be a woman of world.

Here come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Page. Wel met honest Gentleman.

Cle. By my troth well met: come, fit, fit, and a long.

2. Page. We are for you, fit, fit, my middle.

1. Page. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauing, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. Page. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipies on a horse.

Cle. It was a Louer, and his wife, with a boy, and a be, and a boy monos, That are the greene cornel field did passe, In the spring time, the onely pretty ran time, when Birds do sing, hey do sing, hey.

Sweet Louers love the spring, And therefore take the present time, With a hey & a be, and a boy monos, For love is crowned with the prime, In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the Rie, With a hey & a be, and a boy monos: The hardie Country folks would sit, In spring time, &c.

The Caroll they began at home, With a boy & a be, and a boy monos: How that a life was but a Flower, In spring time, &c.

Cle. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the diligence, yet your note was very varyable.

1. Page. you are deceiued Sir, we kept time, we leff not our time.

Cle. By your truest yest count it but time left to heare such a foolish long. God buy you, and God mende your voices. Come Audrey. Extent.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Atys, Leaues, Orlendo, Olivier, Celia.

Duke. Dost thou beloue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometime do beloue, and sometime do not, As thoes that feares they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rofaldin, Silvia, & Phere.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles our copest is wing'd; You say, if I bring in your Rofaldin, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kings to give with hir.

Ref. And you say you will haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kings domes King.

Ref. You say you will marrie me, if I be willing.

Orl. That will I, should I doe the houre after.

Ref. But if you doe refuse to marrie me.

Orl. You'give your selfe to this most faithfull Shephard.

Ref. So is the bargaine.

Ref. You say that you'haue Phere if fire will.

Srx. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.
As you like it.

Ref. I have promis't to make all this matter even:
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep you your word _declare_, that you'll marrie me,
Or else referre me to wed this sheep sheard:
Keep your word _Silvia_, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. Exit Ref. and Celia.

_Du._ I remember in this sheep sheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters favour.

_Or._ My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this boy is _Forrest_ borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great _Magician_.
Enter _Cleaner_ and _Andrew_.

Obscured in the circle of this _Forrest_.

_Ly._ There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Ark. Here comes a payre of very strange beasts, which in all tongers, are call'd _Foolcs._

_Cla._ Salutation and greeting to you all.

_1._ Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the _Morley_-minded Gentleman, that I have so oft met in the _Forrest_; he hath bin a Courtier he _fweares_.

_Cla._ If any man doubts, let him put mete to my parguration, have I trod a measure, I have flatt'rd a _Lady_, I have bin _politicall_ with my friend, smooth with mine enimie, have I _vndone_ three _Tailors_, I have had foure quarrels, and like to have _ought_ one.

_1._ And how was that done? _v_?

_Cla._ Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the feuenth caufe.

_1._ How _feuenth_ caufe? Good my Lord, like this follow.

_Du._ Like him very well.

_Cla._ God'd you fir, I defire you of the like: I preffe in _heere_ fir, amongst the rest of the Country _copulaters_ to _swearce_, and to _forswearce_, according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a _poore_ virgin fir, an un- _favor'd_ thing fir, but mine owne, a _poore_ humour of mine fir, to take that that no man elfe will _rich honeste dwells as a_ mr._ _fiter_, in a _poore house_, as your Peaile in your _soul oy_ _fets_.

_Du._ By my faith, he's very _softe_, and _fententious_

_Cla._ According to the _folles_ both _fir_, and _fuch dulcet_ _dicaffes_.

_1._ But for the _feuenth_ caufe. How did you finde the quarrel on the _feuenth_ caufe?

_Cla._ Upon a _lye_, _feuen_ times removed: _beare your bodie more _feeming_ _Audry_ as thus _fir_; I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he _fent_ me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is _call'd_ the _retort_ _courteous_. If I _fent_ him word againe, it was not well cut, he _wold_ _fend_ me word he _cut it to please himselfe; this is _call'd_ the _quip_ _modeft_. If _againe_, it was not _well cut_ he _disabled_ my _judgment_; this is _call'd_, the _reply_ _churlife_. If _againe_ it was not _well cut_, he _wold_ _say_ _lie; this is _call'd_ the _coucers_ _churlis quarrelome_: and so _for_ _lye_ _circumstantial_, and the _lye_ _dire_ 

_1._ And how _off_ did you say his _beard_ was _not_ _well_ _cut?_
As you like it.

Bro. He hath.

If to him will 1: out of these conversations,
There is much matter to be heard, and learnt:
you to your former Honor, I beseech
your patience, and your virtue, well defends it,
you to a love, that your true faith doth merits:
you to your land, and love, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deserved bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measures.

Stay, Impert, stay.

To fee no pastime, I what you would have,
Ile stay to know, as your abandon'd cause.

Dis. Sir. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights
As we do trull, they'll end in true delights.

Prg. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue:
but it is no more enhandome, then to see the
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no buflh, it's true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do we good buffets: and good
plays prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
What a safe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue,
not cannot inuine with you in the behalf of a
good play? I am not furnish'd like a Benger, therefore
to begge will nor become me. My way is to conuine
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as plesse you: And I charge you (O men)
for the loue you beare to women (as I perceive by your
simpfing, none of you hate them) that between you,
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-
man, I would kifde as many of you as had beard that
pleas'd me, complaitions that lik'd me, and breaths that
I defide not: And I am sure as many as have good
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
offer, when I make cut'st, bid me farewell.

FINIS.
THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Beggar and Host, Christopher Sly,

Beggar.
Le thee safe you in faith.

Host. A pair of stockings you rogue.
Beg. Y are a baggage, the Stites are no
Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came
in with Richard Comynr: therefore Potas-
can pullars, let the world strike: Saffa.
Host. You will not pay for the glases you have burst?
Beg. No, not a denier: go by S. Jeromine, go to thy
cold bed, and warme thee.
Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-

borough.
Beg. Third, or fourth, or first Borough, I earnt
him by Law. He not budge an inch boy: Let him come,
and kindly.

First Beggar. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, render we my hounds,
Brach Meriman, the poore Currie is inboth,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach,
Saw'th thou not boy how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coaldeft fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.
Hunts. Why Belman is as good as he my Lord,
He rized upon it at the merrefft joife,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest fent,
Truft me, I take him for the better doggo.

Lord. Thou art a Foolie if Ecco were as fteete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen fuch:
But slip them well, and looke unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunke? See doth
he breath?

2. Hunts. He breath's my Lord, Were he not warn'd
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep To fondly.

Lord. Oh montrieous beast how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is chine image:
Sirs, I will pratiife on this drunken man,
What thinke you, if he were comey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet clothes: Rings put upon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forgive himselfe?


2. Lord. It would seem strange unto him when he walk'd

Lord. Euen as a flatting dream, or worthless fancie.
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Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd. 
Surely. I think't was so that your honor means.
Lord. This very true, thou did'st it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happe time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can afford me much.
There is a Lord will bear you play to night:
But I am doubtful of your modesty.
Leas (out-saying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You breake into some merrie paffion,
And so offend him: for I tell you first,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

PLAY. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our felves,
Were he the vertue antick in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And give them friendly welcome euerie one.
Let them want nothing that your houfe affordes.

SIRRA go you to Bartholomew my Page,
And see him drest in all fuites like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do oblige him:
Tell him from me (as he will winny my love)
He bear him selfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obferr'd in noble Ladies
Into their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With loft lowe conuge, and lowe cuttiey,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May fwear her dutie, and make knowne her love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kifs,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him flie teares, as being ouer-troyed
To see her noble Lord refolv'd to health
Who for this feuen yeares hath efteemed him
No better then a poore and lofthome begger:
And if the boy have not a womens guilt
To eaine a florow of sommanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a fhift.
Which in a Napkin (being close conceal'd)
Shall in defigne enforce a watery eye:
See this difpar'd with all the haft thou canst,
Anon ile give thee more instructions.

Exit a fentinent.

I know the boy will wel vfurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will flay then felues from laughter,
When they do homage to this fimple pteant,
Ile in to counfell them: haply my preference
May well abate the outer-merrie effenee,
Which otherwife would grow into extremes.

Enter Shylock with attendants, fame with apparel,
"Bajan and Emer," &c other appendances. & Lord.

LEG. For Gods fake a pot of small Ale.

SER. Wilt pleaze your Lord drink a cup of tace?

SER. Wilt pleaze your Honor talle of these Conferences?

SER. What raiment wilt your honor weare to day,

LEG. I am Christopher Sly, call not mee Honour, or
Lordship: I ne'er drak tace in my life: and if you give
me any Conferences, give me conferences of Breaf; sore are
me what raiment ile weare, for I have no more doub-

less then backes: no more flackings then legges: nor
no more fhoes then feet, nay sometyme more feete then
fhoes, or fuch fhoes as my toes looke through the o-
uer-leather.

Lord. If you ceafe this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of fuch difcience,
Of fuch perfefions, and fo high efteme
Should be infcufted with fo foulie a spirit.

REG. What would you make mee mad? Am not I Chris-
topher Sly, old Sies fonne of Burton-heath, by byth
Pedier, by education a Cardmaker, by tranfmutation a
Bear-head, and now by pretent preffion a Tinker.
Ask Marmion Harke the fat Awife of Wincote, if thee
know me not: if the fay be not fiiilid, on the fcore for
fhere Ale, fcore me vp for the byingl' knave in Chriftens
dome. What I am not beftronge there's-

3. MAM. Oh this is it that makes your Ladie mourne.
2 MAM. Oh this is it that makes your fefuans droop.

Lord. Hence come it, that your kindred flims your
As beare hence by your ftrange Lunacie, (houfe
Of Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banifhment,
And banifh hence the thoughts of thy fweet dreams:
Look how thy fefuans do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy beck.
Wilt thou have Mufecke? Harke Apollo pies, Mufeck:
And twente caged Nightingales do fing,
Or wilt thou fleape? We'll have thee to a Couch,
Sofer and swetter then the luffull bed
On purpofe trim'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt wakke; we will beftow the ground.
Or wilt thou filde? Thy hores fhall be trap'd,
Their bartefl fludded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doft thou love hawking? Thou haft hawkes will foare
Above the morning Latke. Or wilt thou hante,
Thy hounds fhall make the Welkin answer thee
And fethirr echoces from the hollow earth.

1 MAM. Say thou wilt confue, thy gray-hounds are as
As breathed Steigs: I flatter then the Roe.
(wife
2 MAM. Doft thou love picture? we will feth thee threft
Adonis paintted by a running brooke,
And Githers all in fedges bid,
Which feme to movr and wanton with her breath,
Even as the wanton fedges play with winde.

Lord. We'll flew thee, ifas the she was a Maid,
And how the was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As hueile paintted, as the deede was done.

3 MAM. Or Duper coming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her leg, that one that ware the bleeds,
And at that figh that bid Apollo wepe,
So workmanlike the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haft a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 MAM. And all the teares that the hath flied for thee,
Like emulous Rouds one-ron her lovely face,
She was the faireft creature in the world,
And yet thee is infertlow to none.

REG. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or do I dreamt? Or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I fee, I heare, I fpeak:
I feme sweet favour's, and I feele fomt things:
Upon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Will bring our Lady this night to our figh,
And once again a pot o' th' talmage Ale.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players, bearing your amendment, Are come to play a pleasan Comedy; For so your doctors hold it very meetes. Seeing so much fadness hath congeald your blood, And melancholy is the Nurse of frenzie, Therefore they thought it good you hear a play, And frame your minde to mirth and merriment, Which bares a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Mes. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comone-

tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing, flute.

Boy. What, household flute.

Lady. It is so a kinde of history.

Boy. Well, we'll fee's.

Come Madam wife fit by my fide, And let the world flip, we shall both erre by young.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triana

Lu. Triana, since for the great defire I had To see faire Padua, nurfeite of Arts, I am arriv'd for fruitfull Lombardie, The pleasan garden of great Italy, And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd With his good will, and thy good company. My truffle fervant well approv'd in all, Here he let vs breath, and hoply infition A course of Learning, and ingenious studies. Pifa renowne for grace Citizen Gave me my being, and my father first A Merchant of great Traffick through the world: Vincentio's come of the Bennisily, Vincentio's fonne, brough vp in Florence, It shall become to ferte all hopes conceiv'd To decke his fortune with his vertuous deeder: And therefore Triana, for the time I fludie, Vertue and that part of Philosophie Will I apply, that treats of happinexe, By vertue specially to be achievement. Tell me thy minde, for I haue Piful left, And am to Padua come, as he that leavets A shallow plath, to plunge him in the deep, And with facietie fethes to quench his thrist.

Tra. Me Perdona, gentle master mine: I am in all affected as your felfe, Glad that you thus continue your refoule, To fucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie. Ouely (good master) while we do admire This vertue, and this morall discipline, Let's be no Stoickes, nor no flocks I pray, Or do vnhone to Artifices checks As Oeas; be an out-call quite abu'd: Beke Lodgicke with acquaintance since you haue, And prafifie Rhetoricke in your common talke, Musick and Poffie vfe, to quicken you, The Mathematics, and the Metaphyfickes Fall to them as you finde your fomake ferues you: No profit growes, where in is pleasure tane: In briefe, fludie what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies Triana, well doth thou advife, If Biendek shoue were come aforo, We could at once put vs in readinesse, And take a Lodging fit to entertaine Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget. But flay a while, what company is this? The Master fome fhow to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptiffa with her two daughters, Katherina & Bianca,

Gremio a Pedantemer, Hortensio fitter to Bianca. 
Luc. Triana, frandy.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further, For how I hereby am refolu do you know: That is, not to bellow my young daughter, Before I have a husband for the elder: If either of you both love Katherina,
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Because I know you well, and love you well,
Lease shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gru. To catch her rash. She's to rough for me,
There, there, Hortensio, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you sir, it is in your will
To make a tale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you.

Valentine, you were of gender milder mould.
Kate. I'll wish you shall never need to fear,
It is not halfe by way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To come with your noble and a three-leg'd foole,
And paint your face, and vfe like you a fool.
For, from all such diuels, good Lord deliver us.
Gru. And me too, good Lord.

Trau. How the matter, heres it come good pastime toward;
That wench is flate mad, or wonders full froward.
Luc. But in the others silence do I fee,
Maids mild behave, and fubrie, 
Peace Tranio.

Trav. Well said Mr. mum, and give your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may foon make good
What I have faid, Bianca get you in,
And let it not difficate thee good Bianca,
For, I will love thee more the ifte my girl.
Kate. A pretty piece, it is better put finger in the eye,
And fhe knew why.

Bian. Sifter content you, in my difcontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I fubcribe:
My booke and instruments flhall be my company,
On them to looke, and proflie by mine felfe.
Luc. Hakte Tranio, thou mafliff hearer Minerva speak.
Her. Signior Baptifia, will you be fo ftrange,
Sorry am I that this our good effects
Bianca's griefs.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptifia) for this ffriend of hell,
And make her beare the penance of her tongue,
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am refould;
Go in Bianca.

And fof I know the talkeft moft delight
In Mufieke, Instrumets, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio you know any fuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberal,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And fo farwell: Katharine you may fry,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Kate. Why, and I trull I may go too, may I not?
What fhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha.

Exit

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are
So good heres none will hold you: Their love is not to
great Hortensio, but we may blow out our nails together,
And fall it freely out. Our cackes dough on both fides.
Farewell yes for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein flight delights, I will with him to her home.

Her. So will I fignior Gremio: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quartrell yet never brook'd parle,
know now upon advice, it toucheth vs both:that
we may yet againe have accesse to our faire Militris, and
be happier rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effft
one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?
Her. Marrie fit to a marriage for her Sifter,
Gre. A husband: a diuell.
Her. I fay a husband.
Gre. I fay, a diuell: Think'ft thou Hortensio,though
her father be very rich, any man is fo vere a foole to be
married to hell?

Her. Tuff Gremio: though it paffe your patience &
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition; To be whipt at the hire criffe erie
morning.

Her. Faith (as you fay) there's small choife in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it fhall be fo faire forth friendly maintaine'd, till by help-
ing Baptifia an eldest daughther to a husband, wee fett his
yongeth free for a husband, and then have too rafchef:
Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that runs
fattel, gets the King: How fay you fignior Gremio?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had guen him the
best howf in Padua to begin his woing that would tho-
roughly won her, weep her, and bed her, and ridd the
houfe of her. Come on.

Except amo. Menes Tranio and Lucraria

Trav. I pray sir tell me, is it pleafeable
That love should of a fodore take fuch hold.

Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poffeifable or likely.
But fce, while idely I ftool looking on,
I found the effec of Love in idlencife,
And now in plainneffe do confefs to thee
That affo me as secret and as deere
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perifh Tranio,
If I chyf te not this yong modest gyrlse:
Counfaile me Tranio, for I know thou canft:
Affift me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Trau. Matter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affo chyfe is not rated from the heart.
If loue haute touch'd you, naught remains but fo,
Redine to captam quam quam vno coinc.
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Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruel Father he is,
But art thou not advis'd, he cooke some care To get her cunning Schoolmatters to instruct her.

Tran. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted,
Luc. I have it Tranio,
Tran. Maffer, for my hand,
Both our intentions meet and jumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tran. You will be schoole master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tran. Not possible: for who shall hear ye part,
And be in Padua heere Ponzan'ts tome,
Keep house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countriemen, and banquet them?

Luc. Besse, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distingiuish'd by our faces,
For man or matter: then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio in my stead;
Keep house, and port, and feruants, as I should,
I will some other be, some Lorenzo,
Some Nepolian, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hash'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once
Vncafe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloak,
When Bisnello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue;

Tran. So have you neede:
In breefe Sir, fitth it your plesure is,
And I am tryd to be obedient
For yo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be feruicelible to my fome (quoth he)
Although I thinkne twas in another forse,
I am content to bee Lucetio,
Because so well I loue Lucetio,
Luc. Tranio be fo, because Lucetio loues,
And let me be a flue, t'achieve that maid,
Whose sodaine flight hath thal'd my wounded eye.

Enter Bisnello,

Here comes the rogue, Sister, where have you bin?

Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maffer, ha's my fellow Tranio frolne your cloathes, or you frolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sister comes hither, 'tis no time to leef.

And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow Tranio heere to face my life,
Putts your apparel, and your countenance on.
And I for my escape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell fome I came a fcape,
I kild a man, and feare I was defecried:
Witte you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to face my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I fay, I rea a wit.

Luc. And not a foft of Tranio in your mouth,
Tranio's chang'd into Lucetio.

Bion. The better for him, would I were fo too.

Tran. So could I 'faith boy, to have the next with af ter, that Lucanio indeede had Baptifla yongfelf daughter.

But Sister, not for my fake, but your matters, I ad uife you vfe your manners difcreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in

all places else, you mafter Lucetio.

Luc. Tranio let's goe:

One thing more refets, that thy felfe execute,
To make one among thefe wouers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reafons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. The Prefeniers about feaer.

1. Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Sir. Yer by Saint Anne do I, a good matter fully:
Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sister. 'Tis a very excellent piece of worke, Madame.

Lady: would 'twerde done, They fit and marks.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leuue,
To fee my friends in Padua: but of all
My belte beloved and approved friend.

Hortenfo: & I row this is his houfe:
Here comes Grumio, knocke I say.

Grum. Knocke 'twas whom should I knocke?
Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me hereon loudily.

Grum. Knocke you heere? Sir why, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me hereon that gate,
And rap me well, or lie knocke your knaves pale.

Grum. My M't is growne quarrellome.
I should knocke you first,
And then I know affter who comes by the worth.

Petr. Will it not be?

'Faith firrth, and you'll not knocke, Icle ring it,
Ile trie how you can Sol,Fa, and fing it.

Herting him by the ears

Grum. Helpes misfitis helps, my mafter is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you; fitrth villaine.

Enter Hortenfo.

Hort. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio. How do you all
At Verona?

Petr. Signior Hortenfo, come you to part the fray?
Contacti le corne bene trobata, may I fay.

Hort. Aloha mostra una benvenuto mila benvenuta signor,
or two Petruchio.

Rife Grumio rife, we will compound this quarrell.

Grum. Nay 'tis no matter, what he legges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull caufe for me to leuue his seruice,
looke you fir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him boundly
fir. Well, was it fit for a fervante to vfe his mafter fo,
being perhaps (for eough I fee) two and thirty, a peep out?
Whom would to God I had well knockt at his fide,
thence not had Grumio come by the worth.

Petr. A pencelf in villain, good Hortenfo,
I bad the rafcle knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knocke at the gate? O haueens: fcape you these words plaine? Sister, Knocke me heere: rappone me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me boundly, And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sister be gone, or talke not I aduife you.

Petruchio patiemce, I am Grumio's pledge:
Why this hauea chance to twair him and you,
Your ancient truflie pleafant seruant Grumio;
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happeh gale
Blowes you to Padua heere, from old Verona?

Petr. Such wind as flatters yergmen, though of world, To
The Taming of the Shrew.

To seeke their fortunes rather than at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,
Antonia my father is deceas'd,
And I have thrust my fello into this maze,
Happily to wise and thrive, as beft I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home.
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Har. Petruchio, shall I then be countm to thee,
And with thee to a show'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'lt thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I folicit thee flie fhall be rich,
And verie rich: but that's too much my friend,
And I will not folicit thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, twice fuch friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife:
(As wealth is burcher of my winning dance)
He fhe as foole as was Florizella Love,
As old as Sholl, and as curtefe and throw'd
As Socrates Zeftippe, or a worse;
She makes no fent, or not renown'd at leaft
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the falling Adriaticke waves.
Come to wise it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, fweet Petruchio, her that tells thee thy fally what his minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Agler baby, or an old troth with ne're a tooth in her head, though fhe have as manie difeafes as two and fiftie horfes.
Why nothing comes amife, fo monife comes withall.

Har. Petruchio, since we are ftept thus face in,
I will continue that I broach'd in leaft,
I can Petruchio help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautifoul,
Brought vp as beft becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her oney fault, and that is fouls enough,
Is, that she is in tolerable curf,
And throw'd, and froward, fo beyond all measure.
That were my face fave worfe then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortensio peace: thou know'st not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and trie enough:
For I will bore her, though the chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumnne cracke.

Har. Her father is Baptifla Minola,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her fceling tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not thee Hortensio till I fee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you out at this firft encounter,
Villife you will accompany me chifter.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lafts,
A my word, and the knew him as well as I do, the would think folcing would doe little good upon him. She may perhaps call him halle a feore Knaues, or fo: Why that's nothing, and he befitnes, he'll raile in his rope tricks.
I tell you what for, and the fand him bare a litte, he will throw a figure in her face, and fo diffigure him with it, that thee fhall have no more eyes to fee withall then a Cat: you know him not fir.

Har. Tastie Petruchio, I mull go with thee,
For in Baptifta keepes my treasure is:
He hath the Jewell of my life in hold,
His youngfe daughter, beautifoul Bianca,
And her withholds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Loute:
Supposing it a thing imposfible,
For they defects I have before reffault,
That euer Katharine will be wound:
Therefore this order hath Baptiftes tane,
That none fhall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharina the Curft, have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curft,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.
Har. Now (all my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disquif'd in fober robes).
To old Baptifta as a schooler-mater
Well feene in Muficke, to instruct Bianca,
That fo I may by this device at leaft
Hace traupe and leifure to make lone to her,
And vnfauecred court her by her felle.

Enter Gramio and Lucio into difguife.

Gru. Here's no knaucrie. See, to beguile the olde
folkes, how the young folks lay their heads together.
Mater, mater, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Har. Peace Gramio, is it the riual of my Loute.

Pet. Petruchio, I know you by a while.

Gramio. A propet flipping, and an amorous

Gramio. O very well, I have perus'd the note:
Herke you fie, Ile have them were fairly bound,
All bookes of Loue, fee that at any hand,
And fee you reade no other Leuctures to her:
You understand me. Ouer and before
Signior Baptifta liberalitie,
He mende it with a Largeffe. Take your paper too,
And let me have them were well perfumed;
For fie is sweeter then perfume it felle
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her,
Luc. What ece I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, fland you as fair'd,
As firme as your felle were fill in place,
Yes and perhaps with more succefefull words
Then you, whilefie you were a yoloter fir.
Gramio. Oh this learning, what a thing is it.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Affe it is.

Petru. Peace firrs.

Har. Gramio mum: God fay you fignior Gramio.

Gru. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptifta Minola,
I promt to enquire careffly
About a schoolenafter for the faire Bianca,
And by good fonue I haue lightned well
On this young man. For learning and behauiour
Fit for her cume, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Har. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Mufitian to instruct our Mistres,
So that I no where be behinde in dute.
To faire Bianca, to becourte of me.

Gramio. Belov'd, and confider this my deeds that prove.

Gru. And that his bags that prove.

Har. Gramio, 'tis now no time to vnt our love,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.

Har. Here's a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Upon
The Taming of the Shrew.

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking, Will vndertake to woo our katherine Ye, and to marry her, if her dowrie please. 

Gr. So fayd, so done, is well: P.ert. Have you told him all her faults? 

Gr. No, sayd I to, friend; What Countreyman? P.ert. Born in Forano, old Botomias (so me, My father dead, my fortune lines for me, And I do hope, good dayes and long, to fee. Gr. Oh fit, such a life with such a wife, were strange: But if you have a forlorn, too't a God's name, You that have me satisfying in all. But will you woo this Wilde-cat? 

Perr. Will you? 

Gr. Will he woo her? I or Ie hang her. 

Perr. Why came I thereto, but to that intent? Thynke you, a little dinne can daunt mine ears? Haue I not in my time heard Lions roar? Haue I not heard the fea, puff vp with winde, Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat? Haue I not heard great Ordinance in the field? And heauen Artillerie thunder in the skies? Haue I not in a pitched battell heard Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clange? And do you tell me of a womans tongue? That giues not halfe to giue a browne to heare, As wil a Cheefe-nut in a Farmers fire, Tufh, tufh, faire boys with bugs. 

Gr. For he fears none. 

Grem. Hortensia heares: 

This Gentleman is happily arriv'd, My minde prelumes for his owne good, and yours, Hor. I promis we would be Contributors, And heare his charge of wooning whatsoeere, Gremio. And do we wil, promisde that he win her. 

Gr. I would I were as free of a good dinner. 

Enter Tranio brune, and Bianceta. 

Tran. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold Tell me I befriend you, which is the readiet way To the house of Signior Baptista Minola: 

Hor. He that he's the two faire daughters: is he you mean? 

Tran. Even he Bianceta. 

Gr. Hearkye you sir, you meanet not her to --- Tran. Perhaps him and her, what haue you to do? 


Lc. Well begun Tranio. 

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go: Are you a tutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no? 

Tran. And if I be fit, is it any offence? 

Gremio. No is it without more words you will get you hence. 

Tran. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free For me, as for you? 

Gr. But so is not thee. 

Tran. For what reason I befriend you. 

Gr. For this reason if you likke, That she's the choise lout of Signior Gremio. 

Hor. That she's the choisen of signior Hortensio. 

Tran. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen Do me this right: heare me with patience. 

Baptista is a noble Gentleman, To whom my Father is not all unknowne, And were his daughter faire then she is, She may more futurs haue, and me for one. Fare Ladys daughter had a thousand woore, Then well one more may faire Bianca haue; And to the shalt: Exceitio that make one, Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone, 

Gr. What, this Gentleman will out-take vs all. 

Lus. Sir, when he knowd, I know he'll prove a laude. 

Perr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words? 

Her. Sir, let me be so bold as take you, Did you yet euer fee Baptista as daughter? 

Tran. No sir, but hearde I do that he hath two: The one, as famous for a folding tongue, As is the other, for beauteous modestie. 

Perr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by. 

Gr. Yes, lesse that labour to great Hercules, And let it be more thenn a tender twelve. 

Perr. Sir, vnderstand you this of me (untooth) The young daughter whom you heare for, Her father keepes from all accesse of futurs, And will not promifie her to any man, Vntill the elder sister first be wed. The young then is free, and not before. Tranio. If he be so, that you are the man 

Mulit fitted vs all, and me amongst the rest. 

And if you breake the ice, and do this seke, Atchieue the elder: set the younger free, For our accesse, whose hap shalbe to haue her, Will not so gracefull be, to be ingrate. 

Her. Sir you say well, and wey you do conceie, And since you do profess to be a tutor, You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman, To whom we all generallly beholding, Tranio. Sir, I that not be flacke, in signe whereof, Please ye we may concur this afternoone, And quaffe carowles to our Millicent health, And do as auses faries do in law, Strive mightily, but eate and drink as friends. 

Gr. Beatrice, Oh excellent motion: fellows let's be gen. Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so, Petruchio, I shall be your Been yeuno. 

Enter Kathirina and Bianca. 

Beatrice Good fitter wrong me not, nor wrong your self, To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee, That I disdain: but for these other goods, Vnbinde my lands, He pull him off my selfe, Yea all my raiment, to my peticostes, Or what you will command me, wil I do, So well I know my dutie to my elders. 

Kate. Of all thy futurs heere I charge tel Whom thou lou'st belte thee thou diuulge not. 

Bianca. Beleeme me fitter, of all the men alive, I never yet beheld that special face, Which I could fance, more then any other. 

Kate. Minion shou'lt befit: Is it not Hortensio? 

Bian. If you affect him fitter, heere I wares I pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him. 

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more, You'll have Gremio to keep you faire. 

Bian. Is it for him you do entice me so? 

Nay then you self, and now I wel perceiue You haue but leftled with me all this while: I prethee fitter Kate vntie my hands. 

Ka. If that be so, then all the rest was so, Strikes her
Freely givе unto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beenе long flying at Rhetеms, as cunning
In Greeκe, Latinе, and other Languages,
As the other in Муsіcke and Маthemacsікеs:
His name is Cambіо: pray accept his service.
Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremsіo:
Welcome good Cambіо. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you waile like a straіnger,
May I be bold, to know the cause of your comming?
Tru. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a strаnger in this Cittie here,
Do make my selfe a tutoy to your daughter,
Vntо Briоnе, faire and vertuous:
Nоr is your firmе renewe vnownowe to me,
In the preffeememt of the eldeste fitter.
This libertie is all that I requеst,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentages,
I may haue welcome mongst the rett that woo,
And free sceffe and favour as the rett.
And toward the education of your daughter:
I heere bеthowe a fimple instrumment,
And this mall packer of Greeкe and Latinе books:
If I accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. Lucunio is your name, of whencе I pray.
Tru. Of Fіfеs, fromе to Fіncеntе.
Bap. A mighte man of Fіfe by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome fіt:
Take you the Lute, and you the sett of bookes,
You shall go fee yеr Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter Gentleman, Sirrah, leadе their Gentleman
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them we to them well,
We will go walk and little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinkе your felues.

Pet. Signior Baptіfiа, my buonnefseak hathe,
And using day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left Solomon to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decrealf
Then tell mee, if I freely get your daughtres loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her sawe?
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poiffession twentie thousand Crownes.
Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that the furnishe me
In all my Lands and Leafes whatsoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. I, when the specialtie is well obaind,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.
Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as petettrprise as the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their fue,
Though little fue growes great with little winde,
yet extreme guls will blow out fire and all:
So to her, and so fue yeilds to me,
For I am rough, and woe not like a babe.
Bap. Well misth thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some unwappie words.
Pet. To the proofe, as Mountains are for windes,
That shakers not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Heren.fo with his bead broke.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou look so pale?
Her. For feare I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musi-
an?
Her. I think she'll sooner prove a solder, Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?
Her. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me: I did but tell her the mistook her feats, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingerng, When (with a most impatient dulness of spirit) Freets call you these? (quoth she) I live with them: And with that word the stroke me on the head, And through the infrument my pate made way, And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, While she did call me Rafeall, Pidler, And trampling lacke, with twenty such wild tearmes, As had the studied to millifie me to.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a limple Wench, I loose her ten times more then ere I did, Oh how I long to have fome chat with her.
Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so difcomfited. Proceed in practive with your younger daughter, She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns: Signior Petruchio, will you go with vs, Or shall I find my daughter Katr, to you.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile ascend her heere, And woo her with some spirit when she comes, Say that the rale, why then Ile tell her plainly, She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale: Say that the browne, ile say she lookes as cleere As morning Rofes newly wath with dew: Say the be mure, and will not speake a word, Then ile commend her volubility. And say the wittereth piercing eloquence: If the do bid me packe, ile gue her thankes, As though the bid me fly by her a weekke: If the deny to wed, ile crave the day When I shall ask the banes, and when be married. But heere the comes, and now Petruchio speake.

Enter Katr.,

Good morrow Katr, for thatts your name I heare.
Kat. Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing: They call me Katraine, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye infath, for you are call'd plaine Katr, And bony Katr, and sometimes Katr the cutif
But Katr, the prettie Katr in Chriftendome, Katr of Katr-ball, my super-daintie Katr, For dainties are all Katr, and therefore Katr Take this of me, Katr of my confolation, Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in every Towne, Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie founded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belonges, My felle am mou'd to woe thee for my wife, Katr. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether Remoue you hence: I knev you at the first You were a mousable.
Pet. Why, what's a mousable?
Kat. A fowre of moges.
Pet. Thou fawit hit is: come fit on me.
Kat. Asfes are made to beare, and do are you,
Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.
Kat. No fuch fide as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alse good Katr, I will not burneth thes, For knowing thee to be but yong and light. Katr. Too light for fuch a swaine as you to catch, And yet as heaste as my weight should be.
Pet. Shold be, shold: buzz.
Kat. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh flow-wing'd Turtle, that a buzzard takest he.
Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard,
Pet. Come, come you Waifes, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kat. If I be waifith, best beware my fling.
Pet. My remedy is then to puckle it out.
Kat. If the foole could finde where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waifes does weare his fling? In his tale.
Kat. In his tongue.
Pet. Whole tongue.
Kat. Yours if waile of tales, and so farewell.
Pet. Waile with your tongue in your tale.
Nay, come against, good Katr, I am a Gentleman, Katr. That Ile trie.
Pet. The frikes him.
Pet. I sweare I lefe you, if you flite again.
Kat. So may you loose your armes,
Pet. If you flite me, you are no Gentleman, And ifno Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald Katr? Oh put me in thy bookes, Katr. What is your Credi, a Cauty?
Pet. A combleffe Cocke, so Katr will be my Hen.
Katr. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crowen.
Pet. Nay come Katr, come: you must not looke so fowre.
Kat. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.
Pet. Why were ther no crab, and therefore looke not fowre.
Kat. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it me.
Kat. Had I a glasse, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Kat. Well sym'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too young for you.
Katr. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. "Tis with cares.
Katr. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you Katr, Insowd you scape not so.
Katr. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, nor a whit, I finde you pasling gentle:
I was told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen, And now I finde report a very liar: For thau art pleasant, gamsome, passing courteous, But flow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers. Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a fconce, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, Nor haft thou pleasure to be corife in talke: But thou with mildnesse entertain'ft thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that Katr dothlimpe? Oh fhand'rous world: Katr like the hazel twig Is frail, and tender, and as browne in hue As hazel nuts, and sweeter then the kernels: Oh let me fee thee walke: thou doft not halt.
Katr. Go footie, and whom thou keep'lt command.
Pet. Did euery Damsel so become a Groue.
As Katr this chamber with her princely gait: O be thou Dian, and let her be Katr,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Diana sportfull. Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech? Petr. It is extempore, from my mother wis. Kate. A wisry mother, wittlesse elle her femme. Pet. Am I not wise? Kate. Yes, keep ye warme. Pet. Marry so I mean sweet Katherine in thy bed: And therefore setting all this claim aside, Thus in plain terms: your father hath contended That you shall be my wife, your dowry greed on, And will you, till you. I will marry you. Now Kate, I am a husband for your name, For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well, Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Traio.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate, And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate. Conformable as other household Kate: Heere comes your father, neuer make denial, I must, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughter?) Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how feeped you with my Pet. How well and firthow but well? It were impoffible I should speed amife. (dump?) Bap. Why, how now daughter Katherine, in your Kate. Call you me daughter? I now promife you You have fhew a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one halfe Lutinackie, A mad-cap Suffolk, and a swearing Jacke, That thinkes with othes to face the matter out. Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your felle and all the world That talk d' of her, have talk'd amife of her: If she be curit, it is for politic. For there's not froward, but modest as the Dove, Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morn. For patience fhew you will prove a fcoond Griffel, And Romane Lucette for her chariftie: And to conclude, we have greed fo well together, That upon fonday is the wedding day. Kate. I cle fee thee hang'd d' on fonday frift. (frift. Gre. Harl Petruchio, the fakes feth' will fee the hang'd d' Tra. Is this your fpeedingday the godmorn our part. Petr. Be patient gentlemen, I chould be to my felle, If she and I be pleased, what's that to you? Tis' bagain'd twixt vs twaine being alone, That the fhall finall be curft in company. I tell you 'tis incredible to beleue How much the loves me: oh the kindell Kate, Shee hung about my necke, and kife on Kiffe Shee w'd io faff, proteling bath on osth, That in a twinklc the won me to her lone. Oh you are notices, 'tis a world to fee. How tame when men and women are alone, A meaconcke wretche can make the curfelt fhew: Give me thy hand Kate, I will vnto Venice. To buy apparel gainst the wedding day; Proude the feast father, and bid the gueft, I will be for my Katherine shall be fine. Tra. I know not what to fay, but give me your hafs, God fend you toy, Petruchio, 'tis a match. Gream. Tra. Amen fay we, we will be wistrefles. Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu, I will to Venice, fonday comes space, We will have rings, and things, and fine array.
The Taming of the Shrew.

She is your owne, elfe you must pardon me:
If you should dye before him, wheres her dowry?

Trav. That's but a caullie: he is old, I youge.

Get. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Weli gentlemen, I am thus refolvd.

On funday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married
Now on the funday following, shall Bianca
Be Bride to you, if you make this affurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And fo I take my leave, and thank you both. Exit.

Get. A difc good neighbor: now I fee thee not:
Sirrajo, young gamester, your father were a fool.
To give thee all, and in his wayning age
Set. four yerde thy table: tut, a toy.
An olde Italian foe is not to kinde my boy. Exit.

Trav. A rengency on your crazie wither'd hide
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my matter good:
I see no reason but fuppo'd Lucentio,
Must get a father, call'd fuppo'd Vincentio,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly Doe get their children; but in this cafe of woing,
A childh that get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning. Exit.

Actus Teria.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Elders forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Hau'e you so foone for got the entertainment
Her fiter Katherine welcom'd you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronel of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogetic,
And when in Musick we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture fhall haue leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Afle that never read to farre,
To know the caufe why musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vifual paine ?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I paufe,fere in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braves of thine.

Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ftrine for that which refleath in my choice:
I am no breathing fcholler in the schools,
He not to be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But leame my Leffions as I pleafe my felfe,
And to cuu off all ftrife: heere fit we downe,
Take you your instrumen, play you the whites,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tund.

Eorl. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never, tune your instrumen.

Bian. Where lef left we uff?

Luc. Heere Madam: His hat Simmoe, his eff Sigrie
tellus, his feterat Priami regia Celfa fenu.

Bian. Confert them.

Luc. His hat, as I told you before,Simoe, I am Lu-
centio, his eff, fone vnto Vincentio of Pifa, Sigriatellus, difguf'ted thus to get your loue, his feterat, and that Lucentio that comes a woong, priami, is my man Tran-
io, regia, bearing my port, celfa fenu that we might be-
guile the old Pantalowane.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's heare of he, the treble iarres.

Luc. Split in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let me fee if i can confent it. He's that fia-
moy, I know you not, his eff, feterat tellus, I truft you not, his feterat priami, take beede he heares vs not, regia pre-
sure not, Celfa fenu, despite not.

Hort. Madam, this now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.

Luc. How flery and forward our Pedantis,
Now for my life the knaue doth count my lour, Palefants, I must waue you better yet;
In time I may believe, yet I miftrull.

Bian. Miftrull it not, for fure Enicida
Was Atax cal'd fo from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleue my matter, elfe I promis you,
I should be arguing full upon that doubt,
But let it reft, now Late to you:
Good matter take it not vnhandly pray
That I haue beene thus pleafant with you both,
Hort. You may goe walk, and give me leaue a while,
My Leffions make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you fo formall fit, well I muft waue
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Mufitian growth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrumen,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muft begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamouthe in a briefer fort,
More pleafant, pithy, and effefual,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am paff my gamouthe long agoe,

Hort. Yet read the gamouthe of Hortensio.

Bian. Gamouthe I am, the ground of all accord:
Art to plead Hortensio's paflion:

Bem. Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfaw, that loues with all affecion:
D'flore, one Claffe, two notes haue I.

Elami, show pitty or I die.

Call you this gamouthe? t'rust I like it not,
Old diathems pleafe me bef, I am no fo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Maifenger.

Nicly. Miftreff', your father prays you leaue your
And helps to drefs your vifters chamber vp,
(books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Blau. Farewell sweet matters both, I muft be gone.

Luc. Faith Miftrefse then I have no caufe to flaye.

Hort. But I haue caufe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks he looks as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be fo humble
To call thy wandring eyes on every state:
Seize thee that Lif, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensia will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit.

Enter Baptifa, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and oth-
ers, attendants.

Bap. Signiort Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio shoulde be married,
And yet we haue not of our fonne in I aw:
What will be faid,what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieft attends
To speake the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What fays Lucentio to this fame of ours?
Kate. No blame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To give my hand oppost against my heart
Vnlo a mad-brain'd langu'd self, full of plicene,
Who wood in haste, and means to wed at Iurene:
I told you I, he was a friekeke foole,
Hiding his bitter tells in blunts behavoure,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll woor a choufand, point the day of marriage
Make friends, importune, and proclare the banes.
Yet never means to wed where he hath wood:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
It shal please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good Katherine and Baptista,
Upon my life Petruchio means well but,
What ever fortune fliyges him from his word,
Though he be blut, I know him painfull, his good,
Though he be merry yet withall he's honest.
Kath. Would Katherine had never seen him though,

Exit Baptista.

Bap. Goee girl, I cannot blame thee now to wepe,
For such an iniurious would vexe a very faint,
Much more a throw of impatient humour.

Enter Stellende.

Bian. Matter, matter, news, and such newnes as you
never heard of,

Bian. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bian. Why, is it not newnes to heard of Petruchio's
Bap. Is he come? (comming)

Bian. Why no sir.

Bian. What then?

Bian. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bian. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Bian. But saywhat to thine olde news now?

Bian. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and
an old jerkin, a pair of olde breeches thirte turn'd; a
pair of bootes that have bene candle-cakes, one buck-
ked, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the
Towne Armony, with a broken hilt, and chapeleffit with
two broken points: his horse hiep'd with an olde mo-
thy saddles, and figlotts of no kindred: before pofted
with the glanders, and like to moft in the chirne, trou-
bled with the Lamanis, inflodd with the fashions, full of
Windegalls, fped with Spaniis, rained with the Yel-
loves, past crue of the Fliues, flake flapp'd with the
Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,
and shouder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a
halfe-chekt Bette & a headfull of fiftapes leather, which
being refrain'd to keep him from flumblng, hath been
often burn'd, and now reparied with knots: one girth fixe
times peeced, and a woman Crupper of velure, which
hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in fluids,
and heece and there peeced with patchtre.

Bap. Who comes with him who?

Bian. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Capri-
ion'd like his horse; with a linentock on one leg, and
a keepe boot-hole on the other, garned with a red and
biew lifan old hat, & the humour of forry fancie pricks
in't for a feather; a monfter, a very monfter in apparell,
& not like a Chriftian foot-boy, or a gentlemen Lacky.

Tra. Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet ofetimes he goes but mane apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoeere he comes.

Bian. Why fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bian. Who, that Petruchio came?

Bap. 1, that Petruchio came.

Bian. No fir, I say his horse comes with him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.

Bian. Nay by S. Tony, I hold you a penny, a horse and
a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Per. Come, where be these gallions? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Peter. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

Peter. Were it better I should run in thus:
But where is Kate? where is my lowly Bride?
How does my father gentle methinks you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wonderous monument,

Some Commets, or that's call'd Cookd pridigie?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
Firth were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Nowadder that you come so unemployed:
Fie, deff this habit, shame to your efface,
An eyes-fore to our folenne fettall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you thither to unlike your felle?

Peter. Teditions it were to tell, and hard to hear,
Suffeeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leasure I will to excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.

The morning weares, tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these wrecuent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Per. Not I, believe me, thus Ie vist her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her, (words,

Pet. Good sooth even thus : therefore ha done with
To me she's married, not vnto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, & better for my selfe.
But what a foolish am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And sealde the title with a lowly kiss.

Exit.

Tra. He hath some mind in his mad actire,
We will persuade be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the event of this.

Tra. But fir, Loue concerneth vs to add
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before appared to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be Fluente of Tifea,

And make allurance heere in Padua
Of greater summes then I have promis'd,
So shall they quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with content.

Loue. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps to narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steal our marriage,
Which once perfomed, let all the world say no,
Ie keep mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to looke into,
Enter Tromio.

Signior Tromio, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegromme say you? 'tis a groome indeed,

A grumilling groome, and that the girle shall finde.

Tra. Cusst then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why be't a deuill, a deuill, a very friend.

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuill is damme.

Gre. Tur. She's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

Ile tell you if Lucento; when the Priest

Should ask if Katherine shoulde be his wife,

By goop sounes quoch he, and sowe to loud.

That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,

And he flamt agayne to take it vp.

This mad-brain'd bridegrome took him such a cuffe.

That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest.

Now take them vp quoch he, if any lif.

Tra. What said the wench when he rofe againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke for why, he flamp'd and sowe as if the Vierar meant to cozen him; but after many cerimonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoch he, as if he had bene shord car-rowing to his Mates af-fter a boorne, quaff off the Mufcadel, and throw the fops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that his beaert grew thime and hungerly, and feen'd to ask him fops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and left her lips with such a clamorous fmaek, that at the parting all the Church did echcho: and I seeing this, camme thence for very shame, and after a I know the rour is coming, such a mad mar-ryage nexter was before: baile, baile, I hark the min-foles play.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianco, Hartonfa, Bapitfa.

Pet. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,

You would think you to dine with me to day,

And haue peep'd great flour of wedding cheere,

But for it, my hafe doth call me hence,

And therefore here I meant to take my leave.

Bap. Is't pooffle you will away to nights?

Pet. I must away to day before night come,

Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,

You would intertame me rather goe then flay:

And honest company, I thank you all,

That haue beheld me gie away my felle

To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,

Dine with my father, drink a health to me,

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intertame you flay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intertame you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kate. Let me intertame you.

Pet. I am content.

Kate. Are you content to flay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me flay,

But yet not flay, entrte me how you can.
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greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming Grumio?

Grum. Oh I Curtis I, and therefore fire, fire, call on no water.

Cur. Is shee so hot a threwe as she's reported.

Grum. She was good Curtis before this frost but thou know it winter takes man, woman, and beast : for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and my felles fellow Curtis.

Grum. Away thee three Inch foole, I am no beast. Am I but three inches? Why thine horse is a foot and so long am I the left. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (the being now at hand) thou shouldest feele, to thy cold comfort, for being blow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Grum. A cold world Curtis in every office but thine, & therefore fire : dothy duty, and haue thy duties, for my Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good Grumio the newes.

Grum. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and at much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are so full of coniectaching.

Grum. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, ruffes fixed, cobwebbs swept, the servingmen in their newe fustian, the white flockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes faire within, in the Gifts faire without, the Carpers laide, and every thing in order ?

Cur. All readie and therefore I pray thee newes.

Grum. First know my horse is tided, my master & mistress faine out. Cur. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the durs, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha'good Grumio.

Grum. Lend thine care.

Cur. Heere.

Grum. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale; and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your care, and be briefe lifting; now I begin, Inprimis wee came doen a fowle hill, my Master riding behind me Myliris.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Grum. Tell thou the tale; but hadst thou not croft me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and fire under her horse thou shouldst haue heard in how miry a place, how the was benroid'd, how she left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how the waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how he praid, that never praid before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridale was burst: how I left my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shal die in oblit.

Cur. By this reckning he is more therse than the fire.

Grum. I, and that thou and the proudth of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what calle I this? Call forth Nathaniel, Iephe, Nicholas, Phillip Walker, Suge, Top and the rest: let their heads bee skilckely comb'd, their blew coats brusht, and their patters of an indiffe.

Cur. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare hot you must meete my master to countenance my mistress.

Grum. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knows not that?

Grum. Thou it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter Tituch and Piers.

Grum. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.


Nik. Fellow Grumio.

Nat. How now old lad.

Grum. Welcome you: how now you: what you fel: low you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neste?

Nat. All things is readie, how meare is our master?

Grum. Eheat hand, slighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.

Pet. Where be thebe knaves? What no man at doore

To hold my flirtop, not to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.

All fer. Heere, heere sir, here sir.

Pet. Heere sir, here sir, heere sir, heere sir.

You logger-headed and vnpolishing grooms:

What no attendance? no regard? no dute?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grum. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, fivain, you horfom male-horse drudg

Did not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these raschal knaves with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniel's coste sir was not fully made,

And Gabriel pumps were all vnprintt i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour Peter hat,

And Walters dagger was not come from finishing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Rafa, and Gregory,

The reif were ragged, old, and beggerly,

Yet as they are, here shee come to meete you.


Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe Kate,

And welcome. Soud, loud, soud, loud.

Enter servants with peppers.

Why when I say Nay good sweete Kate be merry.

Off with your boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

It was the Friar of Oldberge,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucker my foote swite,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merry Kate: Some water here: what hase.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel Tullion? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither.

One Kate that you must kifie, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come Kate and wash, & welcome heartily:

you horfou villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A bobbin beetle-headed flap-eared knave! Come Kate sit down, we know you have a formidable,
Will you give thanks, sweete Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Muffon? 
2. Ser. 
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter 1.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villains bring it from the drestker
And ferue it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trencers, cups, and all:
You handlest lof-heads, and vnmanner'd chauses.
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Kate I pray you husband be not so diffigue.
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders cholleri, planted again,
And better 'tis that both of vs did die,
Since of our felues, our felues are chollericke,
Then feedst it with such over-rosted fleisch:
Be patient, to morrow's chill be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for companie.
Corme I will bring thee to thy Bridal chamber. Exeunt.
Enter Servants generally.
Aub. Pet. didst ever fee the like.
Peter He kil she in her owne humor.
Gennia. Where is he?
Enter Currie a Servant.
Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of conveinen-
cie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that fleec
(poore soule) knowes not which way to fland, nor looke,
to speake, and fits as one new rifen from a dreame.
Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfull:
My Faulcon now is harpe, and passing emplie,
And til the floope, the mufh not be full gorg'd,
For then shee neuer knowes vpon her lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepes call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch the fites,
That haue, and beste, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept nor, nor to night shee shall not:
As with the meate, some vnderesent fault
He finds about the making of the bed,
And here Ile fling the pillow, thare the boulter,
This way the Courself, and another way the fitches:
I, and amid this histle I intend,
That all is done in quietest case of her,
And in conclusion, the flatch all watch among,
And if she chance to nod, ile raile and bradle,
And with the clamor keepe her still awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindeffee,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrung humor:
He that knowes better how to tamer a swre,
Now let him speak, 'tis chaeries to shew.

Exit.

Enter Senora and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend Lu. that milfris Bianca
Both fancie any other but Lucentio,
I tell you sir, she beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to satissifie you in what I have saide,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Har. Now Mifrivs, prouf you in what you reade?
Bian. What Mifrivs reade you first, resolve me that?
Har. I reede, that I profess the Art to loue.
Bian. And may you proue fir Mifrivs of your Art.
Luc. While you sweet decre peou Mifrivs of my heart.
Har. Quicke proceders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that dartt sweare that yous milfris Bianca
Loud'me in the World so well as Lucentio.
Tra. Oh delightfull I love, vnconfort womankind,
I tel thee Licsa this is wonderfull.
Har. Mistake no more, I am not Licsa,
Nor a Mufian as I feeme to bee,
But one that sorne to live in this disguise,
For such a one as loues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Callion;
Knows, that I am cal'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affections to Lucentio,
And since mine eyes are winneffe of her lightneffe,
I will wth you, if you be so contented,
Forswere Bianca, and her love for ever.
Har. See how they kiffe and court: Signior Lucentio,
Heere is my hand, and beere I firmly vow
Never to wooe her more, but do forswere her
As one unworthie all the former favours
That I have fondly Barret't them withall.
Tra. And beere I take the like unfaind oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would intrate,
Fic on her, see how heastly the doth court him.
Har. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes pase, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I have lou'd this proud delfainfull Haggard,
And so farewell Signior Lucentio.
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leawe,
In resolution, as I spoke before.

Tra. Milfris Bianca, bleffe you with such grace,
As longes to a Lovers blesse cafe:
Nay, I have caue you napping gentle Loue,
And hauue forworne you with Hortensio,
Tra. Tm leue you left, but you have both forsworne me?

Tra. Milfris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of Lu.

Har. T'faith he'le have a luftie Widdow now,
That shalbe wo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him joy.
Tra. I and hee'le tamer her.
Bianca. He lyes fo Trarisi.
Tra. Faith he is gone into the taming schoole.
Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
Tra. I milfris, and Petronio is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twenties long,
To tame a swre, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Blondello.

Bian. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spyed
An ancient Angel coming downe the hill,
Wifh lethe the cume.

Tra. What is he Blondello?

Bian. Mafter, a Marcantone, or a pedant,
The Taming of the Shrew.

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I know not what, but formall in apparell.
In gate and countenance furely like a Father.

E. What is the effect?
Tr. If he be credulous, and stuff my tale,
Ile make him glad to see me Vincentio.
And give assurance to Baptista Muzola.
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Tr. I take me your love, and then let me alone.

Enter Pedanion.

Ped. God save you sir.
Tr. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trausile you fare on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a wecke or two,
But then vp farther, and as far as Rome,
And lo to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tr. What Countryman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tr. Of Mantua sir, marry God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

Ped. My life sir, how I pray for that goes hard.
For I have bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tr. Wel sir, to do you courtezie,
This will I do, and this I will advise you,
First tell me, haue you euer beence as Pisa.

Ped. I pray, in Pisa have I often bin,
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tr. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tr. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resembale you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an apple, & all one.

Tr. To faue your life in this extremity,
This fause will I dayou for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit flial you vnderstake,
And in my houfe you flial be friendlie lodged,
Looke that you take vpon you as you shoulde,
You vnderstand me sir, so that you flay
Till you have done your business in the Citie.
If this be counte sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

Tr. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is here look'd for euerie day,
To passe allurance of a dowre in marriage
Twixt me, and one Rebecca daughter here:
In all these circumstances Ie inquired you,
Go with me to, cloath as you becomes you.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears,
What, did be marry me to famish me?

Beggar. That come into my fathers doore,
Upon intrest have a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie;
But I, who never knew how to interest,
Nor never needed that I should intreece,
Am star'd for money, giddie for lacke of fleepne,
With esthes kept waking, and with brailing fed,
And that which frights me more then all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should fleep or eat,
Tis deadly fickle, or else prefent death.
I prethee go, and get me some repaft,
I care not what, to be holome fode.

Gru. What say you to a Neats fooe?

Kath. Tis passing good, I prethee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too charollerike a mate.

How say you to a fift Tripe finely broyt'd?

Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch me it.

Gru. I cannot tell, I fear 'tis charollerike,
What say you to a pece of Beef and Mustard?

Kate. A dish that I do love to feede vpon.

Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard tell.

Gru. Nay then I will not, you shall have the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falsie deluding flawe,

Beau him.

That feed'd me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my milery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hartopne with mate.

Pet. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?

Hor. Misrifs, what where?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.

Kate. Let me alone, thou fife indifferent I am,
To deffile thy felfe my felfe, and bring it thre.
I am fure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thanke.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is forto to no profe,
Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it fland.

Pet. The poorest ferueis is repaft with thanke.
And to fmall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thank you sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, sir you are too blame
Come Miflifs Kate, Ile bear you companie.

Pet. Eat it vp all Hartopne, if thou lou'st mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate cate space, and now my honef Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houfe,
And recall it as brayly as the byft,
With filken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Pardingales, and things:
With Searfies, and Fannes, & double change of brayty,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knaft y.
What faith thou din'dst? The Tailor fates thy feature,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailer.
Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

Enter Hecresdyffer.

Fic. Fie, thou takest gauge. What never with you sit?
Pet. Heree is the cap your Worship did bepeace.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger, A Velvet diif: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a clocke or a walnut-shell,
A knaekte, a toy, a stricke, a babbies cap
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Kate. He have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Her. This shall not be in hait.
Kate. Why is it truff I may have leave to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no baie,
Your betteres have indu'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, bell you drop your cares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or dis my heart concealing it will breakes,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Even to the vnternot as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou failest true, it is patrie cap,
A cuifard coffin, a bauble, a filken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'it not it.
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gowne, why is it: come Tailor let vs fee.
Oh merrie God, what masking fluffe is heere?
What this is a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe can't like an apple Tart?
Heers flipp, and nip, and cut, and fliui and flaff,
Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shopp:
Why what a denues name Tailor callt thou this?
Her. I see thees like to have neither cap nor gowne.
Tailor. You bid me make it ordinarie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mistre it to the time.
Go hop me outere every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custome fir:
Ile none of it: hence, make your bell of it.
Kate. I never saw a better fashion d'gowne,
More quehit, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tail. She sates your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstruous arrogence:
Thou lyest, thou thured, thou thimble.
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, niale,
Thou Flas, thou Nis, thou winter cricker thou:
Brand'd in mine owne house with a shene of thread:
Away thou Ragget, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall bo be-mere thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liu it:
I tell thee I, that thou haft mar'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceu'd, the gowne is made just as my master had direction:

Grumie gaze order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the fluffe.

Tail. But how did you direct it should be made?
Grumie. Marsie fit with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not requrest to have it cut?
Gru. Thou haft fae'd many things.

Tail. I haue.
The Taming of the Shrew.

You are still seeing it, sir; let's alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Her. Why so this gallant will command the fune.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dress like Vincentio.

Tran. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what eke, and but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me.

Neere to thee ear a goe in Gentz.

Tran. Where we were longers, at the Peggias,
This well, and hold your owe in any case.
With such aueterise as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you; but sir here comes your boy,
Two good we be school'd.

Tran. Perse you not him: sir, Biondello,
Now doe your duty throughout I adulate you;
Imagine were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tutt, Tutt, fear not me.

Tran. But I shall thou done thy errant to Baptista.

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you lookt for him this day in Padua.

Tran. Th't a call fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance fis.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant hooted
And bare headed.

Tran. Signior Baptista you are happlie met me.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Siond for my patrimony.

Ped. Softly: fit by your leave, having com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause:
Of love betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the Siond beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to lay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care.
To have him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, upon some agreement.
Me shal you finde ready and willing
With one consent to have her so befelowed:
For curious I cannot be with you.
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
your plainesse and your honoreesse please me well:
Right true it is your sonne Lucentio here.
Doth love my daughter, and sheweth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shal have my daughter with content.

Tran. I thank you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affred and such appearance.
As shall with either parts agreeement.

Bap. Not in my house Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have eares, and I have notic eurannes,
Besides old Greco is hacking still,
And happlie we might be interrupted.

Tran. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There shal my father lie: and there this night

Weele passe the businesse privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your fermant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scriuener prezently,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid Bianca make her ready:
And if you will tell what hath happned,
Lucentio Father is arriued in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio wife.

Bion. I praye the gods the may withall my heart.

Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way,
We come, one mete is like to be your cheere,
Come fit, we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What signes thou Biondello.

Bion. You faw my Master winke and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde
to expound the meaning or morsall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I praye thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus: Baptista's safe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitfull sone.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Bion. The old Priet at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, Cum prestigio et Impregnamento solum, to the Church take the Priet, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesser;
If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to say; But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearll thou Biondello.

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as shee went to the Garden for Parsely to stuffe a Rabbit, and so may you faw: and so adew fyr, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Luke to bid the Priet be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented;
She will be please'd, then wherefore should I doubt;
Hap what hap may, I readily goe about her;
It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers.

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.

Petr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Kate. Now by my mothers sonne, and thafs my selfe,
The Taming of the Shrew.

Is shall be moone, or stare, or what I list,
Or else I journey to your Fathers house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again,
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he fales, or we shall never goe.
Kate. For ward I pray, since we have come so farre,
And be it moone, or fune, or what you pleas.
And if you pleas to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay thou lyke it: it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed Sunre,
But funne it is not, when you lay it is not.
And the Moone changes even as your minde:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And fo it shall be for Katherine.

Hort. Petrach, goe thy wales, the fiel dis won.
Petr. Well forward, forward, thus the bowle shoud
And not valudically against the Bliss:
But fo the Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mifsris, where away?
Tell me Sweete Kate, and tell me truly ton,
Haft thou beheld a firether Gentlwoman:
Such ware of white and red within her checkes:
What flars do fpangle heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenely face?
Faire lovely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete Kate embrase her for her beauties fake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of fo faire a child:
Hapier the man whom favouroue flars
A lots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkle, faded, whithered,
And not a Maiden as thou finit he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my misfaking eyes,
That haue bin to bedadaed with the funne,
I hat every thing I looke on femeath greene:
Now I perceive thou art a reverent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad misfaking.

Petr. Do good old grandifie,& withall make known
Which way thou trauzellf,if along with vs,
We shall be joyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Mifsris,
That with your strange encounter much amaze me:
My name is Cail'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pife,
And bound I am to Padua, there to vifite
A fonne of mine, which long I have not fene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. Lucento gentle fir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy fonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may incite thee not going Father,
The fife to my wife, this Gentlwoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealtie, and of worthie birth.
Beside, so qualified, as may becomenthe Spoufe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me incite with old Vincentio,

And wonder we to see thy hoffent fonne,
Who will ofthy artill be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleafant trouallors to break a left
Upon the companie you overtake.

Hort. I doe afure shee father fo it is.

Petr. Come goe along and fee the truth hereof,
For our firft permutation hath made thee jealous. Extum.

Hort. Well Petrachino, this hath put me in heart
Hauo to my Widdow, and if the fhole forward,
Then haft thou taught Hurtofio to be vntoward. Exit.

Enter Bianfello, Lucentio and Diane, Gremio to out before.

Bian. Softly and fwiifly fin, for the Preif is ready.
Luc. I fin Bianfello; but they may chance to neede
The at home, therefore leaue vs.

Exe. Bian. Nay faith, I fee the Church a your backe,
And then come backe to my muffins as foon as I can.

Gre. I murmuite Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petrachino, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio with Attendants.

Petr. Sith heres the doore, this is Lucentio house,
My Fathers beares more to ward the Market-place,
Thiftier muff I, and here I leafe you sir.

Vin. You shall not choofe but drink before you goe,
I thinkhe I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelifth some cheere is toward. Knock.

Grem. They're butfe within, you were left knocke lower.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

Vin. ls Signior Lucentio within Sir?
Ped. He's within fir, but not to be foken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Repepe your hundred pounds to your felle, he shall neede none fo long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your fonne was well beloued in Padua, doe you heare fir, to leaue fruifoue circumfiances,
I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his Father is come from Pife, and is here at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou leftr his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I fir,fo his mother fato,if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentlewman; why this is flat kna-
acite to take upon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villain, I beleue a means
to cofen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Bianfello.

Bian. I have feene them in the Church together, God fende'm good Shippinge: but who is here? mine old Ma-
fter Vincentio: now we are vndone and brough to no-
thing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bian. I hope I may choose Sir,

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot-
me?

Bian. Forget you, no fir: I could not forget you, for I neuer faw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy firit father, Vincentio?

Bian. What.
Enter Pedant with sermons, Baptista, Tranio.

Tranio. Sir, what are you that offer to beare my fe- 

Tenant?

Vin. What am I, sir? what are you for; oh immor- 

tall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a filken doubltlet, a vel- 

vet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a caposatine hat: oh I am 

vndone, I am vndone; while I plase the good husband 

at home, my fonne and my feuenflspend all at the vil-

nifie.

Tranio. How now, what's the matter?

Baptista. What is the man lunatke?

Tranio. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman 

by your habbt: but your words shewed you a mad man: 

why sir, what cerneis it you, if I were Perle and gold? I 

thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Sallie-maker 

in Bargain.

Tranio. But you mistake sir, you mistake sir, praiue what do 

you think in his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue 

brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and 

his name is Tranio.

Ped. Awakxe, awaie mad man, his name is Lucentio, and 

he is mine onelie fonne and heire to the Lord of me figni- 

orine Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio; oh he hath murderd his Mafter; late 

hold on him I charge you in the Dakes name: oh my 

fonne, my fonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my 

son Lucentio?

Tranio. Call forth an officer: Carrier this mad knau to 

the Iaile ffather Baptista, I charge you fee that he be 

forth comming.

Vin. Carry me to the Iaile?

Gree. State officer, he shall not go to prizon.

Baptista. Talke not fignior Grece: I lave he shall go to 

prizon.

Vin. Take heed, fignior Baptista, leaff you be con- 

catcht in this buinfesse: I dare fwear this is the right 

Vincentio.

Ped. Sware as thou darrl.

Gree. Naie, I dare not fwear it.

Tranio. Then thou was beast faire that I am not Lu- 

centio.

Vin. Yet, I know thee to he fignior Lucentio.

Baptista. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biancina, Lucentio and Bianco.

Vin. Thus strangrs may be hald and abud: oh mon- 

ftrous villaine,

Bianco. Oh we are spoill'd, and yonder he is, denie him, 

for swear he, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biancina, Tranio and Pedant as falt as may be.

Baptista. Pardon fweete father.

Vin. Lisues my fweete fonne?

Bianco. Pardon deere father.

Baptista. How haue thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Lucentio. Here's Lucentio, right fonne to the right Vin- 

centio,

That hase by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeits foorsheett doth tinge mine.

Gre. Here's packing with a wofull fecret, ec. ec. vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine Tranio?

That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Baptista. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?

Bianco. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Lucentio. Loue wruought these matches. Bianca loue

Made me exchange my flate with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I have arriued at the laft

Voto the wish'd fanct of my bliffe:

What Tranio did, my felle enfort to him;

Then pardon him fweete Father for my fake.

Vin. Ift flit the villaines nofe fhat would haue fent 

me to the laile.

Baptista. But doe you hear sir, haue you married my 

daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not Baptista, we will content you, goe to:

but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie.

Exeunt.

Gre. My eake is doubt, hbat Ic in among the ref,

Out of hope of all, but my flare of the feas.

Katy. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Perr. Firtt kiffe me Katy, and we will.

Katy. What in the mid of the fitcete?

Perr. What ar thou sahmad of me?

Katy. Mo fit, God forbide, but abhamd to kiffe.

Perr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirta let's 

awaie.

Katy. Nay, I will giue thee a kiffe, now praie thee.

Loue fiate.

Perr. Is not this well come my fweete Katy.

Better once then never, for never to late.

Exeunt.

Marius Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Grece, the Pedant, Lucentio, and 

Biancina. Tranio, Biancina Cramio, and Widow:

The Servants men with Tranio bringing 

in a Targue.

Lucio. At last, though long, our iatining notes agree,

And time it is when raging warre is come,

To smile at feas and perilous owreblowne:

My faiet Biancina bid my father welcome,

While I with fellefame kindfnee welcome thine

brother Petruchio fifer Kateine,

And thou Hortensio with thy louting Widow:

Feast with the bel, and welcome to my houfe,

My Bankeet is to clofe our flamakes vp

After our great good cheere: praie you fit downe,

For now we fit to chat as well as eat.

Perr. Nothing but fit and fit, and eat and eat.

Baptista. Padra affords this kindfnee, fonne Petruchio.

Perr. Petruchio affords me what is kinde.

Her. For both our fakes I would that word were true.

Perr. Now for my life Hortensio leaves his Widow.

Wed. Then never truft me if I be affraid.

Perr. You are very fencible; and yet you misle my 

fence:

I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Wil. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Kas. Miftirs, how means you that?
Wil. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes Hortensio?  
Her. My Widdow faies, thus she conceivs her tale.
Pet. Verie well mended: kiffe him for that good Widdow.
Kar. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round,
I praye you tell me what you meant by that,
Wil. Your houand being troubled with a shrew,
Measures his houands forrow by his we.
And now you know my meaning.
Kas. A verie mean meaning.
Wil. Right, I meane you.
Kar. And I am meane indeepe, respecting you.
Pet. To her Kate.
Her. To her Widdow.
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Her. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.
Drinks to Hortensio.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick witted falkes?
Grr. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and an halie witted bodie,
Would lay your Head and But were head and home.
Vitr. I Miftirs Bride, hath that awakend you?
Bian. I, but not frighed me, therefore Ie sleepe a-
gain.
Pet. Nay that you shall not since you have begun: 
Hauce it you for a better left or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bulk,
And then purge me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. 

Enter Bianca.
Pet. She hath presented me, here signior Tranio,
This bird you aim at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mift.
Tv. Oh fir, Luciune flipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
Pet. A good swift fime, but something currius.
Tv. 'Tis well fit that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a brie.
Bap. Oh, oh Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Lnc. I thanke thee for that gird good Tranio.
Hor. Conceife, conceife, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A has a little said me I conceife:
And in the left did glance a waie from me.
Tie ten to one is mad'd you too outide.
Bap. Now in good fadience sonne Petruchio,
I thinkes thou haft the verie throw of all.
Pet. Well, I fay no: and therefore faire assurance,
Let's each one fend unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come as first when he doth fend for her,
Shall win the wafer which we will proffe.

Her. Content, what's the wafer?
Luc. Twenty crownes.
Pet. Twenty crownes,
Ie venture fo much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times fo much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Her. Content.
Pet. A match, its done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.

Enter Biondelle, bid your Miftirs come to me.
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or feke for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to ferve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our loft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable women,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reafon lapline more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I fee our Launces are but frawes.
Our strength as weake, our weakeenesse past compare,
That feeming to be moft, which we indeed leas are.
Then vale your flomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands footes:
In token of which dutie, if he pleafe,
My hand is reade, may it do him safe.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee.

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou ha's.

Pet. This a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsher hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come Kate, weele'te bed,

We three are married, but you two are fed
T was I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petr. who

Hosten. Now go thy waies, thou haft ta'md a curf

Shrow.

Luc. Thas a wonder, by your levee, she will be ta'md fo.
ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossilion, his Mother, and
Belina, Lord Lafon, all in black.

Mother.

We are delivering my fortune from me. I bury a se-
cond husband.

Ref. And I in going Madam, weep are my
father's death anew. What must attend his maie-
skies command, to whom I am now in ward, aeternor
in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame,
you a father. He that so generally is at all times good,
muft with our present time, whereof worthi-
ness would it were where it where of so rich abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, un-
der whose praftice he hath perfected time with hope,
and finds nothing to advantage in the proceed, but only
the loofing of hope by time.

Mo. This young Gentlewoman had a father, O that
had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as
great as his honifie, it he stretch'd fo far, would have
made nature immortal, and death should have play for
lack of worke. Would for the Kings fake he were li-
ing, I think it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous for in his profession, and it was
his great right to be. is: Gerard de Nardon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very
atellie fong of him admiringly, and mostingly; he
was skilfull enough to have fould if; if knowledge could
be fo pm against informitie.

Ref. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes
of?

Laf. A Fulfus my Lord.

Ref. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not so notorious. Was this Gen-
tlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Nardon?

Mo. His folle childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my
over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her
education promiseth her dispositions free inherites,which
makes faire gifts faire: for where an uncleaned mind car-
ries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with
pity, they are vertues and traits too; in her they are
the better for their simpliceties; she derives her honifie,
and stcheues her goodniffe.

Lafon. Your commendations Madam get from her
tears.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can feafon her praise
in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her
heart, but the tirrany of her forrowes takes all likelihood
from her cheek. No more of this Helena, go tooo, no
more leffe it be rather thought you affect a forrow, than
to have——

Hell. I doe affect a forrow indeed, but I have it tooo.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
exceft trefcite the enemy to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemies to the griefs, the excelle
makes it done morall.

Ref. Madam I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest Bertram, and succeed thy father.

In manners as if in shape: thy blood and versus
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnifie
Share with thy birth-right. Live, all, truft a few
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie
Rather in power then we: and keepc thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for fience,
But neuer tax for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluckle downe,
Fall on thy head. Farewell my Lord.

'Tis an unfeacon'd Courteiit, good my Lord
Adieu him.

Laf. He cannot want the beft
That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heanes bleffe him: Farewell Bertram.

Ra. The beft wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts
be fervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your
Miftris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, prettie Lady, you must hold the cre-
dit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I think not on my father,
And thefe great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I flaid for him. What was be like?
I have forgott him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram,
I am vndone, there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should loue a bright particular flare,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterallight.
Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his joke, and yet I know him a monstrous liar. Thinks him a great way fool, solie a coward, yet these fast ealls fit so fit in him. Thee they take place, when Versures feely bones Lookes bleakes's cold wind: withall, full oft we see Cold wise done weighting on superficial follie.

Par. Save you failte Quenece.
Hel. And you Monarch.
Par. No.
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you mediating on virginitie?
Hel. In you have some faire of soul I in you: Let mee ask you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we baracade it against him?
Par. Keep me out.
Hel. But he affails, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: void to vs some warlike resistance.
Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you vp.
Hel. Bless our poore Virginitie from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virginis might blow vp men?
Par. Virginitie being blowne downe, Man will quicker be blowne vp smarly in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your seules made, you lose your City. It is not politiece, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to Prefume virginitie. Looke of Virginitie, is rational encrease, and there was never Virgin goe, till virginitie was first loft. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: "tis too cold a companion: Away with it.
Hel. I will stand for a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.
Par. There's little can bee saide in't; 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers: which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie mothers is selfe, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limet, as a desperate Offendreffe against Nature. Virginitie breaches mites, much like a Cheefe, confume it selfe to the very poying, and so dies with feeding his owne flomache. Besides, Virginitie is peaceful, proud, ydle, made of felle-loye, which is the most inhibited in the Cannon. Keep it not, you cannot choose but loose by it. Out with: within ten yeare it will make it fettle two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it fettle not much the worse. Away with it.
Hel. How mighte come oe fo, to loose it to her owne liking?
Get thee a good husband, and vie him as he vies thee: So farewell.

Hec. Our remedies oft in our felues do ly, Which we ascribe to heauen; the fistd skye Givnes vs free scope, onely doth backward pull Our flow defignes, when we our felues are dulle. What power is it, which monnts my loue so lye, That makes me fee, and cannot fee mine eye? The mightiuest space in Fortune, Nature brings To ioyne like, like, and kiffe like natue things. Impossible be strange attempts to choo Se that weigh their paines in feaue, and do suppute What hath beene, cannot be. Who eues ftrou To fhow her merit, that did misfe her loue? (The Kings disafe) my proiect may deceuie me, But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. Exit


druckt Cornets.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendance.

King. The Florentines and Sons are by theeares, Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A brauinng warre.

1. Lo. G. So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receive it, A certainie vouu'd from our Comr Aoftri, With caution, that thy Florentine will moue vs For fpeeide ayde: wherein our decent friend Prcjudicid the bufineffe, and would fume To haue vs make deniali.

2. Lo. G. His loue and wisdome Approvd' do to your Maiesty, may pleade For ampleffe credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florense is deni'd before he comes: Yet for our Gentlemen that meant to fee The Tufcan fentince, freely have they leave To fland on either part. 2. Le. E. It well may ferue A nufiicerie to our Gentrie, who are fiche For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he cometh here.

Enter Bertram, Lafen, and Paroli.

1. Lo. G. It is the Count Regnolme my good Lord, Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bea'st thy Fathers face, Franke Nature rather curious then in haft Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers moral parts Maift thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My Thankes and dutie are your Maiesties. 

King. I would I had that corporall foundnesse now, As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship First trode our fouldiership: he did looke farre Into the fervice of the time, and was Discipled of the brauest. He lafted long, But on vs both did hagghi Age steale on, And wore vs out of do: It much repaires me, To talk of your good father; in his youth He had the wit, which I can well observe To day in your yong Lords: but they may left Till their owne счетe returne to them vnoted Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour: So like a Courter, concemps nor bitteneresse Were in his pride, or fharpefle; if they were, His equall had awak'd them, and his honour Clocke to it felle, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speake: and at this time His tongue obey'd this hand. Who were below him, He v'sd as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their lowe rankes, Making them proud of his humilitie, In their poor prattle he humble'd: Such a man Might be a coppe to thefe yonger times; Which followed weel, would demonftrate them now But goet backward. Ber. His good remembrance sir Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe: So in approoue lines not his Epitaph, As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwayes faie, (Me thinks I heare him now) his plauifue words He scater'd not in eares, but graided them To grow there and to brete: Let me not live, Thist his good melancholique life began On the Catafrophe and heele of gateime When it was out: Let me not live (quoth hee) After my flame lackes oyle, to be the fiuffe Of yonger spirits, whose apprencheue fenees All but new things diffaune: whatljudgements Are Meere fathers of their garments: whose confandances Excipe before their faftions: this he wish'd. I after him, do after him with too: Since I nor was not honie can bring home, I quickely were difolud from my hie To giue some Labourers roome.

1. Le. E. Your loud Sirs, They that leat lend it you, fhall lacke you fift. 

Kim. I fill a place I know: how long ift Count Since the Phyfitian at your fathers died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some fir moneths fince my Lord. Kim. If he were living, I would try him yet. Lend me an arme: the reft have worne me out With feuerall applications: Nature and fickneffe Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count, My founne's no deetter.

Ber. Thank you Maiefly. Exit

Druckt.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clowne.

Count. I will now heare, what fay you of this gentlewoman. 

Sir. Maddam the care I have had to euen your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeavours, for then we wound our Modelie, and make foule the clearnesse of our deferings, whenof our felues we publish them.

Count. What doe's this knowe here? Get you gone firra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleue, 'tis my lowneffe that I doe not: For I know you lacke not fully to commit them, & haue abilities enough to make such knowes yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknowne to you Maddam, I am a poore fellow.

Count. Well fir.

Clo. No maddam. 

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie of
of the rich are damn’d; but if I may have your Ladships
A good will to go to the world, I tell the woman and w
will doe as we may.

Conn. Will thou needs be a beggar?
Clo. I doe beg your good will in this cafe.

Conn. In what cafe?
Clo. In Isbeth cafe and mine owne: ferie is no het-
icr, and I think I shall never have the Blessing of God,
 till I have hius a my bodie for they lay banes are biff-
fins.

Conn. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry?
Clo. My poor bodie Madam requires it, I am driven
 only by the flesh, and hee must needs doe that the diuell
drives.

Conn. Is this all your worships reason?
Clo. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as
they are.

Conn. May the world know them?
Clo. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you
and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I doe marrie that
I may repent.

Conn. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickedneffe.
Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have
friends for my wives fake.

Conn. Such friends are chine enemies knace.
Clo. Y’are shallow Madam in great friends, for the
knace come to doe that for me which I am a weare of:
that he eres my Land, perres my teame, and gives mee
lease to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee’s my
drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheffer of
my flesh and blood; hee that cherishe my flesh and
blood, loyes my flesh and blood, he that loyes my flesh
and blood is my friend; he that flies my wife is my
friend; if men could be contented to be what they are,
there were no fear in marriage, for soe share the
Puritan, and old Pansh the Papift, how former their
hearts are feuer’d in Religion, their heads are both one,
you may loyle horses together like any Deseireth Herd.

Conn. With thou eres be a foule mouth’d and cul-
mynous knace?

Clo. A Prophan I Madam, and I speake the truth the
next waie, for I the Balliad will repeaste, which men full
true forkal finde, your marriage comes by deffine, your
Cuckow fings by kinder.

Conn. Get you gone fir, Ile talke with you more anone.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hec bid Helen
come to you, of her I am to speake.

Conn. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with
her, Helen I meane.

CLO. Was this faire face the caust, quoch fie,
Why the Grecians faked Troy,
Fond done, done, fond was this King Priamus toy,
With that fie siged as fie food, fie,
And gaue this sentence then, among nine bade if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there’s yet one
good in ten.

Conn. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
firs.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-
rifying all song: would God would ferue the world so
all the wreare, weed finde no fault with the eithe woman
if I were the Parson,one in tenne quoth? and wee might
have a good woman borne but oere eurie blazing starre,
or at an earthquake, woulde mend the Letteriewell, a
man may draw his heart ouer ere a plucke one.

Conn. Yole bagon fie knace, and doe as I command
you?

Clo. That man should be at woman command, and
yet no houre done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet
it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplus of bannisse-
ment the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart; I am go-
ing forsooth, the business is for Helen to come hither.

Exit.

Conn. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you owe your Gentlewoman
imply.

Conn. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath’d her to me,
and shee felles without other aduantage, may lawful-
ful make tyle to as much as shee finde, there is
more owinge her then is paid, and more shall be paid
her then sheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then
I think shee withit mee, alone shee was, and did
communicate to her felles her owne words to her
owne ears, finte thought, I dare vowe for her, they
oucht not anie stranger fence, her matter was, shee
floued your Gonne, Fortune flace fald was no god-
deflee, that had put fuch difference betwixt their two
etimes : Loue no god, that would not extend his might
once, where qualitez were leuell, Queen of Vir-
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris’d
without refuge in the first salfuit or ranfome after-
ward: This thee deliuer’d in the most bitter touch of
fowr that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held
my date feeildly to acquite you withall, finthece in
the loffe that may happen, it concerns you something
to know it.

Conn. You have dircargs’d this honeffe, keep it
to your selve, manie likehoods inform’d mee of this
before, which hung fo rotting in the ballance, that
I could neither beleue nor mifdoubt: praise you
leave mee, fall this in your bosome, and I thank
you for your honeste care: I will speake with you fur-
ther anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Helen.

Old Conn. Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are natures, these are ours, this thorne
Deth to our Rote of youth rightlie belong.
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the shew, and teale of natures truth,
Where loues strong paine is impost in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her ecle is feeke on, I obestre her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure Madam?

Old Conn. You know Helen I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable Militer.

Old Conn. Nay amother, why not a mother? when I
ceived a mother
Me thoughtes you saw a tertent, what’s in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoef
That were enwombed mine, ’is often seeen
Adoption fruises with nature, and chuls breedes
A naturl flip to vs from foraine feeders:
You were oppreffe with a mothers groaze,
Yet I expressfe to you a mothers care,
(Gods merci madien) does is cured thy blood
To say I am thy mother? what’s the matter,
That this dillentmed melilenger of wet?

V 3
The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.
Old. Coun. I say I am your Mother.
Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count Rofilion cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note upon your Parents, his all noble,
My Master, he deere Lord he is, and I
His fervant liue, and will hit vaffail die:
He must not be my brother.

Old. Coun. Nor I your Mother.
Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sone were not my brother,
Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his fitter, can not other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Coun. Yes Helen, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So fritte upon your polic; what pale agen?
My fete hard catch your fantastick, now I fee
The middyle of your longuette, and finde
Your falt teares head, now to all fenne 'tis groffe:
You love my fone, intention is aham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To lay thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis fo, for looke, thy cheeke
Confente it 'ton touht to til other, and thine eies
See it so groffely fhowne in thy behaualours,
That in these kinds they fpeakes it, onely finne
A ad bellifh obfinate eye thy tongue.
That truth fhould be fuppede, fpeakes, ift fo?
If it be fo, you have wound in a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forwarre't we how ere I charge thee,
As benne fhall Wii your face for thine auxile.

To tell me truelie,
Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Coun. Do you love my Sone?

Hell. Your pardon noble Miliftirs.

Coun. Love you my Sone?

Hell. Do not you love him Madam?

Coun. Go not about my love hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, dislofe:
The frate of your affection, for your passions
Hauet to the full appaarch'd.

Hell. Then I confess
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I love your
Sonne:

My friends were poor but honest, Jo's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That heis lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of prefumptuous fuite,
Nor would I have him, till I do deiecte him,
Yet never know how that defert should be;
I know I love in vaine, fritue against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Sute.
I fill poure in the waters of my love
And loake not to loufe fill; thus Indians like
Religious in mine errors, I adore

The Sunne that lookes upon his worshipper,
But would I have him no more. My decreit Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For louing where you doe; but if your felse,
Whose aged honore confides a vertuous youth,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

After well entred folediers, to retorne
And finde your grace in healtb.

King. No, no; it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallyad
That doth my life beleive: farwely yong Lord;
Whether I live or die, be you the fonnes
Of worthy French men; I lea higher Italy
(Tho' hasted that intheric but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) fee that you come.
Not to weare honour, but to wed it, when
The bratell quenelt flanckles; finde what you seeke;
That fame may cry you loud! I say farewell.

L.G. Health as your bidding ferue your Maiestie.
King. Those girles of Italy, Ask heede of them,
They say our Frenche, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captives
Before you ferue.

Re. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell, come heether to me.

1. La. G. Oh my sweet Lord, yf you will stay behind vs.
Parr. This is not his faile the spark.

2. La. E. Oh'tis braue warres.
Parr. Most admirable, I have seene those warres.
Reffil. I am commanded here, and kep a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeare, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde stand too' boy,
Steele away bravely.

Reffil. I flay here the for-horse to a finocke;
Creeking my tongues on the plaine Masony,
Till honoure be bought vp, and no sword wone
But one to dance with: by heast, I fleaze away.

1. La. G. There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.

2. La. E. I am your accesse, and so farewell.

Reff. I grow to you, & our parcing is a tortur'd body.

1. La. G. Farewell Captaine.

2. La. E. Sweet Moutiers Parishes.
Parr. Noble Heros! my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparkes and luffious, a word good metals.
You shall finde in the Regent of the Spinh, one Captaine
Sparkis his fiestcent, with an Emblem of warre heere on
his fifiant checke; it was this sword entrench'd it:
fay to him I flie, and obliter his reports for me.

1. La. G. We fiall noble Captaine,
Parr. May doze on you for his nouches, what will ye doe?
Reffil. Stay the King.

Parr. Vf a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble
Lords, you haue restrain'd your felle within the Lift
of too cold an adie: be more expreffive to them: for they
weare themselues in the cap of the time, there do murther
true gase; eat, speake, and move under the influence of
the most recei'd flarre; and though the deuill leades the
meaure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.

Reffil. And I will doe fo.

Parr. Worthy Fellows, and like to prooue most flig-
niewe fword-men.

Enter Lafan.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Be thee thine to fland vp? (pardon,
L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to sake me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so fland vp.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pare
And ask thee mercy for't.

L. Laf. Good God! a croffe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be out of your intime?

King. No.

L. Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Cansani.
With sprightly fire and motion, whole fimple touch
Is powerful to arraye King Pippen, now
To glue great Charlemans pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

L. Laf. Why doflor she: my Lord,there's one arry'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
If fencially I may convey my thoughts
In this my light delierance, I have fpoke
With one, that in her fexe, her yeeres, profeffion,
Wifedome and confiance, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weekenesse: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good Lafan,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off shine
By wondering how thou tooke it.

L. Laf. Nay, I hee you,
And not be all day neither,

King. Thus hit his specjal thing nothing ever prologues.

L. Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Helen.

King. This halfe hath wings indeed,

L. Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maiestie, fay your mindes to him,
A Trator you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Maiestie feldome feares, I am Crofts's Uncle,
That dare leaue two together, for you well,

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Hel. I my good Lord,

Gerard de Norjon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praiyes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: son's bed of death,
Many receits he gauncle, chieflie one
Which as the decrest issue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'offisle darling,
He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,
Safier then mine owne two: more deare I have fo,
And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht
With that malignant eaule, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, flands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliaunce,
With all bound humbleneffe.

King. Wethank you maiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leaus vs, and
The congestrated Colledge hauw concluded,
That labouring Art can never ranfome nature
From her invisible efface: I say we muff not
So staine our judgmed, or corrupt our hope,
To perfutute our pal't cure maldacie
To empericks, or to difcuifer fo
Our great felfe and our credit, to efteme
A fencelie helpes, when helpe pal't fence we deeme.

Hel. My
All's Well that ends Well.

Hel. My dude then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe,
King. I cannot give thee leffe to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughttest to helpe me, and such thankses I give,
As one neere death to toste with that in my life.
But what as full I know, thou knowest no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no Art.

Hel. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your reft gainst remedie:
He that of greatest workes is finifher,
Oft doth them by the weakest minifter:
So holy Wit, in babes hath judgement flownwe,
When Judges have bin babies; great floods have flownwe
From ample fources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the greatt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moost oft there
Where moost it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldsfel, and despaire moft shfits.

King. I must not heare chafe, farre thee wel kind madded,
Thy paines not vs'd, moft by thy selfe were paid,
Profes not tooke not pace thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit fo by breath is hard,
It is not so with him that all things knows
As'tis with vs, that square our guiltie by shlowes:
But moost it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavours guie content,
Of heauen not me, make an experiment,
I am not an Impudent, that proclame
My felle against the resid of mine aine,
But know I think, and thinke I know moft sure,
My Art is not paft power, nor you paft care.

King. Art thou so confidente? Within what space
Hop'th thou my care?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horsefes of the fume fhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moft Helefere hath quench'd her flepy Lampe:
Or fource and twenty times the Pylos glaffe
Hath told the thieufh minutes, how they paife:
What is inurme, from your found parts fhall flie,
Health flall fure free, and fickeneffe freely dye.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What daft thou wenter?

Hel. Tace of impudencie,
A ftrumpet boldneffe, a divulged flamce
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seared otherwife, no worfe of worrld extended
With vildeft torture, let my life be ended.

Kim. Methinks in thee some bleffed spirit doth speake
His powerfull found, within an organ weake:
And what impoffibility would fly?
In common fence, fence fakes another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath efimate:
Youth, beauty, wifedom, courage, all
That happines and piine, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs moft intimate
Skill infinite, or moniftous defpereate,
Sweet philofophe, thy Physick I will try,
That miniftrers thine owne deffe th'ifie.

Hel. I fli reake time, or finch in propertie
Of what I fpoke, vnitidet let me die:
And well defcende: not helping, deffe my fee,
But if't helpes, what does you promife me.
Kim. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it euem?
Kim. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then fhal I give me with thy kindly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogation
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy flate:
But fuch a one thy vaffall, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bellow.

Kim. Hereis my hand, the permisses obferv'd,
Thy will by my performance fhal be fenn'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy revolv'd Patient, on thee still relye:
More should I question thee, and more I muft,
Though more to know, could not be more to truft:
From whence thou can't,how tended on, but reft
Vnqueftion'd we welcome, and vnquestioned bleft.
Give me fume help heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed fhal match thy deed.

Flourish. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowwe.

Lady. Come on fir, I shal now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clow. I will show my felfe highly fed, and lowly taugh, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you special, when you put off that with fuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may eafe fill put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off a cap, kiffe his hand, and fay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap: and indeed fuch a fellow, to fay precifely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an anfwere will ferue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anfwere that fits all queftions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaffe that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anfwere ferue fit to all queftions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attorney, as your French Crowne for your taffity punke, as
Tibs ruft for Toms fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrou\-
tfeday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his home, as a folding quene to a wrangling kowse, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, may as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Hauue you, I fay, an anfwere of fuch finifhe for all queftions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-
flable, it will fit any queftion.

Lady. It must be an anfwere of most monftrous fize,
That muft fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs ro't.

Ask mee if I am a Courteis, it shall do you no harme to learme.

Lady. To be young againe if we could! I will bee a fool in queftion, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-
swert.

Lady.
Enter King, Holten, and attendants.
Par. I would have said it, you say well he be comes the king.

Ol. Lafl. Lucrifice, as the Dutchman saies: He like a maid the Better whilf't I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her a Carranto.
Par. Mar du vinget, is not this Helen?
Ol. Lafl. Forc God I thinke so;
King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preferue by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht since
Thou haft repeale'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attendis thy naming.

Enter Count, Laflen, and Parallels.

Ol. Lafl. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophical perions, to make modeike and familiar things supernatural and caufal. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrorus, enforcing our felues into feming knowledges, when we should submit our felues to an unknowne looke.
Per. Why is the rarest argument of wonder, that hath fhot out in our latter times.
Refl. And fo'tis.
Ol. Lafl. To be relinquifh'd of the Artifes.
Per. So I fay both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Ol. Lafl. Of all the learned and authentic fellows.
Per. Right to I fay.
Ol. Lafl. That gave him out incurable.
Per. Why there is't, fay I too.
Ol. Lafl. Not to be help'd.
Per. Right as twere a man affured of a
Ol. Lafl. Vnfixtaine life, and fue death.
Per. Ift, you fay well; fo I would haue faid.
Ol. Lafl. I may truly fay, it is a noftrile to the world.
Per. It is indeede if you will haue it in the feewing you shall read it in what do ye call there.
Ol. Lafl. A fiewing of a heavenly effeft in an earthly Aftr.
Per. That's it, I would haue faid, the verie fame.
Ol. Lafl. Why your Dolphin is not tuffiter: for mee I speak in refpeft.
Per. Nay its strange, its very strange, that is the brefte and the tellous of it, and he's of a moft familiar spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the-
Ol. Lafl. Very hand of heaven.
Per. I, fo I fay.
Ol. Lafl. In a moft weakne-
Per. And deblie minifter great power, grea tran-
cendence,which should indeede give vs a further vie to
be made, then alone the recovery of the king, as to be-

Old Lafl. Generally thankful.
have here: 'twere bad luck to be English, the French hore got om.

Lt. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your wife a fonde out of my blood.

A.Lord. Paire one, I thinke not so,
All. Lord. There is one grape yet, I am sure thy father
drunk wine. But if thou be not so affe, I am a youth of
fourteen: I have knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live.

Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why shet young Bertram take thine thee's thy
wife.

Ber. My wife! ye liege! I shall becrch your highnes
In such a busines, give me leave to vie
The helpe of mine owne eyes.

King. Know'st thou not Bertram what theke's his done
for me?

Ber. Yet my good Lord, but neuer hope to know
why I should marry her.

King. I know'd it thee's his raised me from my sick-
ly a bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Must answer for thy raising? I knowe her well;
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Physicians daughter my wife? Difdaine
Rather corrupt me cue.

King. This only title thou disdainst in her, the which
I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, poynt'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction: yet (stands off
In differences so mightie. If the bee
All that is vertuous (Save what thou dislik'd) It
A poore Phisitans daughter, thou dislik'est
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:
From lowell place, whence verius things proceed, the
Place is dignified by th' doors dece.
Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropped honour.Good a lone,
Is good without a name? Vilenesse is fo:
The proprie by what is it, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire,
In thefe, to Nature thee's immediate heire:
And thefe breed honour: that is honour scorne,
Which challenges it felle as honour borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our as's wee derieve
Then our force- goers: the mere words, a flave
Debofd on euerie tome, on euerie grave:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damned obliotion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be flaine?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maidie,
I can create the red: Vertue, and thee
In her owne dowre: Honour and wealth, from thee,
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will flitaire to doo't.

King. Thou wrong't thy felle, if thou shoul'dft flitaire to
choofe.

Hel. That you are well reftor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the relf go.

King. My Honors at the flake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Provided from full boy, wronwristhe this good gift,
This doll in vlfe misprision flackke vp
My love, and her defire: that can't not dreame,
We poizned wi her defciute flake.

Shall weire thee to the bame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We please to hauve it grow. Cheke the contempt:
Obey Our will, which crazes in thy good:
Believe not thy difdaine, but prefume
Do thine owne fortunes that obediens right.

Which both thy duty owes, and Our power claimes,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer.

Into the flaggers, and the carelesse lapce.

Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Lookinf upn thee, in the name of iustice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake the thy answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
My fante to your eies, when I consider
What great creation, and what doe of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that the whifhe late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, moft baife is now
The praiied of the King, who so ennobl'd,
Is as'twere borne so

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her the is: which to whom I promise
A counterpart: I, not to thy effate,
A ballance more replant.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the favore of the King
Smile vnpon this Contrakt: whole Ceremonie
Shall becomm expedient on the now borne brieve,
And be perform'd to night: the Solemne Festall
Shall more arriue vnpon the coming space.

Exeunt 

Parlors and Laven flag behind, commencing of this wedding.

Laf. Do you hear Monfieur? A word with you.

Par. Your plesure sir.

Laf. Your Lord, and Master did well to make his rec-
taration.

Par. Recantation! My Lord? my Master?

Laf. 1: Is it not a Language I spake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderfand without bloudy succeeding: My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Regiflant?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts multiplier is of another file.

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sire, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travell, it might passe: yet the scifles and the ban-
eress about thee, did manifestly diwade me from be-

King. Thou wrong't thy felle, if thou shoul'dft flitaire to choo.

Hel. That you are well reftor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the relf go.

King. My Honors at the flake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Provided from full boy, wronwristhe this good gift,
This doll in vlfe misprision flackke vp
My love, and her des're: that can't not dreame,
We poizned wi her des'Iute flake,
Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is the well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given she's very well, and wants nothing in the world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what do's she syle, that she's not vere well?

Clo. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God send her quickly the other, that she's in earth, from whence God sent her quickly.

Enter Paralle.

Par. Blest you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope Sir I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, hauent them still. O my knave, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wifher man: for many a mans tongue makes out his masters vndoeing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing; and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, that's a knave.

Clo. You should have said fair before a knave, that's a knave, that's before me that's a knave: this had bene truth fir.

Par. Go too, thou art a witte fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe fir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The search fir was profitable, and much Poole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knave is a th, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go awaye to night,
All's Well that ends Well.

A very courteous bufiness calls on him; The great pretentiatue and rite of love, Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge, But puts it off to a compell'd restraint: Whose want, and whofe delay, is threw'd with sweets Which they distill now in the curb'd time, To make the coming hour overflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brim. 

Hel. What's his will eft? 
Par. That you will take your inftant leave a’th’ king, And make this haft as your owne good proceeding, Strengthened with what Apology you think May make it probable neede. 

Hel. What more commands he? 
Par. That having this obtaine’d, you prefent 
Attend his further pleasure. 

Hel. In every thing I waite vpon his will. 
Par. I shall repoint it for. 
Exit Par. 
Hel. I pray you come firrath. 
Exit

Enter Lafan and Bertram. 
Laf. But I hope your Lordship thinnks not him a foulidier. 
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approoue. 
Laf. You have it from his owne delierance. 
Ber. And by other warranted testimonie. 
Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this I ask for a hunting. 
Ber. I do affure you my Lord he is very great in know-ledge, and accordlingly valiant. 
Laf. I have then fin’d against his experience, and tranfigratt against his valour, and my flate that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Here he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pur- fue the amitie,

Enter Paralct. 
Par. Thes things shalt be done fir. 
Laf. Pray you fir whefe his Tailor? 
Par. Sir? 
Laf. O I know him well, I fis, hee fits a good work- man, a verie good Tailler. 
Ber. Is thine gone to the king? 
Par. Shame is. 
Ber. Will hee come away to night? 
Par. As you haue heer. 
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure, Given order for our horses, and to night, When I should take posfession of the Bride, And ere I doe begin. 
Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vfe a known truth to passe a thousand nothinges with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God faue you Cap- taine. 
Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monfieur? 
Par. I know not how I have deferued to run into my Lords displeasure. 
Laf. You haue made shift to run into, bootes and spurrees and all: like him that leapt into the Cuffard, and out of you’re runne againe, rather then fuffer question for your residence. 
Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord. 
Laf. And shall doe euer, though I took him at’s prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of me, there can be no kerneU in this light Nur: the foule of this man is his cloathes: Truft him not in matter of heauie confequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monfieur, I haue spoken better of you, then you haue or will to defence at my hand, but we muft do good againft euill. 

Par. An idle Lord, I fwear, 
Ber. I thinke fo, 
Par. Why do you not know him? 
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gius him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena. 
Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and haue procur’d his leaue 
For prefent parting, onely he defires 
Some private speech with you. 
Ber. I shall obey his will. 
You must not merrue Helena at my couffe, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The miniftation, and required office 
On my particular, Prepare’d I was not 
For such a bufinesse, therefore am I found So much unfetled: This drives me to intreate you, That prefently you take your way for home, And rather muft then ask why I intreate you, For my refpeds are better then they feeme, And my appointments have in them a neede 
Greater then fieves it felle at the drift view, 
To you that know them not. This to my mother, 'Twill be two daies eere I shall fee you, fo I leave you to your wifehood. 
Hel. Sir, I can nothing fay, 
But that I am your moft obedient fervante. 
Ber. Come, come, no more of that, 
Hel. And euer fhall 
With true obfervation fecke to ecke out that Wherein toward me my homely ftattes have faild 
To equal my great fortune. 
Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell: 
Hie home, 
Hel. Pray for your pardon. 
Ber. Well, what would you fay? I am not worthie of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I fay ‘tis mine: and yet it is, But like a timorous theefe, moft faine would fcape What law does vouch mine owne. 
Ber. What would you have? 
Hel. Something, and fcarce fo much: nothing indeed, I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yet, Strangers and foes do funder, and not kiffe. 
Ber. I pray you fay not, but in haft to horse. 
Hel. I fhall not brooke your bidding, good my Lords: Where are my other men? Monfieur, farwell. 
Exit 
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will neuer come, Whilft I can make my word, or beare the drumme: 
Away, and for our flight. 
Par. Bruely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troop of Souldiers. 
Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard The
All's Well, that Ends Well.

The fundamental reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And many thirls after.

1. Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell
Upon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruslie much our Cost in France
Would in fo just a busineffe, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reaons of our flate I cannot yeeld,
But like a common and an ouerward man,
That the great figure of a Comrade framers,
By selfe visible motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I have found
My felse in my incontinent grounds to fail
As of ten I gaue.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren.G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That suffer on their cafe, will day by day
Concre at Platycke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honeys that can flye from vs.
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your allies they fell,
To morrow to th' field.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, since
That he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my Lord to be a verie
Melancholy man.

Count. By what obedience I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke ypon his boote, and finge:
Mend the Ruffe and finge, alke questions and finge, fiche
His teeth, and finge: I know, a man that had this tricke of
Melandoly hold a goodly Manner for a song.

Lad. Let me fiche what he writes, and when he means
to come.

Clo. I have no minde to Ithell since I was at Court.
Our Old Lings, and our Ithell a'th Country, are nothing
Like your old Lings and your Ithell a'th Court:
The brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an
Old man lous money, with no flomacke.

Lad. What have we here?

Clo. In that you hafe there.

Exit Letter.

I haue fent you a daughter-in-Law, fhee hath recovered the
King, and undane me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,
And sworn to make the not eternal. Thou shalt beare I am
Runne away, know it before the report come. If there be
Breath enough in the world, I will hold a lon long distance. My
duty to you.

Your unfornunate fone, Bertrain.

This is not well raff and unbridled boy.
To fye the favours of so good a King,
To placce his indignation on thy head,
By the misftring of a Maide too veruous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is beauteous newes within betwen
two Souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

Lad. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
Comfort, your fonne will not be kild so foon as I thought
he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So fay Madam, if he runne away, as I hear he
does, the danger is in flandering too, that's the loffe of
men, though it be the getting of children. Here he come
will tell you more. For my part I longly hear your
sonne was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentleman.

Fren.E. Sure you good Madam,
Hil. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. Do not say so.

La. Think ye upon patience, pray you Gentleman,
I haue feen so many quirkes of foy and greafe,
That the first face of neither on the firt
Can woman me vncoo't. Where is my fonne I pray you?

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to ferue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his Letter Madam, here's my Psaport.

When thou comt get the Ring upon my finge, which you
Shall come off, and fhow me a childe before, of thy bodie,
That I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a(chen)
I write a Nearer.

This is a dreadful fentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentleman?

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpofe, and beleu't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good conuenience claims.

La. Returne you thither,

Fren.E. I Madam, with the fwest fide wing of speed,
Hil. Tell I have no wife, I have nothing in France,

Fren.G. I have the chaffe of fhee.

Fren.E. I finde you that there?

Hil. I Madam.

Fren.G. 'Tis but the boldneffe of his hand haply, which
His heart was not confenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, untill he have no wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she defires a Lord
That twenty fuch rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourly Marrit. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A fomer foonly, and a Gentleman: which I
Have fometime knowne.

La. Parallel was it not?

Fren.G. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie exalted fellow, and full of wickednefe,
My fonne corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
That, too much, which holds him much to hafe.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will interesse you
When you see my fonne, to tell him that his fword can
never winne the honor that he loofes: more I will interesse

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you written to barealoon

Pren. G. We ferue you Madam in that and all your
worthie affairis

L. Not fo, but as we change our courseis,
Will you draw neere?

Exeunt

Thou shalt have none Restitution, none in France,
Then haft thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chaffe thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the enemie
Of the none-sparring warre ? And is it 1
That drave thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Wast shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smaile Musketts ? O you leaen messengers,
That ride upon the violent speedes of fire,
Fly with falle syme, moue the still-peeering aire
That rings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who ever shoots at him, let him there.
Who ever charges on his forward brest
I am the Cause that do hold him too,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effecte: Better twere
I met the person Lyon when he res'ed
With sharpe confolation of hunger: better twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home Restitution,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a feeare,
As off it looest all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee heare,
Shall I say heere to doo't? No, no, although
The syre of Paradise did fan the houfe,
And Angles office'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To consolate chine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) I fleale away. Exit.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Restitutions,
drum and trumpeters, soldiers, Pageis.

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our late loue and credence
Upon thy promissing fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heare for my strength, but yet
We'll thridue to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then goe thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mistis.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall praise
A loue of thy drumme, liarter of loue.

Enter Countess & Steward.

I. a. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Reade it again.

Letter.
I am S. Laques Pilgrim, shitter gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offende'd,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With fainted own my faults to have amended.
Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one Parlel, a filthy Officer he is, in such suggetions for the young Earle, beware of them Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all their engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maid hath beene seduced by them, and the misery and terrible fates in the wack of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lined with the twiidges that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so loft.

Dis. You shall not neede to feste me.

Ent. Helen. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, I'll question her. God save you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. Iuques la grand. Where do the Palmers lodge, I do betrench you? 

Ent. At S. Francis here be before the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? A march of are.

Ent. I marry is. Harkke you, they come this way.

If you will terrize holy Pilgrime But till the troops come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodgd,

The rather for I think I know your hostlefe As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe? 

Ent. If you shall please to Pilgrime.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leave. Ent. you, I think I thence from France? 

Hel. I did do.

Ent. Here you shall fee a Courtman of yours That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name I prays you? 

Dis. The Count Rafffion? know you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dis. What forrester he is He's brauely taken here, he floote from France As'tis reported: for the King had married him Against his liking. Thinke you is it so?

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know my Lady.

Dis. There is a Gentleman that hurtes the Count, Reports but courley of her,

Hel. What is his name? 

Dis. Monstre Parlelott, Hel. Oh I beleue with him, In argument of praiue, or to the worth Of the great Count himselfe, she is too proporcd To have her name repeated, all her defering Is a referred houslee, and that I haue not heard examin'd.

Dis. Alas poore Ladie, The is a hard bondage to become the wife Of a defecting Lord, 

Ent. I write good creature, wherefore she is, Her hart wai特斯 falsely: this yong maid might do her A furew'd tune if the pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane? May be the amorous Count solicites her In the wileful purpose.

Ent. He does indeed, And breakes with all that can in such a suite Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide: But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard In honofeit defence.

Drumme and Colours. Enter Count Raffission, Parlelott, and the whole Armie.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too's: let him haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordshiphee finde him not a Hiding, hold me no more in your respect.


B. Er. Do you thinke I am so faste

Deceived in him.

Cap. E. Beleeve it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any mistike, but to speake of him as my kindman, he's a most noble Couraard, an infinite and endless lyn, an hourly promiss-breake, the owner of no one good qualifie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too faste in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and troublous business, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

B. Er. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you hearre him so confidenly vnder-take to do.

C. E, I with a troop of Fiorentines will sodainly fur-

X 2

prize
All's Well that ends Well.

prise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will binde and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is car-
ried into the Leager of the adheraters, when we bring him to our owne tents, but our Lordship presen-
at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of bale fear, offer to
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeite of his
soul upon oath, neues trait my judgement in one
thing.

Cap. G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his
drumme, hefayes he has a stratagem for't: when your
Lordshiphe sees the bottom of this faccefe in't, and to
what mettle this counterfeft lamp of ours will be met-
tled if you give him not Tohn drummes entertainment,
your inclination cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parrelles.

Cap. E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the ho-
or of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any
hand.

Ber. How now Monfieur? This drumme flicks forte-
ly in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme, 1 1t but a drumme? A drum so
lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with
our house upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne
souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command
of the seniour it was a disater of warre that Caesar him
selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to
command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our fac-
ccefe: some difhonour wee had in the leffe of that drum,
but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have beene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of fer-
uite is faldome attributed to the true and exalt per-
formed, I would have that drumme or another, ot its sa-
cer.

Ber. Why if you have a fit man, too Monfieur: if
you think your mister in your resarag, can bring this
instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be
magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace
the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speece well in
it, the Duke shall bade speak of it, and extend to you
what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the very
sallable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now flumber on it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will presently
pendowne my dilemme, to encourage my selfe in my
certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation : and
by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I see bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it.

Par. I know not what the faccefe will be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know that't valiant,
And to the power of souldiership.
Will further we for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words:

Cap. E. No more then fitt loues water. I not this
a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently deemes to
undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be
done, dammes himselfe to do, & dares better be damned
then to done't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe,
certaine it is that he will steele himselfe into a mens fa-
uour, and for a weeke escape a great deal of difficu-
ties, but when you finde him out, you haue him ever af-
ter.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at
all of this that so freelouie he dooes addresseth him selfe
unto?

Cap. G. None in the world, but returne with an in-
tention, and clasp upon you two or three probabilities:
but we haue almoft imboff him, you shall ffe his fall to
night; for indeede he is not for your Lordships re-
spect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe
ere we cafe him. He was first smak'd by the old Lord
Lafen, when his disguife and he is parted, tell me what
a sport you shall finde him, which you shall fee this ve-
rine night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twiggere,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, let me leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and thow you
The Laff I spake of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spake with him butonce,
And found her wondrous cold, but I fent to her
By this fame Coxcombe that we haue't winde
Tokens and Letters, which the did refend,
And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go fee her?

Cap. E. With all my hest my Lord.

Enter Helen and Bridgew.

Hel. If you mide doubt that I am not free,
I know not how I shal affure you further,
But I shal loafe the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my efface be false, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these busineses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any flaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you,
First give me truth, the Counte he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counfaile I have spoken,
Is lo from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good aye that of I you fshall borrow,
Erst in beflowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you,
For you have hew'd me that which well approues
You are in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helps thus fare,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Counte he woes your
doughter,
Layes downe his wanton fledge before her beautie,
Refolve to carrie her: let her in fine content
As we'll direct her how 'tis beft to bothe it.
Now his important blood will naught denie,
ThatScope'd I demand: a ring the Countes weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his houfe.
From sone to sone, lorn sone of five dillents, Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere, How ere repented after.

"Held. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

"Held. Have ye it lawfully then, it is more, But that your daughter eue seemes as wome, Delisys this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delieres me to fill the time, Her selue most chaftly abstent: after To marry her, Ile addr three thousand Crownes To what is past already.

"Paid. I have yielded: Instructed my daughter how the shal peruerse, That time and place with this deceit to lawfull May prove coherent. Every night he comes With Muficke of all sortes, and songs compos'd To her unworthy selfe: It nothing needes vs To chide him from our eures, for he perills As if his life lay on't.

"Hed. Why then to night. Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed, It wicked meaning in a lawfull deed: And lawfull meaning in a lawfull deed, Where both no name, and yes a finall fait. But let's about it.

Allus Quarts.

Enter one of the French men, with fue or fue other soldiers in ambusc.

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fallie upon him, speak what terrible Language you will; though you understand it not your selves, no matter: for we must not seeme to understand him, unlese some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

2. Sal. Good Captaine, let me bee th' Interpreter.

"Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

"Sal. No sir I warrant you.

"Lord. But what line sic wolver haifa thou to speake to vs again.

"Sal. E'en such as you speake to me.

"Lord. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, Ith aduerfities entertainment. Now he hath a smake of all behouoring Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his owne fince, not to know what we speake one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straigt our purpose: Thoughts language, gabble enouge, and good enough. As for you Interpreter, you must seeme very politike. But couch hows, heere hee comes, to begone two houres in a sleepe, and then to retorne & sware the liues hee foiges.

Enter Parallels.

"Par. Ten a clock: Within thes three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shal I say I have done? It must bee a very pluful intention that carrie it. They beginne to smake mee, and diligences hauie of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foule-hardie, but my heart hath the lease of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not dazing the reports of my tongue.

"Lord. This is the first truth that ere theine owne tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What is dueell shold mue mee to undeate the recovery of this drunme, being not ignorance of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must gie my felse some hars, and say I got them in ex- ploit: yet flight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not gue, wherefore what's the insuffinate. Tongue, I must put you into a Buter-womans mouth, and buy my felse another of Balaeris Mule, if you prattle mee into these perill.

"Lord. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

"Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ferce the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

"Lord. We cannot affoord you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in straagem.

"Lord. 'T would not do.

"Par. Or to drowne my claes, and say I was strict.

"Lord. Hardly feate.

"Par. Though I wrote I leapt from the window of the Citell.

"Lord. How depee t

"Par. Thisty fadome.

"Lord. Three great othes would scarce make that be beleue.

"Par. I would I had any drunme of the enemies, I would sweare I recover'd it.

"Lord. You shall heare one anon.

"Par. A drunme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

"Lord. Three a-moone, cargo, cargo, cargo.

"All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, willing by corbe, cargo.

"Par. O ramome, ramome.

Do not hide mine eyes.

"Int. Buskis thrumde booke.

"Par. I know you are the Makers Regiment, And I shall loose my life for want of language. If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speake to me, Ile discouer that, which shal envo the Florentine.

"Int. Booke yvwanye, I undersande thee, & can speake thy tongue: Herebyoone, sit, beare thee to thy faith, for seventeene yonarys are at thy bosome.

"Par. Oh.

"Int. O pray, pray, pray, Mone mayvnoa duche.

"Lord. Of forbedidccher velinacre.

"Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet, And hoo winkst as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee. Hapy thou mayst inferme Something to faue thy life.

"Par. O let me live,

"Int. And all the secretes of our campe Ile shew,

"Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that, Which you will wonder at.

"Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

"Par. If I do not, danme me.

"Int. Acarda linta,

Come on, thou are granted space.
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest oblique it world,
In me to looke. Thus your owne proper wifedom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vain affault.

_Ms._ Here, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And I esteem by thee.

_Dia._ When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-

 ober window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be delieuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, He put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May taken to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

_Ber._ A heauen on earth I have won by woeing thee,
_Do._ For which, lie long to thank both heaven & me,
You may so in the end.

My mother told me how he would woo,
As if the fate in his heart. She saies, all then
Have the like oaths: He had swore to matte mee
When his wife's dead: therefore I leye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll sue and die a Maid:
Onely in this diguife, I think't no finne.
To coven him that would vitually winne.

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
_Soldiers._

_Cap.G._ You have nor givem him his mothers letter.
_Cap.E._ I have deliuer'd it at houre since, there is some
thing in't that fings his nature: for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.

_Cap.G._ He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
for flinking off to good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

_Cap.E._ Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting
dislike of the King, who had euer turn'd his bounty
to finge happiness to him, I will tell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

_Cap.G._ When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am
the graue of it.

_Cap.E._ Hee hath perueried a young Gentlewoman
here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night
he flethes his will in the spoyle of her honours: hee hath
given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe
made in the vnchaft composition.

_Cap.G._ Now Gode delay our rebellion as we are our
selues, what things are we.

_Cap.E._ Merely our owne traitours. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still fee them resolve
themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so
he that in this action contributs against his owne Nobili-
ity in his proper fireame, one-flows himselfe.

_Cap.G._ Is it not mean to damnable in vs, to be Trum-
peters of our own fall fall definitions? We shall not then have
his company to night?

_Cap.E._ Not till after midnight: for hee is dietered
to his houre.

_Cap.G._ That approaches space: I would gladly have
him fee his company at armiz'd, that hee might take
a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had left this counterfeite.  
_Cap._ E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.  
_Cap._ G. In the meantime, what hear we of these Warrors?  
_Cap._ E. I hear there is an outerute of peace.  
_Cap._ G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.  
_Cap._ E. What will Count Rossilien do then? Will he trouble higher, or return againe into France?  
_Cap._ G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of this conceit.  
_Cap._ E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I be a great deale of his ad.  
_Cap._ G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her presence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le grand; which holy vndertaking, with most au-  
sier and lamentable the accomplishment: and there refiding, the tendernes of her Nature, bees neas a prey to ther  
piece: in fine, made a groane of her Isf breath, & now the ingrained hum.  
_Cap._ E. How is this justified?  
_Cap._ G. The stronger part of it by her owne I letters, which makes her storie true, even to the point of her  
death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: I was faithfully confirm'd by the Vietor  
of the place.  
_Cap._ G. Hath the Count all this intelligence?  
_Cap._ G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the visite.  
_Cap._ E. I am heartly sorry that hee be glade of this.  
_Cap._ G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs com-  
sorts of our loffes.  
_Cap._ E. And how mightily some other times, wee  
drowne our gaine in tears, the great dignifie that his  
valour hath ascribed to him, shall at home be en-  
countred with a shame as ample.  
_Cap._ G. The webbe of our life is of a mingled yarn,  
good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if  
our faults whip them not, and our crimes would dis-  
paise if they were not cherished by our vertues.  

**Enter a Messenger.**  
How now? Where's your master?  
_Ser._ He met the Duke in the street, for, of whom hee  
heathen come of a faeme leave: his Lordship will next  
morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Let-  
ters of commendations to the King.  
_Cap._ E. They shall bee no more then needfull there,  
if they were more then they can commend.  

**Enter Count Rossilien.**  
_Ber._ They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-  
tenne, here's his Lordship now. now how my Lord,  
I'mt after midnight.  
_Ber._ I have to night dispatch'd fourteen busineses, a  
month's length a piece, by an abstrait of success: I  
have conied with the Duke, done my suit with his  
neere, buried a wife, mournd for her, wri to my La-  
die mother, I am returning, ent, tain'd my Cousay, &  
be betweene those maine parcels of dispatch, affected  
many nices needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have,  
nor ended yet.  
_Cap._ E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this  
morning your departure hence, it requires hatt of your  
Lordship.  
_Ber._ I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing  
to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue  
between the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring  
forth this counterfeite module, he a decsa'd men, like a  
double-meaning Prophets.  
_Cap._ E. Bring him forth, his fat's flocks all night  
poore gallant knave.  
_Ber._ No matter, his heele have defent'd it, in vuing  
his spares so long. How does he carry himself?  
_Cap._ E. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The  
foles carry him. But to answer you as you would be  
underftood, hee weeps like a wench that had flied her  
miue, he hath confent himselfe to Morgan, whom bee  
suppose to be a Friar, for the time of his remembrance  
to this very instant disaffter of his fittin' th't foles:  
and what think you hee hath confent?  
_Ber._ Nothing of me, ha's a?  
_Cap._ E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read  
to his face, if your Lordship be int... as beleve you  
you, you must have the patience to heare it.  

**Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.**  
_Ber._ A plague upon him, mufhe'd, he can fay nothing  
of me: hush, hush.  
_Cap._ G. Hoodman comes: _Perrotartras._  
_Int._ He calles for the tortures, what will you fay  
without end.  
_Par._ I will confente what I know without conffaint,  
if you pinch me like a Paffy, I can fay no more.  
_Int._ Backo Chiamuldo.  
_Cap._ Bobikindh chiorcmarne.  
_Int._ You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall  
bids you anwer to what I shall ask you out of a Note.  
_Par._ And truly, as I hope to live.  
_Int._ First demand of him, how many horfe the Duke  
is strong. What say you to that?  
_Par._ Five or fiue thousand, but very weake and un-  
ferizable: the troopes are all leared, and the Com-  
manders veie poore rogues, upon my reputation and  
credit, and as I hope to live.  
_Int._ Shall I fet downe your anwer fo?  
_Par._ Do, le take the Statement on't, how & which  
you way will you: allone to him.  
_Ber._ What a paff-laving faue is this?  
_Cap._ G. Y'are deecit'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur  
Parolles the gallant militarre, that was his owne phrafe  
that had the whole theorie of warre in the knowl of his  
ours, and the praficie in the chape of his dagge.  
_Cap._ E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping  
his sword cleane, nor beleuie he can have courage  
in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.  
_Int._ Well, that's fet downe.  
_Par._ Five or fix thousand horfe I fed, I will fay tru,  
or thereabouts fet downe, for he fpeake trueth.  
_Cap._ G. He's very nere the truth in this.  
_Ber._ But I con him no thankes for in the nature he  
deliveres it.  
_Par._ Poore rogues, I pray you fay.  
_Int._ Well, that's fet downe.  
_Par._ I humbly thank you sir, a truth's a truth, the  
Rogues are mamaluous poore.  
_Int._ Demand of him of what strength they are a  
foot. What say you to that?  
_Par._ By my truth sir, if I were to live this preffent  
houre, I will tell true. I come fee, _Spars a hundred &  
fiife,
All's Well that ends Well.

fite, Sebastian so many, Cerambiu so many, Jacques so many: Guiliano, César, Lodovick, and Gratius, two hundred fifty each: Mine own Company, Cleopatra, Demidov, Bentz, two hundred fifty each: so that the muller file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fift-

Beri. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition: and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's for downe: you shall demand of him, whether one Captain Demain be at Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valor, honesty, and experiment in warres: or whether he thinks it was not possible with well-waithing

Cap. G. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeite to the next title that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and loslie.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall hear of your Lord's anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to tumne him out at hand. I think I have his Letter in my poc-

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good faith I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Duke other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Here's his. here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be in or no.

Beri. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellent. -

Int. Dian, the Counts a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is the not the Duke's letter is't: that is an advertisement to a proper trade in Florence, one, Dian, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Ruffion, a foillish idle boy: but for all that very rutiful. I pray you sir put it vp again.

Int. Nay, I lese it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning is't I protest was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I know the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virgin-

Beri. Damnable both-sides togue.

Int. Lat. When he seares oaths, bid him drop gold, and -

After be fores, he never pays the score: He is now in match well made, match and well makes it.

Int. He never pays after debts, let him be fore, and as a faunfer (Diana) said to this:

Men are to well with, yetes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Count a fool I know it, Whose pages before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine as he would to thee in thine care,

Par. Ber. He shall be whipp through the Armie with this rim's for the maid.

Cap. G. This is your devoted friend Sir, the manifold Lenguis, and the army potent foundlet.

Beri. I could endure anything before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive fie by your Generals looks, we shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life fie in any cafe: Not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live fie in a dunge-

Int. We'll see what fie may bee done, so you confede fie: therefore once more to this Captain Demain: you have anwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his value. What is his honesty?

Par. He will fake an Egge out of a Cloffier: for rapes and rauifhments he paraliles Naffie. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then heretick. He will lyie fie, with such volubility, that you would thinke what were a foole: drunkenneffe is his best vice, for he will be wine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, false to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say fie of his honnety, he's a ceet-

Cap. G. I begin to looke for this.

Beri. For this description of thine honnety? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his experimenter in warre?

Par. Faith fie, he's led the drumme before the Eng-

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to tumne him out at hand. I think I have his Letter in my poc-

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Enter Cleome, old Lady, and Lefiow.

Lof. No, no, no, your fome was milled with a finge taffa fellov there, whom willious faffon woule houe made all the withf and dowfy yonath of a nation in his colour: your daugther-in-law had beene alige at this houre, and your fome heere at home, more aduance by the King, then by that red-tailed humble Bee I fpeak of.

La. I would I had not noowne him, it was the death of the moft vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature had praise for creating. If he had perftaken of my fefl and cott mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I coulde not have owed her a more rooted love.

Lef. Tvas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may picke a thoufand fallets ere wee light on fuch another heart.

Clo. Indeed fie the was the sweete Margerom of the fallet, or rather the hearte of grace.

Lef. They are not heartes you knowe, they are none heartes.

Cloane. I am no great. Nobuchadnezar fie, I have not much skill in grace.

Lef. Whether doeft thou profefse thy felfe, a knace or a foole?

Clo. A foole fir at a womens fervice, and a knace at a maus.

Lef. Your definition.

Clo. I would coulen the man of his wife, and do his fervice.

Lef. So you were a knace at his fervice indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my hande fir to doe her fervice.

Lef. I will subfcribe for thee, thou art both knace and foole.

Clo. At your fervice.

Lef. No, no, no.

Clo. Why fir, if I cannot ferve you, I can ferve as great a prince as you are.

Clo. Whole that, a Frenchman.

Clo. Faith fir a has an English maine, but his ftom- mite is more hotter in France then there.

Lef. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince fir, alias the prince of darke- nesse, alias the diuell.

Lef. Had ye there's my purge, I give thee not this to fogge the thee from thy matter thou talkt to, ferve him full.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatf in the Christian world
Shall be your face: for whole throne 'tis needful
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.

Time was, I did him a defired office,
Deced almoft as his life, which gratitude
Through finte Tartars bosome would peere forth,
And after thanks, I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marcella, to which place
We have conuenient convey: you much know
I am suppos'd dead, the Army breaking,
My husband heis him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before your welcome.

Vid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a fervant to whole trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Milifirs
Enter a friend, whole thoughts more truly labouer
To recompence your lone: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dowier,
As it hath fated her to be my moteure

All's Well, that Ends Well.
All's Well that ends Well.

Aetas Quintus.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding fitting day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot help it:
But since you have made the dates and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my sattires,
Be bold you do to grow in my requisit,
As nothing can vntroote you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Afferinger.

This man may help me to his Maiefties care,
If he would spend his power. God save you Sir.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have scene you in the Court of France.

Gen. I have beene sometymes there.

Hel. I do presume Sir, that you are not saine
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore gossed with most sharpe occasions,
Which ley me manners by, I put you to
The vfe of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankfull.

Gen. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And sayde me with that flore of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gen. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not here Sir?

Gen. Not indeed.

He hence remoued last night, and with more haft
Then is his vfe.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time feme fo aduerse, and means vnfit;
I do befeech you, whither is he gone?

Gen. Marrie as I take it to Raffilfion.

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do befeech you Sir,
Since you are like to fee the King before me,
Comend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speed
Our meannes will make vs meannes.

Gen. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your felle to be well thanke
what e'er fallers more. We must to house againe, Go, go,
prouide.

Enter Clavine and Parrollet.

Par. Good Mr. Lavanche give my Lord Laffon this let-
ter, I have ere now beene better knowne to you, when
I have held familiaritie with frether cloathes: but I am
now fure meddied in fortunes mood, and smel somewhat
strong of her strong dilepherence.

Clav. Truely, Fortunes dilepherence is but fettish ift
snell so strongly as thou speakeft of: I will henceforth
care no Fifth of Fortunes bust ring. Prethee slow the
winder.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose Sir: I speake
but by a Metaphor.

Clav. Indeed Sir, if your Metaphor flinke, I will stop
my nose, or against any mens Metaphor. Prethe get thee
further.
Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.
Clo. Foh, prethee fland away: a paper from fortunes clafs.-foole, to glue to a Nobleman. Looke here he comes himself.

Enter Laffan.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes fir., or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Mousecat, that's his falne into the vnclene fish-pond of her dilepasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you fir, vse the Carpe as you may, for he lookea like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rafcly knit. I doe pittie his dißlere in my fmalles of comfort, and leyne him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortne hath cruelfly fertha'd.

Laff. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late to pair her naile now. Whereas have you played the knave with fortune that the foole scratch you, who of her felfe is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long erder? There's a Cardes for you: Let the fuites make you and fortune friends; I am for other bufineffe.

Par. I befeech your honour to beare mee one fingle word.

Laff. You begge a fingle penny more: Come you shall have your word.

Tar. My name my good Lord is Parrel.

Laff. You begge more then word then, Cox my paftion, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. My good Lord, you were the firft that found mee.

Laff. Was I in too? And I was the firft that looke thee. Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laff. Out vpon thee knave, doeth thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuell; one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had take of you left night, though you are a foonle and a knave, you shall eate, go too fellow.

Par. I praffe God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Laffan, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kim. We loofe a f elfew of her, and our ftreeme was made much poorer by it: but your fonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know Her effimation home.

Old La. Tis paft my Liege,
And I befcce you Maiiffe to make it Natural rebellion, done 1th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too ftrong for reafons force, Or teethes it, and burns me.

Kim. My hounour'd Lady, I have forgun and forgotten all, Though my revenge were high bent upon him, And vntill the time to choote,

Laff. This I muft fay,
Burftifh I begge my pardon: the yong Lord Did to his Maiefe, his Mother, and his Lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe The greateft wrong of all. He left a wife, Whole beauty did adornith the turrey Of richett eies: whose words all ears took captive, Whole deere perfection, hearts that fcom it to ferue,

Humbly called Midriff.

Kim. Pratling what is loff, Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither, We are reconfeised, and the firft view shall kill All repetition: Let him not ake our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then oblivion, we do burie Thinfcenfing reliques of it. Let him approach A Stranger, no offender; and informe him So tis our will he shou'd.

Gent. I fhall my Liege.

Kim. What fayes he to your daughter, Have you fpoke?

Laff. All that he is, hath refereence to your Higheft.

Kim. Than fhall we have a matche. I have letters fent me, that lets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertam.

Laff. He looks well on't.

Kim. I am not a day of feafon,
For thou maiffe fay a fun-shine, and a hail in me at once; But to the brightefhe becomes
Diffraeted clouds giue way, to fland thou forth, The time is faire againe.

Bert. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kim. All is whole, Not one word more of the confumed time,
Let's take the infant by the forward top:
For we are old, and our quick'r morts
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreft it Rolne,
Extended or contratfed all proportions To a moft hideous object. Thence it came, That the whom all men praif'd, and whom my felfe,
Since I haue loft, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The duft that did offend it.

Kim. Well excus'd:
That thou difalter her, frikes some fcores away From the great compf: but loute that comes too late, Like a rameconfed pardon flayed in our carryed To the great tender, turns a fowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults, Make triaulliall feries of fhamefull things we have,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their grave.
Of our displeasures to our felues vnconf,
Defrroy our friends, and after wepe their duft:
Our owne loue wakings, cries to fee what's done,
While shamefull pardon flayed our the afternoone.
Be this fweetes Helene knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous tokens for faire Mandine,
The maine confents are had, and here well I lay
To fee our widdowers fcond marriage day:
Which better then the firft. O deere heavenly bleffe,
Or, ere they mette in me, O Nature ceffe.

Laff. Come on my fonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digefte: giue a favour from you
To sparkle in the fpirtes of my daughter.

That
All's Well that ends Well.

That she may quickly come. By my old beard, And cut off hair that's on't, Helen that's dead Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this, The left that ere I took her lease at Court, I saw upon her finger.

Bell. Hers it was not, King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, was fasten'd too's: This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I had her if her fortunes ever floode Necesstid to helps, by that this token I would receive, Had you that craft to rescue her Of what should head her moat? Bell. My gracious Souraigne, Howere it pleases you to take it fo, The ring was never hers. Old La. Sonne, on my life I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it At her lies rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it. Bell. You are deceiv'd my Lord, she never saw it: In Florence was it from a certain throwne mee, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that throw it: Noble he was, and thought It good ingr'd: but when I had subscried To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour As she had made the ouverture, the cest! In hensive satisfaction, and would never Receive the Ring again. King. Platan himselfe, That knowes the truth and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature mysterie more felicence, Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen, Who euer gave it you: then if you know That you are well acquainted with your selfe, Confesse 'twas hers, and by what tough enforcement You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie, That she would not put it from her finge'r, Vnleafe she gave it to your selfe in bed, Where you have never come: or fent it vs Upon her great disasters.

Bell. She never saw it, King. Thou speakest it falsely: as I love mine Honor, And make it consentual to tears to come into me, Which I would faine that out, if I should prove That thou art to inhuman, 'twill not proue so: And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly, And she is dead, which nothing but close Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue, More then to see this Ring. Take him away, My fore-past proofs, how ere the matter fall Shall race my tears of little vanitie, Haveing vainly feard too little. Away with him, Vll prefer this matter further.

Bell. If you shall prove This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet the neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in diffall thinking. Gen. Gracious Souraigne, Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not, Here is a section from a Florentine, Who hath for four or five remoues come short, I tender it her selfe. I understand it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know Is heere attending: her butineffe looks in here With an importing vifage, and the fole told me In a sweet verbal breafe, it did concerne Your Highneffe with her selfe.

A Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I blefe to say it, he wone me. Now is the Count Roff- filen a Widdower, his wves are forfetter to me, and my honor pay'd to him. Her flote from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his Country for Justice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beft lies, others are a fcanf fan- rifer, and a poore Malt is undone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a fonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. He none of him.

Kin. The heavens haue thought well en thef Lamen, To bring forth this difficoue, seekhe these futors: Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of Helen (Ladies) Was fowly fnaich. Old La. Now ifteft the doers. King. I wonder firt, firs, wives are monfters to you, And that you flye them as you wore them Lordship, Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, Diana, and Parrelle.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capilet, My fuite as I do vnderstand you know, And therefore know how faire I may be pittied. Whil. I am her Mother firt, whole age and honour Both fuffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall eafe, without your remedie.

King. Come heiter Count, do you know these Women? Bell. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny, But that I know them, do they charge me further? Dia. Why do you looke to ftange upon your wife? Bell. She's none of mine my Lord. Dia. If you shall marry You give away this hand, and that is mine, You give away heauens vows, and those are mine: You give away my felle, which is knowne mine: For I by vow am fo emboyled yours, That the which marries you, must marry me Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daugher, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deep rate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your higher Loy a more noble thought upon mine honour, Then for to think that I would finke it heere.

Kin. Sit for my thoughts, you have them it to friend, Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor, Then in my thought it lies.

Diana. Good my Lord,

Ask me vpnor his oath, if hee do's thynke He had not my virginity.

Kin. What falf thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord, And was a common gosfer to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: if I were fo, He might have bought me a common price.
Alls Well, that Ends Well.

Do not beleue him. O behold this Ring, Whose high respect and rich valutdite
Did lacke a Paraliel: yea for all that He gau it to a Commoner's Campe
If hee one.

Comm. He bluthes, and 'tis hit:
Of fixe preceding Ancestor, that Iemme
Confer'd by testament of th' sequent issue
Hath it bene owed and wore. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Me thought you faide
You saw one here in Court could witnesse it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names Paralleis,

Lof. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

Kim. Finde him, and bring him hether.

Ref. What of him?

He's quoted for a most pe fidious flame
With all the potes a' th world, fast and deboish'd,
Whose nature fickens : but to speake a truth.
Am I, or that or this for whom he dother,
That will speake anything.

Kim. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ref. I think he has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her refraine,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motuities of more fancies, and in fine,
Her infinite comming with her moderate grace,
Subd'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which, any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a flirt so noble wife,
May ifly dyme. I pray you yet.
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will return it home,
And gue me mine againe.

Ref. I haue it not.

Kim. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dia. Sir much like the fame upon your finger.

Kim. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his late.

Dia. And this was it I gau him being a bed.

Kim. The flory then goes fale, you throw it him
Out of a Caneater.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 

Enter Paralleis.

Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kim. You boggle fire withly, euerie feather flantes you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kim. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:
Which on your iuft proceeding, He keep off,
By him and by this woman heere, what knowe you ?

Par. So pleese your Maiestie, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickers hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen hau.

Kim. Come, come, to th' purpose: Did hee louse this
woman?

Par. Faith fir he did louse her, but how.

Kim. How I pray you?

Par. He did louse her fir, as a Gent. louse a Woman.

Kim. How is that?

Par. How l'd her fir, and loud'd her not.

Kim. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uoCall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-
mend.

Lof. He's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Oraiter.

Dia. Do you know he promis mee marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then I le speake.

Kim. But wile thou not speake all thou know'lt?

Par. Yes to pleaze my Maiestie : I did goe betwene
them as I said, but more then that he louse her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sethan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what : yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promissing her
marriage, and things which would deriuue mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kim. Thou haft spoken all atreade, vnlesse thou canst
say they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you faie was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord,

Kim. Where did you buy it ? Or who gaued it you?

Dia. It was not gaued me, nor I did not buy it.

Kim. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kim. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kim. If it were yours by none of all these waies,
How could you glue it him?

Dia. I never gaued it him.

Lof. This woman an eafe glowe my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

Kim. This Ring was mine, I gaued it his firft wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kim. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prifon with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou tellst me where thou hadt this Ring,
Thou diet within this house.

Dia. I heere teell you.

Kim. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my lidge.

Kim. I think hee now some common Customer.

Dia. By loue if ever I knew man 'twas you.

Ring. Wherefore haft thou accuse him all this while.

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty :
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee I waree roof't:
Ie I waree I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Gref. I am no Trumpeter, by my life,
I am either Maid, or eilfe this old mans wife.

Kim. She does abuse our eares, to prifon with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall fir,

The Jeweller that owes the Ring is lent for,
And he thall foreme my. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet hee neuer him'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defled,
And at that time he got his wife with childle:
Dead though the be, she feeleth her yong one kickes :
So thare's my riddle, one that's dead is quickes,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helen and widow.

Kim. Is there no exostit
Begues the true Office of mine ye's?
It's real that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
This but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heere you letter: this it fayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. If the my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He loe her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly diuorce step between me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall wepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thank thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with
thhee: Let thy curtseys alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this fторie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a freshe uncroppéd flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can guelle, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keipt a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maid.
Of that and all the progress more and loffe,
Refoldedly more pleasure thall express:
All yet seems well, and if it end to meete,
The bitter pafl, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if thine life be wonne,
That you express Content: which we will pay,
With stirs to please you, day exceeding day:
Our be your patience them, and yours our parts,
Your gentle bands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.
Twelve Night, Or what you will.

Aetius Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

If Musick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That fasting a man, it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ears, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of Violets;
Stealing, and guising Odom. Enough, no more.
This is not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receivest as the Sea. Now hath enters there, 
Of what validity, and pitch to fire,
But falles into abatement, and low price.
Even in a minute; so full of flapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt my Lord?

"Duke. What Curio?

Cur. The Hart.

Duke. Why foil do the Noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did see Oliva first,
Me thought the pung'd the eye of pellentie;
That infant was turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The Element it selfe, till yeue years heate,
Shall not behold her face as ample view:
But like a Cleopatra she shall be seen
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to featon
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepes fresh.
And lathing, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O the that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will the love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocks of all affections eile.
That live in her. When Lucre, Braine, and Heart,
These four great thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd.
Her sweete perfection with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowers,
Loue-thoughts lyre rich, when canony'd with bowes,

Exeunt.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is,
Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because thee will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke.
Vio. There is a faire behaviouir in thee Capaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth of cloke in pollution: yet of thee
I will beseech thou haue a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward character.
I prethee (and I pey thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my syde,
For such diligence as haply shall become
The forme of my intents. I lese thee this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sortes of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thine silenty to my wit,
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mutte ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means thy Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier a nights: your Cofin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you must confine your free within the modest limits of order.

To. Confine! I confine my selfe no finer then I am: these cloathes are good enough to drink in, and do bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her woer.

To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheeks?

Mar. He.

To. He's as tall a man as any in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Mar. 1, but he'll have but a yeare or two these ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodgall.

To. Fie, fie, that you'll say so: he plays oth Viol-de-ga as boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without bookes, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreler: and but that he hath the gift of a Coward, to alaye the gaff he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

To. By this hand they are foundrelts and substra-
gate that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that adde Moore, he's drunken nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healls to my Nece: I'll drinke
to her as long as there is a passidge in my throat, & drinkes in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Cowdrall that will not drinke to my Nece, till his brains turne o'th toe, like a p最新的 to. What wande? Coffeehouse only, for here com's.

Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch, How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Bleffe you, faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

To. Accoft Sir Andrew, accoft.

And. What's that sir?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Mar. Good Miftres accoft, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good mistres Mary, accoft.

To. You mistake knight: Accoist is from her, board her, woe her, slight her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoist?

Mar. Par you well Gentleman.

To. But I say knight, you should accoist Sir Andrew, would you might never draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistrs, I would I might never draw sword agen: Fair Lady, do you think you have fooles in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

An. Many but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

Mar. Now fir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to oth Burret barre, and let it drink.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Mether?

Mar. It's dry sir.

And. Why I think so: I am not such an aile, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your ile?

Mar. A dry ile Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria.

To. O knight, I lack'fit a cup of Canarie: when did the thee so put downe?

An. Neuer in my life I thinke, vnlesse you fee Canarie put me downe: me thinks sometimes I have noe more witt then a Chriftian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beeffe, and I beleue that does harme to my witt.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'd foofyseare it. I'll ride home to morrow fit Toby.

To. For-gove my dere knight?

An. What is purpowsy? Do or not do? I would I had bellowed that time in the tongues, that I have in feneing dancing, and beare-baying: O had I but followed the Arts,

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

An. Why, would that haue mended my baire?

To. Pull question, for thou feel not it will not coole my An. But he becomes we well enough, doft not? (nature

Excellt, it hangs like filax on a defiatrift: & I hope to fee a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow fit Toby, your niece will not be fene, or if she be it's four to one, she knowes of me: the Count humfite heere hard by, woe her,

To. And thou not with Count, the'l not match aboue bir degree, neither in estate, yeares, por ret: I have heard her sweare. Thar there's life in man.
Twelve Night, or, What You Will.

And, he lay a month longer, I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind in th' world: I delight in Masks and Reels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawfes Knight? And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight? And. Faith, I can cut a caper. To. And I can cut the Murcon too. And. And I think I have the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyris.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? And they like to take dust, like mistirs Mar's picture? Why doft thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walk shoule be a ligge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sink-a-pate: What doest thou meanes? Is it a world in hide verbises in? I did thinke by the excellent contribution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the farre of a Galliard.

And. Yes, in love, it doth indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd flocke. Shall we be about some Reels?
To. What shall we do else: we were not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That fides and heer.
To. No fir, it is legs and thighs; let me see thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in masque attire.

Val. If the Duke continue the same favours towards you Cefaria, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vis. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his leave. Is he inconstant? In his favours. Val. No belewe me.

Enter Duke, Conte, and Attendants.

Vis. I thank you; there comes the Count.
Duke. Who saw Cefario here?
Vis. On your attendance my Lord here. Duke. Stand you a while aloofe. Cefario, though you know not this, but all: I have vnclas'd it. To thee the booke even of my freer foule. Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her, be not deere accessee, stand at her doores. And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow till thou haue audience.

Vis. Sure my noble Lord, if she be so abandon'd to her sorrow as it is speak'd, the neuer will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and keep all sluill bounds, Read again stakke your rosted returne.

Vis. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?
Duke. O then, vnfold the passion of my love, Surprize her with the dience of my deere faith; It shall become thee well to ad my woes: She will attend it better in thy youth, than in a Nuncio's more grave aspect.

Vis. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Duke. Deere Lad, beleue it; for they shall yet beke thy happy yeres:

That say thou are a man: Dianar lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, flithly, and found.

And all is febulation of the part, I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affraye: some foure or five attend him,
All if you will: for I may fele am beft
When least in companie; prosper well in this,
And thou shal live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes shine.

Vis. He do my beft
Wo to your Lady: yet a basefull strife,
Who ere I woe, my lyes would be his wife. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Cleoruce.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lips so wide as a brissle may enter, in way of the excluse: my Lady will hang thee for thy abstinence.
Vis. Let her hang me: she that it well hang'd
In this world, needs to feare no colours.
Ma. Make that good.
Vis. He shall fe one to feare.

Ma. A good lenten answer: I cantell thee where
Faying was borne, of I care no colours.

Cl. Where good mistirs Mary?
Ma. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolerie.

Cl. Well, God giue them wifedome that have it: & those that are foolees, let them vse their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be trom'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Cl. Many a good hanging, presents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

Ma. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points:
That if one breake, he other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Aapt in good very apt: well go thy way, if first Tobi would leare drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of ever ble, as any in Illyris.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were beft.

Enter Lady Ostatia, with Mabullus.

Vis. Wit, and be thy will, put me into good footing: those wits that thinke they have thee, doe very often prove foolees: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wife man. For what saires Quicquidvult. Better a witty foole, then a foolifh wit. God bless thee Lady.

Cl. Take the foilow away.

Cl. Do you not hear fellows, take away the Ladie.

Cl. Go too, ye are a dry foole: I heare no more of you: besides you grow dionisoon.

Cl. Two faults Madona, that drink & good counsell will amend: for give the dry foilow drink, then is the foilow not dry; bid the dionisoon man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dionisoon; if he cannot, let the Boucher mend him: any thing that's mended is but patch'd: vrest that tranfgerres, is but patches with frine, and fin that a mend, is but patches with vettore. If that this simple Silligismne will ferue, so: if it will not, what remedy?
As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, 'tis bad they take away you.

Clio. Millifprion in the highest degree. Lady, 

Mal. This monotonous : that's as much to say, as I were not motley in my braine; good Madona, giue mee leave to proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clio. Dextereously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proffe.

Clio. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Moule of vertue anwser mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, I'll ride your Proffe.

Clio. Good Madona, why mouer thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clio. I think his foule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his foule is in heauen, foole.

Clio. The more foole (Madona) to moune for your Brothers foule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What think you of this foole Maltoile, doth he not?

Mal. Yes, and thall doe, till the pangs of death shakke him: Infirmity that decreases the doth, doth ever make the better foole.

Clio. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that Maltoile?

Mal. I marvelly your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren recital. I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gird already: verie laughe and minifte secret to him, he is gag'd. I profe, I take theske Wifemen, that crow fo at these let kind of foole, no better then the foolees Zanius.

Ol. O you are fieke of felfe-loue Maltoile, and taste with a differem'd appeice. To be geroous, guitleffe, and of free disposition, is to take thofe things for Birdbolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no flander in an allou'd foole, though he do nothing but rale; nor no ralwey, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reproco.

Clio. Now Mercury induc thee with leaving, for thou speake't well of foolees.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count Orfino, is it?

Mar. I know not (Madam) tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir Toby Madam, your kinman.

Ol. Fetch him off. I pray you, he speakes nothing but Madonas. Mic on him. Go you Maltoiles. Ift be assit from the Count, I am fike, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it. Exit Maltoile.

Now you fee sir, how your fouling growes old, & people dislike it.

Clio. Thou haft spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldeft fonne should be a foole: who feaull, lowe cramme with braines, for here he comes. Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake Pis-mater.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunk. What is he at the gate? Coftin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o' these pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clio. Good Sir Toby.

Ol. Coftin, Coftin, how have you come so early by this Letherige?

To. Letherie, I defire Letherie: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the duell and he will, I care not give me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clio. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man. One draught above brate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and feeke the Crowsner, and let him fute o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: he's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clio. He is but made yet Madona, and the foole thall looke to the madman.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were fieke, he takes on him to underftand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a foare knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Lady, he's fortiified against any denial.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. He's beene told fo: and he fayes he'll fland at your doore like a Sherifles poft, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee I speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of mankinde?

Mal. Of very ill manner: hee I speake with you, will you or no.

Ol. Of what perfonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a swain nor young enough for a boy: as a squiff is before tis a pofture; or a Coddling when its almost an Apple; Tis with him in flanding water, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-fau'd, and he speakes verie fittefelyly: One would think his mothers milke were scarfe out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calleth. Exit

Ol. Giue me my waile: come throw it o're my face, We'll once more heare Orfino Embaife.

Enter Unicera.

Un. The honorable Lady of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall anwser for her: you will.

Un. Moll radiant, exquisite, and unsuable beautye. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I never is wher. I would bee loath to caft away my speech for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let mee in- stake no condere: I am very compatible, even to the leaft finifter vifage.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Un. I can say little more then I have fluid, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest affurance, if you bee the Lady of the house, that
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may proceed in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Fio. No my profound heart; and yet (by the very phange of malice, I swear) I am not that I play, Are you the lady of this house?

Ol. If I do not usurp my selfe, I am.

Fio. Moll certaine, if you are free, you do usurp your selfe: for what is yours to beftowe, is, not yours to re- ferue, But this is from my Commission: I will on with my Speech in your prose, and then show you the heart of my inffege.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the prose.

Fio. Alas, I took great pains to studie it, and 'tis Poesieall.

Ol. It is the more like to be seignied, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were fawcy at my gates, & allowed your approach rather to wonder at you, then to here you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be free: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in to skipping a dialogue.

Ol. Will you hoyl a faire fire, here lies your way.

Fio. No good swabber, I am to burn here a little longer. Some molification for your Master, sweete Lady; tell me your mind, I am a meagen.

Ol. Sure you have some hedious matter to deliver, when the cutesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Fio. It alone concerns your care: I bring no ouverture of warre, no taxation of homage, I hold the Olyfie in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?

Fio. The tuderneffe that hath appeas'd in mee, hau I learen'd from my entertainement. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your care, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give vs the place alone.

We will heat this divinity. Now fir, what is your text?

Fio. Most sweet, I adie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee side off. Where lies your Test?

Fio. In Order borne.

Ol. In his bosome! in what chapter of his bosome?

Fio. To answuer by the method in the first of his hart.

Ol. O, I have read it; it is herefore Hau e you no more to say?

Fio. Good Madam, let me fee your face.

Ol. Have you any Commision from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Test: but we will draw the Cartan, and shew you the picture. Look ye fir, such a one I was this present: if not well done?

Fio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in grave, fir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Fio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruftif that shwe, If you will lead these grace to the grave, And leave the world no copie.

Ol. If I, I will not be hard-hearted: I will give out diuers feedes of my beautie, It shall be Intentioned and every particle and venefile label'd to my will: As,Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you lent hither to praise me?

Fio. I fee you what you are, you are too proud: But if you were the diseul, you are faire: My Lord, and matter loues you: O such loue Could be but recompenced, though you were crown'd The non-partaker of it.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Fio. With adorations, fentill teares, With groanes that thunder loue, with fighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him Yet I supposhe him vertuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and rainelesse youth; In voyces well divul'd, free, learnt, and valiant, And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: But yet I cannot loue him: He might have took his answer long ago.

Fio. If I did loue you in my masters flame, With such a flushing, such a deadly life: In your denial, I would finde no fence, I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Fio. Make me a willow Cabinete at your gate, And call upon my foule within the house, Write lowly all Cartons of contemned loue, And sing them lowd enten in the dead of night: Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles, And make the babling Gospif of the sire, Cry out Olivia: O you should not reft Between the elements of ayre, and earth, But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Fio. Above my fortunes, yet my flate is well:

I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:

I cannot loue him: let him send no more, Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe, To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well: I thank you for your paines: spend this for mee.

Fio. I am no feede poath, Lady; keepe your purfe,

My Master, not my selfe, lacks recompence, Loue make his heart of flint, that you that loue, And let your favour like my masters be, Plac'd in contente: Farewell faire cruelle. Exit.

Ol. What is your Parentage?

Aboute my fortunes, yet my flate is well:

I am a Gentleman. I be free of what art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit. Do give thee false-fold blazon: not too soft, soft, Vnlesse the Matter were the man. How now? Even so quicke may one catch the plague? Me thinkes I feel this youths perfections With an insubill, and fubtle flesh:

To eeree in at mine eyes. Well, let it be, What hoa, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Hearse Madam, at your seruice. 

Ol. Run after that same pedellh Malvolio The Counts man: he left this Ring behinde him Would I, or not: tell him, I know not of it,

Defire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow, He give him reasons for: he thee Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will, 

Ol. I do know not what, and feste to finde Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:
Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my sisters shew darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps deter them yours; therefore I shall cease of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No further fish: my determinate voyage is more extravagant. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepen in; therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to express my selfe: you must know of mee that Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodrigo) my father was that Sebastian of Myfetim, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an hour: if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you fish, after that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said fire much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful but though I could not with such effeminat wonder over face belieue that, yet thus fare I will boldly publish her, she bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: She is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drown her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not humer me for my love, let me be your frende.

Seb. If you will not vnde what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, defire it not. Fare ye well as at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so near the manneres of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orfino's Court, farewell.

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee: I have many enemies in Orfino's Court. Life would I very shortly fee thee there: But come what may, I doe adore thee so, That danger shall fee me spore, and I will go.

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Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approch Sir Andrew: not to be bedd after midnight, to be vp becimes, and Delicate furgere, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not, but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unflin'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our lives confist of the four Elements?

And. Faith: fo they say, but I think it rather confis of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore sect and drink. Maridan I say, a troope of wine.

Enter Chlorus.

And. Here comes the foole yfaith.

To. How now my harts: Did you never see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome as he, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the fooloe has an excellent breath. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legs, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fooloe has. Infoth thou woul in very gracious fooing last night, when thou sport'd of Picrprofumus, of the Oupian passing the Equinoctial of Quadrans: twas very good yfaith. I lent thee five penny for.
for thy Lemon, hadst it?
Cle. I did impertinent thy gratification: for Malvolio's note is no Whip.-Rode. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermaids are no battle-axe housew.
An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.
To. Come on, there is fixe pence for you. Let's a song a song.
An. There's a retort of one too: if one knight gives a song.
Cle. Would you have a slue-song, or a song of good life?
To. A love song, a love song.
An. I, I. I care not for good life.

O Mis'ris mine where are you coming?
O stay and close, your true loves coming,
That can (I'm sad but I am) avoid them,
Trip no further, prate your swatching.
To. Turn and love lovers meeting,
Hurt with women some day.
An. Excellent good, faith.
To. Good.
Cle. What is love, to be heresayer,
Prevent broth, bawd prevent laughter:
What's to come, is still unfuse.
In delay there lies no pleasure,
Then come kill me sweet and twenties;
Touch a stuff will not endure.
An. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
To. A contagious breath.
An. Very sweet, and contagions faith.
To. To heare by the nophone, it is dulce in contagion,
But shall we make the Velkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowe the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three foules out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?
And. You love me, that's done: I am dogge a-ta Catch.
Cle. Bylady sir, and some dogs will catch well.
An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, Turn knave, Knight.
Cle. Hold the peace, thou knave knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.
An. Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin soole: it begins, Hold the peace.
Cle. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
An. Good faith: Come begin.
Cle. Catch sung. 

To. We did keepst time fir in our Catches, Snecke vp.
Mal. Sir Toby, I must be bound with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your felle and your midlemen also, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would pleasa you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
An. To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.
Mar. Nay good Sir Toby,
Cle. His eyes do show his dayes are almost done.
Mal. Let's even so.
To. But I will neuer dye.
Cle. Sir Toby there you lyce.
Mal. This is much credit to you.
To. Shall I bid him go.
Cle. What and if you do?
To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not!
Cle. O no no, no, you dare not.
To. O our tune fir, ye lyce? Art you more then a Steward?
Cle. Doft thy knave because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?
Cle. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'eth moonr.
To. That the right right, Gee fir, rub your Chaine with crums, A slope of Wine Marris.
Mal. Millis Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not glue menees for this vusuu rule; the shall know of it by this hand.
Exit. 
Mar. Go flake your cares.
An. Twice as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungerie, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.
To. Don't knight, he write thee a Challenge or he deliever thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Mal. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night; Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of joye. For Monfieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: I do not pull him into any word, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have write enough to lyce straight in my bed: I know I can do it.
To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.
Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a knave of Puritan.
An. O, if I thought that, I'd breate him like a dogge.
To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquiste reason, deere knight.
An. I have no exquiste reason for't, but I have reason good enough.
Mal. The diuall a Puritane that heere, or any thing contray but a time-pleaser, an affoition'd Affe, that cons State without booke, and visites it by great swaths.
The bell perturbed of himselfe: so exam'd (as he thinks) with excellencies, that is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge finde notable caufe to work.
To. What wilt thou do?
Mar. I will drop in his way some obfuere Epistles of lour, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly perforated. I can write very like my Lady your niece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.
To. Excellent, I smell a deuce.
An. I haue in my nose too.
To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop this.
that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an ass.


An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royally I warrant you: I know my Phyficke will work with him; I will plant you two, and let the Poole make a third, where he shall find the Letter: Observe his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dream on the event: Farewell: Exit.

To. Good night Peerbillet.

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a begle true bred, and one that adores me: what of that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's be kind night; Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money, if thou hast not it thine end, call me Cat.

An. If I do not, neere trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, I'll go burne some Sacke, it is too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight: 

Exit Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Foeja, Cesar, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick: Now good morrow friends.

Now good Cesar, but that piece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night; I thought it did relieve my passion much, More then light ayres, and collected terms Of these most briske and giddy-paced times.

Come, but o' verfe.

Cur. He is not here (to please your Lordship) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Foeja the Leftier my Lord, a foolie that the Lady Oldinties Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seke him out, and play the tune the while.

Musick player.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt long In the sweet pangs of it, remember me: For such as I am, all true Lovers are, Unfatid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd. How doth thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the faire Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost dispute matterly,

My life upton, Yong though thou art, thine eye Hath fixt upon some favour that it loves: Has it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Du. What kind of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then; What yeares of faith?

Vio. About your yeares my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let fill the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares the to him; So seways the leuell in her husbands heart: For boy, however we do praise our Issue, Our families are more giddie and undorme, More longings, wasting, sooner left and worn, Then womans are.

Vio. I think it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: For-women are a Roses, whose faire flower Are being once dispil'd, doth fall that verie hower:

Vio. And fo they are: alas, that they are so: To die, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Cesar & Cleone.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night: Market Cesarino, it is old and plaine,

The Spinfiers and the Knittser in the Sun, And the free maides that vrece their thred with bones, Do vie to chant it: it is sily looth, And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Mus. I preache song.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad oppriff let me be lade, Fye away, set away breath,
I am flame by a faire cruel maid:
My friend of white, thrall all with Fry, O prepare it,
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower faire
On my blacke coffin, let there be throned:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be throned:
A thousand thousand sighs to fawe, lay me where,
Sad true lover never find my grave, so weep there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines Sir, I take pleasure in singinge.

Du. We pay thre pleasure then.

Clo. Truly Sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protest thee, and the Tailor make thy doubles of changeable Taffar, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of such confinace put to Sea, that their buffettke might be every thing, and their intent exercize were, for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit.

Du. Let all the rest gile place: Once more Cesarino,

Get these to yond fame fouetaigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world Prizes not quantitie of dittie lands,
The parts that fortune hath befor'd upon her:
Tell her I bold as giddie as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Arts
That nature pranks her in, extracteth my foule.

Vio. But if she cannot loue you Sir.

Du. It cannot be so anwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that same Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your loue as great an ang of heart
As you have for Olmesia: you cannot loue her:
You tell her so: Much the not then be anwer'd Sir?

Du. There is no woman flies

Can
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention,
As with their love may call'd appetit,
No motion of the Lirer, but the Pallat,
That suffer futter, cloueth, and resolute,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digge as much, make no compare
Betweene that love a woman can bear mee,
And that I owe Olinia.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What dote thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter loue'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment like a worme i' th' budge
Feede on her damaske cheeks: the pin'd in thought,
And with a grette and yellow melancholy,
She gare like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at griefe. Was not this loue indeed?
We men may faie more, sweare more, but indeed.
Our favours are more then will: for still we prove
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'd ye thife her loue my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I so this Lady?

Du. I that's the Thane,
To her in hafe: grant her this Iewell; say,
My loue can give no place, bide no deny.

Scene Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this fport,
Let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholy.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggard-
ly Rafterly thefte-biter, come by some notable thame?

Fa. I would extant man: you know he brought me out
to favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

To. To anger him were I have the Bear againe, and
we will boole him blacke and blew, shall we not Sir
Andrew?

Ah. And we do not, it is pitty of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Here comes the little villaine: How now my
Mistie of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder the
Sunne prattling behavioir to his own shadow this halfe
house: obserue for the loue of Mackerie: for so I know
This Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Cloe
in the name of leafting, I ye thou there: for here comes
the Trowe, that must be caught with tickling. Enter
Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did affe the, and I have heard her selfe come
this neere, that should free-fancie, it should bee one of
my compliation. Besides the vies me with a more ex-
alted respect, then any one elfe that follows her. What
should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an outer-weeping rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cooke of him, how he ites under his advanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so boyle the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Piffoll him, piffoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example fore: The Lady of the Stra-
chy, married the woman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Izabella,

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blows him.

Mal. Having beene three months married to her,
sitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Valves gonne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I
have left Olinia sleeping.

To. Fire and Bramfoone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of state: and after
a demure trau tale of regard: telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for
my kinman Toby.

To. Botkes and Shackle.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seuen of my people with an obedient flat,
make out for him: I browne the while: and perchance
vide up my watch, or play with my fone rich Jewell:

Toby approches; curtesy there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne vs with cars,
eyt peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar filfe with an autheure regard of corn roll.

To. And do't not Toby take you a blow o' the lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Cofine Toby, my Fortunes hausing call
me on your Neece, gue me this prerogative of speeche.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenesse.

To. Out clab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sneues of our
place?

Mal. Besides you waife the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's me I warrant you.

Mal. One fri Andrew.

And. I knew twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we her? where

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oe peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-
 ding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand she bee her
very Ci her Wt, and her Ti', and thus makes shee
her great Pr's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her Ci, her Wt, and her Ti' is why that?

Mal. To the unknowns before, this, and my good fletter.

Her very Phrases: By your leau we was. Safe, and the im-
presse her Lurees, with whiche the vies to seeke: tis my
Lady: To whom shou'd this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Luter and all.

Mal.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Mal. Ione knows I love, but who, Lips do not move, so
man must know. No man must know. What follows?
The numbers alter: Do no man must know,
If this should be thee Malvolio!
To. Marriè shee rake brooke.
Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lu-
crece knife:
With bloodless stroke make my heart dare gore; M. O. A. I. doth
sway my life.

To. A fulltan riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life. Nay but first
let me fee, let me fee, let me fee,

Fab. What differs a pawn have the drest him?
To. And with what wing the faftion checks at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why shee may
command me: I fene her, she is my Lady. Why this is
evident to any forme capacity. There is no obftruction
in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical po-
portion portend, if I could make that refemble something
in me? So Ily, Mal. To. O1, make up that, he is now at a cold fen.
Fab. Swover will cry vpon this all, though it bee
as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvasia, M. why that begins my name.
Fab. Did not I say he would work it out, the Cure
is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no confonancy in the fequell
that sufferers vnder probation: A. Should follow, but O.
does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.
To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then I. comes behind.

Fab. I, and you any eye behinde you, you might
see more detraction at your heels, then Fortunes before
you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former:
and yet to cruel this a little, it would bow to me, for e-
evry one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol-
wows profe: If this fall into thy hand, resolve. In my stars
I am about thee, but be not affaid of greatnesse: Some
are become great, some sithcuces greatnesse, and some
have greateftness thrust upon em. Thy fates open theyr
hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in-
vre thy felfe to what thou art like to be: e aft thy humble
fough, and appear freth. Be oppofite with a kinman,
furly with feruants: Let thy tongue hang arguments of
fates: put thy felle into the tricke of singularitie. Shee
thus adulites thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who
commended thy yellow flockings, and wifli'd to feee thee
ever crofle getar'd: I fay remember, goo too, thou art
made if thou defirf't be fo: If not, let me fee thee a fte-
ward full, the fellow of feruants, and not woorthie to
touch Fortunes fingers. Farewell, Sheethat would alter
feruices with thee, the fortune vnhappy daylight and
champion diffcorde more not: This is open, I will be
prou'd, I will reade politique Authors, I will baffle Sir
Myhu. I will wash off groffe acquaintance, I will be point
deafie, the very man. I do not now foole my felle, to let
imagination ideamee: for every reason excites to this,
that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow
flockings of late, fhee did praise my legge being crofle-
getar'd, and in this shee manifests her felle to my loue, &
with a kind of finification drivs mee to thofe habites of
her liking. I thank my fatter, I am happy: I will bee
strange, flout, in yellow flockings, and croffe Getar'd,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Ct. Troth sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and can't for nothing.

Ct. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Ct. No indeed sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, thee will keep no fool, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herring's, the Husband the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but his corruptr of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Ct. Foolery sir, does walk about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be forry, but the Fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mirth: I think I saw thy wifdomes there.

Vio. Nay, and thou faft upon me, I say no more with thee. Hold there's exences for thee.

Ct. Now lout in his near commodity of hayre, fend thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not it grow on my chine. Is thy Lady within?

Ct. Would not a paire of these have bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vie.

Ct. I would play Lord Pandarus of Prodigies first, to bring a cressida to this Troyes.

Vio. I wold find you sir, is well begg'd.

Ct. The matter I hope is not great sir, begging but a begger: cressida was a begger. My Lady is within sir, I will confer to them when you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my wellkin, I may say Element, but the word is over worse.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool.

And to do that well, crazes a kinde of wit: He mutt obverse their mood on whom he lefts, The quality of perfons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checkes at every Feather That comes before his eye. This is a pratice, As full of labour as a Wife's man Art: For folly that he wisely flourishes, is fit: But wifdoms folly false, quites taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. Dost thou guard Maffenge?

Vio. E't vosse affe vogue furniture.

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the house, my Niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be other.

Vio. I am bound to your Niece sir, Imean she is the lift of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better understand me sir, then I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my leggs.

To. I mean't o go sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Ondours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice lady, but to your owne

not pregnant and vouchsafed care.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed Ile get'em all three alreadly.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and moft humble seruice.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your seruants name, faire Princesse.

Ol. My seruants sir? Twas moevyer world, Since lowly feigning was eft'el'd complement: y're seruant to the Count Orsino youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his mooft needs be yours: your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankles, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to shet your gentle thoughts

On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you. I bad you never speake againe of him;

But would you under take another suite I had rather hear you, to follicit that,

Then Muflick from the spheres.

Vio. Decey Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, befooth you: I did fend, After the last enchantment you did heare, A Ring in chace of you. So did I shute My selfe, my seruant, and I fear me you: Vnder your hard construction must I fit, To force that on you in a flamefull cunning Which you knew none of yours. What migh you think?

Vio. Have you not yet mine Honor at the stake,

And basted it with all th'envynned thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receivng Enough is thewne, a Ciprelle, not a boforme, Hides my harts: so let me hear you speake,

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grize for tis a vulgar proofe

That vereis we pitty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to frame agen: O world, how apt thepoore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waife of time:

Be not affraid good youth, I will not hauue you,

And yet when wit and youth is come to haruee,

your wife is like to reape a proper man.

There lies your way, due Welf, fit.

Vio. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

you! nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you see.

Ol. If I think so, I thinke the fame of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am.

I with it might, for now I am your fool.

Ol. O what a deale of soone, lookses beautiful?

In the contempl and anger of his lip,

A murdrous guiltt thewes not it ielte more soone,

Then love that would feeme hid: Loues night, is none.

Cesario, by the Roifes of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not play a lot longer:
To. Thy reason deceiveth me, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yeild your reason, Sir Andrew.

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more favours to the Counts Servilling-man, then ever he beffow d'pon mee:
I saw't i'th Orchard.
To. Did the fea the while, old boy, tell me that.
And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in het toward you.

And. Slight; will you make an Affe o'me.
Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of judgement, and reason.
To. And they have beene grand Turie men before.
Nob's was a Saylor.
Fab. Shee did them favoure to the youth in your sight, oneely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liuer:
you should then have accepted her, and with some excellent lefla, fire-new from the mint, you might have bong'd the youth into dumberneffe: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was bauk't the double gift of this opportumite you let time wath off, and you are now fayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an sparkle on a Dutchmans beard, vnfeffe you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as lief be a Brownftit, as a Politician.
To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the bafe of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Nece shall take none of it, and affaire thy selfe, there is no love-Broker in the world, can more possess in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.
Fab. There is no way but this sir Andrew.

As. Will either of you beame a challenge to him?
To. Go, write it in a martiall hand, be curt and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, so be eloquent, and full of intention; taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou thou'st him some stripte, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of where in Eng-

land, let'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaullie enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter so about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?
To. We'll call thee at the Cubicle: Go.

Exeunt Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir Toby.
To. I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or so.
Fab. We shall have a rare Letter from him; but you're not dellier't.
To. Neuer trust me then: and by all means flire on the youth to an anfwer. I think Oxen and waine-toper cannot hole them together. For Andrew if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liarer, as will clog the fote of a fife, Ile cele the ref of it's anatomy.
Fab. And his oppos the youth beares in his village no great prelge of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.
Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laugh your felues into fitsches, follow me; yond gall Malaceis is turn'd Heathen, a very Renagato; for there is no christian that means to be fas'd by beleeving rightly, can euer beleeve fuch imposible paffages of groffenesse. Hee's in yellow rockings.
To. And croffe gester'd?
Mar. Most vanoufly: like a Pedant that keeps a Schoole i'th Church: I have dog'd him like his mutther.
He does obey every point of the Letter that I drop, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen fuch a thing as this: I can hardly forbear hurting things as I am. Know my Lady'll strike him: if thee doe, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.
To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you, But since you make your pleasure of your paines, I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire (More shpere then filed seele) did spurrere me forth, And not all love to see you (though lo much As might have drawne one to a longer voyage) But I calloufie, what might befall your travel, Being skillette in these parts: which to a stranger, Vagued, and unfriend, ofen proue Rough, and vnhopitable. My willing loure, The rather by these arguments of feare Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde Antonio, I can no other answer make , but thankes, And thankes: and euer of good turnes, Are flufi'd off with such vnarrant pay: But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we goe see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow Sir, belte first goe see your Lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and tir'd long to night.
I pray you let vs satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renovate this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a fea-fight gainst the Count his gallys,
I did some servisse, of such note indered,
That were I tane here, it would fearie be answer'd.

Seb. Belse thou flew great numbers of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel
Might well have giv'n vs bloody argument:
It might have since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiqutes fake
Moft of our City did. Oney my felle stood out,
For which if I be lapp'd in this place
I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold fir, here's my purfe.
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
It beft to lodge: I will beffecpe our dyer,
Whilsts you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why your purfe?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpou some toy
You have deire to purchase: and your flore
I thinkke is not for idle Markets, fir.

Seb. Ile be your purfe-bearer, and leave you
For an houre.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I have fent after him, he fayes hee come: How shall I feaft him? What befow of him?
For youth is bought more off, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's Malvolio, he is fad, and ciuill,
And fuites well for a feronant with my fortunes,
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming Madame:
But in very strange manner, He is fure pooffet Madam,

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyfhip were het to have some guard about you, if hee come, for fure the man is tainted in his wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madneffe equall bee.

How now Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Small'though? I fent for thee uppon a sad occasion,

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obftruction in the blood:
This croffe-garretting, but what of that?

If it pleafe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Pleafe one, and pleafe all.

Mal. Why how doeft thou man?

What is the manner with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my mind, though yellow in my legges: I did come to his hands,
And Commands shall be executed, I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou goe to bed Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee,

Ol. God comfort thee: Why doeft thou smile fo, and kife thy hand fo oft?

Mar. How you Malvolio?

Malvo. At your request:
Yes Nightingales anfwer Daves.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculouz boldneffe before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneffe 'twas well writ,

Ol. What mean'ft thou by that? Malvolio?

Mal. Some are borne great,

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheue greatneffe.

Ol. What fayft thou?

Mal. And some have greatneffe thrust vpon them.

Ol. Heauen reflore thee.

Mal. Remember who commendec thy yellow flockings.

Ol. Thy yellow flockings?

Mal. And with'do vee the croffe garter vnder,

Ol. Croffe garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou defirft to be fo.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. Ifnot, let me fee thee a fervant fill.

Ol. Why this is verie Midfommer madneffe.

Enter Servant.

Sir, Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orfouz is return'd, I could hardly entreatc him bacce he attends your Ladyships pleazure,

Ol. Ile come to him.

Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Coine Toby, let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him muffcart for the halfe of my Dowey.

Ol. Oh ho, do you come neere me now, no worse man then Sir Toby to looke to me. This concures directly with the Letter, he ends him on purposc, that I may appeare subborne to him: for the incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble flogue fayes fhe: be oppoite with a Kinfman, furlly with fervants, let thy tongue longer with arguments of flaie, put thy felle into the tricke of singularitie: and confequently fetts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a tearer carrige, a flow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and fo forth. I have bynde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow, not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scriple, no scriple of a scriple, no obfacle, no incredulous or vnafe circuinance: What can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full proufe of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Z.2 To.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the duells of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himselfe possest him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ift with you fit? How ift with you man? 

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mal. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does hee? 

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Malvolio? How ift with you? What man, defiance the duell: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say? 

Mal. Lo, you, and you speake ill of the duell, how hee takes it at heart Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to the wife woman.

Mar. Marry and if it shall be done to morrow morning if I live, my Lady would not looke for him more then I say.

Mal. How now Milles? 

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy piece, this is not the way: Doee you not see you moute him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gentlylys the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughely vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how doft you check? 

Mal. Sir.

To. Biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at chere-pit with Fathan Hang him foule Collar.

Mal. Get him to lay his prayers, good Sir Toby get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly- neffe.

Mal. Go hang your felues all: you are yde shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more beercaster.

Exi. To. Is it possible?

Fa. If this were plaied upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuile man.

Mal. Nay pursue him now, leau the deuile take ariue, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mal. The houfe will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a daire room & bound.

My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, till we may please to haue mercy, on him at which time, we will bring the deuile to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen; but fee, but fee, 

Enter Sir Andre.

Fa. More matter for a May moring.

An. Here's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

To. Ift to rawcy? 

And. I, if I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

To. Whatsoever thou seest, thou art but a lowe fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wondere not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call that so, for I will shew thee reasons for't.

(Law)

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of 

To. Thou comst to the Lady Olivia, and in my fight the use the kindly: but thou seest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breafe, and so exceeding good fence-lefe.

To. I will try thy lefe going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou list me like a rogue and a villain.

Fa. Still you keepes oth winde side of the Law good, 

To. Furtherwise, and God have mercy upon you of our soule. 

He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so looks to thy selfe. 

To. By friend as thou owest him, & thy fororne conseyme, Andrew Ague-checke.

To. If this matter moute not, his legges cannot: 

Ile giue't him.

Mar. You may have verry occasion for't; the is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart. 

To. Go sit Andre: scoo mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Bayley: so soone as ever thou feek him, draw, and as thou draw, fierce horrible: for 1 comes to soufe off, that a terrible out, with a swaggery 

To. gentleman Stiffly wagg'd off, giues mankind more approbation, then ever provest lefe would have eare'd him, 

Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exi. To. Now will not I deliver his Letter: for the behaviour of the young Gentleman, giues them out to be of good capacity, and breedings; his employment between his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lefe. Therefore, this Letter being fo excellentely ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he wil find it comes from a Cladde-pole. 

But far, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth: let upon Ague-cheke a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuoiitie. This will fo fright them both, that they will kill on another by the lookce, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid misfage for a Challenge.

Ol. I have said too much vnto a hart of Bone, 

And laid mine honour too vachary on't: 

There's something in me that reproves my fault: 

But such a head-strong potent fault it is, 

That it but mocks reprofe.

Viv. With the same haultout that your passion beares, 

Goes on my Masters greeses.

Ol. Heere, wearst this Iewell for me, tis my picture: 

Refute it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: 

And I beseech you come againe to morrow. 

What shall you aske of me that Ile deny, 

That honour (faul') may upon asking giue. 

Us. Nothing but this, your true love for my matter. 

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that, 

Which I have giuen to you. 

Viv. I will acquit you. 

Ol. Well come againe to morrow: far-thee-well, 

A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.
and therefore haue and pray That a good I am part oflllyria: my am mortalabttremenr, but aye in thy preparation, for thy affaylant is quick, skillfull, and deadly.

Vio. You, Sir, take not i, am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me: my renommance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You, Sir, will find it other wise: I assurance you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, beseech you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. Pray you sir, what is he?

To. He is a knight dubb'd with whatc'erd Rapiers, and on carpet conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kinds of men, that put quarrel purposely on others, to talle their value: belike this is a man of that quick.

Vio. Sir, no: his indignation desires it selfe out of a very comtinent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnslee you undertake that with which, with as much faterie you might answer him: therefore on, or dripee your sword, for meddling you must that's certain, or forswear to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as you will it: I beseech you, doe me this courtesie office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signior Fobint, stay you by this Gentleman, till my retreature. Enact Toby.

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Tab. I know the knight is incest against you, even to a mortall abritement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Tab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prove of his valour. He is ideede sir, the most skilfull, blindely, so fafal oppositely that you could possibely have found in anie part of Illiria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Frelf than sit knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. Exeunt Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hec a very diuell, I have not seen fitch a frigo: I had a passe with him, rapiers, scabbard, and all: and he gives me the flucke in with such a mortal motion that it is ineuccible: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your sete hits the ground they step on. They says he has Fencers in the Supry.

And. Pox on't! Ie not meddle with him.

To. But he will not now be pacified, Fobint can fear he hold you yonder.

Ar. Plague on't, and I though he had beene valiant, and so tumming in Fence, I'd have scene him damn'd etc: I'd have challeng'd them. Let him let the matter flip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

To. Hee make the motion: rand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdiction of foules, marry Ie ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrel, I haue perfwaded him the youth is a diuell.

Fs. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pates, & looks pale, as if's. Best were at his heels.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for so's oath sake: marrie hee hath better betthinked him of his quarrel, and hee findes that now faire to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protestes he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Ieue ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir Andrews, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bawt with you: he cannot by the Duello auode it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, too's.

Aud. Pray God he keeps his oath.

Enter Andrews.

Vio. I do assure you this is against my will.

Aud. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Aud. One sir, that for his loose dares yet do more

Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ie be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

Aud. Marry will I for: and for that I promis'd you he be as good as my word, Hee will bear you easly, and raines well.

Of. This is the man, dothy Office.

2 Off. Antoon. I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino

Aud. You do mismake me sir.

1 Off. No sir, no: I know your favour well: though now you have no fae-cap on your head:

Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Aud. I must obey, This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:

What will you do: now my necessите

Makes me to aske you for my purco. It greues mee

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Then what bees my selfe: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come for a way.

Aud. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money fir?

For the faye kindnesse you haue shew'd me here,

And part being prompted by our present trouble,

Out of my leane and low ability

Lend you somthing, my haung is not much,

Ile make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's halfe my Coffe.

Aud. Will you deny me now,

I'll possable that my delerts to you

Can lacke perfwacion. Do not tempt my mistery,

Least that it make me to unfound a main

As to vpbray you with those kindnesse

That
That I have done for you.

Vis. I know of none, Not know I you by voice, or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man, Then lying, vainfnee, babbling drunkennes, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heauens themselves.


Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see I catch'd one halfe out of the lawes of death, (here, Releas'd him with such facelie of lure; And to his image, which me thought did promise Moft venerable worth, did I denounce.

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proues this God: Thou haft Sebastian done good feature, shame, In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
None can be call'd defform'd, but the vnkine.

Venue is beauty, but the dueous eeuil Are empty trunks, ore-floresf'd by the devil,

1. Off. The man growet mad, away with him:
Come, come fir.

Ant. Leade me on. Exit

Vis. Me thinkes his words do from such passion fliye That he beleu'es himselfe, do not I: Prooue true imaginacion, oh proue true, That I decre brother, be now tame for you.

To. Come hither Knight, some hither Fabian: Weel whisper: one a couler or two of moft fage lawes.

Vis. He nam'd Sebastian: my brother know Yet living in my glasse: even fuch, and fo In favour was my Brother, and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: Oh if it proue, Tempels are kinde, and falt waues frefh in lour.

To. A very difhonest paury boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his dishonestly appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him: and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A Coward, a moft doucous. Coward, religious in it.

And. Sit Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cutte him fondly, but never draw thy sword And, and I do not.

Fab. Come, let's fee the event.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. Exit

**Actus Quartus, Scena prima.**

**Enter Sebastion et Cleane.**

Cle. Will you make me beleue, that I am not sent for you?

Sob. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow, Let me be cleere of thee.

Cle. Well held out yfaith: No, I don't know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speake with her: nor your name is not Master Cefarian, nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so; is so.

Sob. I prethee vent thy folly lome-where elfe, thou knowe't not me.

Cle. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some great man, and now applyes it to a fool. Vent my fel-

ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prove a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hit that thou art coming?

Sob. I prethee foolish speech departe from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall give worse painement.

Cle. By my troth thou haft an open hand: thefe Wife- men that glue foole money, get themselves a good report, after fourteen yeares purchase.

**Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.**

And. Now fir, haue I met you again? there's for you.

Sob. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad?

To. Hold fir, or Ile throw thy egger oure the houfe.

Cle. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be in home of your coasts for two penes.

To. Come on fir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: I haue an aution of Battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I flipke him firft, yet it's no matter for this.

Sob. Let go thy hand.

To. Come fir, I will not let you go. Come my yong fouldier put vp your yron: you are well fliake'd: Come on.

Sob. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar art tempe me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what? Nay then I will have an Ounce or two of this malaper blood from you.

**Enter Odele.**

O1. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

O1. Will it be euer thus? Vagrant cver, Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Causes, Where manners were once preach'd out of my sight.

Be not offended, deere Cefaria:

Rudesbye be gone. I prethee gentle friend, Let thy layre wylde-dome, not thy passion sway In this vuiciull, and vnfit extent

Against thy peace, Go with me to my houfe, And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choofe but goe:

Do not denie, beholde his foule for me, He flarte one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Sob. What relish is in this? How runs the flame?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:

Let fancie fill my iene in the sleepe,

If it be thus to dreame, fill let me sleepe.

O1. Nay come I prethee, would you think't be ruled by me

Sob. Madam, I will.

O1. Or I lay fo, and so be.

**Scena Secunda.**

**Enter Maria et Cléme.**

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make me beleue thou art sir Tapes the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call sir Toby the whiff.

Cle. Well, ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Cle. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foele.

Cle. My Lady is inkind, perdie.

Mal. Foele.

Ent. Alas why is fie so?

Mal. Foele, I say.

Cle. She loves another. Who sells, ha?

Mal. Good foele, as ever thou wilt deferce well as my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper, as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankfull to thee for it.

Cle. M. Malinio?

Mal. I good Foele.

Ent. Alas, how tell you besides your fine witts?

Mal. Foele, there was never man so notorioufie a bus' be I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Cle. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have herre propirtied me: keep mee in darkneffe, fend Minifters to me, after, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Cle. Aftice you what you say: the Miniffer is here.

Malinio. Malinio, thy wits the heauen restore: endeavour thy felfe to flpeepe, and leave thy vaie bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas.

Malinio maintaine no words with him good fellow, Who I fir, not I fir, God buy you good sir Topas: Marty Amen, I will fir, I will.

Mal. Foele, foole, foole I cry.

Ent. Als fir be patient. What fay you fir, I am fente for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to fome light, and fome paper, I tell thee I am as well in my witter, as any man in Illyria.

Cle. Well-a-day, that you were fir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, fome inke, paper, and light: and contey what I will fet downe to my Lady: is thall advantaage thee more, then ever the bea-ring of Leter did.

Cle. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Belieue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Cle. Nay, Ile neere belieue a madman till I fee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foele Ite require it in the higheft degree: I prethee be goo.

Cle. I am gone fir, and anon fir, I'll be with you againe: In a trice, like to the old vice, your neede to fufaine. Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath, cries ah ha, to the diuell: Like a mad lad, pare thy nayles dad, Adieu good man diuell.

Seana Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,

This pente the gue me, I do feel, and feel,

And though his wonder that envelops me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then, I could not finde him at the Elephant, Yet there he was, and there I found this credite, That he did range the towne to seek me out. His counsell now might do me golden seruice, For though my foule disputes well with my fence, That this may beforme error, but no madnesse, Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune, So farre exceed all inostance, all discouer, That I am ready to distraft mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that perwaides me To any other trifft, but that I am mad, Or else the Ladies mad; yet if twere fo, She could not fway her houfe, commend her followers, Take, and giue backe sallayres, and their dispatch, With fuch a smooth, correct, and flable bearing As 1 perceue she do's; there's something in't That is deceivable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Prieff.
Ol. Blame not this haft of mine; if you mean well Now go with me, and with this holy man Into the Chantry by: there before him, And vnderneath that consecrated rooke, Plight me the full assurance of your faith, That my most feelions, and too doubtfull soule May live at peace. He shall conceale it, Whiles you are willing it shall come to none, What time we will our celebration keepe According to my birth, what do you say? Scf. He follow this good man, and go with you, And hauing sworne truth, ever will be true. Ol. Then lead the way good frieauer & heauens be thine, That they may fairely note this acte of mine. Exit. Finis Actus Quartus.

Aeius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Claude and Fabian.
Fab. Now as thou lou'lt me, let me fee his Letter. Clo. Good M. Fabian, grant me another request. Fab. Any thing. Clo. Do not desire to fee this Letter. Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in recompence defire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Celia, and Lords.
Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olima,friends? Clo. Sir, we are fome of her trappings, Duke. I know thee well: how doest thou my good Fellow? Clo. Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worfe for my friends. Duke. Why is this excellent. Clo. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends. Duke. Thou shalt not be the worfe for me, there's gold. Clo. But that it would be double dealing, I would you could make it another. Duke. O you give me ill counfell, Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it. Duke. Viell, I will be so much a finner to be a double dealer: there's another. Clo. Primo, secunda, tertio, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex ftrict, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. Dunnet firs, may put you in minde, one, two, three. Duke. You can foule no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speake with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. Clo. Duke, marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go sir, but I would have you to thinke, that my desire of hauing is the finne of countoufesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. Exit. Enter Antonio and Officers.
Vio. Here comes the man ftrict, that did rescue me. Duke. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I saw it, I did not know him: As blacke as Vulcan, in the fmalke of warre: A babbling Vefell was he Capitaine of, For fmall draught and bulke unprizable, With which fuch fearfull grapple he did make, With the moft noble bottome of our Fleece, That very enuy, and the tongue of liffe Crie fame and honor on him: What's the matter? Clo. This tooke the Place, and her flaughter from Candy, And this is he that did the Tiger boord, When your yong Nephew Temu left his legge; Here he in the streets, defperate of fieme and flate, In priuate brable did we apprehend him. Vio. He did me kindnelfe fir, drew on my fide, But in conclusion put strange fpeech vpon me, I know not what twas, but dilatation. Duke. Notable Pryate, thou felt-water Theepe, What foolifh boldnesse brouht thee to their mercies, Whom thou in termes to floudlace, and fo deceiue Haft made thine enemies? Ani. Orsna: Noble firs, Be pleaf'd that I flake off thee names you give me: Antonio never yet was Theefe, or Pryate, Though I confide, on baife and ground enough Orsnes enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither: That molt ingratitudefull boy there by your fide, From the rude fea engraff'd and foamy mouth Did I redeeme: a wracke path hope he was: His life I gaue him, and did thereto addde My loue without retemption, or refraint, All his in dedication. For his fake, Did I expelle my felle (pure for his loue) Into the danger of this aduersie Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was beft: While being apprehended, his tale cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twentieth yeere remoued thing
While one would wink: denide mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his wife,
Not halfe an hour before.
Vis. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ans. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No inimic, nor a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countreffe, now heaven walkes
on earth;
But for these fellows, fellowes thy words are madde
fie,
Three moneths this youth hath tendred upon me,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may fsome ferialcable?

Cefario, you do not keepe promife with me,

Vis. Madam.

Du. Gracious Olivia,

Ol. What do you say Cefario? Good my Lord.

Vis. My Lord would speake, my dutie huzzes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,

It is as fat and fullome to mine ears
As hooling after Moficke.

Du. Still to cruel?

Ol. Still to confirm Lord.

Du. What to peruerfence? you vncaull Lady
To whose ingrane, and unaffefous A tares
My foule the faithfullfut offerings have breakt d'out
That ere deuotion tender'd.

What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it pleafe my Lord, that shall become

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian trefte, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a favenous loue,

That sometime favours nobly) but hearre me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the inftument
That secretes me from my true place in your favour:

Luye you the Marble-brefled Tirant full,
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I fwear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he has crowned in his masters right.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mishife.

He hasfrie the Lambeth that I do loue,

To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue.

Vis. And I most loynd, apt, and willing,
To do you servell, a thousand deaths would dye,

Ol. Where goes Cefario?

Vis. After him I loue,

More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
More by all more, then I shall loue wife.

If I do feigne, you witnesse aboue
Punifh my life, for traying of my loue,

Ol. Aye me defteeled, how am I beguill'd?

Vis. Who does beguile yow who does do you wrong?

Ol. Halfe thou forgot thy felle 1 Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? Cefario, Husband, fiay,

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Vis. Her husband, firre?

Ol. No my Lord, not I.

Alas it is the bafenefte of thy feare,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am forty Madam I have hurt your kinman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must have done no leefe with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
For me men (sweet one) even for the vowe
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perfons,
A naturall Perspectue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Anthoïas: O my deere Anthoïtas,
How haue the hours tuck'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebatian are you?

Seb. Fear'd thou that Anthoïtas?

Anth. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple eft in two, is not more twin.
Then thee two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Queens and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue dissou'd.
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Du. Of Anthoïas: sebatian was my Father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he fai'd to his watery tombe:
If spirites can assume both forme and finte,
You come to fight vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension groffely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the refl goes eu'n,
I should my cares let fall upon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned Violen.

Fia. My father had a mould upon his brow.

Seb. And did it make him.

Fia. And did it that day when Violen from her birth
Had numbred thirtee ne yeares.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finifh'd indeed his mortal aâne.

That day that made my fitter thirtee ne yeares.

Fia. If nothing les to make vs happie both,
But this my malfitune vanp'd a vnter:
Do not embrance me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here ad sumpe.

Seb. That I am Violen, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captain in this Towne,
Where bye my maiden weys: by whole gentle helpe,
I was perfuad't to ferue this Noble Counte:
All the occurence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue bene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that,
You would have bin contraband to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceit'd,
You are bethroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse feemes true,
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou haft slide to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'lt loe a woman like to me.

Fia. And all those sayings, will I ouer fware,
And all those traveurings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That feuers day from night,

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me fee thee in thy womans weedes.

Du. The Captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maidens garments: he upon some Affion
Is now in durance, at Malaloïa's fuite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies,

Seb. He flall inlarge him: fetch Malaloïa hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much drifta.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extraeting frenzie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banishes his,
How does he fa th:

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds Berchoub as the flues end as
well as a man in his cafe do: I have here writ a letter to
you, I shoulde haue giv'n you to day morning. But as
a madmans Epistiles are no Epistles, fo is skilles not much
when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Looketh en then to be well edifi'd, when the Foose
delivereth the Madman. By the Lord Madam.

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
Ladyship will haue it as it is ought to bee, you must allow

Fia. Prethee reade thy right wits.

Cl. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, it is to
reade thus: therefore, perpend your Princeffe, and glue
eyes.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reade, By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the
world shall know it: Though you have put me into
darkenesse, and giv'n you drunken Confine rule over me,
yet haue I the benefit of my fenses as well as your Lade-
siphe. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
resemblance I put on; with which I do doubt not, but to
do my felle much right, or you much blame: thinke of
me as you please. I leave my duty a little vntnhought of,
and speake out of our injury. The madly vt'd Malaloïa.

Ol. Did he write this?

Cl. I Madam.

Du. This fautors not much of disfractiion.

Ol. See him deliver'd Fabian, bring him hither: 
My Lord, fo please you, thefe things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sifter, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, fo please you.

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt to embrance your offer:
Your Manser quiets you: and for your service done him,
So much against the mectile of your sex,
So farre beneath your foft and tender bree ding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Here is my hand, you shal from this time bee
your Masters Miftis.

Ol. A fitter, you fie.

Enter Malaloïa.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. 1 my Lord, this fame: How now Malaloïa?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong.

Notorious wrong.


Mal. I say you have, pray you perufe that Letter.
You must not now denote it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phraste,
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Of say, tis not your feale, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modefle of honor,
Why you have gitten me such clear lights of fauour,
Bad me come smilling, and croffe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Vpon fit Toby, and the lighter people:
And telling this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprifon'd,
Kept in a darke house, visit'd by the Prieff,
And made the moft notorious gecke and gull,
That ere invention plaied on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Character:
But out of question, tis Marfias hand,
And now I do bethinke me, it was thee
First told me thou wast mad; then can't it in smiling,
And in fuch formes, which here were prefipos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prefhee be content,
This pratife hath moft finewedly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou fhalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne caufe.

Fab. Good Madam hear me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no bratde to come,
Taine the condition of this prefent house,
Which I have wander'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my felfe, and Toby
Set this device againft Malvolio here,
Vpon some flubborne and vacourteous parts
We had conceu'd against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at fit Toby's great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a fportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plecke on laughter then revenge,
If that the Infurit be infily weigh'd,
That have on both fides paft.

Ol. Alas poore Poole, how haue they baffe'd thee?

C1o. Why fome are borne great, fome archeine great-
neffe, and fome haue greaftneffe throwne vpon them. I
was one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir Topas fir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Poole, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at fuch a barren rafcall,
and you smile not he's gagg'd: and thus the whitelegge
of time, brings in his reveuenges.

Mal. I'll be reveueng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene notoioiusly abus'd.

Do, Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Capetaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time contemns
A Solemne Combination fhall be made
Of our deere foules. Meane time sweet fifter,
We will not parr from hence. Cefario come
(For so you fhall be while you are a man)
But when in other habiter you are feme,
Orfeo's Milifcis, and his fancies Queene.

Cef. Come fings,
When that I was a small one boy,
with boy, lo, the windes and the raine:
A futilf thing was but a toy,
for the raines it rainth every day.

But when I came to ment estate,
with boy bo, &c.
Gainft Romans and Theemes men flunt their gate,
for the raines, &c.

But when I came alas to wise,
with boy bo, &c.
By ftrogingering could I never thrive,
for the raines, &c.

But when I came ouno my bed,
with boy bo, &c.
With topastes still had drunken heads,
for the raines, &c.

A great while agoe the world began,
boy bo, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
and we'll strive to please you every day.

FINIS.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon in your letters are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference between our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I think, this coming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which he joyfully owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall frame us: we will be inlaid in our Loues: for indeed—

Camillo. 'Betheche you—

Arch. Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare— I know not what to say.— Wee will give you sleepie Drinks, that your Senses (un-intelligence of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot pravyse, as little accuse vs.

Camillo. You pay a great deal to deare, for what's gien freely.

Arch. 'Betheve me, I speake as my understanding infin'ds me, and as mine honestie puts it to vterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot shew herselfe oute-kind to Bohemia: They were trayned together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chule but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societe, their Encounters (though not Personall) had been Royally attended with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, Jauing Embasures, that they have seem'd to be together, though absente; hooke hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loues.

Arch. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an inexpressable comfort of your young Prince: Mamilline it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promiſfe, that ever came into my Nace.

Camillo. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child: one, that (indeed) Physick's the Subject, makes old hearts forth; they that went on Cruetches ere he was borne, defire yet their life, to fee him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Camillo. Yes: if there were no other excuse, why they should defire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Soune, they would defire to live on Cruetches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillines, Palacecar, Camillo.

PEN. Nine Changes of the Watry-Statre hath been

The Shepeards Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be full'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go in hence in debt: And therefore,like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thank you, many thousands mee, That goe before it.

Leontes. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you put.

Pen. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No snapinge Winds at home, to make vs fly, This is put forth too truly: besides, I have flay'd To tyre your Royaltie,

Leontes. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to.

Pen. No longer fly,

Leontes. One Seue night longer.

Pen. Very loath, to morrow.

Leontes. We'll part the time betweene's then and that.

I'll no gaine-saying.

Pen. Prefs's me not (befeech you) fo:

There is no Tongue that moves none, none ith' World So foone as yours, could win me: to it shoul'd now, Were there nencelites in your request, although 'T were needfull I deny'd it: My Affaires

Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my fly,

To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both,

Farewell (our Brother.)

Leontes. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) I have held my peace, vntill You had drawn Oathes from him, not to fly: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well; this satisfacion

The by-gone day proclaim'd, say this to him, He's best from his beitward.

Leontes. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to fee his Sonne, were strong:

But let him stay so then, and let him goe; But let him teware so, and he shall not fly, Well I swack him hence with Disaffies,

Yet of your Royall prence, Ile adventure The borrow of a Weekes. When at Bohemia

You take my Lord, He giue him my Commisson, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geft Prefix'd for's parting; yet (good-deed) Leontes, I loue thee not a lasre oth' Clock, behind

A 2 What
What Lady the her Lord. You'le flay
Pol. No, Madama.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limb: Vowes: but I,
Though you would seem't in the sphere with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
Yet shall not goe; a Ladies Verely is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: fo you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and fare your Thanks.
How say you? My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
Of one of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madama:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, in cafe to commit,
Then you to punish.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Holife.
Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyses:
You were pretty Lordlings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to Boy eternal,
Her. Was not my Lord
The verey Wag o'th'two?
Pol. We were as twy'd Lambs, that did frisk 'twix't Sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne'ver been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have anfwer'd Heaven
Boldly, nor guilty; the Impofition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since,
Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been borne to vs: for
In thoie vnfecluded days, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious flaw had then not crofs'd the eyes
Of my young Play fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, leaft you fay
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we have made you doe, we'le anfwere,
If you firft fin'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault: and that you flipt not
With any, but with vs.
Leo. Is he woon ye?
Her. Heele fay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my reqvst: he would not:
Herminfs (my defire) thou neuer foal'd
To better purpofe.
Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once.
Her. What haue I twicr faid well? when was't before?
I prether tell me: crans with prafye, and make's
As far as fame things: One good deed, dying for guelffs,
Slaughters a thoufand, wafting, upon that.
Our praifies are our Wages. You may ride's
With one foot: Kiffe a thoufand Furlongs ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goalc:
My laft good deed, was to entreat his flay.
What was my firft? it ha's an elder Sifer,
Or I might make you: O, would her Name were Graces,
But once before I fpoke to th' purpofe? when?
Nay, yet me haue't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had fower'd themfelves to death,
Ere I could make them open thy white Hand:
A diap'ry felle my Love: then didlft thou vter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed,
Why lo-you now: I haue fpoke to th' purpofe twice:
The one, for euer ca'd my Royal Hyand:
Th'other, for some while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle flrhipp fale, f'miling bloods,
I haue Temper Corda come: I my heart daunces,
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriues a Libertie
From Heartifene, from Bountie, fertile Bofome,
And well become the Agent: 'tis may, I grant;
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making prais'd Smiles
As in a Looking-GlafTe; and then to figh, as 'twere
The More or th' Deere: oh, that's entertainment
My Bofome likes not, nor my Browes, Mammills,
Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I am good Lord.
Leo. Tack's:
Why that's my Bawcock: whathas't smutch'd thy Nose?
They fay it is a Coppy out of mine, Come Captaine,
We muft be neat; not neat, but cleanly. Captaine:
And yet the Sterre, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginaling
Upon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want'rt a rough path, & the flouts that I have
To be full, like me; yet they fay we are
Almoft as like as Eagles; Women fry fof
(That will fay any thing.) But were they falfe
As o te dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters falfe
As Dice are to be wiltd, by one that fixes
Nothing; twain his and mine, yet were it true,
To fay this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most deare my Collop: Can th' Dam, mayn't be
Affection? thy Intention flabs the Center,
Thou don't make possible things not to held,
Communicate it with Dreams (how can this be?)
With what's unreall: thou cofufine are,
And fellow'th nothing. Then th' is very erend,
Thou may'st be coieyne with fomething, and thou don't,
(And that beyond Commination) and I find it,
(And that the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He fometime seems vnfeated.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, bett Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Breed of much defcription.
Are you moor'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneft.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendereffe? and make it felle a Patience
To harder bofomes? Looking on the Lynes
Of my Boys face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breh'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it shou'd bire it's Master, and fo proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squall, this Gentleman. Mine honelyst Friend,
Will you take Engage for Money?

Lea. No (my Lord) I live fight.

Lea. You will why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do sceem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercife, my Mirth, my Master;
Now my owne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parvenue, my Souel'der; State-man; all;
He makes a July's day, short December,
And with this varying child-nelfe, courtes in me
Thoughts, that would thich my blood,

Leo. So stands this Squire
Ofc'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your grauer steps.

Her. How thou wilt's, fhew in your Brothers welcome;
Let what is deary in Sicily, be cheaper:
Next to thy felc, and my young Rour, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Leo. If you would fecke vs,
We are your's shi'd Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents despitely: you'll be found.
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angering now,
(Though you perceive me not how I giue Lyne)
C noe't, noe too.
How he holds up the Nebt by the Bullothim
And arres her with the baldnelfe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynh-thick, knife-deepereard head and ears a fork'd one;
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother players, and I
Play too; but if disgraced a part, whole issue
Will hinfe me to my Graue: Contemps and Camor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there been have
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by ch'Arme,
That little think he's been has fleye'd in's abence,
And his Pond fif'd by his next Neighbor (by Sir Smile, his Neighbor; may, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and thole Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will, Should all desaire
That haue resolute Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Phisick for't, there's none:
It is a beavy Planet, that will strike
Where'tis predominant; and'tis powerfull: think it's
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barisca for a Belly. Know's,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage; many thousand on's
Have the Disafe, and feele't not, How now Boy?

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

Cam. He would not play at your Petitions, made
His Buineffe more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceiv e it?

They're here with me already, whilp'ring, rounding;
Sicilia is a for-thr: 'tis fare gone,
When I shall guft it laft. How can't (Camilla)
That he did fay?

Cam. As the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queene be's: Good should be pertinenc,
But fo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?

For they Conceit is foaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, it's,
But of the finer Naturs: be some Seuerall
Of Head-peece extraordinarie. Lower Meffies
Perchance are to this Buineffe putrblish'd? say,
Cam. Buineffe, my Lord? I thinke moft vnderstand

Bohem ia Bayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. 1, but why?

Cam. To satifie your Highneffe, and the Entreaties
Of our moft gratious Miftrife.

Leo. Satisfye?
Theentreaties of your Miftrife? Satisfye?
Let that fuffice. I haue trusted thee (Camilla)
With all the neceffit things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councils, wherein (Pritelly like) thou
Hast clean't my Bofome: I, from thee departed
This Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Ingratitude, deceiv'd
In that which seems fo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord),

Leo. To bide vpnot: thou art not honeflor
If thou inclin'est that way, thou art a Coward,
Which boxet honeflie behind, refraining
From Courte requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, graffed in my ferious Traft,
And therein negligent: or else a Foolie,
That feeth a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'it all for jet.

Cam. To my gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooleish, and frefrefull,
In every one of thefe, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fere
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometimes put forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilfull-neglecit,
It was my folly: if indifferently,
I play'd the Foolie, it was my negligence,
Not weigheing well the end: if ever fairefull
To do a thing, while I the ifue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry ours
Against the non-performance, was a faire
Which off infecta the wifeft: thefie (my Lord)
Are fuch allow'd Infrinitities, that honeflie
Is fheer free of. But befere thy Grace
Be plaier, then me know my Trepas
By it's owne yfage; if then I deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you feene Camilla?

Cam. That was a paft doubt: you have, or your eye-glaffe
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision to appara, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thoughts? (for Cogitation
Refes not in that man, that do's not thinke

As s 2
My Wife is flippet? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To hate nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thoughts, then say  
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deferves a Name  
As rank as any Flax-Wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say 'tand justify'.  
Cam. I would not be a flander-by, to hear  
My Soueraigne Misstress clouded so, without  
My present venture taken: threw my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you left  
Then this; which to reiterate, were fin  
As deep as that, though true.  
Leo. Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? is meating Noses?  
Killing with in-side Lip? hopping the Carriete  
Of Laughter, with a fight? (A Nose infallible  
Of breaking Honour) horning foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? withth Clocks more swift?  
Hours, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes  
Blind with the Pan and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,  
That would vnscene be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why then the World, and all the's in't, is nothing,  
The couring Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing,  
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing hau thise Nothings,  
If this be nothing.  
Cam. God my Lord, be cur'd  
Of this difea'd Opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.  
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.  
Cam. No, no, my Lord.  
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:  
I say thou lyest Camilla, and I hate thee,  
Proonounce thee a groze Lowl, a mindelffe Slave,  
Or else a houering Temporizer, that  
Can't with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: were my Wifes Lues  
Infected as her life; fhe would not live  
The running of one Glasfe.  
Cam. Who do's infect her?  
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hangin  
About his neck (Bohemia) who, if?  
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To fee alike mine Hoar, as their Profits,  
(Their owne particular Tiffsies) they would doe that  
Which should vnscorne more doing: I, and thou  
His Cup-bearer, whom I from manner forme  
Hau Brench'd, and rear'd do Worship, who may't fee  
Plainely, as Heauen fee's Earth, and Earth fee's Heauen,  
How I am gald, might it be spice a Cup,  
To goe mine Enemy a laffing Winke:  
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.  
Cam. Sir (my Lord)  
I could doe this, and that with no raph Potion,  
But with a lingering Dram, that should not worke  
Maliciously, like Poysion: But I cannot  
Beleete this Crack to be in my dread Misstress  
(So fulleraignly being Honorable)  
I have lou'd thee,  
Leo. Make that thy question, and goe not:  
Do'tt think I am so muddy, so vnscertifed,  
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?  
Sully the purity and whitenesse of my Sheetes  
(Which to preferre, is Sleepe; which being spoilt,  
is Goades, Thomas Nettles, Tavles of Walpes)  
Glie strands to the blood o'th Prince, my Sonne,  
(Who do doe think is mine, and loue as mine)  

Without ripe mowing to't? Would I doe this?  
Could man so blench?  
Cam. I must beleue you(Sir)  
I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:  
Provided,that when hee's remou'd,your Highneffe  
Will take againe your Queenel,as yours at first,  
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing  
The Inostie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes  
Knowne, and aliiy to yours.  
Leo. Thou dost adulie me,  
Even so as I mine owne courye haue set downe:  
I cleue no blemish to her Honor none.  
Cam. My Lord,  
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare  
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with Bohemia,  
And with your Queenet; I am my Cup-bearer,  
If from me he haue wholeforme Beueridge,  
Account me not your Servante.  
Leo. This is all:  
Do't, and thou haue the one halfe of my heart;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.  
Cam. He do't my Lord,  
Leo. I will fende friendly, as thou haft advis'd me. Exit  
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,  
What cafe stand I in? I must be the pooynter  
Of good Politsmes, and my ground to do't,  
Is the obedienc to a Master; one,  
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue  
All that are his, fo too. To doe this deed,  
Promotion follows: If I could find example  
of thousand's that had ftruck anoynted Kings,  
And Bourn'dt after, If I'd do't: But since  
Nor Braffe, nor Stone, nor Patchment bears not one,  
Let Villanice it felle for wear, I must  
Verse the Court; to do't, or no, is certaine  
To me a breake-breake. Happy Starre raigne now,  
Here comes Bohemia. Enter Polixenes.  
Pel. This is strange: Me thinkes  
My favor heere begins to warpe, Not speake?  
Good day Camillo.  
Cam. Hayle moft Royall Sir  
Pel. What is the Newes th' Court?  
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)  
Pel. The King hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had loft some Prouince, and a Region  
Lou'd, as he lou'es himfelfe: eu'en now I met him  
With cultomarie complement, when hee  
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me,and  
So leaues me, to confider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his Manners.  
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)  
Pel. How,dare not? doe not you know, and dare not?  
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:  
For to your selfe,what you doe know,you muft,  
And cannot say,you dare not, Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complections are to me a Mirror,  
Which shewes me mine chang'd too:for I muft be  
A partie in this alteration,finding  
My felle this altered with't,  
Cam. There is a ficknesse  
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but  
I cannot name the Diseafe, and it is caught  
Of you,yet are well,  
Pel. How caught of me?  
Make me not frighted like the Basilique.
The Winter's Tale.

The Princess of Bohemia, Camilla, is in a state of distress. She has heard that her husband, Camillo, has been taken captive by the Moors. She is determined to take action to save him. She tells her servants that she will send her son, Orlando, to the Moor's to negotiate for Camillo's release.

The scene is set in the court of the Duke of Milan. The Duke is being entertained by a group of nobles and his daughter, Cleopatra. The Duke is curious about the news from Bohemia and asks Orlando to provide an update.

Orlando is the son of a Moor and has been educated in the ways of the West. He is a gifted musician and is known for his beauty and intelligence. He is also known for his kindness and compassion.

Orlando is asked to perform a song for the Duke and his court. He is not averse to the idea, but he is not eager to perform in front of the Duke. He is thinking about his father, who is currently being held captive by the Moors.

The scene ends with Orlando expressing his desire to return to Bohemia and free his father. He is determined to do whatever it takes to bring his father back to safety.
The Winters Tale.

Omn. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come fit downe: then on.

Mum. Dear Sir, may I be adrest.

Ros. I will tell it softly,

Yond Crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and giue it me in mine ear.

Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the ruf of Pines I met them, nether

Saw i men feawre fo on their way: I eyed them

Even to their Ships.

Leo. How blewst I am

In my luft Centure? In my true Opinion?

Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accur'd,

In being fo belieft? There may be in the Cup

A Spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,

And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge

Is not infected) but if one prefent

Th' hard b'ord Ingredient to his eje, make knowne

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his fides

With violent Hefts: I have drunk, and feene the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar;

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;

All's true that is misinflufted: that false Villaine,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

He has discouer'd my Designe, and I

Remaine a pinck'd Thing; yea, a very Trick

For them to play at will: how came the Pottesne

So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,

Which often hath no leffe preuat'i, then fo,

On your command.

Leo. I know't too well,

Gie me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurfe him:

Though he do's beare some fignes of me, yet you

Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,

Away with him, and let her fport her felfe

With that fhe's big; with, for 'tis falvage

Ha's made thefe swell thus.

Her. But I'd fay he had not

And Ile be fviron ye would beleue my faying,

How e'te ye learnt to th' Nayward,

Leo. You (my Lords)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about

To fay the is a goodly Lady, and the

Ufefe of your heart's will thereto addde

'Tis pitty fhe's not honof't: Honorable;

Prayle her but for this her without-dore-Forne,

(Which on my faith deferues high speech) and straight

The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (there Petty-brands

That Calumnie doth vfe; Oh, I am out,

That Mercey do's, for Calumnie will feare

Vertue it felle) thofe Shrugs, thofe Hum's, and Ha's,

When you have faid thee's goodly, come betweene,

Ere you can fay thee's honeft: But be't knowne

(From him that he's moft caufe to grieue it fhould be)

She's an Adultreffe,

Her. Should a Villaine fa ye,

(The moft repeli'd Villaine in the World)

He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)

Do not miitake.

Leo. You have miJookie (my Lady)

Falixnes for Leontes : O thou Thing,

(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,

Leafe Barbarifme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vfe to all degrees,

And mannerly difcoursment leave out,

Beatrice the Prince and Beggars.) I have faid

She's an Adultreffe, I have laid with whom:

More; thee's a Traytor, and Camillo is

A Federarie with her, and one that knowes

What thee fhould frame to know her felfe,

But with her moft vild Principal' that thee's.

A Bed-fwarier, even as bad as thofe

That Vulgers giue bold'r Titles; and pray

To this their late ecape,

Her. No (by my life)

Pray to none of this: how will this grieue you,

When you fhall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus haue publifh'd me? Gentle my Lord,

You fhall can right me throughly, then, to fay

You did miitake.

Leo. No: if I miitake

In the Foundations which I build upon,

The Centre is not bigge enough to beare

A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prifon:

He who fhall fpeak for her, is a farrfe-off guilte,

But that he speaks.

Her. There's fome ill Planet raigens:

I must be paitien't, till the Heaven's looke

With an acipet more favourable. Good my Lords,

I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex

Commonly are) the want of which vain dew

Perchance fhall dry your pittles: but I haue

That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burns

Worfe then Tears drown'd: befeech you all (my Lords)

With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities

Shall beft inruit you, meafure me; and fo

The Kings will be performed.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? befeech you Highnes,

My Women may be with me, for you fee

My plights requires it. Doe not weep(good Foolees)

There is no caufe: When you shall know your Militris

He's defer'd Prifon, then abound in Tears,

As I come out; this Ation I now goe on,

It for better grace. Adieu (my Lord)

I never with'd to fee you sorry, now

I truft I call my Women come, you haue leaue.

Leo. Go, doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. Befeech your Highnes call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do(Sir)leaff your fuffice

Proue violence, in the which three great ones effuer,

Your Sel'fe,your Queene,your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)

Pleafe you 't receive that, the Queene is spotlefle

I'll eyes of Heaven, and to you (I mean)

In this, which you accuse her.

Antig. If it prove

Shee's otherwife, Ile keepe my Stables where

I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:

Then when I feele, and fee her, no further trufl her:

For every ych of Woman in the World,

Every dram of Woman flesh is falle,

If the bat

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord,

Antig. It is for you we fpake, not for our felues;

You are abdesd, and by some putter on,

That will be damned for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would
Enter Paulina, a Gentleswoman, Actor, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady, No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doth thou then in prison? Now good Sir, You know me, do you not?

Ges. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Ges. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expresse commandment,
Paul. Here's a do, to locke vp honesty & honour from Th'access of Honor true, it is lawfull pray you To see her Women? Any of them Emilia?

Ges. So please you (Madam)
To put a part thefe your attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now call her:
With-draw your felues.

Ges. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.
Paul. Well, be so: prefethree.
Here's such a doe, to make no flaine, a flaine, As paftles colouring. Deare Gentlewoman, How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one fo great, and fo forte
May hold together: On her fhrift, and greefe
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, fomething before her time, deliuer'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lufly, and like to live: the Queene receaves
Much comfort in: Sayes, my poore prifoner,
I am innocent as you,

Paul. I dare be sworne:
Thefe dangerous, vnfafe Lunes th' King, befweem them: He must be told on't, and he fhall: the office Becomes a woman beft. Ife take't upon me,
If I proue hone-true, let my tongue blitifer.
And never to my real-look'd Anger bee
The Trumper any more: pray you (Emilia)
Commend my beft obedience to the Queene,
If the dares truft me with her little babe,
I lew't the King, and undertaske to bee
Her Advocato th'lowd'ft. We do not know
How he may foften at the fight o'th Childle:
The silence ofen pure innocence
Perfwades, when perfwading fables.

Emil. Moft worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodnes is fo euident,
That your free undertaske cannot miffe
A thriving yffe: there is no Lady luing
So meete for this great errand; prayle your Ladifhip
To visit the next room, Ie prefethree
Acquaint the Queene of your moft noble offer,
Who, but to day hemmered of this defigne,
But durft not tempt a minifter of honour
Leaft ifh should be deny'd.
Enter Lords, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Not night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknessne To beare the matter thus: meere weaknessne, if The cause were not in being: part o'th'cause, She, th'Adultere, for the balaoc-King Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe but free, I can hooke to me: say that she were gone, Glue to the fire, a moity of my self Might come to me againe. Whole there? Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do the boy? Ser. He tooke good rest to night: his hop'd His feckneffe is dictch'ard.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse, Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother. He straigt declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply, Fainted, and fix'd the flame on't in his felte: Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe, And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: goe, See how he fares: Pie, fie, no thought of him, The very thought of my Reungenst that way Recoyle upon me: in himselfe too mightie, And in his parties, his Alliance. Let him be, Vntill a time may ferue. For present vengeance Take it on her: Camillo, and Polixenes. Laugh at me: make their palfime at my sorrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor Shall fie, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me: Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas) Then the Queens life? A gracious innocent soule, More free, then he is jealous. Antig. That's enough. Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded None shold come at him.

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir) I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do fighte At each his needleffe heauing: such as you Nourish the cause of his awaking. I Do come with words, as medicinall, as true; (Honest, as either:) to purge him of that humor, That pretends him from sleepe.


Leo. How? Away with that audacious Lady. Antigonus, I charg'd thee that she should not come about me, I knew the would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord) On your displeasures perill, and on mine, She shold not visitt you.

Leo. What canst not rule her? Paul. From all difhonest he can: in this (Vulcan he take the courfe that you have done) Commit me, for committing honor, trufl it, He shall not rule me.

Ant. La-you now, you heare, When he will take the raine, I let her run, But fhe'll not humber.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come: And I beseech you heare me, who professes My selfe your loyal Servant, your Phyfitian, Your most obedient Counsalier: yet that dares Leffe appear fo, in comforiting your Beilles, Then fhould one feme yours. Hefy, I come From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord)good Queene, I fay good Queene, And would by combatte, make her good fo, were I A man, the worth about you.

Leo. Force her hence. Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes Firft hand me: on mine owne accord, Ie off, But firft, Ile do my errand. The good Queene (For fhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter, Here he'is. Commends it to your blefsing.

Leo. Out: A mankeinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore: A motl intelligencing bawd. Paul. Not fo: I am as ignorant in that, as you, In so entitling me: and no leffe honest Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant (As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors; Will you not pufl her out? Gius he the Battard, Thou dotard, thou art woman-cyd: vnroofed By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Batfard, Take's wp, I fay: giue't to thy Croane.

Paul. For cures

Vn venerable be thy hands, if thou Tak'ff vp the Princeff, by that forced basenene Which he has put wp't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then were past all doubt You'd call your children, yours,

Leo. A neft of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light,

Pan. Not I: nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,
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The sacred Honors of himselfe, his Queens,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrays to Slauder,
Whose fling is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the cafe now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compelld too' once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oake, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callist.
On Blandefle tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bates me: This Brut is none of mine,
It is the Ilue of Polixenes,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay thole Prouerbe to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the words. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Capie of the Father: (Eye, Noe, Lippe,
The trick of a' Browne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimes of his Chin, and Checke; his Smiles;
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Naye, Finger.)
And thou good Goddefe Nature, which haft made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, mongall all Colours
No Yellow in't, left the sulphet, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A grave Hangge:
And Loxell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That will not flay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Fear you'veleave your selfe
Hardly one Subieet.

Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. He hath th're burn't,
Pau. I case not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not the which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vliage of your Queenne
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hinda'd Fancy) somthing favors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yet fondaloune to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durft not call me so,
If she did know me one, Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not pull me, Ile be gone.

Looke to your Babe (my Lords it is yours: Ieue lend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus to tender o' his Follys,
Will never doe him good, nor one of you.

So, So; Farewell, we are gone.

Exit. Leo. Thou (Traytor) haft set on thy Wifes this.
My Child? away with't: even thou that haft
A heart to tender o're it, take it hence,
And fee it instantly consume'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straights:
Within this house bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good Pathions) or Ile feize thy life,
With what thou else call it thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, fay fo;
The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dafe out, Go, take it to the fire,
For thou feest on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sirs:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can clese me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.
Leo. You're lyes all.

Lords. Befeech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:
We have always truly feen'd you, and befeecch
So to effecte of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare seruices
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Iife. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneele
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curfe it them. But be it: let it live.
I shall not nether. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have beene so tenderly efficous
With Lady Margerie; your mid-wife there,
To fave this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beards gray. What will you adventure,
To fave this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my ablitiue may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;
He powne the little blood which I haue left,
To fave the Innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord)

Leo. Markes, and performe it: feel thou therefore the faine
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-rouge'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon.) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and deface place, quite out
Of our Dominions: and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne proteccion,
And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in justice charge thee,
On thy Soule, perill, and thy Bodye torture,
That thou committ it Strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I sweare to doe this though a pretent death
Had beeue more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit infract the Kytes and Racons
To be thy Nurces. Wolves and Beares, they say,
(Calling their fauageuenesse aside) have done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prophanous
In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
Against this Cruetie, fight on thy side
(Poore Thing, condenmed to loffe.)

Exit.

Leo. No: Ile not reaue
Anothers Iife.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your Highnesse, Poole
From thence you went to tho Oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomites and Dion
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hailing to th' Court.

Leo. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beeue beyond accompl.

Leo. Twenty three dayes
They have beeue absent: 'tis so good speed: fore-tells
The great Apollo suddenlie will have

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The truth of this appeares: Prepare you Lords, Summon a Session that we may arraigne Our most dilly-dally Lady: for as she hath Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have A luft and open Trial. While she lives, My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, And thinke upon my bidding. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion. Cleo. The Cymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet, Fertile the Ille, the Temple much surpassing The common praise ye bear. Dion. I shall report, Forsooth it caught me, the Celestial Habits, (Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the recurrence Of the graue Wearsrs. O, the Sacrifice, How ceremonious, solemn, and vn-earthly It was i' the Offering? Cleo. But of all, the burft And the eare-des'ning. Voece o'th Oracle, Kin to Jones Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sense, That I was nothing. Dion. If theeuent o'th Journey Proue as facetsefull to the Queene (O be't so) As it hath bene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie, The time is worth the vie an't. Cleo. Great Apollo Turett all to th'bre'th: these Proclamation, So forcing faults upon Hormione, I little like. Dion. The violent carriage of it Will cleare, or end the Buinffele, when the Oracle (Thus by Apollo's great Diuine seal'd vp) Shall the Contents discourse: something rare Even then will ruft to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horset, And gracious be the issue. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hormione (as to her Trial) Ladies: Cleomenes, Dion. Leot. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce) Even puthes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd, The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one Of vs too much belov'd. Let vs be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we do openly Proceed in Jusfice, which shall have due course, Even to the Guilt, or the Purgeon: Produce the Prisoners. Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene Appeare in person, here in Court. Silence. Leot. Reside the Indictment. Officer. Hormione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd, and arraigned of High Treafon, in committing Adulterity with Polixenes King of Bohemia, and conspireing with Camillo to take away the Life of our Swayning Lord, the King, by Royall wholes, the presence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open now (Hermione) can try in the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, albeit even, faile and style them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night. Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my Accusation, and The testimonie on my part, no other But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me To say, Not guiltie: mine Inqutriu From counted Falsehood, shall (as I express) it Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make False Accusation, blufh, and Tyrannie Tremble at Presence. You (my Lord) best know (Whom leafl will see the doo to) my past life Hath beenes as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Then Historie can patuerne, though deu'dt, And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe A Moiste of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter, The Mother to a hopeful Prince, hee standing To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, for What please to come, and hear. For Life, I prize it As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare) For Honor, 'Tis a deservtue from me to mine, And onely that I stand for. I appeale To your owne Confidence (Sir) before Polixenes Came to your Court, how I was in your grace, How meritted to be so: Since he came, With what encounter vnminutes, If Haue fray'd it appearre thus; if one jot beyond The bound of Honor, or in act, or will That way enlining, hardnesh the hearts Of all that heare me, and my neer'ft of Kin Cry fie upon my Graue. Leo. You're heare yet, That any of these bolders Vices wanted Left Impudence to gainsay what they did, Then to perfom he it first. Her. That's true enough, Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me. Leo. You will not owne it. Her. More then Mitreoffe, Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polixenes (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse I lou'd him, as in Honor he requireth, With such a Kind of Love, as might become A Lady like me; with a Loue, suen such, So, and no other, as your selue commanded: Which, not to have done, I thinke had been in me Both Disobedience, and ingratitude To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke, Even since it could speake, from an Infant, fieryly, That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, I know not how it takes, though it be diff'd For me to trye how: All I know of it, is, that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your Court, the Gods themselfes (Wotting no more then I) are ignorant. Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have vnderta'n to doe in's abstinence. Her. Sir.
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Her. Sir, you speak a language that I understand not; My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreams, Whicke I lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.

You had a Baffard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame, (Those of your Fact are so) to pass all truth; Which to deny, concerns more then unassayable for as Thy Brat hath beene call'd out, like to it selfe, No Father owning it; which is indeed More criminally in the, then it) so thou Shalt feele our Injultes: in whose easieft passage, Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats: The Buggie which you would fright me with, I seek: To me can Life be no commoditie; The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Favor) I doe give left, for I doe feel it gone, But know not how it went. My second Joy, And first Fruits of my body, from his presence I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third Comfort (Said most unlawfully) is from my breast (The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth) Hal'd out to murther. My felle on every Pois

Procellam'd a Stomacher: With immodeat hatred The Child-bed privilidge deny'd, which longs To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried Here, to this place, i' th' open ayre, before I have got strength of Limb. Now (my Liege) Tell me what blessings I have here auffe, That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed: But yet hear this: mistake me not; no Life, (I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor, Which I would feare if I shall be condemn'd Upon furmizses (all prooses sleepeinge elle, But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you Tis Rigor, and not Law Your Honors all, I doe referre mee to the Oracle:

Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your request Is altogether luft: therefore bring forth (And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruilia was my Father, Oh that he were alive, and here beholding His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see The flamme of my mistere; yet with eyes Of Pity, not Revenge.

Officer. You here shall swears upon this Sword of Juffice, That you (Cleomines and Diou) have Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought This feed vp, Oracle, by the Hand defcended Of great Apollo's Priest: and that since then, You have not dar'd to take the holy Scale, Nor read the Secrets in't.

Leo. Dio. All this we sweare.

Leo. Break vp the Scale, and read, Officer. Hermione is chaff, Polixenes blaming, Camillo a true Subiect, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Boye truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heire, if that which is left be not found.

Lord. Now blest be the great Apollo.

Her. Prayed.

Leo. Haft thou read truth? Officer. I (my Lord) even so as it is here fet downe.

Leo. There is no truth as all I th'Oracle:
The sweetst, dearest creature's dead: & vengeance for't.

Not drop'd downe yet.

_Lord._ The higher powres forbid.

_Pawn._ I say she's dead: ils swears. If word, nor oath
Preuail nor, go and fee: if you can bring
Tin!*ure, of lufre in her lip, her eye
Heare outwardsly, or breath within, Ile ferue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can shire: therefore beake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares togethers, naked, falling,
Vpon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In formes perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke at that way thou went't.

_Lea._ Goon, go on:

_Thou can't not speake too much, I haue defuer'd
All tongues to talke their bitterf.

_Lord._ Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I' th' boldneffe of your speech.

_Pawn._ I am forry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue swor'd too much
The raffineffe of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greene: Donor recewe affliction
As my petition; I befeech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you shou'd forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolifh woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo. foolse againse)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember of you my owne Lord,
(Who is loot toko:) take your patience to you,
And ile not any thing.

_Lee._ Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I recewe much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Preiiehe bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shal be for both: Vpon them shall
The caufes of their death appearre (unto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, ile vifi
The Chappell where they lye, and teares flie flie there
Shall by recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercife, so long
I daily yow to vie it. Come, and leade me
To chafe forrowes.

MISSION.

Enter Antigone, a Merriner, Babe, Sheepe-
heard, and Clowns.

_Ant._ Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Desarts of Bohemia.

_Mar._ I (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill tyme: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blufhers. In my confience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

_Ant._ Their fared will be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call upon thee.

_Mar._ Make your beft haile, and go not
Too-farre it's Land: its like to be lowd weather.
Befides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep e vpon's.

_Ant._ Go thou away,
Ile follow inantly.

_Mar._ I am glad at heart
To be ridde oth buifinesse.

_Ant._ Come, poor babe
I haue heard (but not beleu'd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appeard to me laft night: for e're was dreamt
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one fide, some another,
I neuer faw a vellife of like forrow
So fill'd, and fo becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very fanctity she did approach.
My Cabine where I lay: thirce bow'd before me,
(And gapping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two fpiouts; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigones,
Since Fate (againft thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perfon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There wepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loft for ever, _Perda._
I prethee call: For this vngentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou're faith fee
Thy Wife _Paulina _more: and so, with fireiects
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my lefe, and thought
This was fo, and no slumber: Dreams, arc toyes,
Yet for this once, yea superflitously,
I will be liuer'd by this. I do beleue
_Hermione hath fuffer'd_ death, and that
_Apollo would (this being indece the illue
Of King _Polonius_ it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Ofi't his right Father. Blessome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy character: there thee,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And fill reft thine. The formes beginne, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thou expos'd
To loiffe, and what may follow. Wepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moft accurst am I
To be by oath enioy'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou're lik to have
A lullabie too rough: i neuer faw
The heauens fo dim, by day. A fauge clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever,

_Exact perfoned by a Beare.
_Slide._
I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would leap out the reft for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-
chess with childe, wronging the Anciency, feeling, fighting, heare you now; would any but these boyd-e-
branes of nineteen, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue fear'd awaie two of my beft Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde thne the Mafter;
they were I haue them, 'tis by the sea-fide, brou-
zling of lay. Good-inche (and be thy will) what hau
we here? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a very prettie one) fure some Scape? Though I am not bookish, yet I can

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigone, a Merriner, Babe, Sheep-
heard, and Clowns.

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The Deserts of Bohemia.

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Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
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Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Timur, the Czarsus.

Time. I that please some, tryall: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolds error,
Now take vp on me (in the name of Time)
To vfe my wings: I proue it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I flide
Ore fratene yeeters, and leave the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, sence it is in my powre
To orthrow Law, and in one felfe-borne howe
To plant, and ore-whelme Coufome. Let me passe
The fame I am, ere ancient Order was,
Or what is now recei'd. I wittene to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th'treffeth things now reigninge, and make stale
The glittering of this prefernt, as my Tale
Now feemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne your glaffe, and glue my Scene fusht growing
As you had feen betwene: Leanteutenant
The effects of his fonde louefees, fo greene
That he fluts vp himfelfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Speecutors) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a fonne o'th'd Kings, which Florizell
I now name to you: and wich fped fo pace
To speake of Perdita, now growne in grace
Equall with wound'ing. What of her infues
I did not prophecy: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A fhepherd's daught
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
<er Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you have fpent time worfe, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himfelfe doth fay,
He wifeffe earneftly, you neuer may.

Exit.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more inuortune: 'tis a ficknefe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Camillo. It is fiftene yeeters since I faw my Countrie: though I have (for the moft part) bin ayred abroad, I deffe to ly my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Mafter) hath fent for me, to whose feeling forrowes I might be fome alay, or I owne wene to thinkke it) which is another iparture to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou't me (Camillo) wipe not out the reft of thy fentences, by leaving me now: the neede I have of thee, thine owne goodnefe hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, then having made me Bufenelles, (which none, (without thee) can fufficiently manage) muft either fay to execute them thy felfe, or take away with thee the very fentences thou haft done: which if I have not enough confidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, flill bee my fudie, and my profite therein, the heaping friend shippe. Of that fataf Countrey Sicilia, prettee speake no more, whose very naming punifheth me with the remembrance

Extract

Enter Clotemus.

Clos. Hillus, loa.

Sho. What is it come so neere? If thou'lt fee a thing to take on, then thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what aye'lt thou, man?

Clos. I have scene two fuch fitthes, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to fayt is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thuff a bodkins point.

Sho. Why, boy, how is it?

Clos. I would you did but fee how it chaces, how it ra- ges, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moft pittofues cry of the poore foules, sometimes to fee'em, and not to fee'em; Now the Shippe boating the Manne with her maife Maff, and anon swallowed with yeft and froth, as you'd thuff a Corke into a hoghead. And then for the Land-feruice, to fee how the Bear coule out his shoulder-bone, how he eride to mee for helpe, and fay'd his name was Antipamus, a Nobleman: Bear to make an end of the Shippe, to fee how the Sea flipp'd, Corke'd: but first, how the poore foules roared, and the fea mock'd themand how the poore Gentleman roa- red, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the fea, or weather.

Sho. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clos. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I faw thefe fitthes: the men are now yet cold under water, nor the Bear haife din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Sho. Would I had bin by, to have help'd the olds man.

Clos. I would you had beene by the flip side, to have help'd herethe your charity would have laken'd footing.

Sho. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but looke thee here provy boy. Now bleffe thy felle: thou met't with things dying, with things new borne: Here's a fight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childre: looke thee here, take vp, take vp (Boy') opent' its fo, let's fee, it was told me I shou'd be rich by the fantes. This is fome Changeling: opent' what's within boy.

Clos. You're a mad old man: if the finnes of your youth are forguen you, you're well to live. Golds, all Gold.

Sho. This is Falery Gold boy, and twill prove for: vp whith, keep it clofe: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee fo still requires nothing: but fecrett. Let my flepoe go: Come (good boy) he next way home.

Clos. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ie go fee if the Bear bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten, they are neuer curf but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ie bury it.

Sho. That's a good deed: if thou mayeft dierene by that which is left of him, what heis, fetch me to th'fight of him.

Clos. Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Sho. Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't
The Winters Tale.

of that penitent (as thou call'st him) and reconciled King
my brother, whose lofe of his most precious Queene &
Children, are even now to be a-frehl lamented. Say
me, when saw'lt thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings
are no less vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then
they are in looking for them, when they have approved
their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince: what
his happy affayes may be, arc to me unknown: but I
have (misguidly) noted, he is in late much retired
by Court, and is little frequent to his Princely exercises then
formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have confidered so much (Camilla) and with
some care, so farre, that I have eyes vnder my feruice,
which looke vnpon his remainednes: from whom I have
this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the heauie of a
mofh, homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very
nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,
is grown into an vnpeable estate.

Cam. I have heard (eir) of such a man; who hath a
daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended
more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage
Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I
fear) the Angue that plucks our fee nie-thither. Thou
that accompany'st to the place, where we will (not
peartaking of what we are haue some question with the shep-
heard; from whose simplicity, I think it not vnseifie
to get the caufe of my fones refort theter. Prethe be my
prefent partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts
of Siellia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My belt Camillo, we must disguife our felues.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.

When Daffysill begin to peare,
With breith the Dey over the daile,
Why then comes in the sweete olde yeere.
For the red bloomed roses in 3 anters pale.

The white sheetes bleacching on the hedge,
With bow the sweete birde, O how they fong.
Dobbe set my pug ging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Larkes that tirra Lyra channis,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.
I haue earn'd Prince Florizell, and in my time were three
piles, but now I am out of feruice.

But shall I go mournes for that (my dear)
The pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here and there
I then do moff go right.
If Tinkers may their houses leave to line,
And bear the Saw-shine Bonges,
Then my account I well may gine,
And in the Stocks auct-tis.

My Traffeke is fretes: when the Kite builds, looke to
jeffer Linnen. My Father nam'd me Autolycus, who be-

ing (as I am) lyter'd vnder Mercurie., was likewise a
snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,
I puruch'd this Caparison, and my Renowen is the silly
Cheat, Gallows, and Knocke, are too powerfull on
the High-way. Beating and hanging are terrors to me:
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it.
A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowes.

Clo. Let me fee, every Leiuen-weather taddy, every
tod yieldes pound and pound; and any fhillung: fifteen hundred
shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the crindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do without Compters. Let me fee,
what is I to buy for our Sheepe-shering-Feast? Three
pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice.
What will this fitter of mine do with Rice? But my father
hath made her Millits of the Feast, and she lays it on.
She hath made me four and twenty Nofe-gages for the fest-
ners (three-man long-men, all, and very good ones) but
they are most of them Meanes and Babes; but one Puria-
tian amongst them, and he fings Palfmes to home-pipes.
I must have Saillion to colour the Warden Pisc, Mace:
Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, feuen:
A Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four
pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reynions oth Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was borne.

Clo. 1 ethname of me,

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucks but off these
rages: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alakee poore soule, thou haft need of more rage
lay on thee, rather then haue thee off.

Aut. Oh firs, the lossthinner of them offend mee,
more then the stripes I have receu'd, which are mightie
ones and millions,

Aut. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come
to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd firs, and beaten: my money, and ap-
parell tane from me, and these defeatable things put vp
on me,

Clo. What, by a shofe-man,or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet firs) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments
he has left with thee: If this bee a hoffmen Castre , it
hath feene very hot feruice. Lend me thy hand, ile helpe thee.
Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good firs, tenderly, oh.

Clow. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good firs, softly, good firs: I feare (firs) my
shofer-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst fland?

Aut. Softly, dear firs: good firs, softly: you ha done
me a charitable office.

Clo. Doeth lacke any mony? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No,good sweet firs to no, I befeech you fir: I haue
a Kinman nor flall three quarters of a mile hence, vno
whome I was going: I shall there haue mony, or anie
thing I want: Offer me no mony I pray you, that killes
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robbe'd
you?

Aut. A fellow (firs) that I haue knowne to goe about
with Trolly- my-dames: I knew him once a feuerant of the
Prince: I cannot tell good firs, for which of his Vert-
ues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the
Court.

Clo.
The Winters Tale.

Ch. His vices you would say: there's no virtue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Ant. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath none since an Ape-bearer, then a Profece-feuerer (a Baylife;) then hee comph a Motion of the Prodigall Sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Lying-lies; and (hailing fowne over many a knavish professions) he feeld onely in Rogue; some call him Antiquius.

Ch. Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prig he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-batings.

Ant. Very true sir: the see [sic]: that's the Rogue that put me into this apperall.

Ch. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Beehemia; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, he'd have runne.

Ant. I must confess to youSir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Ant. How do you now? Sir.

Ch. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Ant. No, good fac'd Sir, no fweet Sir.

Ch. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing.

Ant. Prosper you sweet Sir. Your purse is not enouogh to purchase your Spices: Ie be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: if I make not this Chest bring out another, and the sheeers prove sheepe, let me be vnorl, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Log-an, log-on, the foot path way,
And merrily bent the Steile a:
A merry bears goes all the day,
Your satyrs in at Hole a. Ext.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fiebean, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowe, Pellicenes, Cannel, Mopp, Dorcas, Seruant, Antolucks.

Flo. Thefe your vnfulfull weeds, to each part of you Do's guise a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flora Pearing in Aprils front. This you sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremity, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe The gracious marka of th'Land, you haue obfusc'd With a Swines weareing: and me (poore louely Maide) Mott Goddeffine, like pranke'd vp: But that our Feasts In every Melleia haue folly: and the Feeders Digest with a Cuftome, I shou'd blash.

To see you so attry'd: I wroune I thynke, To thow my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I bleffe the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now loue affoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not beene v's to fear:) even now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fater,
How would he looke, to see his worke, fo noble,
Widdely bound vp? What would he say? Or how
Should I (inthe my borrowed Flauters) behold
The Rennelle of his preference?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but illity: the Goddes themselves
(Humblest his Deities to loue) have taken
The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a Bull, and bellowd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-rosh'd God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I thence now. Their transformations,
Were never for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so shaffe: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lufts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by thy power of the King:
One of these two must be necessitie,
Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-
Or I my life

Flo. Thou dost Perdita,
With thefe dark thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth of this Feaste: O be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most confant,
Though definy say no. Be merry (Gente)
Strangle focht thoughts as thefe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that mirtiall, which
We two haue frowne hall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious.

Flo. See, your Guestes approch,
Address your selfe to entertaine them spriightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Sho. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liued: upon
This day, she was both Pander, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: a few'd all,
Would fing her song, and dance her turne: now here
At wpper end o'th Table, now, I think'd:
On his shoulder, and his: her face of fire
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retayed,
As if you were a feastted one: and not
The Hoffsell of the meeting: Pray you bid
Thes unknowne friends to welcom, for it
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne:
Come, quench your blusses, and present your felle
That which you are, Militis o'th Fresh. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hoffsellship o'th day: you're welcome sir,
Give me those Flowres there (Dorcas.) Renerver Strs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, theke keep
Serning, and favou all the Winter long:
Grace, and Rememberence be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

B B 2

Pol.
The Winters Tale.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you) well you at our ages
With flowers of Winter,

Frd. Sir, the yeares growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th season
Are our Carnations, and Sirens' Gilly-vors,

(Which some call Natures balladists) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get fllops of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neeleth them.

Frd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their puddenelle shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say adde to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make concyunt a barke of bafer kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which doe's mend Nature: change it ratter, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature,

Frd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them balladists.

Frd. Ite not put
The Dible in earth, to set one flip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This yeare should say't wer well: and only therefor
Defire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Lautender, Mint, Saucy, Marionum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rise, weeping: These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are quen
To man of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grafting, were I of your flocke,
And only line by gazine.

Frd. Our alas:
You'll be so leane, that blatt of January
(Friend, Would blow you through and through. Now (my fair) I would I had some Flowers o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That were upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O Preferrina,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou'lt fall
From Dyer Waggon: Diffadifs,
That come before the Swallow dates, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweete) then the tides of June's eyes,
Or Cythera's breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dyes unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Peachbus in his strength (a Malady
Melt incident to Misad) bold Ostatips, and
The Crown Empirall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flower-de-Luce being one.) O, thefe I lacke,
To make you Garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To flrew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What like a Coaste?

Frd. No, like a banke, for Lous to lie, and play on:
Not like a Coaste: or if: not to be burie,
But ouiche, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I have seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,
Still better what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'll have you do it ever when you sing,
I'd have you buy, and sell so to give Almes,
Pray for: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A ware o'th Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: more still, still so:
And ome no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crowns what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queens.

Frd. O Doricles,
Your praints are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps fairly through't,
Do plainly giue you out an unblame Sphepherd
With willingome, I might spare (my Doricles)
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to feare, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdis) so Turtles paire
That never meant to part.

Frd. Ite ware for'em.

Pol. This is the prettie Low-borne Lasse, that ever
Ran on the greene-land: Nothing she do's, or feemes
But smakes of something greater then her selfs,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good toof she is
The Queens of Cardes and Creame.

Clk. Come on strike vp.

Dorces. May't must be your Milkis: marry Gatlick
To mend her kilning with.

Clk. Now in good time.

Clk. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and
Shepherdesse.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shp. They call him Doricles, and boasts himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding but I have it
Upon his owne report, and I believe it:
He looks like toof: he says he loves my daughter,
I think so too: for never gaz'd the Mone
Upon the waters, as beel stand and reade
At t'rewe my daughters eyes: and to be plaines,
I think there is not halfe a kiffe to choole
Who loves another beft.

Pol. She dances falsely.

Shp. So she do's anything, though I report it
That should be filente: If young Doricles
Do light upon her, the sh'll bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Cam. Enter Servants.

Ser. O Mafter: if you did but heare the Pedier at the
doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: hee sings
several Times, safter then you'll tell money hee vters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grew to
his tune.

Clk. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but even too well; if he do beele matter
merrily for downe see a very pleasant thing indeede, and
fungs lamentably.
**The Winter's Tale.**

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sorts: No Miller can so fit his customers with Cloves; he has the prettiest Loud-songs for Maids, of whatsoever variety (which is strange,) with such delicate burnish of Dido's and Fondings: Jump her, and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascal, would (as it were) mean mischiefe, and break a fowle gap into the Matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whop, doe me no harme good man:* pue his off, flightes him, with *Whop, doe me no harme good man.*

Petr. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe mee, thou talkest of an admirable conci-
ceded fellow, has he any unbridled Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours th' Rain-
bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bohemia, can learn handle, though they come to him by th' Grose: Inkles, Caddyvels, Cambricke, Launesse: why he sings em outer, as they were Gods, or Goddeffes; you might thinke a Smocke were a fine Angel, he so chanters to the feene-hand, and the worke about the figure on't.

Petr. Thee he bring him in, and let him approach sing-
ging.

Petr. Forewarn me, that he be no fruitful words in't tones.

Clo. You have of these Pedlures, that have more in
them, then you'd thinke (Sister.)

Petr. I good brother, or go about to thinke,

Enter Antonio singing,

Lamme as white as driven Snow,
Cypros blacke as ever was Crow,
Gloues as sweet as Darnaque Poes,
Macks for faces, and for voises:
Bangle-bracelet, Necke lace Amber,
Pernfume for a Ladies Chamber;
Golden Yotettes, and Stemachets
For my Lads, to give their deere:
Pins, and pushing Pickets of steel.
What Maids lackes from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Laffes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with (Mop.) thou shoul'dt
not take no money of me, but being entha'd as I am, it will so be the bondage of certain Ribbons and Cloves,

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Fair, but they don't come to late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that,' or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: May be he has paid you more, which will shame to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wearie their plackes, where they should best their faces? Is there no milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secret, but you must be tittle-tasting before all our guests?' Tis well they are whispering, or clemor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: Come you promis'd me a tawdry-
lace, and a pair of sweet Gloues,

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cez'd by the way, and left all my money,

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-
fore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Feste nor thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut. I hope to do't, for I have about me many parcels
of charge.
The Winter's Tale.

themselfes all men of hair, they call themselues Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gal-
ly-maunfey of Gambols, because they are not in's; but they themselfes are o'th minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away: We'll none on't; here has beene too much homely footeready. I know (Sir) wee weare-
you.

Pol. You wearie those that refell vs. pray let's see these foure-threees of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but timpluste twelve foote and a halfe by th'unique,

Shep. Leave your prateing, since these good men are plea'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they say at doore Sir.

Hear a Dance of twelve Satyes.

Pol. O Father, you know more of that hearerest; Is it not too farre gone? This time to part them, He's simple, and tells much. How now (faire hepheard)
Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from feafling. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed late, as you do; I was wont
To lead my Shee with knacks: I would have raufsack
The Pedlers filken Treasury, and have power'd it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasfe
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at leaft, if you make a care
Of hoppile holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prises not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she lookes from me, are packs and locks
Vp in my heart, which I haue given already,
But not deliver'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)
Hath someime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doues downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian tooth, or the fan'd know, that's bolted
By't/Northerne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What follows this?
How pretitty thy yong Swaine feemes to waish
The hand, was faire before? I haue put youout,
But to your protestation: Let me haere
What you profelle.

Flo. Do, and be witnesse to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crownd, I would be an Imperial Monarch
The richest most worthy: were I the farest youth
That ever made eye feuer, had force and knowledge
More then was ever mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to her service.
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This thowest a found affection.
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Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too, That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein) Vaworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou Those rural Latches to his entrance open, Or hope his body more, with thy embraces, I will devise a death, as cruel for thee As thou art tender too. Exit. 

Perd. Even here vndone: I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice I was about to speake, and tell him plainly, The felle, same Sun, that shinte upon his Court, Hides not his vifage from our Cottage, but Looks on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone? I told you what you would come of this: Befeech you Of your owne faire take care: This dreame of mine Being now awake, let Queene it no inch farther, But milke my Ewes, and weeppe. Cam. Why how now Father, Speake ere thou dyest. 

Slep. I cannot speake, nor think, Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir, You have vndone a man of foure score three, That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea, To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de, To lye cloe by his honest bones; but now Some Hangman must put on my shroward, and lay me Where no Priest floueth in dull. Oh cursed wretch, That knew if this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone: If I might dye within this houre, I have liu'd To die when I desire. Exit. 

I. o. Why looke you fo vpon me? I am but forry, not a-fear'd: delaid, But nothing altered: What I was, I am: More fixtaining on, for plucking backe; not following My leath unruly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord, You know my Fathers temper: at this time He will no word speake (which I do ghesse You do not purpose to him) and as hardily Will he endure your fight, as yet I fear: Then till the fury of his Highnesse feste Come not before him. 


Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus? How often said my dignity would laft But till 'tis knowne? 

Flo. It cannot fail, but by The violation of my faith, and then Let Nature erith the fides of the earth together, And marre the feeds within. Lift vp thy lookes: From my fucception wipe me (Father) I am hiere to your affection. Cam. Be adults.

Flo. I am: and by my fancies, if my Reason Will thereto be obedient: I have reason: If not, my fenses better plees with madneffe, Do bid it welcome. 

Cam. This is desparate (Sir.) 

Flo. So call it: but it do fulifie my vow: I needs must think it honest. Camilla, Not for your sake, nor the pome that may Be therest gleamed: for all the Sun fees, or The close easte woods, or the profound feas, hides In vnoowne fadonets, will I breake my oath. To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you, As you haue euer bin my Fathers honoure'd friend, When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not To see him any more) caft your good counfialues Upon his passion: Let my felle, and Fortune Tag for the time to come. This you may know, And fo delier, I am put to Sea With her, who her I cannot hold on Shore: And must oppornt to her needes, I have A Vessell rides fat by, but not prepar'd For this defigne. What course I meane to hold Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concerne me the reporting. 

Cam. O my Lord, I would your spirit were easier for aduice, Or stronger for your neede. 

Flo. Hearke Perdita, Hee heare you by and by. 

Cam. Hee's irremouable. Refouled for flight: Now were I happy if His going, I could frame to ferue my turne, Sae him from danger, do him love and honor, Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicilian, And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom I fo much thirst to fee. 

Flo. Now good Camilla, I am fo Eaged with curious busineffe, that I leave out ceremony. 

Cam. Sir, I thinke you have heard of your pover services, I th' loue That I haue borne your Father? 

Flo. Very nobly Haue you deferued: It is my Fathers Musick To speake your deeds: not little of his care To have them recommeded, as thought on. 

Cam. Well (my Lord) If you may plesse to think I loue the King, And through him, what's neereft to him, which is Your gracious selfe; embrase but my direction, If your more ponderous and settled prose May fuffer alteration. On mine honor, Ile point you where you shall have such receiuing As shall become your Highness, where you may Enjoy your Miftifes, from the whom, I fee There's no difcretion to be made, but by (As heaven foresend) your ruine: Marry her, And with my best endeavours, in your abience, Your discon tenting Father, erue to qualifie And bring him vp to liking. 

Flo. How Camilla May this (almost a miracle) be done? That I may call thee something more then man, And after th' art to thee. 

Cam. Have you thought on A place whereeto you' go? 

Flo. Not any yet: But as th' eventhought-on accident is guiltie To what we wildly do, so we professe Our felues to be the flues of chance, and flyes Of euerie winde that blows. 

Cam. Then bid to doe; This followes, if you will not change your purpose But vndergo this flighte, make for Sicilia, And there profent your felle, and your faire Princeffe, (For so I fee the must be) Troy Leonites;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Lectors opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcome forth thanks that there Sonne forgiveynesse,
As were they that the present kisses the hands
Of your right Princepso; ore and ore extudios him,
'Twixt his vnskynesse, and his Kindnesse; th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to glise him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall declare,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, he write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every fitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiver,
But that you have your Fathers Bosom there,
And speake his very Heart.
Flo. I am bound to you: There is some fappe in this.
Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, and dreame' Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Do the best office: if they can but lye you,
Where you'll be lode to be: besides you know,
Prosperities the very bond of Love,
Whose freshs complection, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
Perd. One of these is true: I
Think an affliction may stounde the Checke,
But not take-in the Mind.
Cam. Yea? Say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these feuen yeeres
Be borne another fuch.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is 'tis rare 'our Birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for the semm's a Miscreffe
To moft that teach.
Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
He blusht you Thanks,
Flo. My prettieff Perdita,
But O, the Thomeas went and ypons (Camillo)
Preferrer of my Father,now of me.
The Medicine of our Houfe: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in Sicilia.
Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all yee there: it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instanc Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Antiochus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Poole Honoficie is? and Truth (his
Yeare brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have fold
all my Trempeties: not a Counterefe Stone: nor a Ribbon,
Gaffe, Pomander, Brouch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Cloace, Shoote-yce, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keeps

my Pack from faling: they strong who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had bene hallowed, and brought a be-
nefdification to the buyer: by which means, I saw whole
Purse was left in Pictures; and what I saw, to my good
vil, I remembered. My Clowne (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grew fo in love with the
Wenches Song, that heu would not flire his Petti-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which fo drew the re-
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences flucke in
Eares; you must have pinch'd a Placket, it was fonce-
leue: 'twas nothing to gould a Cord-piece of a Purfe: I
would have fill'd Keys of that hung in Chaynes: a no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethinge, I pick
and cut moth of their Fettuall Purfes: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoos-bab against his Daughter,
and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chowgyses from the
Chaffe, I had not left a Purfe alue in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay but my Letters by this means being there
Some one as you arraine, shall eare these doubt.
Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Lectors?
Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire.
Cam. Who have we here?
We'll make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give vs side.
Aut. If they have ouer-heard me owe why hanging.
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou too? Fear not man
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow,Sir.
Cam. Why, be so full: here's no body will stale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouerous, we must
make an exchange: therefore di-safe thee instantly (thou
must think there's a necessitie in) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boote.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatche: the Gentleman is halfe
fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest,Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)
Flo. Dispatche, poore,
Aut. Indeed I have had Earnest, but I cannot with
confidence take it.
Cam. Vnbackle, vnbackle.
Fortunate M AF RE (let my prophecie
Come home to yes) you must retire your felle
Into fome Courte: take you: sweet-Hearts Hat
And plucke it ore you Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mante you, and (as you can) diliken
The truth of your owne seeing, that you may
(For I doe ftere eyes ever) to Ship-board
Get vnfeare.'d.

Perd. I fee the Play fo Iyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedy:
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
Aut. Adieu, Sir,
Flo. O Perdita: what have we twaine forgot?
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Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whether they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so pruse,
To force him after: in whole company
I shall review Stella: for, whereof to fight,
I have a Woman Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed vs:
Thus we let on (Cam. to th' Sea-side.)

Cam. The twiter speed, the better. Exit.

Ant. I understand the buffreece, I hear it: Is to have an open eye, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse: a good noise is requisite also, to smell out works for other Senses. I see this is the time that the vultufl man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods do this yeere common at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a piece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heapes) if I thought it were a piece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it is more knoe to conceal it; and therein am I confiant to my Profession.

Enter Cleavne and Shephard.

Affire, affire, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seffion, Hanging, yields a careful man works.

Cleavne. See, see, what's a man you are now? there is no other, way but to tell the King he's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shop. Nay, but hear me.

Cleavne. Nay; but hear me.

Shop. Goet too then.

Cleavne. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood he's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secrect things, all but what she ha's with her) This being done, let the Law goe whither I warrant you.

Shop. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Cleavne. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheft off you could have bene to him, and then your Blood had bene the dearest; but I know how much an ounce.

Ant. Very wilfull (Puppies.)

Shop. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him frectch his Beard.

Ant. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be the flight of my Master.

Cleavne. "Pray heartily he be at 'Pallace."

Ant. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Padders excrements. (He wanteth Rufiques) whither are you bound?

Shop. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Ant. Your Affairs there: what with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what haung? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover.

Cleavne. We are but plaine fellows, Sir.

Ant. A Lyce; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me have no lying: it becomes none but Trade-men, and they oftentimes goe (Souldiers) the Lyce, but wee pay them for it with fstones: But getting Steale, therefore they do not give vs the Lyce.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shop. Are you a Courtier, and like you Sir?

Ant. Whether it be me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the yeare of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hast not my gate in it, the measure of the Court Receivts not thy Note Court Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Balenie, Court Contempt? Thinkst thou, for that I intimate, at toase from thee thy Balenie, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier Capt. sae, and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Balenie there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shop. My Balenie, Sir, is to the King.

Ant. What Advocate ha'ft thou to him?

Shop. I know not (and it like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you have none.

Shop. None, Sir; I have no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Ant. How blessed are we, that are not simple men? Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not deform the.

Clo. This cannot but a great Courtier.

Shop. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more Noble, in being Fanta-

Sticall: A great man, ile warrant; I know by the picking out's Teeths.

Ant. The Farthell there? What's 'i' th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shop. Sir, there yles Such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none mst know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Ant. Age, thou haft loft thy labour.

Shop. Why Sir?

Ant. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and aspire himselfe: for if thou beest capable of things serioz, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shop. So 'tis said (Sir) about his Sonne, that should have married a Shepheards Daughter.

Ant. If that Shephard be not in hand-lift, let him flye: the Curfes he shall hauce, the Tortures he shall feele, will break the back of Man, the heart of Menfier.

Clo. Thynke you so, Sir?

Ant. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make us haue, and Vengeance bierer; but those that are terrisme to him (though remo'nd fifty times) all shall come under the Hang-man: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whiffting Rogues, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some fay hee shall be fdoned: but that death is too soft for him (lay 13.) Draw out Throno into a Sheep-Coat: all deaths are too few, the sharpet too eafe.

Clo. He's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and like you, Sir?

Ant. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be fadly alue, then 'noycred ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Wafpes Neft, then fand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recou'red aigne with Aquavit, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hotell day Prognos-

fication proclaimes) (hall he be fet against a Brick-wall, (the Sonne looking with a Southward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what take we of thefe Traitorly Bafals, whose mi-

feries are to be fam'd as, their offences being fo capitally

Tel.
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Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is abroad, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your halfeles; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is man shall doe it.

Cle. He seemes to be of great authority: cloe with him, give him Gold; and though Authority be a Rubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember flond, and flay'd alue.

Sho. And's please you (Sir) to under take the Buineffe for vs, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawning, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Sho. I Sir.

Aut. Well, guine me the Moiety: Are you a partie in this Buineffe?

Cle. In some sort, Sir: but though my cafe be a pitiful, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shephers Sons: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

Cle. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and draw our strange fightes: he must know 'ts none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: were are gone else, Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Buineffe is performed, and remaine (as he fayes) your pawning till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Cle. We are blest'd, in this man: as I may say, even blest'd.

Sho. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was provis'd to done well.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: free drops Booties in my mouth. I am countred now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turne backe to my advancement?) I will bring thefe two Moses, thefe blind-ones, aboard him, if he think it fit to flove them againe, and that the Complain plaints they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being fo farre officious, for I am proote against that Title, and what theme elfe belongs to's: To him will I prefent them, there may be matter in it.

Excuse.

Aelius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleominet, Dion, Paulina, Servants:

Florizel, Perdita.

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd: indeed pay'd downe More penitence then done trefpasse: At the least Doe, as the Heaven's have done: forget your cuill, With them, forgive your self.

Leo. While I remember Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much, That Heaven, for it hath made my Kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweetest Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord): If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, took something good, To make a perfect Woman; thee you kill'd, Would be vnaparal'd.

Leo. I think so, Kill'd? She I kill'd? I did so: but thou flikt me Soletly, to fay I did: it is a bitter Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, good Say fo but feldome.

Cleo. Nor at all, good Lady: You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd Your kindneffe better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not fo, You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Danger, by his Highneffe fail of Slue, May drop upon his Kingdom, and destruction Incurr in looks on. What were more holy, Than to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holer, then for Royalties repare, For prefent comfort, and for future good, To bleffe the Bed of Maifeille again With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none whom, (Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods Will have full'd their secret purpsoes: For he's not the Divine Apollo said? It's not the tenor of his Oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an Heire, Till his low Child be found! Which, that it shall, Is all as more fritis to our humane reaſon, As my Antagonis to breake his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. Th is your counfell, My Lord should to the Heaven's be contrary, Oppole against their wills. Care not for Illue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander Left to his th' Wortheſſt: fo his Succesfor Was like to be the beft.

Leo. Good Paulina, Who haſt the memorie of Hermione I know in honor: O, that euer I Had fquared me to thy counfell: then, eu'n now, I might have looke'd upon my Queens full eyes, Have taken Treasure from her Lips, Paul. And left their More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speakst truth: No more such Wives, therfore no Wife: one worfe, And better vs'd would make her Sainted Spirit Against opprefſe her Corps and on this Stage (Where we Offenders now appear) Sole:vex, And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the fuch power, She had itfuch caufe. Leo. She had, and would incenfe me To murther her I married.
Bring them to our embrace, still is strange,
He thus should sole vpon vs.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) feme this houre, he had pay'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.

Lea. Prethe no more; ceafe: thou know'ft
He dyes to me againe, when talk'ed of: sure
When I shall fee this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfruitfull me of Reason. They are come,
Enter Floricell, Perdis, Clemens, and others.
Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very syre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddefe) oh alas,
I loft a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus have flood; begetting wonder,as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loft
(All mine owne Folly) the Societe,
Amite too of your brawe Father, whom
(Though bearing Miferle) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him,
Fin. By his command
Haue I here touch'd Siecle, and from him
Glue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can fend his Brother: and but Infinitie
(Which wait's vpon more times) had something fea'd
His with'd Abilitie, he had himfelfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Mefur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loves
(He bad me fay) more then all the Scetpers,
And thofe that bear them, fling,
Lea. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee,flitere
Afreth within me: and thefe thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreteres
Of my behind-hand flacknife, Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth, And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vlage
(At leaft vngentle) of the dreadfull Niphan,
To greet a man not worth her paines; much leffe,
Th'aduancement of her paffion?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia.

Lea. Where the Warlike Smyrni,
That Noble hon'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Moft Royall Sir
From thence from him, whofe Daughter
His Teares proclamy'd his parting with her: thence
(A properous South-wind friendly) we have croft'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting his Highneffe: My beft Traine
I have from your Sicilian Shores dismis'd;
Who for Bethemina bend, to fignifie
Not onely my fuccesse in Libia (Sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wifes, in fafetie
Here, where we are,
Lea. The bleft God
Purge all Infition from our Ayre, whilelfe you
Doe Cymaste here: you haue a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whole peril

(So)
Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir, That which I shall report, will bear no credit, Were not the proofs so high, Please you (great Sir) 
Bebemis greets you from him self by me;

Desires you to acquit his Sonne, who he's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hope, and with
A Shepherds Daughter.

Le. Where's Bekemis? Speake
Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now come from him.
I speake amaz'dly, and it becomes
My maner, and my Mislige, To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase) it seems,
Of this faire Couple) meetces he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrie quited,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camilla he's betray'd me;
Whole honor, and whole honettie till now,
Endur'd all Weather.

Lord. Lay's to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Le. Who is Camilla?
Lord. Camilla (Sir) I speake with him: who now
Has these poor men in question. Neuer faw I
Wretches to speake: they kneale, they kiffe the Earth;
Forwereare themselfes as often as they speake;
Bebemis stops his cares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poor Father:

The Heauen fees Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contradt celebrated.

Le. You are married?
Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Scates (I fee) will kiffe the Vallyes first:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Le. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once flete is my Wife.

Le. That once (I fee) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come on very flowly. I am forry
(Moft forry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were try'd in duty: and as forry,
Your Chofe is not fo rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemie,
Should chafe us, with my Father; powre no iox
Hath the to change our Loues. Befeech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I do now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,
My Father will grant prouice things, as Trifles.

Le. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Miftres,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Flo. Sir (my Lige)?
Your eye hath too much yonthe in't: not a moneth

'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth luch gazers,
Then what you looke on now.

Le. I thought of her,
Even in the hefe Looke I made. But your Petition
Is yet v'n-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-thrown by your defires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Enter Amolicus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Befeech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gen. 1. I was by at the opening of the Fartheill,heard
the old Shephard deliuer the manner how he found it:
Wherupon (after a little amaz'dneffe) we were all com-
manded out of the Chambers: onely this (me thought) I
heard the Shephard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would moft gladly know the issue of it.

Gen. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Buftufcile;
but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camilla,
were very Notes of admiration: they feem'd as if, with flan-
ering on one another, to cease the Cares of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumneneffe, Language in their
very gefure: they look'd as they had heard of a World
ramon'd, or one destroy'd: a notable paffion of Won-
der appeared in them: but the wifef beholder, that knew
no more but fceing, could not fay, if th'importance were
Joy, or Sorrow: but in the extremitie of the one, it muft
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes ztjroga.

Gen. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires the Oracle is full'd:
The Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder
is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to exprefse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, he can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is cal'd true) is fo like an oId tale, that the verifie of it is
in strong fupcription: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gen. 3. Moft true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumfance: That which you heare, you'll swear
you fee, there is fuch verifie in the poofles. The Mandie
of Queene Hermitone: her lewell about the Neck of it:
The letters of Antigune found with it, which they know
to be his Charater: the Maiffie of the Creature, in re-
feamblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenefe,
which Nature flrwes about her Breading, and many oth-
er Evidences, proclayme her, with all certainties, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you fee the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gen. 4. No.

Gen. 3. Then have you loft a Sight which was to bee
seene,cannot bee fpoken of. There might you have be-
held one Joy crowne another, and in fuch manner, that
it feem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their
Joy was in tears. There was cauffing up of Eyes, hol-
ding vp of Hands, with Contemnation of fuch diftration,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauer.

Our...
Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Loffe, cyes, Oh, by Mother, thy Mother; then asks

Bohemia forgivenes, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shephard (which stands by,like a Weether-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes,) I never heard of such another Encounter; which James Report to follow it, and vndos description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old mate fill, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare-open; he was come to pieces with a Bear: I auspouch the Shephards Sonne; who has not only his Innocence (which feemes much) to inflixe him, but a Hand-kercheif and Rings of his, that Pauline knows.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wackt the same inlant of their Master death, and in the view of the Shephard: so that all the Instruments which syed to expel the Child were run then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in Pauline. Shee had one Eye deplit for the loffe of her Husband, another elerated, that the Oracle was fulfilled: Shee lifted the Princece from the Earth, and fo locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Age was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it ased.

Gent. 3. One of the pretiestt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fifth) was, when at the Relation of the Queeness death (with the manner how shee came to't bruely conceived,) and lamented by the King,) how attentuinesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of default to another) free did (with all Ate) I would finee free, bleed of my heart, weep of my weep, and drunke, there change coloure: some howecond, all sorrowed: if all the World could have seene't, the Woe had beene vniversal.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princece hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of Pauline) Peecce many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, full deformed, who (had he bin unhelth Exeminate, and could put Breath into his Workes) would begiue Nature of her Caftome, so perfectly his her Ape: He so farre to Hermoine, hath done Hermoine, that they say one would speake to her, and fland in hope of antw/ers, Thither (with all greediinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought shee had some great matter there in hand, for free hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermoine, visited that renown Houfe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie piece the Rejoying?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesse? every wink of an Eye, some new Grace will beborne: our Absence makes vs vn różnych to our Knowledge. Let's along. Exit.

Atu. Now (had I not the dafts of my former life in me) would Prcemtment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne abroad the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Fattelliand I know not what: but

he at that time our-foend of the Shephards Daughter (if he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-fieck, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Wether continuing, this Mysterie remained vindicated. But'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Steer, it would not have relish'd among my other ditered.

Enter Shephard and Clowne.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the bloffomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am fitt mole Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well mete (Sir,) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you feete them not, and thynke mee fill no Gentleman borne: You were befay thefe Robes are not Gentlemen borne, Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Atu. I know you are now(Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I have beene to any time three foures hours.

Shep. And fo haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd me Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princece(my Sifer) call'd my Father, Father; and loo wee wepe: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that ever we saw.

Shep. We may lue (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I or elfe, Were bettler luck, being in so prepositous estate as we are.

Atu. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have commited to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. Pr thee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Atu. 1, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand; I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and F rancklins say it, ile sweare it.

Shep. How it ile be falle (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne'te falle, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalf of his Friends: And ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but ile sweare it, and I would thou wilt not be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Atu. I will prove it (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, truf me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queens Picture. Come, follow vs: we'll be thy good Masters, Exeunt.
The Winters Tale.

Paul. What (Souveraine Sir) I did not well; I meant well: all my Seruices You have pay'd home. But that you have vouch'd for (With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted Heires of your Kingdomes) my poor House to visit; It is a surplus of your Grace, which never My life may last to anfwere,

Leo. O Paulina: We honor you with trouble: but we came To see the Statue of our Queene, Your Gallantie Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we few not That which my Daughter came to looke vpon, The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As the li'd peccareffe, So her dead likenesse I doe well believe Excels what euer yet you look'd vpon, Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the Life as huyly mock'd, as euer Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say'tis well, I like your jincture; it is the more fweveless Your wonder: but yet: speake, stifl you (my Liege) Comes it not something more:

Leo. Her naturall Pollinne, Chide me (deare Stone) that I may fay indeed Thou art. Hermione; or rather, thou art the In thy not chiding: for she was as tender As Infancy, and Grace. But yet (Paulina) Hermione was not fo much wrinklel nothing So aged as this feemes,

Pol. Oh not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellency, Which lets goe by some fize teene yeeres, and makes her As the li'd new, now.

Leo. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus the flood, Even with fuch Life of Maiestie(warmed Life, As now it coldly stands) when first I wro't her. I am affli'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me, For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Pecce: There's Magicke in thy Maiestie, which ha's My Elys conniv'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits, Standing like Stone with thee,

Perd. And give me leaus, And do not say'tis Superfition, that I kneel, and then implore her Biefing. Lady, Deere Queene, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiffe.

Paul. O, patience: The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's Not dry.

Ces. My Lord, your Sorrow was too fure lay'd on, Which fizeeen Winters cannot blow away, So many Summers dry: fcare any joy Did euer fo long liue; no Sorrow, But kiff'd it felfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother, Let him, that was the caufe of this, haue powre To take off fo much griefe from you, as he Will peece vp in himfelfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord, If I had thought the fight of my poore Image Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

I'd not have fhew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtain,

Paul. No longer fhall you gaze on, left your Fancie May thinke anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be: Would I were dead, but that me thinke alreadie, (What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord) Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thofe veines Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done: The very Life feme's warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The figure of her Eye's motion in't, As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:

My Lord's almost fo farre transported, that Hee thinke anon it liues.

Leo. Oh sweet Paulina, Make me to thinke fo twenty yeeres together: No setted Sences of the World can match The pleasure of that madniffe, Let's alone,

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre fix't you: but I could affild you farther,

Leo. Doe Paulina: For this Afflication he's a tale as sweet As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinke There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell Could euer cut breath? Let no man mock me, For I will kiffe her,

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:

The ruddineffe vpon her Lippe, is wet: You're marre it, if you kiffe it; fayne your owne With Ouly Paintings: shall I draw the Curtaine,

Leo. No: not thefe twenty yeeres,

Perd. So long could I Stand by a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit prefently the Chappell, or refolute you For more amazement: if you can behold it, Ile make the Statue move indeed: defend, And take you by the hand: but then you'llthinke (Which I protest againall) I am affild by Wicked Powers,

Leo. What you can make her doe,

I am content to looke on: what to speake, I am content to heare: for 'tis as cafe To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faiths then, all fland still: On tho' that thine it is unlawfull But one 

I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:

No foot shall flire.

Paul. Myliff: awake her: Strike:

'Tis time: defend: be Stone no more: approach: Strike all that looke vpon with merrail: Come: Ile fill your Graue vp: flire: nay,come away: Bequeath to Death your nummecles: (for from him, Deere Life redeemes you) you perceiue the flires: Start not: her Actions shal be holy, as You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not flim her, Vntill you see her dye againe; for then You kill her doubles: Nay, prefent your Hand: When she was young,you wro'd her: now,in age, Is she become the Suiitor?

Leo. Oh, sir's warme: If this be Magick, let it be an Art
The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If the perraine to life, let her speake too.
Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,
Or how thole from the dead?
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooed at
Like an old Tale : but it appeares the lines,
Though yet the speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Vtols poure your graces
Upon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where haft thou bin preferd? Where liu'd How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt hear the I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wost in being, haue preferd
My selfe, to fee the yflor.
Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they deuire (upon this path) to trouble
Your royces, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all : your exultation

Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtl
Will wing me to some whiser'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found againe)
Lament, till I am loth.
Leo. O peace Paulina:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betwenee's by Vowes. Thou haft found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A prayer upon her grave. Ile not seekes farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honestly
Is richly noted: and heere justisfied
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? Looke upon my Brother: both your pardin
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill suspection: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne into the King, whom heavens directing
Is trust-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leyfully
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were difficult'd: Hapilly lead away.

The Names of the Actors.

Enters, King of Sicillia.
Camillo, young Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus. Foure
Cleomines. Lords of Sicillia.
Dion.
Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemian.
Florizbel, Prince of Bohemian.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Cleome, his Sonne.
Antocles, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemian.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.
Shepheard, and Shepheardess.

FINIS.
The life and death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queens Elivan, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastilion of France.


K. John. Besee me to him, and so depart in peace, Be thou as lightning in the eies of France; For ere thou canst report, I will be there: The thunder of my Cannno shall be heard. So hence the thou the trumpet of our wrath, And fullen prelige of your owne decay; An honourable conduct let him haue, Pembroke looke too to; farewel Chastilion. Exeunt Chat. and Poes. Ele. What now my sone, haue I not ever said How thatambitious Confidence would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world, Upon the right and party of her sone. This might have beene pretentned, and made whole With very easie arguments of loue, Which now the marrage of two kingdomes must With facefull bloody sile arbitraxe. K. John. Our strong perficion, and our right for vs. Ele. Your strong politesse much more then your right, Or else it must goe wrong with you and me, So much my confidence whipsets in your care,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare. Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie Come from the Country to be judg'd by you That ere I heard: shall I produce the men? K. John. Let them approach: Our Abbies and our Priorites shall pay This expeditious charge: what men are you? Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip. Philip. Your faithfull subject, a gentleman, Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sone As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge; A Soullier by the Honor-giving-hand Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field. K. John. What art thou? Robert. The fan and heire to that fame Faulconbridge. K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heire? You came not of one mother then it seemes. Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King, That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father; But for the currenke knowledge of that truth, I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother; Of that I doubt, as all mens children may. Ele. Out on thee rude man, 0 daff frame thy mother, And wound her honor with this difference. Philip. 1 Madame? No, I have no reason for it. That is my brothers plea, and none of mine, The which if he can prove, a pops me out, At least from faire fue hundred pound a yeere: Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land. K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being younger born Dost he lay claim to thine inheritance? Phil. I know not why, except to get the land; But once he flamed me with bafardly: But where I be as true begart or no, That sill I lay upon my mothers head, But that I am as well begart my Liege (Faire fall the bones that tooke the paine for me) Compare our faces, and be judge your selfe. If old Sir Robert did beget vs both, And were our father, and this sone like him: O old Sir Robert Father, on my knee I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee. K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here? Ele. He hatha trickke of Cordelion face, The accent of his tongue affected him: Doe you not read some tokens of my sone In the large composition of this man?
The life and death of King John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And finds him perfect. Richard: sirra speakes, What doth move you to praise your brothers land. Phil. Because he hath a half-face like my father: With half-face that would have hate all my land; A half-face'd greater, five hundred pound a year and. Your brother did employ my father much. Phil. Well fret, by this you cannot get my land, Your tale must be he employ'd my mother. Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie To Germany, there with the Emperor. To treat of high affairs touching that time: Thaundevantage of his absence took the King, And in the mean time fowrou'd at my fathers; Wherein now he did press, I shaine to speake: But truth is truth, large lengths of feet and thores Betweene my father, and my mother lay, As I have heard my father speake himselfe When this same lofty gentleman was got: Upon his death bed he by will bequeathed His lands come, and took it on his death That this my mothers sonne was none of his; And if he were, he came into the world Full fourteen weeks before the course of time: Then good my Liege, let me haue what is mine, My fathers land, as was my fathers will. K. John. Sirra,your brother is Legitimate, Your fathers wife did after wedlocke bear him: And if the did play falle, the fault was hers, Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husband's That marry vnites; tell me, how my brother Who as you say, tooke paint to get this sonne, Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his, Infooth, good friend, your father might haue kept This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world: Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers, My brother might not claim him, nor your father Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes, My mothers father did get your fathers yeere; Your fathers yeere muft haue your fathers land. Rob. Shalt then my fathers Will be of no force, To dispofelle that childbe which is not his. Phil. Of no more force to dispofelle me sir, Then was his will to get me, as I think. Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge, Or like thy brother to enjoy thy land: Or the reputed sonne of Conduncion, Lord of thy preence, and no land beside. Baft. Madam, and if my brother had my shape And I had his, sir Robert's like him, And if my legs were two fuch riding rods, My armes, such ecle skinis fluff, my face so thin, That in mine eye I durft not thike a rofe, Left men should saye, looke where three farthings go, And to his shape were heyre to all this land. Would I might never fltire from off this place, I would give it every foore to haue this face: It would not be fit nobody in any case. Elmer. I like thee wellwitt thou forake thy fortune, Bequeth thy land to him, and follow me? I am a Souldeir, and now bound to France. Baft. Brother, take you my land, Ile takemy chance; Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere, Yet fell your face for fucyence and 'tis decrea: Madam, Ile follow you into the death.

Elm. Nay, I would have you go before me thither. Baft. Our Country manners give us better way. K. John. What is thy name? Baft. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun, Philip, good old Sir Roberts witts eldeth fonne. K. John. From henceforth bear thy name Where it was曩ious, Liege, when that my father lin'd, Kneele thou downe Philip, but trike more great, Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet. Baft. Brother by th'mothers side, give me your hand, My father gave me honour, yours gauie land: Now blest be the hour by night or day When I was got, Sir Robert was away. Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet: I am thy grandame Richard, call me so. Baft. Madam by change, but not by truth, what the Somthing about a little from the right, In at the window, or else ore the hatch: Who dares not fltire by day, must walke by night, And haue is howe, howe euer men doe catch Neere or farre off. well wonne is fill well blot; And I am I, how ere I was begot. K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now haft thou thy define, And leadlefe Knight, makes thee a landed Squire: Come Madam, and come Richard, we must ipec For France, for France, for it is more then need. Baft. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee, For thou want go'zth way of honesty. Exeunt ab all but baftard,
Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Corney.

Lady. Where is that blase thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour vp and dorne,
Baff. My brother Roberts old Sir Roberts sonne:
Colbr and the Grynt, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts sonne that thou fecke for?
Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thou unreuerend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'lt thou at Sir Roberts?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.
Baff. James Gurnie, wilt thou give vs leave a while?
Gurr. Good leaue good Philip.
Baff. Philip, spatrow, James,
There's toyes abroad, anon I tell thee more.
Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,
Sir Robert might haue eate his part in me
Upon good Friday, and nere broke his faft
Sir Roberts could doe well, marrie to confess
Could get me for Sir Roberts could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Roberts neuer helpe to make this legge.
Lady. Haft thou confine with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldest defend mine honor?
What meanes this scorne, thou most vnthank neau?
Baff. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilefo-like:
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,
I haue dillsam'd Sir Roberts and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all it gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Haft thou denied thy fille a Faulconbridge?
Baff. As faithfully as I denie the deull.
Lady. King Richard Cordelson was thy father,
By long and veheiment fuit I was feduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly wig'd past my defence.
Baff. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not with a better father:
Some finnes doe bear their priuelidge on earth,
And doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs must you lay your heart as his difpoze,
Subiecte tribute to commanding lone,
Against whose furie and vmmatcht force,
The white Lion could not wage the figh,
Not keepe his Princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May eaily winne a woman: ay my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and darest but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, he fend his soule to hell.
Come Lady wili thou give me thy kinne,
And they shall say, when Richard me begge,
If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene finne;
Who says it was, he liues, I say was not.

Exc. ut.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met breue Austria,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Paleuine,
By this breue Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his poisterrie,
At our importance hether Is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vifaration
Of thy vnnaturall Vnctue, English John,
Embrace him, loose him, give him welcome hether.
Arthur. God shall forgiue you Cordelions death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life
Shadowing their right under your wings of waftes
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of unfstained loue,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Ang. Upon thy cheeke lay I this zelos kiffe,
As seale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou haft in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd there.
Whole foot surnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Iandert,
Even till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwaske, still secure
And confident from ordinaire purposes,
Even till that winnow corner of the Weft
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Conf. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till you strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
To make a more requisitt to your loue.
Ang. The peace of heaven is theirs yf lift their swords
In such a luft and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the borders of this restituing towne,
Call for our choicest men of discipline,
To pull the cotts of best advantages:
We'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-men blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Cons. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Left vnauntis yf thou declare thy swords with blood,
My Lord Chastillon must from England bring
That right in peace which her we vrged in warre,
And there we shall repent each drop of blood;
That hot raffe haste to indirecly freede.

Enter Chastillon.

King. A wonder Lady.I opon thy wish
Our Meffenger Chastillon is arris'd,
What England ises, say breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly paue for thee, Chastillon speake,
Cons. Then move your forces from this paiety fiege,
And flire them vp against a mightier task:
England impatiente of your imd demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduersc windes

Whoft
The life and death of King John.

Whole leisure I have had, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his Southerns confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queen,
An Atchaffirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Niece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Baflard of the Kings decaft,
And all th'unnested honors of the Land,
Rath, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Have fold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In briefe, a brauer choyle of dauntesfe spirits
Then now the English bottoms have waft o're,
Did never flote upon the flwelling tide,
To doe offence and feathe in Christifdomme;
The interruption of their churful drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,
Drum beats.
To parle or to fight, therefore prepare
Esp. How much vnook'd for, is this expedition.
Auff. By how much vnexpefted, by to much
We must awake inuefre for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepard.

Enter K. of England, Baflard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our suit and bough entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace attend to heaven.
While Gods we承办 full agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.
France. Peace be to England, if that worse return.
From France to England, there to bleue in peace:
England vslowe, and for that Englands take,
With burden of our armor here we sweate:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of shine;
But thou from Jouing England act to faire,
That thou haft vnder-wrovght his lawfull King.
Cutoff the sequence of polterny,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke here upon thy brother Geffrey face,
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abradth doth containe that large,
Which died in Guffrey and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breafe into as huge a volume:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his fone, England was Geffrey right,
And this is Geffrey in the name of God:
How long is it then that thou art caull'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temple beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-matter left?
K. John. From whom haft thou this great commisson
To draw my anfwer from thy Articles? (France,
Fra. Fio that Imperial Judge that firs good thoughts
In any bead of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and flames of right,
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose helpe I meaned to chastife it.

K. John. Alack thou doft vniure authoritie,
France. Excuse it is to beat vniure downe.
Queen. Who is it thou doft call vniure France?
Conf. Let me make anfwer: thy vniure fonne.
Queen. Out infolent, thy baflard (hall be King,
That thou maft be a Queen, and checke the world.
Conf. My bed was euer to thy fonne as true
As shame was to thy husband, and this boy
Like in feature to his father Geffrey
Then thou and John, in manner being as like,
As raine to water, or deuil to his damme;
My boy a baflard? by my foule I thinke
His father neuer was fo true began,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. There is a good mother boy, what blots thy face?
Conf. There's a good grandame boy
That would blote thee.

Auff. Peace.
Bafl. Heare the Cryer.
Auff. What the deuil att thou?
Bafl. One that will play the deuil fit with you,
Anuy may catch thy hide and you alone:
You are the Harc of whom the Proverb goes
Whole valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile make your skin-coat, and I catch you right,
Sira looke euer, yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blan. O well did be become that I yons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.
Bafl. It lies a nightly on the backes of him
As great Alcides fhoose upon an Affe:
But Affe, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shal make your shoulders crake.
Auff. What cracker is this fame that desies our cares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shal doefrat.
Lew. Women & fools, brake off your conference.
King John, this is the very lumin of all:
England and Ireland, Angiers, F rançis, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou refigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
John. My life as fone: I doe defie thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Conf. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Give ye the crown of thy grandame, and it grandame will
Give ye a plum, a cherry, and a figge;
There's a good grandame,
Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.

Qu. Me. His mother thames him so, poor boy bee.
Con. Now fhame upon you where the deede do no,
His grandames wronge, and not his mother thames,
Drage thee thee heauen-moning pearls fr0 his poor cies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Cherifall beads heauen shall be brib'd
To doe him justice, and reuenge on you.
Qu. Thou monftrous flanderer of heauen and earth.
Con. Thou monftrous Inurer of heauen and earth
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vifper
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this opprefled boy, this is thy eldfe fonne fonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy
The life and death of King John.

Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe,  
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,  
Being but the second generation.  
Remoued from thy finnes-conceiving wombe,  
John. Bedlam have done.  

Come. I have but this to say,  
That he is not onely plagued for her fin,  
But God hath made her finne and her, the plague  
On this remoued issue, plagued for her,  
And with her plague her finne; his injury  
Her injuriie the Beadle to her finne,  
All punish'd in the person of this childe,  
And all for her, a plague upon her.  

Come. Thou wouldst do nothing, if I can produce  
A Will, that barres the title of thy finne.  

Come. I who dobes that, a Will a wicked will,  
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.  

Fra. Peace lady, paufe, or be more temperate,  
It ill becomes this presence to cry ayme  
To these ill-tuned repetitions:  
Some Trumpet summons hither to the walles  
These men of Angiers, let vs hear them speake,  
Whose title they admit, Arthurs or Johnes.  

Trumpet sounds.  
Enter a Citizen upon the walles.  

Cit. Who is it that hath warr'd us to the walles?  

Fra. This France, for England.  

John. England for it selfe:  
You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects,  
Fra. You louing men of Angiers, Arthurs subiects,  
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parte.  

John. For our advantage, therefore hear vs first:  
These flagges of France that are advanced here  
Before the eye and propekt of your Towne,  
Hauie hither march'd to their endamagement.  
The Canons hauie their bowells full of wrath,  
And ready mounted are they to spfe forth  
Their right indignation giift to your walles:  
All preparation for a bloody fugge  
And mericles proceeding, by these French,  
Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gates:  
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
That as a waife doth girdle you about  
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,  
By this time from their fixed beds of lyme  
Had bin dishabitad, and wide haueoke made  
For bloody power to sffe vpon your peace.  
Before this gate the right of your lawfull King,  
Who painefully with much expedient march  
Hauie brought a counter-checke before your gates,  
To case vnsattauch'd your Citties threatened checkes:  
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,  
And now instead of bulletts waft in fire  
To make a shaking feuer in your walles,  
They shooe but caine words, folded vp in smoake,  
To make a fafffele crowe in your ears,  
Which ruff accordingly knde Cittizens,  
And let vs in. Your King, whose labours spirit  
Fore-weslaxed in this secon of swift speede,  
Craves harbourage within your Citte walles.  

France. When I have said, make answer to vs both.  

Loe in this right hand, whose protection  
It most divinely woud vn the right  
Of him it holds, flanda yong Plantagenet,  
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,  
And King ore him, and all that he enjoys:  
For this downe-troued equty, we read  
In warlike march, their greenes before your Towne,  
Being no better enemy to you  
Then the constraint of hopitable zeale,  
In the releafe of this opprest childe,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,  
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,  
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,  
Saine in aspect, hath all offence feald vp:  
Our Cannons make a vaine shall be spent  
Against this insubordable clouds of heauen,  
And with a blessed and vn-vext reyre,  
With vs heacd'd words, and Helmets all vbru'd,  
We will heare home that Juslie blood againe,  
Which heare we came to spous against your Towne,  
And leave your children, wjues, and you in peace.  
But if you fondly paffe our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the rounder of your old-face'd walles,  
Can hide you from our meffengers of Warre,  
Though all these English, and their discipline  
Were harboured in their rude circumstancs:  
Then tell vs, Shall your Cittie call vs Lord,  
In that behalfe which we have challenged it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And flake in blood to our poffession?  

Cit. In brefse, we are the King of Englands subiects  
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.  

John. Acknoweldge then the King, and let me in.  

Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King  
To him will we promise loyal, till that time  
Hauie we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.  

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, proove the King?  

And if not that, I bring you Witnesses  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of Englands breed.  

Baff. Bastards and efe.  

John. To vterifie our title with their lives.  

Fran. As many and as well borned bloods as those.  

Baff. Some Bastards too.  

Fran. Stand in his face to contradic his claime.  

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthieth,  
We for the worthieth hold the right from both.  

John. Then God forgive the nyme of all those foules,  
That to their quetelasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleete  
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.  

Fran. A men, a men, mount Channeliers to Armes.  

Baff. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,  
And ere since f't son's horsebacke at mine Hoileffe done  
Teach vs to borne fence. Sirrah, were I at home  
At your den thirrath, with your Lionneffe,  
I would set an Ox-head to your Lyons hide  
And make a monter of you.  

Baff. Peace, no more.  

Baff. O tremble for you hear the Lyon rore.  

John. Vp higher to the plains, where we'll set forth  
In beft appointment all our Regiments.  

Baff. Speed then to take advantage of the field.  

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill  

Command the reft to stand, God and our right.  

Here after youcours, Enter the Herald of France  
with Trumpets to the gates.  

F. Her. You men of Angiers open weare your gates,  
And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in,
The life and death of King John.

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose fonnes Iye fattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widows husband grunting lies,
Caldy embracing the discolourd earth,
And victorie with little losse doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.
E. Hur. Reloyse you men of Angiers, ring your bells
King John, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armeours that march'd hence so fliuer bright,
Hither return all gill with Frenchmen blood:
There flucke no plume in any English Crest,
That is removed by a traffe of France.
Our colours do returne in those fame hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth:
And like a tally troop of Huntstmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and gie the Victors way.
Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From fift to left, the on-feft and retire;
Of both your Armies, whole equality
By our blest eyes cannot be confuited:
(blowes: Blood hath bought blood, and blowses have answerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confined power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One muft prove greateft. While they weigh fo even,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both,

Enter the two Kings with their powrs,
at general dours.

John. France, haft thou yet more blood to call away?
Say, thall the currant of our right come on,
Who's paflage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his nature channell, and ore-twll
withourse distur'd even thy confining hores,
Vnleffe thou let his fliuer Water, keepes
A peacefull progress to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haft not fad one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather loft more. And by this hand I fware
That sways the earth this fmarce contemporarys,
Before we will lay downe our inbore Armes,
We'll put thee downe: gainst whom these Armes we
Or add a royall number to the dead:
(bears,
Gracing the frowne that teers of this wars losse,
With flaughter coupled to the name of kings,
Bears, Ha Mainfty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is feft on fire;
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with fleale,
The swords of foouldiers are his teeth, his phang,
And now he feats, mowing the flethes of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings,
Why fland these royall fronts amazd thus:
Cry haueone kings, backe to the flained field
You equall Potens, fierc kindled spirits,
Then let confufion of one part confume
The others beamt till then, blowes, blood, and death,
John. Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?
The life and death of King John.

Where should he finde it fairer, then in Blanch : If zealous love should go in search of verue, Where should he finde it purer then in Blanch ? If those ambitious, sought a match of birth, Whose veins bound richer blood then Lady Blanch ? Such as theis in beauty, verue, birth, Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat, If not compleat of, say he is not see, And she againe wants nothing, so name want, If want he benot, that she is not hee : He is the halfe part of a bleffed man, Left to be finifhed by such as shee, And she a faire equalled excellence Whole fulness of perfection lives in him. O two such fillers currents when they joyne Do glorifie the banches that bound them in : And two such showers, to two such streames made one, Two such controlling boundles yall you be, kings, To these two Princes, if you marrie them : This Union shall do more then batterie can To our fast cloathed gues. for at this match, With fairest folle dead the powder can enforce The mouth of passage fill we fling wide ope, And giue you entrance : but without this match, The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe, Lyons more confident, Mountains and rocks More free from motion, no not death himselfe In mortar furie halfe so peremptorie, As we so keep this Citie."

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Baft. Before a fray, That makes the rotten carkeffe of old death Out of his raggis. Here's a large mouth indeed, That spits forth death, and mountains, rokkes, and seas, Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons, Asmaids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges, What Cannoneere beget this fultle blood, He speakes plaine Cannonire, and smoake, and bounce, And he giues the batimeado with his tongue : Our ears are cudgelet, not a word of his But butters better then a part of France : Zounds, I was never fo bethumpd with words, Since I first cal'd my brothers father Daad."

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Old Qu. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match Glue with our Neice a dowrie large enough, For by this knot, thou shalt so purely eley Thy now vnur'd assurance to the Crowne, That you greene boy shall hauve no Sunne to ride The submition that promiseth a faire fruite, I see yeelding in the lockes of France. Mark how they whipper, yerge them while their foules Are capable of this ambition, Left zeaule now melted by the windie breath Of loft petitions, pittie and remorse, Coole and congelsie against to what it was, Hub. Why answer, not the double Maelies, This friendly treatise of our threatened Towne. Fra. Speake England for it, that hath bin forward first To speake vnto this Cittie : what say you ? John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely fone, Can in this book of beautie read, I loue : Her Dowerie shall weigh equall with a Queene : For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Paylivers, And all that we vpohn this side the Sea, (Except this Cittie now by vs beleued) Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie, Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
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In titles, honors, and promotions, As she in beautie, education, blood, Holds hand with any Princes of the world.
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Fra. What fait thou boy ? looke in the Ladies face, Del. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find A wonder, or a wondrous miracle, The shadow of my felfe form'd in her eye, Which being but the shadow of your fomee, Becomes a fomee and makes your fomee a shadow : I do proffe I never lou'd my felle Till now, infixed I beheld my felle, Drawne in the flattering table of her eie."

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Whispers with Blanch."

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Baft. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie, Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow, And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth ephie Himselfe loues trauyor, this is pittie now ; That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he, 

Elun. My vickles will in this respect is mine, If shee eie in you that makes him like, That any thing else heuer doth mouses his liking, I can with ease translate it to my will ; Or if you will, to speake more properly, I will enforce it easely to my loue, Further I will not flatter you, my Lord, That all I fee in you is worthie loue, Then this, that nothing do I fee in you, Though churilous thoughts themselues should bee your Judges, That I can finde, should merit any hate.

John. What taste these Yong-ones? What say you my Niece? 

Elun. That she is bound in honor full to do What you in wise doe full vouchsafe to say.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you love this Ladie? 

Del. Nay make me if I can refraine from loue, For I doe loue her most unfixed.

John. Then do I giue Daloufien, Toraine, Maine, Paylivers, and Aniou, these five Provincnes With her to thee, and this addition more, Full thirty thousand Markes of English cowne : Phillips of France, if shoue be plead'd withall, Command thy fomee and daughter to loyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: clofe your hands Auff, And your hips too, for I am well afft'd, That I did do when I was first afft't.

Fra. Now Citizens of Angieres ope your gaces, Let in that amite which you haue made, For at Saint Marias Chappell prettily, The rights of marriage shalbe solemniz'd, Is not the Ladie Confidence in this troope? I know she is not for this match made vp, Her presence would haue interrupted much, Where is shee and her fomee, tell me, who knows ? 

Del. She is fed and passionate at your highnesse Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made Will giue her fadenee very little cure : Brother of England, how may we content This widdow Ladie ? In her right we came, Which we God knowes, haue turn d another way, To our owne vantage.

John. We will heare vp all, For wee'create young Arthur Duke of Britaine And Earl of Richmond, and this rich faire Towae.
We make him Lord of.

Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the absence of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her to,
That we shall stop her exclamacion,
Go we as well as haft will suffer us,
To this vnlook'd for unprepared pompe.

Exeunt.

Baff, Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to step Arthur Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whole armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitable brought to the field,
As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the care,
With that same purpose-charger, that flye duel,
That Broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of Kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maidie of that,
That smooth-faced Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byzas of the world.
The world, who of it selfe is pefyed well,
Made to run euon, euon euon ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byzas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take a head from allindifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent,
And this same byzas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determnia'd syd,
From a refoul'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayfe I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not woode me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would fluite my palmie,
But for my hand, as vanityed yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well; whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no fin but to be rich:
And being rich, my verane then shall be,
To say there is no voice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breakefaith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee. Exit.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to restore a peace?
False blood to false blood to-day? Gone to be friends?
Shall Llew ether Blanch, and Blanch the Prouinces?
I am not so, thou hast misspoke, methered,
Be well advis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou dost it but say'st fo.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Believe me, I doe not beleue thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the cencrarih.
Then fhal' be punifh'd for thus flattering me,
For I am fickle, and capable of offears,

Opreff with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, fubiect to fears,
A woman naturally borne to fears;
And though thou now confefte thou didst but left
With my west spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quafe and tremble all this day.
What doft thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why doft thou louke so sadly on my fonne?
What means that hand upon that breath of thine?
Why holdes thine elie that lamentable heuene,
Like a proud rier peering ore his bounds?
Be thee fad fignes confumers of thys world?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleue you think them false,
That gie you caufe to prove my faying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter fo,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lewis Blanch? O boy, where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone I cannot brooke thy fight,
This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.

Sal. What other harme hau I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it felle fo heuyous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beleefe you Madam be content.

Blow. If thou that bidst me be content, were grim
Vgly, and flandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleaing blots, and fightslefte flaines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, fwart, prodigious,
Parch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending marks.
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee any, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor de bene a Crowne,
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lilliers baffe,
And with the halfe-blowne Roife.
But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Shadulteres hourly with chine Vnkle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire refpeft of Souveraignes,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to their.
France is a Rovd to Fortune, and king John,
That Trumpeter Fortune, that vfurping John:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forworne?
Euvenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not see without you to the kings.

Con. This very fit, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will informe my forrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner ftoope,
To me and to the flate of my great greefe,
Let kings affemble: for my greefe's fo great,
That no supporter but the huge firmc earth
Can hold it vp: here I and forrowes fit,
Here is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.
The life and death of King John.

Athus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blake, Eleanor, Philip, Anstrue, confiance.

\[\text{Frau.} \] This true (fair daughter) and this blessed day, Euer in France shall be kept festial, To solemnize this day the glorious scene, Stayes in his couste, and plays the Alchymist, Turning with splendor of his precious eye, The meager eldly earth to glittering gold, The yearly course that brings this day about, Shall never fee it, but a holy day.

\[\text{Conf.} \] A wicked day, and not a holy day, What hast this day defended? what hast it done, That in golden letters should be set Among the high tides in the Kalender? Nay, rather rune this day out of the weeke, This day of shame, opprobrium, periury, Or lift must fland still, let wise with child Pray that their burthen may not fall this day, Left that their hopes prodigiously be croft? But (on this day) let Sea-men fear no wracke, No barges breake that are not this day made; This day all things begun, come to ill end, Yea, fisht it stile to hollow fadship change.

\[\text{Fra.} \] By heauen Lady, you shall have no caufe To curse the faire proceedings of this day: Have I not pown'd to you my Majesty?

\[\text{Conf.} \] You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit Rebounding Mefhify, which being touch'd and tride, Proves vlandefle: you are forsworne,forsworne, You came in Armes to fill mine enemies bloud, But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours. The grasping vigour, and tough frowne of Warre Is cold in amitt, and painted peace, And our oppreffen hath made vp this league: Arme, arme, you heauen, against these perius'd Kings, A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens) Let not the bowers of this vngodly day Warre out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set, Set armed difeord twist these perius'd Kings, Hear me, Oh, hear me.

\[\text{Aufl.} \] Lady Confiance, peace.

\[\text{Conf.} \] War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre: O Lynoge, O Anstrue, thou shalst flame That bloudy spoyle: thou flauce, thou wretched, \& coward, Thou little valiant, great in villaine, Thou euer strong upon the stronger side; Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'lt never fight But when her humorous Ladifhip is by To take thee safety: thou art perius'd too, Andoutes flip greynesse. What a foole art thou, A ramping foole, to brag, and liam, and swear, Vpon thy partie: thou cold blooded flace, Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side? Beene (worne my Soulender, bidding me depend Vpon thy flates, thy fortune, and thy strength, And doth thou now fall over to my foes? Thou wear a Lyons hide, doft it for flame, And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.

\[\text{Aufl.} \] That a man should speake these words to me. Phil. And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.

\[\text{Ent.} \] Thou darst not say to villaine for thy life.

\[\text{Phil.} \] And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.\n
\[\text{John.} \] We like not this, thou dost forget thy felle.

\[\text{Ent.} \] Pandalph,\n
\[\text{Fra.} \] Here cometh the holy Legat of the Pope,\n
Par. Haile you appointed deputies of heauen;

To thee King John my holy errand is: I Pandalph, of faire Millane Cardinal,\n
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here, Doe in his name religiously demand Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother\n
So wilfully doft pursne; and force perforce Keepe Stephen Langton chofen Archifbisp\n
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea: This in our foresaid holy Fathers name Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.\n
\[\text{John.} \] What earthie name to Interrogatories Can taft the free breath of a sacre King? Thou cant not (Cardinal) devise a name: So flight, vnworthy, and ridiculous To charge me to an anfwer, as the Pope: Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England, Addo thus much more, that no Italian Priest, Shall lythe or toil in our dominions: But as we, vnder heauen, are supreme head, So vnder him that great supremacy Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold Without that fellowship of a mortal hands So tell the Pope, all reverence fee apart To him and his worhip's authoritys.\n
\[\text{Fra.} \] Brother of England, you blaspheome in this.\n
\[\text{John.} \] Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom Are led fo grofely by this medling Priest, Dreading the curse that money may buy out, And by the merit of vilde gold, drole, dulf, Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, Who in that false fels pardon from himselfe: Though you, and at the refi to grofely led, This hugling witchcraft with reuanece chrifti, Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.\n
\[\text{Pand.} \] Then by the lawfull power that I have, Thou shalt fland curfe, and ecommunicate, And blefled shall he be that doth result From his Allegiance to an heretique, And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, Canonized and woorship'd as a Saint, That takes away by any secret course That hatefull life.

\[\text{Ges.} \] O lawfull let it be That I have roomes with Rome to curse a while, Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen To my keene curses; for without my wrong, There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

\[\text{Pand.} \] There is Law and War, (Lady) for my curse.\n
\[\text{Conf.} \] For and grosse too, when Law can do no right.

\[\text{John.} \] Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong; Law cannot give my childes his kingdom here: For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law: Therefore once Law it selfe is perfect wrong; How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?\n
\[\text{Pand.} \] Philip of France, on peril of a curse, Let oon the hand of that Arch-hetereique, And raise the power of France upon his head, Vnlefe he doth forsake himselfe to Rome.\n
\[\text{Ent.} \] Look'st thou pale France? do not let thy hand,\n
\[\text{Ges.} \] Look to that Deuill, left that France repents, And
And by disloyning hand hell loose a foule.

Auff, King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Baff. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.

Auff. Well tussaun, I must pocket vp these wrongs,

Baff. Auff. Your breeches best may carry them.

John, Philip, what saith thou to the Cardinal?

Can. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Deepl. Bethinken you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curfe from Rome,

Or the light klofe of England, for a friend:

Forgoethe easier.

Bla. That is the curse of Rome.

Can. O Lewis, hand fast, the deuill tempt thee heere

In likeness of a new vntrimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady Constance speakes not from her faith,

But from her need.

Can. Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which only liues but by the death of faith,

That need, mult needs inferre this principle,

That faith would liue againe by death of need:

O that shall downe my need, and my name vp,

Kepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe,

John. The king is moud, and answers not to this.

Can. O be remond from him, and answere well.

Auff. Doe so King Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Baff. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lust.

Fra. I am perplexe, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?

If thou stand excommunicate, and curf?

Fra. Good reuerend father, make my perron yours,

And tell me how you would bellow your felice?

This royall hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conformation of our inward foules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religions strength of facred vows,

The lafte breath that gave the sound of words

Was deepes-fowre faith, peace, amity, true loue

Btwixt our kingdomes and our royall felues,

And eu'n before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royall bargain vp of peace,

Heaven knowes they were befmeas'd and ouer-flaind

With laughers penctile; where reusegne did paint

The fearefull difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?

So newly toynd in love? so strong in both,

Voyoke this feyure, and this kinde regrete?

Play faft and loose with faith? so left with heauen,

Make fis vnconistant children of our felues

As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:

Vn-sware faith sware, and on the marriage bed

Of finding peace to march a bloody hoaft,

And make a ruyt on the gentle brow

Of true fincerity? O holy Sir

My reuerend father, let is not be so;

Out of your grace, deuis, ordaine, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest

To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pard. All forme is formeless, Order ordelee.

Sate what is opposite to Englands loute.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,

A mother curse, on her rebuking bone:

France, thou maift hold a serpente by the tongue,

A caiefd Lion by the mortall paw,

A falling Tyger faster by the tooth,

Then keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fra. I may dif-loyne my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'it thou faith an enemy to faith,

And thou wilt wearre feitt oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy yow

First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,

That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What fince thou sware, is swarene against thy selle,

And may not be performed by thy selle,

For that which thou haft swarene to doe amife,

Is not amife when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better Act of purpose mistook,

Is to mistake a gift, though indiscerit,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And fallhood, fallhood cure, as fire cooles fire

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd:

It is religon that doth make vowes kept,

But thou haft swarene against religon:

By what thou swarene against the thing thou swarest,

And mak'st an oath the fuite for thy trueth,

Against an oath the trueth, thou art vntrue

To sware, swarees noeth not to be forsworne,

Elfe what a mockerie should it be to sware?

But thou doft swarely, oneely to be forsworne,

And most forsworne, to keepe what thou doft swarene,

Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,

Is thy false rebellion to thy selle:

And better conquest neuer canst thou make,

Then arme thy confant and thy nobler parts

Against thefe giddy loose suggelions:

Vpon which better part, our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curfes light on thee

So heauy, as thou shalt not shakc them off

But in despair, dye vnder their blacke weight.

Auff. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Baff. Will't not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of shine?

Daut. Father, to Armes.

Bluch. Upon thy weding day?

Against the blood that thou haft married?

What, shall our fest be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpeph, and loud curful drums

Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband beare me: aye, alacke, how new

Is husband in my mouth? even for that name

Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;

Vpon my knee I beg, goe no to Armes

Against mine Vnle.

Confi. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,

I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Daphnis,

After not the doomme fore-thought by heauen.

Blun. Now shall I fe the true, what mortime may

Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

Can. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholdeth,

His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor.

Deepl. I mufe your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,

When such profound respectes doe pull you on

And a curse without curfe, out of thy head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need, England, I will fall fro thee.

Confi. O faire king of Brabant, and Maiesty.

Elen. O foule revolt of French inconfinacy,

Eng. France, if that rue this house within this house,

Baff.
The life and death of King John

Scena Secunda.

Alarums, Excursions: Enter Bafard with Austria's head.

Baf. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot; Some sayry Denill houers in the skye, And pour's doone mistiehel. Austria's head lyeth there, Enter John, Hubert, Hubert.

Whiles Philip breathes, John. Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp, My Mother is allayd. In our Tent, And tane I feare. Baf. My Lord I refuced her, Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not: But on my Liege, for very little pannes Will bring this labor to an happy end. Exit.

Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleazer, Hubert, Bafard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shal it be: your Grace shall stay behinde So strongly guarded: Cohens, looke not far, Thy Grandame looke thee, and thy Venkle will As deere be to thee, as thy father was. Arth. Or this will make my mother die with grief. John. Cohens away for England, baffe before, And ere we comming see thou shakke the bags Of hoarding Abbots, imprisond angels Seat at Liberte: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed vpon: Wfe our Commiion in his vntooff force, Baf. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drive me back, When gold and flutes beckes me to come on. I leave your highhness: Grandame, I will pray (If ever I remember to be holy) For your faire safety: so I little your hand Ele. Farewell gentle Cohens

John. Coz, farewell. Elc. Come beher little kinsman, hark, a word or two. John. Come heere Hubert. O my gentle Hubert, We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh There is a foule counts the her Creditor, And with advantage meanes to pay thy loue: And my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosome, dearly cherished Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say, But I will fit it with some better tune. By heauen Hubert, I am almost ashamed To say what good respect I have of thee. Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiely John. Good friend, thou haft no cause to say so yet. But thou shalt haue and crepe time nere fo slow. Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good. I had a thing to say, but let it goe: The Sunne is to the heauen, and the proud day, Attended with the pleasures of the world, Is all too wanting, and too full of gawdes To give me audience: if the mid-night bell Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth Sound on into the drowzie race of night: If this fame were a Church-yard where we stand, And thou poffedit with a thousand wrongs: Or if that furly spirit melancholy Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heauy, thicke, Which else rannes tickling vp and downe the veins, Making that idiot laughter keepes mens eyes: And frame their chekes to idle merriment, A passion hafftfull to my purpofe: Or if that thou couldst not fee me without eyes, Hearre me without thine cares, and make reply Witho't a tongue, vwing conceit alone, Without eyes, cares, and harmefull sound of words Then, in delignt of brooded watchfull day, I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well, And by my roth, I thinkke thou loue me well. Hub. So well, that what you bid me vnderfak. Though that my death were aduanc'd to my A8, By heauen I would doe it. John. Doe not I know thou wouldft? Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert: throw thine eye On you young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend, He is a very piet in my way, And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread, He lies before me: doft thou vnderstand mee Thou art his keeper. Hub. And ile keep him so. That he shal not offend your Maiely. John. Death. Hub. My Lord. John. A Graue. Hub. He shal not liue. John. Enough. I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee. Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee: Remember: Madam, Fare you well, Ile fende thofe powres ore'to your Maiely. Elc. My blessing goe with thee. John. For England Cohens, goe. Huberts shall be your man, attend on you With all true duties: On toward Callebe, boa. Exit.
Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandolpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armada of confounded sail,
It scattered and dis-layo'd from fellowship.

Panth. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

Fra. What can go well, when we have runne so ill?

Are we not beaten? is not Angle War loft?

Airbury tame prisoner? dieres deere friends slain?
And bluely England into England gone,
One-bearing interruption spight of France?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a caufe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-act like this to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:
Enter Conffance.

Look who comes here? a graue vote into a soule,
Holding this eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath,
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo! now, now, now see the issue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Conffance.
Con. No, I deale all Counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odorous fhench: found rotenmene,
Arife forth from the couch of laffing night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kille thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these fingers with thy hollowe wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fullsome duff,
And be a Carrion Monfter like thy felfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou simill felf,
And buffe thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I thake the world,
And rows from flepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot hear: Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Invocation.

Panth. Lady, you are not mad, and not forrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this hair I teare is mine,
My name is Conffance, I was Geoffrey's wife,
Yong, Arthur is my fonne, and he is left:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then'tis like I should forget my felfe,
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach fome Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou that be Canoniz'd (Cardinal.)
For, being not mad, but fensible of greffe,
My reaonable part produces reafon
How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my felfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowes were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those treffles: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of thoie her haires;
Where but by chance a fluer drop hath faine,
Even to that drop ten thousand windy ftrands
Doe crowle themfelves in fociable griefe,
Like true, infeparable, faithful loue,
Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haires.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and erilde aloud,
O, that thefhe hands could fo redeem my fonne,
As they have given these hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor childe is a prisoner.

And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
That we shall fee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I fhall fee my boy againe;
For since the birth of Canary, the first male-child
To him that did burn yesterday his fｐｅｃｉｅ,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Candy-forrow eat my bud,
And chafe the natue beauty from his checke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues ftre,
And so hee'll dye: and riving to againe,
When I fhall meet him in the Court of heaven
I fhall not know him: therefore never,
Mufh I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Panth. You hold too heynous a respect of greffe.

Conf. He talks to me, that never had a fonne.

Fra. You are as fond of greffe, as of your childe.

Con. Greffe fli the roome vp of my abfent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Put on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffers out his vacant garnets with his forme;
Then, haue I reafon to be fond of griefe?

Pareyouwell: I had you fuch a loffe as I,
I could gie better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is fuch disorder in my write:
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire fonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widowe-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Exit. Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her.

Exi. Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowzie man:
And bitter fham hath spoild the sweet words taile,
That yeilds nought but fhame and bittremenfe.

Panth. Before the curing of a strong diseafe,
Especially in the infancy repair and health,
The ftre is strongest: Eul's that take leau.
On their departure, most of all fop euill:
What have you loft by lofing of this day?

Dol. All dailies of glory, joy, and happiness.

Panth. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meanes to me molt good,
Shee lookez vpon them with a threatening eyer.
'Tis strange to thinke how much King Hen' hath loft
In this which he accounts to celerely wonne.
Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me thers Irons hot, and looke thou stand Within the Arras: when I strike my foot Upon the bosome of the ground, ruft forth And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me Paff to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed. Hub. Vnlessly scruples fear not you: looke too't. Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you. Enter Arthur. 

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, heaving to great a Title To be more Prince, as may be you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.

Ar. Mercie on me:

Methinks no body should be sad but I: Yet I remember, when I was in France, Yong Gentleman would be as sad as night Onely for wantonette: by my Chriftendome, So I were out of prison, and kept Shepe. I should be as merry as the day is long: And fo I would heare, but that I doubt My Vuckle prafitives more harme to me: He is afraid of me, and 1 of him: Is it my fault, that I was Goffeyes sonne? No in deedes it is not; and I would to heaven I were your sonne, so you would love me, Hubert: Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate He will awake my merit, which lies dead: Therefore I will be fiding, and dispatch.

Ar Are you fike Hubert? you looke pale to day, Infooth I would you were a little fike, That I might fit all night, and watch with you. I warrant I love you more then you do me. Hub. His words do take poifeon of my bosome. Reade heere yong Arthur. How now foulifie throme? Turning diuisiont torture out of doore? I must be briefe, leat resolution drop Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares. Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ? Ar. Too faiely bindes, for so foule effect, Muft you with that Irons, burne out both thine eyes? Hub. Yong Boy, I muft. 

Ar. And will you? Hub. And I will.

Ar. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake, I knitt my hand-kercheff about your bowres (The bell I had, a Princesse wroght it me) And I did never askit you again: And with my hand, at midnights held your head; And like the watchfull minutes, to the house, Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time; Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe? Or what good loue may I performe for you? Many a poor mans fonne would baze lyns still, And ner e haue fpoke a louing word to you. But you, as your fikes femace had a Prince: Nay, you may think my loue was crasie loue, And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
The life and death of King John.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Here come againe we sit: once againe Crownd's,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearfull eyes.

Pem This once again (but that your Highness pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was ne'er plac'd off:
The faiths of men, nere flaim'd with reulets,
Freh expeation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State,
Sal Therefore, to be poss'd with double pompe,
To guard a Tule, that was rich before;
To glode refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violets,
To smooth the yce, or addde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To fecke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,
Is walsfull, and ridiculous execce.

Pem But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This sitte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being vged at a time unsesionalable,
Sal In this the Anickes, and well noted face
Of splaine old forme, is much disfigur'd,
And like a shifted winde vnto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Stattles, and frights consideracion:
Makes found opinion fickle, and truth suspeeted,
For putting on fo new a fashion'd robe.

Pem When Workeman thrive to do better then well,
They do confound their skill in couetousesse
And oftimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Council: but is pleas'd your Highness
To over-beate it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a hand, at what your Highness will.

John.
Thes life and death of King John.

Iob. Some reasons of this double Corrosion.

I have posseft you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong, then leafer is my feare.
I shall induce you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform’d that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one hath am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my fel'es, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for which, the my fel'es and them
Bend their beft studies, heartily request,
To infranchiment of Arbur, whose restraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To brake into this dangerous argument.
If whath in ref't you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The flavos of wrong, thould moue you to me w.p
Your tender kinman, and to chace his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
Th'wich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not huche this
To grace occafions: let it be our fuite,
That you have bid vs ask his liberrie,
Which for our goods, we do no further ask,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts is your weale: the haue his liberie

Enter Hubert.

John. Let it be fo: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what newes with you? Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lines in his eyes: that clofe fpeck of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled bref,
And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,
What we fo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpofe and his confience,
Like Herold's twixt two deadfull battalies fet.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must brake.
Pem. And when it brakes, I feare will ineffe change
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.
John, We cannot hold mortalities ftong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to gue, is true,
The fuite which you demand is gone, and dead,
He are eu'n Arbur is deces'd at night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his fickleffe was past cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how mete his death he was,
Before the childes himfelfe felt he was ficke:
This must be anfwer'd either here, or hence.
Iob. Why do you bend fuch folemne browes on me?
Thinke you I bearre the Sheerers of deftiny?
Have I commandement on the price of life?
Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and th’fame
That Greatness should fo freely offer it;
So throuze it in your game, and so farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) I le go with thee,
And finde th’inherittance of this poore childie,
His little kingdom of a forced grace.
That blood which ow’d the breath of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold, bad world the while:
This muft not be thus borne, this will brake out
To all our farrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Exeunt 1o. They burn in indignation: I repence: Enter Adef.

There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certaine life atchiev’d by others death:
A fearefull eye thowe hast that is that blood,
That I have fene inhabiting in those checkes:
So foule an fkie, cleere not without a frome.
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
Mef. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forragne preparation,
Was le nied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn’d by them:
For when you fhould be told they do prepare,
The fydings comes, that they are all arri’d
Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hadt it slept? Where is amy Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And the not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, her care
Is fapt with duft: the firft of April di’d
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Conjiance in a frenzie di’d
Three days before: but this is from Rumors tongue
I idealy heard: if true, or fale I know not.
John. With-hold thy speed, dreadful Occasion.
O make a league with me, ‘till I haue pleas’d
My discontented Peeres. What! Mother dead?
How wilfull then walks my Eflate in France?
Vnder whole conditio came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giff’t out are landed here?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Suffolk and Peter of Pomfret.

Iob. Thou haft made me giddy
With thefe ill dyings: Now! What fayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not feeke to fluffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full,
Baft. But if you be feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worft vn-heard, fall on your head.
Iob. Beare with me Cofen, for I was amaz’d
Vnder the tile; but now I breath again.
Alas! the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.
Baft. How I haue fped among the Clergy men,
The fummes I have collected shall expresse:
But as I trauaile’d hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Posseft with rumors, full of idle dreamers,
Not knoweing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here’s a Prophete that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundrads treading on his heele.
To whom he fung in rude harth founding times,
That ere the next Aftention day at nooné,
Your Highnes should deliver vp your Crowne.

Iob. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out fo.
Iob. Hubert, away with him: I compren him,
And on that day at nooné, whereon he fayes
I fhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang’d.
Deluer him to safety, and returne,
For I muft vfe thee. O my genlie Cofen,
Heart! thou the newes abroad, who are arri’d?
Baft. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Before I met Lord Bigey, and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to feeke the graue
Of Arbur, whom they fay is kill’d to night, on your
Iob, Gentle kinman, go
(Iuggesion.
And thurft thy felfe into their Companies,
The life and death of King John.

Hub. My Lord.

Ish. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause When I spake darkly, what I purposed; Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face; As bid me tell my tale in express words: Deepe flame had struck me dumb, made me break off, And thofe thy feares, might have wrought feares in me. But, thou didst not understand这些问题 from me, And didst in signs againe parley with finne, Yea, without hopp, didst let thy heart content, And confequently, thy rude hand to afe The deed, which both our tongues held wide to name. Out of my sight, and neuer fee me more; My Nobles leave me, and my State is brau'd, Even at my gates, with rakes of forsaigne powres; NAY, in the body of this flefhy Land, This kindome, this Confinf of blood, and breathe Hoffliffite, and ciuil tumults reignes Betweene my confidence, and my Cohins death.

Hub. Arme you againft your other enemies. I Le make a peace betweene your foule, and you, Yong Arthur is allue: This hand of mine Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand, Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood, Within this bosome, never enterd yet The dreadful motion of a murderous thought, And you have fnder'd Nature in my forme, Which howsoever rule exterioy, Is yet the couer of a fayer minde, Then to be butcher of an innocent childe. John. Doth Arthur liue? O haft thee to the Peeres, Throw this report on their incend'd rage, And make them tame to their obedience. Forgive the Comment that my passion made Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde, And foule immaginative eyes of blood Prefented thee more hideous then thou art. Oh, answer not; but to my Clofier bring's The angry Lords, with all expedition haft, I conjure thee but slowly: run more falt. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the waller.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe. Good ground be pitchfull, and hurt me not: There's few or none do know me, if they did, This Ship-boyes feemance hath difguis't me quite, I am afraine, and yet I leape it venture. If I get downe, and doe not break my limbes, He finde a thousand shifts to get away; As good to dye, and go: as dye, and stay. Oh me, my Vackles spirit is in thefe flones, Heauen take my foule, and England keep my bones. Die.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. EdmondSBury, It is our facietie, and we must embrace This gentle offer of the perillous time. Pam. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall? Sal. The Conftable, a Noble Lord of France, Who private with me of the Delphines louse, Is much more generall, then these Lices imporit.
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then fere forward, for twill be
Two long days journey (Lords) or ere we meete,
Enter Bafard.

Baf. Once more to day well met, diffemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your prefence prefart.
Sal. The King hath diffipelt himfelfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-befhained cloake
With our pure Hapones: nor attend the fone
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walker.
Return, and tell him fo: we know the world.

Baf. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were bef.
Sal. Our griefes, and not our manners reason now.
Baf. But there is little reafon in your griefe.
Therefore 'trewere reafon you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Baf. This time, to hurt his manner, no maife elfe.
Sal. This is the prifon: What is he 'lyes here?
P. O death, made preud with pure & pricely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himfelfe hath done,
Doth lay it open vprge on reuenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beatifie to a grave,
Found it too precious Prively, for a grave,
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think
Or do you almoft thinke, although you fee,
That you do fee? Could thought, without this object
Furnie fuch another? This is the very top,
The height, the Creft: or Creft vnto the Creft
Of murtheres Armes: This is the bloodeffe flame,
The wildef Saugery, the wildef froke
That ever wall-yew'd wrath, or flattering rage
Prefent to the tears of loft remorse.

Pem. All murtheres pafl, do hand excuss'd in this:
And this is fole, and unmatchable,
Shall give a holineffe, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegettten fime of times;
And prone a deadly blood-fed, but a left,
Exampled by this heynous speacle.

Baf. It is a damned, and a bloody work,
The graceleffe adion of a heavy hand,
If that be the workes of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the workes of any hand:
We had a kinde of light, what would enfre:
It is the famefull workes of Hubert's hand,
The practive, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathleffe Excellence
The Incenfe of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Nuere to take the plesure of the world,
Nuere to be infectd with delight,
Nor confevant with Eafe, and Ilenife,
Till I have fet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Reuenge.
Pem. Big. Our foules religioufly confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hore with haffe, in seeking you,
Arthor doth lute, the king hath fent for you.
Sal. Ohe he is bold, and blufhes not at death,
Auan't thou hatefull villain, get thee gone.
(Re the Law ?
Flu. I am no villain, 
Sal. Muft I robb
Baf. Your word is bright fir, put it vp again.
Sal. Not till I theath it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salisbury, stand backe I fay:
By heauen, I thinke my Swords as fharp as yours,
I would not have you (Lord) forget your felf,
Nor tempe the danger of my true defence;
Leaff I. by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatneffe, and Nobilitie,
Hub. Out dunghill! daR it thou braue a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not proue me fo:
Yet I am none. Whofe tongue fo ere speakes falle,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to pices.
Sal. Kewe the peace, I fay.
Pem. Stand by, or I fhall gauyl you Paleonbridge.
Baf. Thou wert not better gauyl the diuell Salisbury.
If thou but crowne on me, or bile thy foon,
Or teach thy haffe fpleente to do me fone,
Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy fword betime,
Or Ilf make you, and your tofling—Iron.
That you fhall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big. What vilke thou do, renowned Paleonbridge?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour fince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weep.
My date of life out, for his sweetes liues loffe.
Sal. Truf no thofe cunning waters of thies eyes,
For vilaine is not without fuch rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it feeme
Lik Ruers of remorfe and innocencie.
Away with me, all you foulte foules abhorre
Th'woeferly Evacuation of a Slaughter-house,
For I am filld with this fmal finne of finne.

Big. Away, toward Surrey, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out.
Ex. Lords.
'Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlefs reach of mercie,
(If thou didft this deed of death) art f9 damn'd Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me fir.

Baf. Ha! let tel thee what.
Thou didft with the workes of any hand,
Thou art more depe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet fo vgly a fiend of hell
As thou fhalt be, if thou didft kill this child.

Hub. Vpon my foule.
Baf. If thou didft but confent
To this moft cruel Act: do but dispare,
And if thou want 'a Cord, the fmalleft thred
That ever Spider twifted from her wombe
Will ferue to trangle thee: A ruffe will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldft thou drowne thy felfe,
Put but a little water in a spoune,
And it fhall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to fliue fuch a villain vp.
I do fuccep thee very greuouly.
Hub. If I in a ft, confent, or fime of thought,
Be guilty of this treachery fome breath.
Which was embounded in this beautiful clay,
Let hell want painses enough to torture me;
I left him well.

Baf. Go, beare him in thine armes.
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loofe my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.
How safe dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heaven: and England now is left
To tug and framble, and to part by th' teeth
The vn-owrd interest of proud dwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Malefice,
Doth dogged warrs bristle his angry crest,
And snaileth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontent at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Rauen on a sickle-saine beaft,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ite to the King;
A thousandbufineilles are briefe in hand,
And haue it feile doth frowne vpone the Land.  Exit.

\[Actus Quartus, Scena prima.\]

Enter King John and Pandolfo, attendants.

K.John. Thus haue I yeilded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pand. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.
John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holieffe vie all your power
To top their marches: for we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countes doe revolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Sweating Allegiance, and the louse of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty:
This inundation of mistrempered humor,
Refts by you onely to be quallified,
Then paufe nor: for the present time’s to ficke,
That present medicine must be miniftr’d,
Or overthrow incurable enues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Upon your fubborne viage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle concurrence,
My tongue shall hulls againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blussifing land:
On this Ascence day, remember well,
Upon your oath of fervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay downe their Armes.  Exit.

John. Is this Ascence day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascence day at noone,
My Crowne I should giue off? even fo I haue:
I did fuppofe it should be on conuert,
But (heau’n be thank’d) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baffard.

Baff. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Doore Caitle: London hath receiued
Like a kindle Hoft, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer fervice to your enemys:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yours, & Arthur was alius?
The life and death of King John.

By making many: Oh it grieues my soule, That I must draw this mettle from my fide, To be a widowe-maker: oh, and there Where honourable refuge, and defence Cries out upon the name of Salisbury, But such is the infection of the time, That for the health and Physicke of our right, We cannot deale but with the very hand Of theme Injuicice, and confused wrong; And is't not pitty, (oh my grieved friends) That we, the famous and children of this Ile, Was borne to see so sad an house as this, Wherein we reap after a stranger, march Upon her gentle Bofom, and fill vp Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and wepe Upon the spot of this infurcd caufe, To grace the Gentry of a Land remote, And follow vnacquainted colours here: What here? O Nation that thou couldst remove, That Neitners Armes who clippeth thee about, Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe, And cripple thee into a Pagan shore, Whereby the two Christian Armies might combine The blood of mallice, in a vaine of league, And not to spend it fo vn-neighbourly, Dolph. A noble temper daft thou hiew in this, And great affections wrestling in thy bosome Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility: Oh, what a noble combat haft fought Between compulsion, and a braue repect; I let me wipe of this honourable dewe, That filerely doth progress in thy cheekes: My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares, Being an ordinary Invagination: But this effusion of such manly drops, This thowre, blowne vp by tempell of the feule, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Then had I seene the vauntlste top of heaven Figure'd quite o're with burning Meteoros, Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury) And with a great heart heave away this flome: Comment these waters to those baby-eyes That never saw the giant-world enrag'd, Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goffippings: Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep Into the purse of rich prosperity As Lewis himfelfe: so (Nobles) shall you all, That knit your finewes to the strenth of mine, Enter Pandulpho. And even there, methinks an Angell spake, Look where the holy Legate come apace, To give vs warrant from the hand of heauen, And on our actions set the name of right With holy breath. Pand. Halie noble Prince of France: The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd Himfelfe to Rome, his spirit is come in, That fo froid out against the holy Church, The great Metropolitan and Sea of Rome: Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp, And tame the fauage spirit of wilde warre, That like a Lion fochterd vp at hand, To drive the gCTOR, and be no farther harmefull then in thewe. Del. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe: I am too high-born to be proportion'd To be a secondary at control, Or vsefull furving-man, and Instrument To any Soueraigne State throughout the world, Your breath fift kindled the dead coale of warres, Betweene this chaftiz'd kingdome and my felfe, And brought in matter that should feed this fire; And now'tis farre too huge to be blowne out With that fame weake winde, which enkindled it: You taught me how to know the face of Right, Acquainted me with interest to this Land, Yea, throufh this enterprize into my heart, And come ye now to tell me John hath made His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me? (by the honour of my marriage bed) After yong Arthur, claimie this Land for mine, And now it is halfe conquer'd, muft I backe, Because that John hath made his peace with Rome? Am I Rome's flaye? What penny hath Rome borne? What men prouided? What munition fent To vnder-prop this Aidon? Is't not I That vnder-go this charge? Who else but I, And fuch as to my clame are liable, Sware in this busineffe, and maintaine this warre? Have I not heard thee (landes fhou out Vnde le Rey, as I have banke'd their Townes? Have I not heare the belt Cards for the game To winne this eafe match, plaide for a Crowne? And shall I now giue ote the yeilded Sea? No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be faid. Pand. You looke but on the out-fide of this worke. Del. Out-side or in-side I will not returne Till my attempts to much be glorified, As to my ample hope was promis'd, Before I drew this gallant head of warre, And culde the fiery spirits from the world To ouke Compeffe, and to winne renowne Even in the issues of danger, and of death: What lusty Trumpeter thus doth fummon vs? Enter Baffard. Baff. According to the faire-play of the world, Let me have audience: I am fent to speake: My holy Lord of Miliane, from the King' I come to leare how you haue dealt for him: And, as you anwer, I doe know the scope And warrant limited with my tongue. Pand. The Delphine is too willfull oppofite And will not temporize with my intreaties He flately fies, hes il not lay downe his Armes. Baff. By all the blood that euer fury breath'd, The youth fies well. Now hearde our English King, For thus his Royalite doth speake in me: He is prepard, and reafion to he fould, This spifh and vnmanly approach, This harned'd Maske, and woundslufed Realue, This vn-hearde fawcieffe and boyflih Troopes, The King doth fmile at, and is well prepard to whip this dwarfish ware, this Pigoyn Armes From out the circle of his Territories. That hand which had the strenght, euen at your dore, To cudgell you, and make you takke the huch, To dueleke buckers in concealed Weller, To crowch in litter of your flable plaenke, To lye like pawns, lack'd vp in chells and truckes, To hug with fwinne, to fecke fweet safety out In vaults and prifons, and to thrill and shake,
The life and death of King John.

Even at the crying of your Nations crown,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feeld here,
That in your Chambers gave you chastissement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Arms,
And like an Eagle, o're his aerie towers,
To sowfe annoynance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuols,
you bloody Nero's, ripping vp the Womb
Of your deere Mother-England: bluffs for flame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maidens,
Like Amazons, some tripping after drummes:
Their thimble in armed Gantlets change,
Their Neede's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy brace,

To sowfe Anoynance.

We grant thou canst out-fold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brable.

Pou. Glue me leave to speake.

Dol. No, I will speake.

Baft. We will attend to neyther:

Dol. Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our Interest, and our being here.

Baft. Indee youe your drums being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but fleet
An echo with the clamour of thy drumme.
And even at hand, a drumme Is readie brace'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as shine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thistle) rattle the Welkins ear,
And mocke the depe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not truffing to this halting Legace here.
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike Hubert: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day.
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Baft. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Scena Tertia.

Alarms. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me Hubert.

Hub. Badly I fear; how fares your Maiesty?

John. This Feuer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes haule on me; oh, my heart is sick,

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord: your valiant Kinman Falconbridge,
Desires your Maiestie to leave the field,
And fend him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him toward Swinfield, to the Abbey there.

Mef. Be of good comfort: for the great Supply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwine sands.
This newes was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and reyce themselves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feuer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.

See them toward Swinfield: to my Litter stratly,
Weaknesse poffeffeth me, and I am faint.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not chine the King to for'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once again; put spirit in the French.

Sal. If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That miscbegotten dulc1 Falconbridge,
In sight of light, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They say King John fore fack, hath left the field,
Enter Meloun wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuols of England here.

Sal. When we were happye, we had other names.

Perr. It is the Count Meloun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnthered the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King John, and fall before his feet: 
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Upon the Altar at T Edmondshury,
Even on that Altar where we frownd to you
Deere Amity, and everlafting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Refouleth from his figure 'gainst the fire.
What in the world shoule we make me now deceide,
Since I must loofe the wife of all deceide?
Why shoule I then be falle, since it is true
That I must dye here, and huie hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworne, Ifere those eyes of yours
Befold another day brake in the East:
But eu'n this night, whole blacke contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning Creft
Of the old, feable, and day-weathered Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fines of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your Flues:
If Lewis, by your assisstance win the day,
Commend me to one Hubert, win your King;
The loue of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandfear was an Englishman)
Awakes my Confidence to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Fields,
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and parc this bodie and my soule.

With contemplation, and deuoue desires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and before my soule,
But I do loue the faucour, and the forme
Of this moft faire occasion, by the which
We will vitread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retir'd Flood,
Leaft our ranknelle and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience.

Euen to our Ocean, to our great King John.

My armes shall glue thee helpe to beare the hence,
The life and death of King John.

For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy neweife, that intends old right.  

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set.
But it did, and made the Western world blis, When English measure backward their owne ground.
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needle-shot, After such bloody toile, we bid good night, And wound'd our tottering colours fairly vp, Laid in the field, and allso Lordes of it. 

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin? 

Dol. Heere: what news? 

Mef. The Count Melone is slain: The English Lords By his perswasion, are againe faine off, And your supply, which you have with'd fo long, Are caft away, and winke on Goodwin sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, shrew'd newes, Belshew thy very I did not thinke to be fo fad to night As this hath made me. Who was he that said King John did flie an hour or two before The tumbling night did part our weare power'd? 

Mef. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol.Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night, The day shall not be vp fo Soone as I, To try the false adventure of to morrow. 

Scena Sexta.

Enter Baffard and Hubert, generally,

Hub. Whose there? Spake ho, spake quickly, or I flong.

Baff. A Friend. What art thou? 

Hub. Of the part of England. 

Baff. Whether doest thou go? 

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires, As well as thou of mine?

Baff. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleue
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Baff. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou mayst be friend me so much, as to thine
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Vnderstand remembrance: thou, & endlessnight,
Haue done me shame: Brave Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue, Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Baff. Come, come I fans complemet, What newes abroad?

Hub. Why herehe walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Baff. Beele thou then, and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearfull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Baff. Show me the very wound of this ill newes, I am no woman, I lefe not swound at it.

Hub. The King I feare I poyson'd by a Monk,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out To acquaint you with this euill, that you might The better arm you to the sodaine time, Then if you had at leasure knowne of this.

Baff. How did he take it? Who did talke to him?

Hub. A Monk I tell you, a resolued villain.
Whose Bowels sodainly burnt out:
The King Yet spake, and pereadventure may recover.

Baff. Who didst thou leave to tend his Maiestie?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince Henry in their companye, At whose request the king hath pardoned them, And they are all about his Maiestie.

Baff. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen, And tempt us not to beare aboue our power.

Hub. He tell the Hubert, halfe my power this night Passing thefe flats, are taken by the Tide,
Thefe Lincoln-Waftes have devoured them, My felse, well mounted, hardly hew cep'd.
Away before: Conduite me to the king, I double he will be dead, or I come.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bifopt.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood Is touch'd, corruptibly; and his pure braine 
(Which some suppofe the foulles fraille dwelling house) 

Doth by the idle Comments that it makes, 
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth Ispake, & holds beleue, 
That being brought into the open aye, 
It would allay the burning quality.

Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard here: 

Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient 
Then when you left him; even now he suge.

Hen. Oh vanity of ficknesse, fierce extreames 
In their continuance, will not feeke themselues, 

Death hauing pride upon the outward parts 
Leaves them infullible, and his feige is now 

Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds 
With many legions of strange fantasies, 
Which in their throng, and preffe to that fast hold, 
Counfound themselfes: 'Tis strange \_death fluid fing: 

I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chauns doefull hymne to his owne death, 
And from the organ-pipe of frailtey fings 
HIs foule and body to their lafting reth.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne 
To fer a forme vpon that indigre,
Which he hath left so shapellife, and so rude.

John brought us.

John. I marrie, now my foule hath elbow roome,
It would not out at windowes, nor at doores, 
There is so hot a summer in my bofome, 
That all my bowles crumble vp to dust: 
I am a srvedled forme drawne with a pen 
Upon a parchment, and against this fire 
Do I thynke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiesty?

Io. Upon a day, ill fai: dead, forsooke, caft off, 
And none of you will bid the winter come 
To thront his yele fingers in my maw; 
Nor let my kingdomes Rivers take their course 
Through my burn'd before: nor intreat the North 
To make his bleak windes kifte my parched lips, 
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much, 
I begge cold comfort; and you are so straight 
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertrue in my teares, 
That might receeue you,

Io. The satt in them is hot.

Within me is a hell, and there the poyson 
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize, 
On vnrepreuenable condemned blood.

Enter Bathard.

Baf. Oh, I am flead by my violent motion 
And spleene of spleede, to see your Maiety.

Io. Oh Cozen, thou art come to fet mine eye: 
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burn't, 
And all the throwds wherewith my life should fiale, 
Are turned to one thred, one little hair: 
My heart hath one poore fitting to flay it by, 
Which holds but till thy newes be verted, 
And then all this thou feest, is but a clod, 
And modeule of confounded royalty.

Baf. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward, 
Where heaven he knowes how we shall anfwer him, 
For in a night the bett part of my powre, 
As I vpon advantage did remove, 
Were in the Waves all vnwartly, 
Dauoured by the vnexpeeted flood.

Sat. You breath thefe dead newes in as dead an eare 
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even fo much I run on, and even fo flop. 
What Seruey of the world, what hope, what flay, 
When this was now a King, and now is clay? 
Baf. Art thou gone fo? I do but thay behinde, 
To do the office for thee, of revenge, 
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen, 
As it on earth hath bene thoueant full, 
Now, now you ftarres, that move in your right spheres, 
Where be your powres? She now your meended faiths, 
And in famly returne with me againe.

To puft defftrution, and perpetuall shame 
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land: 
Straight let vs fcke, or straight we shall be fought, 
The Dolphin rages at our Vere heales.

Sat. It feemes you know not then fo much as we, 
The Cardinal Pandulf is within at reft, 
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin, 
And brings from him fuch offers of our peace, 
As we with honor and repect may take, 
With purpofe prefently to leaue this warre.

Baf. He will the rather dorit, when he fees 
Our felonues well finew'd to our defence.

Sat. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already, 
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd 
To the sea fide, and put his caufe and quarrell 
To the disposing of the Cardinal, 
With whom your felfe, my felfe, and other Lords, 
If you thinke meetes, this afternoon will poift 
To consummate this businesfe happily.

Baf. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince; 
With other Princes that may be fpar'd, 
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall,

Hen. At Worfler mutt his bodie be inter'd, 
For fo he will'd it.

Baf. Thither shall it then, 
And happily may your fweet felfe put on 
The Leall flate, and glorye of the Land, 
To whom with all submission on my kne, 
I do bequeath my faithfull fervices 
And true fubfiection euerlaftingly.

Sat. And the like render of our loue wee make 
To reft without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde foule, that would give thankes, 
And knowes nor how to do it, but with teares.

Baf. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe, 
Since it hath bene before hand with our greefes, 
This England never did, nor never shall 
Lyset the proud footes of a Conqueror, 
But when it firft did helpe to wound it felle. 
Now, these her Princes are come home againe, 
Come the three corners of the world in Armes, 
And we shall fchoke them: Naught shall make vs rue, 
If England do it felle, do reft but true.
The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancast, 
Hast thou according to thy oath and band 
Brought hither Henry Herbold thy bold son: 
Here to make good thy boisterous late appeal, 
Which then our lawfule would not let vs hear, 
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray? 
Gaunt. I have my Liege, 
King. Tell me moreover, hast thou found him, 
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice, 
Or worthy shal a good subject shoulde 
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him. 
Gaunt. As neere as I could fit him on that argument, 
On some apparant danger scene in him, 
Aym’d at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice. 
Kin. Then call them to our presence face to face, 
And frowning brow to brow, our felves will heart 
Th’acquiter, and the accufed, freely speake; 
High throned k’re they both, and full of ice, 
In rage, defafe as the seas; halfde as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many years of happy days befall 
My gracious Soueraine, my most loving Liege. 
Gow. Each day shall better others happenesse, 
Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap, 
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne. 
King. We thank you both, yet one but flatteres vs, 
As weal appereath by the cause you come, 
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason. 
Coofin of Hereford, what doth thou obiect? 
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray? 
Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech, 
In the devotion of a subject’s love, 
Tendering the precious safety of my Prince, 
And free from other misbegotten here, 
Come I appealant to this Principely preference. 
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee, 
And make me greeing well: for what I speake, 
My body shall make good upon this earth, 
Or my duine foule answer in heauen. 
Thou art a Traitor, and a Meritar; 
Too good to be fo, and too bad to live; 
Since the more faire and chrifthal is the skie.

The glier feme the clouds that in it flye: 
Once more, the more to aggravate the note, 
With a founck Traitor, thy fortune, 
And with (to pleafe my Soueraine) ere I move, 
What my song speake, my right drawn (wo)nd may proue: 
Mow. Let not my cold words here accufe my zeale; 
’Tis not the trial of a Womans warre, 
The bitter clamour of two euger tongues, 
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine: 
The blood is hot that must be cool’d for this. 
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast, 
As to be hulite, and nought at all to say, 
First the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbes mee, 
From glaung reines and furprces to my free speach, 
Which elle would poft, vntill it had return’d 
These teares of treason, doubly downe his shroth.
Setting aside his high bloods royality, 
And let him be no Kinman to my Liege, 
I do defie him, and I fe that at him, 
Call him a fanderfer Coward, and a Villaine: 
Which to mainaine, I would allow him oddes, 
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoot, 
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alper, 
Or any other ground inhabitable, 
Where euer Englishman durft fe his foote, 
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie, 
By all my nopes moft faliely doth he lie. 
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage, 
Disfaiming here the kindred of a King, 
Which tender’d me the greeing of a Knighht, 
And lay aside my high bloods Royality, 
Which feece, not reverence makes thee to except, 
If guilty dread hath left thee to much strength, 
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then flope. 
Bye that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elfe, 
Will I make good against thee arme to arme, 
What I have spoke, or thou can’t deuile. 
Mow. I take it vp, and by that word I foresee, 
Which gently lid my Knight-hood on my shoulder, 
Ile anfwer thee in any faire degree, 
Or Chiuselous defigne of knightly triss: 
And when I mount, alue may I not light, 
If I be Traitor, or vniuitly fight. 
King. What doth our Colm lay to Mowbray’s charge? 
It must be great that can inhere vs, 
So much as of a thought of ill in him. 
Bul. Look what I laid, my life hall prove it true, 
That Mowbray hath receiv’d eight thousand Nobles,
The life and death of Richard the Second.

In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers, The which he hath dieted in for loyal employments, Like a faithfull Traitor, and injurious Villain. 
Beside I say, and will in battle prove, Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge. 
That ever was seen by English eye, That all the Treasons for these eighteen yeares Complotted, and contrived in this Land, 
Perch'd a false_CONDITION on their first head and spring. 
Further I say, and further will maintaine, 
Upon his bad life, to make all this good. 
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death, 
Suggest his loome beleauing adversaries, 
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward, 
Strew'd out his innocent foule through fireames of blood. 
Which blood, like sacrificing _Abel_ cries, 
(Even from the soonestlaught caunernes of the earth) 
To me for justice, and rough chastisement: 
And by the glorious worth of my discontent. 
This arm shall do all, or this life be spent. 
King. How high a pitch his resolution foares: 
Thensof Norfolke, what yafetth thou to this? 
Mow. Oh let my Soveraigne turne away his face, 
And bid his eares a little while be deafe, 
Till I have told this slander of his blood, 
How God, and good men, hate so foule a tyr. 
King. Remember, thou art our eyes and ears, 
Were he my brother, say our kingly dames heyre, 
As he is but my fathers brothers soune; 
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow, 
Such neighbour-neereneffe to our faced blood, 
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize 
The vn boilingfirmenneffe of my vritie foule. 
He is our faithful ( _Mosebyr_ ) to act thou, 
Fist speech, and fearlesse, I so therel allow. 
Mow. Then _Bullingbreake_ , as low as to thy heart, 
Through the falfe passage of thy thos; thou yefet; 
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callicle, 
Disturb it to his Highnesse fouldiers; 
The other part refer'd I by consent, 
For that my Soveraigne Liege was in my debt, 
Vpon remainder of a deere Accomp, 
Since I went to France to fetch his Queene; 
Now swallow downe this Lye. For Glousters death, 
I flew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace) 
Neglected my owne duty in that cafe: 
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster, 
The honourable Father to my foe, 
Once I did lay an ambush for your life, 
A treafle that doth vex my grieved foule: 
But ere I left receiv'd the Sacrament, 
I did confesse it, and _exactly_ begg'd 
Your Graces pardon, and I hope had it, 
This is my fault: so for the restappeald, 
It fliues from the rancour of a Villaine, 
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor, 
Which in my felle I boldly will defend, 
And interchangeably hurls downe my gage 
Vpon this over weening Traitors footed. 
To prose my felle a loyal Gentleman, 
Even in the beef blood chamber'd in his bosome.) 
In hate whereof, most heartily I pray 
Your Highness to affigne our Triall day. 
King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me: 
Let's purge this choller without letting blood, 
This we prefcribe, though no Phyfion,
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will raise hot vengeance on offenders heads:
Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no flar per spurre?
Hath loye in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards feuen fonnnes (whereof thy felfe art one)
Were as feten violers of his Sacred blood,
Or feuen faire branches springing from one root;
Some of thofe feuen are dride by natures course,
Some of thofe branches by the definitions cut:
But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouver,
One Viol full of Edwards sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his moft Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd downe, and his fummer leaves all vaded
By Enemies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah Gan't! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That merelle, that felle-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'ft, and breath'ft,
Yet art thou flaine in him: thou dost confent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou feell thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (Gan't) it is diuine,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou fhow'ft the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching firme murther how to butcher thee:
That which in menne we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brief:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way to venge my Gloufters death.
Gan't. Heauens is the quarrel: for heauens substitute
His Deputy appointed in his fight,
Hath cauf'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauens revenge: for I may never live.
An angry arm against his Minifter.
Dut. Where then (as man y may) Complaint my felife? Gan't.
To heauen, the widowdes Champion to defence
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old Gan't,
Tho go'ft to Cauterie, there to behold
Our Cofine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
For if my husbands wrongs are Herfords ipecte,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray heart:
Or if misfortune mifte the firft careere,
Be Mowbrayes finnes so heavy in his boleme,
That they may break his foaming Couriers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lifes,
A Cattiffe recreant to my Cofine Herford:
Farewell old Gan't, thy sometime brothers wife
With her companion Greffe, muft end her life.
Gan't. Sifter farewell: I muft to Cauterie,
As much good fay with thee, as go with mee.
Dut. Yet one word more: Greffe boundeth where it
Not with the empite hollownes, but weight:
(falls, I take my leafe, before I have begun,
For sorrow ends nor, when it feemeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmond Yarke.
Lye, this is all: may, yet depart not fo,
Though his beall, does not for quickely go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh what?
With all good speed at Platifhe vift mee.
Aake, and what shall good old Yorke there fee
But empyre lodgings, and vnfiturn'd wallers,
Vn-peopl'd Offices, vntrened fones?
Attending but the signal to begin. A charge suiv'd
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and let forward Combatants: Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spears, And both returne backe to their Charies againe; Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.
A long Flanpoff.

Draw near and lift
What with our Counsell we have done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be foil'd
With that deceit blood which is hath forfettered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire alspet
Of ciuill wounds plow'd wdp with neighbors swords,
Which so roz'd wp with boyfizous vntro'd durngements,
With harsh refounding Trumpets dreadfull Dray,
And grating focke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euene in our kindred blood:
Therefore, we banifie you Territories.
You must returne to Herford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not reserve our faire dominions,
But treate the stranger pathes of banishment.

But, you will be done: This must my comforts be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And tho' his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolke for thee remains a heauent dome,
Which i with some unwillingnes pronounce,
The flye flow hours shall noe determinare
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
The hopefull word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, upon paine of life.

Mow. A heauent fentence, my mow Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnoold for your Highnesse mouth:
A deere merit, not to depe a maine,
A so to be caft forth in the common ayre
Hane I defended at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I haue learn'd these foyce yeares
(My native English) now I must forgoe,
And now my tongues yfe is noe more no more,
Then an unfringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument eas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony,
Within my mouth you haue engag'd my tongue,
Douly percutif with my teeth and lipps,
And dill, vntelcng, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too olde to favne vpone a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy fenence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
Rich. It beats thee not to be compassionate,
My Countenance, his glancing comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in follemne shades of endlese night.
Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall fword, your banifhit hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banifie with your felues)
To keepe the Oath that we adminifter:
You were a shal (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen) Embrace each others love in banishment,
Nor ever looke vpone each others face,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongues of office should be prodigall,
To breath th: abundant colour of the heart.

Gum. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Toy absent, griefe makes me other to be

Gum. What is true Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bull. To men in joy, but griefe makes one houres ten.

Gum. Call it a trauell that thou tak'ft it for pleasure.

Bull. My heart will figh, when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gum. The fullen passage of thy weary flobber

Eftemme a foyle, wherein thou art to fec

The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

Bull. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the fooffie Canceful?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Fesit?

Or Wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantafick summers heat?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the wode:

Fell forrowes to the tooth, doth ever rancile more

Then when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gum. Come, come (my son) He bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and caufe, I would not flay.

Bull. Then England fund ground farewell: sweet foile adieu,

My Mother, and my Nurfe, which beares me yet:

Where eere I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banifh'd, yet a true borne Engli[ghman.

Scene Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene and Bagot.

Rich. We did obferue, Coline Aumerle,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)

but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what fowre of parting teares were shed

Aum. Faith none for me; except the Northeast wind

Which then grew bitterly againft our face,

Awak'd the fleepier heaven, and fo by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What fiold our Cofin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell: and for my hart disdained my tongue

Should fo prophane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppreffion of fuch griefe,

That word feem'd bury'd in my forrowes graue,

Marry, would the word Farewell haue lengthen'd houres,

And added yeeres to his short banishment,

He fhou'd have haue a volume of Farewells,

but since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cofin (Cofta) but his doibt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinfman come to fee his friends,

Our felle, and Bagot: herez Bagot and Greene

Oberford his Cousin to the common people:

How he did feeme to diue into their hearts,

With humble, and familial courtez

What reuerence he did throw away on flates;

Wooing poore Craftie-men, with the craft of foules.

And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,

As 'were to banifh their effects with him,

Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Dry-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee.
With thanks my Countrymen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subject's next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further levy, yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness' joy.

Re. We will our selle in perforce to the warre,
And for our Cofters, with too great a vs,
For our assayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke-charters:
Wherefore, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them ater to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland prefently.

Enter Buffle.

Buffle, what news?

Bu. Old John of Gaunt is verie sick my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath pent poft halle
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him.

Re. Where ye, he?

Bu. At Ely house.

Re. Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,
To help him to his graze immediately:
The lining of his coffer shall make Coates
To decke our fouldiers for these Irish wares.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go vfit him:
Pray heauen we may make halfe, and come too late. Exit.

Aetlus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sick with Yrke.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my laft
In wholsome counsell to his vnfullied youth?
Tor. Vex not your felle, nor thine owne with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforence attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are feldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muf't say, is fitten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eafe haue taught to glowe,
More are mens ends markt, then their lives before,
The setting Sun, and Mufick is the clock.
At the laft raffe of sweates, is sweetest laft,
Wit in remembrance, more then things long past.
Though Richard my luyes counsell would not haue,
My deaths fad tale, may yet vnfaie his eare.

Tor. No, it is flop with other flat'ring founds
As praises of his fame: then there are found
Lactucious Meaters, to whose venom found
The open eare of youth doth alwys listen.

Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Where fome of our cardinall epiftle Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So if no new, there's no respect how wise,
That is not quickly buzz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will dotomunty with wise regard.
Direct not him, whose way himfelle will choose,
Tis breath thou lackest, and that breath wilt thou lofe.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new infip'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rath fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laft,
For violent fires flone burne out themselves,
Small flowres left long, but fading flowers are short,
He preyes betimes, that spurs too faft betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, iniatiue cormorant,
Confuming meanes foone preyes vpon it felle.
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Ille,
This earth of Malefity, this feare of Mars,
This other Eden, demi paradise,
This Fortreff built by Nature for her felle,
Against infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the fitter sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensive to a houfe,
Against the enuy of leffep happy Lands,
This bleffed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurfe, this reenning woundre of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as fane from home,
For Christian fervice, and true Chialerie,
As is the fpeacheler in flubborne Ini
Of the Worlds ranfome, bleffed Marie's Sonne.
This Land of fuch deere soules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Lea'd out (I dy epronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or paling Fare.

England bound in with the triumphant seas,
Who's rocky shore beare backe the enamou'd fudge
Of waftry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With filly blofetes, and rotten Parchemine bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a flamefull conquest of it felle.
Ah! would the scandal vanifh with my life,
How happy then were my enfuing death?

Enter King, Quawe, Amerelle Buffle, Green,
Boger, Ros, and Willoughby.

Tor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Qu. How fates our noble Uncle Lancaster?

Ro. What comfort man? How ill with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh how that name befits my compotation?

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within his greene bath kept a refulous falt,
And who albyatories from meate, that is not gaunt?
For fleping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneff, leanneff is all gaunt.
The pleaure that some Fathers feede vpon,
Is my firt fal, I mean my Children looke,
And therein fafting, halt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whole hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.

Re. Can fiecke men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, mistire makes fpet to fcooke it felle;
Since thou dost fcooke to kill my name in me,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Rich. What says he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a little lefe instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Tor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and dooth he,

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kerens,
Which lie like venom, where no venom eile,
But only they, have priuiledge to live.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge
Towards our assisstance, we do feize to vs
The plate, coine, rennewes, and moueables.
Whereof our Uncle Gaunt did fland poesyt.

Tor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloufiers death, nor Harfords banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebuke, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullebreke,
About his marriage, nor my owne dignyrc.
Haue ever made me lowr my patient checke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sourcrynge face:
I am the Iatl of noble Edwarde's fonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firl,
In warre was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princeley Gentleman,
His face thou haft, for even (o look'd he
Accomplic'd d with the number of thy heers:
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did fpread: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.
Oh Richard, Tenke is too faire gone with greec,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

Rich. Why Vnclc,

What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not
I plea'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to feize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banifl'd Harfords?
Is not Gaunt the dead, and both not Harfords lie?
Was not Gaunt luff, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deferue to have an heere?
Is not his heere a well-deferving fonne?
Take Harfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cufomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then influe to day,
Be not thy felle. For how art thou a King,
But by fature legience and fuccesion?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully feize Harfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attemyjes generall, to fte
His Luerie, and define his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thoufand dangers on your head,
You loose a thoufand well-dispoifed hearts,
And prickle my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance canno think.

Rich. Thinke what you will: we felle into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Hee not be by the while: My Liege fawelwells,
The life and death of Richard the second.

What will ensue heretof, there's none can tell.
But by bad counsels may be vnderfooted,
That their events can never fall out good.
Exit.

Rich. Go Bussy to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repair to vs to Ely house,
To see this business; to morrow next.
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trouw:
And we create in absence of our felie.
Our Noble Yorke, Lord Governor of England:
For he is just, and always loud vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Murther.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Rei. And luing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Nor. Barely in title, not in renown.

Nor. Richly in both, if suffitce had her right.

Rei. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,
Er's my dishonour'd with a libellall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake by mind: & let him ne'er speak more
That speakes thys words against to do thee harme.

Rei. Tends that thou'd speake to th'Du. of Hereford,
It be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine ease to hear of good towards him.

Rei. No good at all that I can do for him,
Voleyue you call it good to pise him,
Brefc and gelded of his patremione.

Nor. Now sore heavuen, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, & what they will informe
Mereley in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King feuerely profecute
Gainst vs, our lites, our children, and our heires.

Rei. The Commons hath he put with greevous taxes
And quite loth their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite loth their hearts.

Rei. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, and I woot not what:
But what o' Gods name does become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not waited it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors arched with blosomes,
More bate he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Rei. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.

Nor. The Kings groome bankrupt like a broken man.

Rei. Reproch, and disolution hangeth over him.

Rei. He hath not monie for the Irish warres:
(But his heretique taxation notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the bashe'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we here this faerfoul sound ling,
Yet seake no shelter to avoid the storme:
We see the winde fit forcere upon our falles,
And yet we strike not, but securely perfite
Rei. We see the very wracke that we must suffre,
And vaunoyd is the danger now
For suffering to the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Rei. Nay let vs shewe thy thoughts, as thou dost us:
Rei. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We thre, are but thyselfe, & speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then shall I spake from Port le Blanck
A Bay in Breitaine, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Hertford, Robert Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother Archibhop, late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rialstun,
Sir John Norforke, Sir Robert Waterston, & Francis Quaint,
All thefe well furnifh'd by the Duke of Breitaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly means to touch our Northem shore:
Perhaps they had eare this, but that they stay
The fifth departing of the King for Ireland.
If we then shall shakke off our flourish yoke,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duft that hides our Scepters gits,
And make high Maiestie look like it selfe,
Away with me in pelte to Ramsgeryd,
But if you faint, as feeming to do fo,
Stay, and be secret, and my felle will go.

Rei. To horse, to horse, vrges doubts to them / feare.
Rei. Hold out my horse, and I will freth be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queen, Bussy, and Bagot.

Bussy. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming beautie,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no caufe
Why I shoulde should accept such a guest as greefe,
Sawe bidding farewell to fo sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard; yet against me thinks,
Some vnborne forrow, ripe in fortunes wome
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembling, at something is greefe,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bussy. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadowes
Which fiewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:
For forrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing ininte, to many objectes,
Like perpectue, which righteously gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd away
Diflinguing forme: so your sweet Maiestie
Looking away vpon your, Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to walle,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thire gracefull Queene,
More then your Lords deparure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with faire forrowes eie,
(fenes)
Which for things true, wepe things imaginry.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perivades me it is otherwise: how eie it be,
I cannot but say it: so heayn fad,
As though on thining on no thought I thinkke,
Makes me with heayn nothing faine and shrinke.

Bussy. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Queen.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Qu. 'Tis nothing left; conceit it still deriv'd
From some false forefathers, mine is none so,
For nothing hath begot my something greene,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerion that I do posseffe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name,' tis namelessse woe I tw'ot.

Enter Greene.

Orsz. Heauen save your Maiestie, and well met Gentle.
I hope the King is not yet chipp'd for Ireland.
(men:
Qs. Why hop'lt thou for 'Tis better hope he is:
For his designes craue haft, his haft good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
Orsz. That he our hope, might have rest'rd his power,
And druen into difpaire enemies hope,
Who stronghly hath fet footing in this 'Land?
The banfith'd Ballinbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is late arr'it'd At Ramenbury.

Qs. Now God in heaven forbidd.
Gr. O Madam'tis too true: and that is worse,
The L.Northumberland, his yong fonne Henrie Percie,
The Lords of Raffe, Beaumond, and witterby.
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bul. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?
Gr. We have; whereupon the Exile of Worcester
Hath broke his flatte, refign'd his Stewardship,
And at the household feruants fled with him to Ballinbrooke.

Qs. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Ballinbrooke my forrowes dismally hayre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodege,
And I a gasping new delivered mother,
Hauing woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow loyn'd.

Bul. Difpaire not Madam.
Qs. Who shall hinder me?
I will difpaire, and be at ennemie
With conscious hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Parafite, a kepper backe of death,
Who gently would disloane the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter York.

Gr. Heere come the Duke of Yorke.
Qs. With figures of warrer about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull butneffe are his looks:
Uncle, for heavens sake speake confortable words:

Ter. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croffes, care and greefe.
Your husband he is gone to faue farre off,
Whilst others come to make him looke at home;
Here am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:
Now comes the fickle houre that his furtur made,
Now fwall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your fonne was gone before I came.
Ter. He was: why so: go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And I will feeke your honour on Hertsford side.
Sirra, get thee to Plasfiche to my fierer Gloffer,
Bid he send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell you: Lordship, to day I cameby, and call'd there,
But I fwall greeue you to report the tell,
Ter. What's is knaue?

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumber

Bar. How fare it is my Lord to Berkley now?
Nrs. Beseeche me noble Lord,
I am a stranger heere in Gloucester,
These high wilde hilles, and rough vnneue waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearesome:
And yet our faire discouer hath beene as suger,

Mak in
The life and death of Richard the second.

Making the hard way sweet and deleatable: But I bestringe me, what a weary way From Raunepburgh to Costtfield will be found, In Raff and Willoughby, wanting your companie, Which I profseth hath very much beguile The tediousneffe, and processe of my traveil: But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have The present benefit that I proffefse: And hope doth joy, in little lefle is joy, Then hope enjoy'd: By this the wearie Lords Shall make their way seeme shorter, as mine hath done, By sight of what I have, your Noble Companie. Bull. Of much lefle value is my Companie, Then your good words: but who comes here? Enter Ed. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percie, Sent from my Brother W rotten i fer: Whence foruer. Harry, how fares yonr Vnckle? Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you. North. Why, is he not with the Queene? Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court, Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispers'd The Houfhold of the King. North. What was his reafon? He was not so refolu'd, when we left Spake together. Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor. But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenburgh, To offer suace to the Duke of Hereford, And fent me ouer by Barkely, to discouer What power the Duke of Yorke had leaved there, Then with direffion to repair to Rauenburgh. North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.) Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot Which neere I did remember: to my knowledge, I never in my life did looke on him. North. Then Jeanne to know him now: this is the Duke. Percie. My graciouf Lord, I tender you my fennic, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, Which elder dayes shall ripen, and conforme To more approv'd fennent, and defert. Bull. I thanke thee gentle Percie, and be fure I count my felle in nothing elfe to happy. As in a Soule remembering my good Friends: And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue, It fhall be full thy Loue recomence, My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus feales it. North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what fittre Keeps good old Yorke there, with his Men of Ware? Percie. There flands the Castle, by yond tuff of Trees, Man'd with three hundred men, as I have heard, And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkely, and Seymor, None elfe of Name, and noble effluence. Enter Raff and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Raff and Willoughby, Bloody with fparre, fierie red with haife. Bull. Welcome my Lords, I was not your loue pursuus A banifh'd Traylor; all my Treasure Is yet but vifetl thankes, which more enrich'd, Shall be your loue, and labours recomence. Raff. Your onely Refuge; whereas the profef Noble Lord. Willoughby. And farrre fumat us our labour to araine it. Bull. Euermore thankes, the Exchequer of the poore, Which till my infants-fortune comes to yeeres, Stands for my Bointie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheffe. Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you. Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to Lancaster, And I am come to fecke that Name in England, And I must finde that Title in your Tongue, Before I make reply to ought you fay. Bark. Miflike me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning To raze one Title of your Honor out. To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will) From the moff glorious of this Land, The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on To take advantage of the abient time, And fright our Nation Peace with false-borne Armes. Enter Yorke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you, Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle, Yorke. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy kite, Whofe dutie is deceivable, and falle, Bull. My gracious Vnckle. Yorke. Tu, tu, tu, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me, I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace, In an vngracious mouth, is but prophanne. Why hate these banifh'd, and forbidden Legges, Dar'd once to touch a Duff of Englands Ground? But more then why, why hate they dar'd to march So many miles upon her peacefull Boarne, Frighting her pale- fac'd Villages with Warre, And-offentation of depifed Armes? Com fit thou because th' anonayed King is hence? Why foulh is Boy, the King is left behind, And in my loyall Bofome lies his power. Were I but now the Lord of fuch hot Youth, As when brave Gaunt, thy Father, and my felle Refcued the Black Prince that yong Chriftian of men, From forth the Rankes of many thousand French: Oh then, how quickly fhould this Arme of mine, Now Prifoner to the Paffie, chaffife thee, And minifter correction to thy Fault. Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Faults, On what Condition stands it, and wherein? Yorke. Even in Condition of the world degree, In groffe Rebellion, and detefted Trefion: Thou art a banifh'd man, and hereart come Before the expiration of thy time, In braving Armes againft thy Soueraigne. Bull. As I was banifh'd, I was banifh'd Hereford, But as I come, I come for Lancaster. And Noble Vnckle, I befeech your Grace Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye: You are my Father, for me thanke in you I fee old Gaunt alive. Oh then my Father, Will you permit, that I fhall stand condemn'd A wandring Vagabond: my Rights and Royalties Pluckt from my armes perforce, and guien away To uplift Vntrifles; Wherefore was I borne? If that my Cousin King, be King of England, It muft be grameted, I am Duke of Lancaster. You have a Sonne, Aumerle, my Noble Kinman, Had you firit dead, and he beene thus brod downe, He fhould have found his Vnckle Gaunt a Father, To row his Wronge, and chaffe them to the bay. I am denyde to fee my Luterie here, And yet my Letters Patents give me leave: My Fathers goods are all diftraiten and fold, And thefe and all, are all amitife impoy'd.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heavenly mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Welt,
Witnesing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnee:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And crostly to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullyingbrooke, Turke; Northumberland, Rafe, Perciv Willoughby, with Bajfie and Green Preservers.

Bul. Bring forth these men:
Bajfie and Greene, I will not vex your souls,
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lusts,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some caufes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you whapp'd, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a Disoures betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And flay'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With tears drawn fro her eyes, with your foul'es wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in Love,
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
Have flopt my neck under your injuries,
And fig'd my English breath in forraire Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Dif-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windows torne my Household Coas,
Raz'd out my Implefies, leaving me no forte,
Saue mens opinions, and my luing blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them deliered ouent
to execution, and the hand of death,
Bajfie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
Then Bullyingbrooke to England.
Greene. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague Insuilict with the paines of Hell,
Bul. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd:
Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your Hous,
For Heavens sake fairly let her be entreated,
Tell her I tend to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliver'd,
Turk. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your love, to her at large.
Bul. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with Glendower, and his Complizes;
A while to worke, and after holiday.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will dispersse our forces: farewell.
Sad. Stay yet another day, thou touchfe Welchman,
The King repofeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrie all are wither'd,
And Meteores fright the fixtared States of Heaven.
The pale-fac'd Moone looke's bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearfull change:
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leapae,
The one in fear, to loose what they enjoy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
These fignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well affurd Richard their King is dead. Exit.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Awmurs, Carlisle, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barklyough call ye this at hand? 
Act. Yes, my Lord; how brough your Grace the ayre, After your late toffing on the breaking Seas? 
Rich. Needs must I like it well: I wepe for joy
To stand upon my Kingdom once againe.

Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horfes hooves:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, gree I thee my Earth,
And doe thee faue with my Royall hands.

Feed not thy Soueraigne Poe, my gentie Earth,
Nor with thy Sweeters, comfort his rauenous fence:
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venom, 
Ann heath, gaed Toades lye in their day,

Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vriging leps doe trample thee.
Yield flinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prehite with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a monraall touch
Throw death vp on thy Soueraigne Enemies.

Mock not my fencelcle Contration, Lords;
This Earth shall have a feeling, and thefe Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natice King
Shall falte vnder foule Rebellious Arms,

Car. Fear not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in fight of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiffe,
Whilft Bullying Brookes through our securitie,
Growes strong and great, in lubfance and in friends.

Rich. Discomforable Gouen, knowest thou now,
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that fights the lower World,
Then Theues and Robbers raunde abroad vnasene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terretrall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Eastern Pines,
And darts his Lightning through euery guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treafons, and detefled finnes
(The Cloake of Night being plucks from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling bling at themselves.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor Bullying brooks,
Who all this while hath receall'd in the Night,
Shall see vs rizing in our Throne, the Eafi,
His Treafons will fit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the fight of Day;
But felfe-affrighted, tremble at his finne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can fetch with the Bame from an enemyd King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoe
The Deputie elecled by the Lord:
For every man that Bullying brooks hath prefet,
To life shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious Angel e then if Angels fight,
Weake men muft fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre offlyes your Power?
Salib. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; discomfor guides my tongue,
And bids me speke of nothing but despaire.

One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happye days on Earth;
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thoufand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late
Orchreuws thy Joyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
For all the Whichmen hearing thou were dead,
Are gone to Bullyingbrooks, diferfit, and fled,

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thithet come againe,
Hauent not resoule to looke pale, and dead?
All Souls that will be safe, flye from my side,
For Time hath fet a blast upon my pride,

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forg't my feile. Am I not King?
Awake thou faggard Maiestie, thou sleepet:
Is not the Kings Name fotive thousand Names?
Arms, arms my Name: a pune fubfct & strikes
At thy great gyrey. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my fickle Turk
Hath Power enough to ferue our rume,
But who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse befit your Magestie,
Then can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.
Rich. Mine eater is open, and my heart prepa'd:
The worfe is worldely lofe, thou canst unfold
Say.Is my Kingdome left? why 'swas my Care:
And what lofe is it to be rid of Care?
Strives Bullyingbrooks to be as Great as we:
Greater he fhall not be: if hee fere God,
Woe! fere him too, and be his Fellow fo.
Reject our Subtieys That we cannot mend,
They break their Faith to God, as well as vs:

Cry Woe, Defutation, Ruine, Lofe, Decay,
The worfe is Death, and Death will haue his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneffe is fo arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an unfeasable flormie day
Which make the Siluer Rivers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all diffol'd to teares:
So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage

Of Bullyingbrooks, contouring your fearfull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairiefeale Scrolls
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Women Voyces,
Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female joints
In fliefe vanuilde Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Bead-men learn to bend their Bowes
On double farall Euph: against thy State

Yea Dithaff- Women manage ruffie Bills:
Against thy Spat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st A Tale fo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wilsfchire? Where is Baget?
What is become of Baldwin? where is Greene?

That
The life and death of Richard the second.

That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Mature our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we procure, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bullingbrooke.
Scoope. Peace have they made with him indecide (my Lord.)
Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, easily woon to favour on any man,
Snakes in my heart, blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Laidale, each one three worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace, terrible Hell make warre
Upon their spotted Souls for this Offence.
Scoope. Sweet Loue (I fear) changing his propertie,
Yours the powerfull, and most deadly hate:
Againe vouchs their Soulor their peace is made.
With Heads, and not with Hands: 'scrofe whom you curse
Haue felt the world of Deads destroying hand,
And bye full low, graud in the hollow ground.
Ann. Is Britifie, Croome, and the Earle of Wiltshire
dead? Scoope. Yea all of them at Briflow lost their heads.
Ann. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where: of comfort no man speake:
Let's take of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bone of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talk of Wills
And yet not so: for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depo'd bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as Past, and Cover to our Bones:
For Heauens fake let vs fix upon the ground,
And tell the stories of the death of Kings:
How some have been depo'd, some faine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depo'd,
Some payson'd by their Wieres, some sleeping kill'd,
All mother'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique fits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walles about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable, and humord't thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinn
Bore's through his Castell Walls, and farwell King,
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With Isoleme Reuercence: throw away Repeal'd,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you have but mistake me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feele Want,
Talfe Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord, wise men ne'er waze their present woes,
But presently present the ways to waile:
To feare the Foe, since feare appeareth strength,
Glues in your weaknesse, strength into your Foe:
Feare, and be faine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, pays death refresh breath.
Ann. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich. Thou shalt it me well proud Bullingbrooke I come
to change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This agee at of fear is out-blowne,
An eneie sake it is to winne our owne.
Say Scoope, where byes our Vnkle with his Power?
Scoope. Men judge by the complection of the Skie
The face and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Vnkle York is ioynd'd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northernne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southenne Gentlemen in Armes
Upon his Pattie.
Rich. Thou hast said enough,
Brefhrew thee Cusin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despare:
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heaven Ile hate him euer laftlingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes fluae, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe
To ease the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for consuile is but vaine.
Ann. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's Night, to Bullingbrookes faire Day.
Exeunt.

Scena Teriia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,
York, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchemen are dispers'd, and Saltebury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Cosft.
North. The newses is very faire and good,my Lord,
Richard, not faire from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beforme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard: slack the heauie day
When such a facted King should hide his head.
North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath bene,
Would you have bene so brieue with him, he would
Have bene so brieue with you, to shorten you,
For taking to the Head, your whole heads length.
Bull. Mistake not (Vnkle) farther then you should.
York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
Leall you mistake the Heauens are otre your head.
Bull. I know it (Vnkle) and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?
Exeunt.

Welcome Harry, what, will not this Castell yeeld?
Per. The Castell royally is nam'd,my Lord,
Against thy entrance.
The life and death of Richard the second.

**Bull.** Royally? Why it contains no King?
*Ver. Yes* (my good Lord).

It doth contain a King: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Annuiter, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learn.

**Norh.** Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

**Bull.** Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caffle,
Through Brazen Trumpes send the breaths of Parie
Into his wind'rs Eares, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrook upon his knees doth kiss
King Richard's hand, and lends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Perfon: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment repleid'd,
And Lands refor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, I'll see th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,
Ray'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of Bullingbrook,
It is, such Crimmon Tempeft should bedrench
The fresh Greene Lap of faire King Richard's Land,
My fleeting dutie tenderly shall flew.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Graffie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,
That from this Caffles ratt'rd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd,
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meet
With no leffe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, while their thundring smoake
At meeting tares the cloudy Cheeks of Heauen:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yeelding Water,
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he lookes.
Parle without, and answe're within: then a Flourish.
Enter on the Wallis, Richard, Carlisle, Annuiter, Scroope, Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontenuned Sunne,
From out the fierie Porrtall of the East,
When he perceiues the ominous Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to flame the craft
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

**York.** Ye looke he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Msiefe: slack, slack, for wee,
That any hanne should flaine so faire a shee.

**Rich.** We are amaz'd, and thus long hau we flied
To watch the fearfull bending of thy knife,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how canst thou look forts forget
To pay their swift full dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismis'd vs from our Stewardship,
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Msiefe he doe prophane, fiese, or viuere.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Hau e'ers torne their Souls, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know my Miter, God omnipotent,
Is mutting in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

**Armies of Pellelune, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegetter,
That lyes your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And chrest the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrook, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every bide he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope
The purple Teftament of bleeding Wares
But ere the Crowne he looks for, lye in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sons
Shall it become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indigation, and bedew
Her Patfers Graffe with faithfull English Blood.

**Norh.** The King of Heaven forbids our Lord the King
Should fo with ciuitall and vociuitall Arms
Be ruf'd upon: Thy thric'-noble Cousin,
Henry Bullingbrook, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That hands upon your Royall Grandfathers Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gage,
And by the Worth and Honor of hisselfe,
Compring all that may be fworne, or faid,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchifement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie grunted once,
His glistering Armes he will commend to Ruft,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull fervice of your Maiestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iuft,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

**Rich.** Northumberland, say thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome father,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplishtd' without contradiction:
With all the gracious vterance thou haft,
Speake to his gentle bearing kind commends.
We doe desbe our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and fend
Defance to the Traytor, and do die?

**Ann.** No, good my Lord, let's fight with grnte words,
This gentle, friendly, and friends their helpful Swords.

**Rich.** Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of ftoof: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or letther then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have bene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'thou proud warie heart? Ile give thine scope to bear,
Since Poes have scope to bear both thee and me.

**Ann.** Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrook.

**Rich.** What must the King doe now?muft he submite
The King shall doe it: Muft he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Muft he looke
The Name of King? o Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Jewels for a fete of Beales,
My gorgeous Pallece, for a Hermitage,
My gue Apparrell, for an Almes-man's Gowne,
My Rig'd Goblets, for a Difi of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

My Subjects, for a payre of caried Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.
Or I be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects see
May howrly trample on their Sovereignes Head;
For on my braces they tread now, while left I live;
And buryed once, why not upon my Head?

Anoun, thou weep it (my tender-hearted Confin)
We’le make foule Weather with despifed Teares:
Our sightes, and they, shall lade the Summer Corne,
And make a Deaith in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wansters with our Woes,
And make some pretie Match, with shedding Teares?
At thus to drop them till upon one place,
Till they have freasted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd these eyes
Two Kristans,digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well ? Well, well, I fee
I talk but idly, and you mock at mee.
Molt mightie Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What sayes King Bullingbrooke? Will his Malefice
Gue Richard leave to flie, till Richard dies?
You make a League, and Bullingbrookes sayes I.

North. My Lord, in the basse Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe, I come, like gifting Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of vnuly Iades.
In the basse Court? basse Court, where Kings grow bafe,
To come at Traytors Callis, and doe them warre.
In the basse Court come down, down Court, down Kings,
For nights Owls flight, where morning Larks should fing.

But, what sayes his Malefie?
North. sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a franticke man;
Yet he is come.

But. Stand all apart,
And fiew faire dutie to his Malefie,
My gracious Lord,
Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debate your Princely Kneel,
To make the basse Earth proud with kissetting it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feel your Louve,
Then my vnpleased Eye see your Courteous.
Vp Cousin vp, your Heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

But. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

But. So farr be mine, my moost redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall delerue your Looke.
Rich. Well you deferved:
They well defere to hauie,
That know the strong', and fairest way to get.
Vrackle guie me your Hand: nay, drye your Eyes,
Teares fiew their Loure, but want their Remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ille guie, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.

Set on towards London:
Cousin, is it so?

But. Yea,my good Lord.
Rich. Then I must not say, no.
Flourish. Extant.

Seiena Quarta.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shal we deuise here in this Garden,
To drive away the heauie thought of Care?
La. Madame, wele play at Bowles.
Qu. Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rugs,
And that my Fortune runnes against the Byas.
La. Madame, wele Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keep no mesure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no mesure keeps in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing(Girls) some other sport.
La. Madame, wele tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neither, Girl.
For if of Joy, being altogether wanting
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It adds more Sorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I haue. I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complain.
Qu. This well that thou haue cause:
But thou shouldest please me better, wouldst thou wepe.
La. I could wepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And ancket borrow any Care of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But. Lee, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of thee Trees.
My wretchedne, as into a Rove of Pinnes,
They'll talk of State: for every one doth fo,
Aquinfl a Change: Wo is fore-runne with Wo.
Gard. Goet binde thou vp ypon dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppretion of their prodigious weight:
Gie some supplance to the bending twigget.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fall growing poyntes,
That lookes too losifie in our Common-wealth:
All must be even, in our Government.
You thus importud, I will goe root away
The noyfone Weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholefome flowers.
Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keep Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our Parke Efcape?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairef Flowres choake vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knights disordred, and her wholeflome Heartes
Swathing with Caterpillers,
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath sufferd this disordred Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Bullingbrooke.
I mean, the Earle of Wiltshire: anfhir, Greene.

Ser. What.
Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'th know of Noble Glousters death:
Who wrought it with the King: and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Time:effe end.

Bag. Then let me before my face, the Lord Amurte,
But, Coffin, stand forth, and looke vp on that man,
Bag. My Lord of Amurte, I know your daring tongue
Socrates to vsway, what it hath once deliver'd,
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my armes length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Cour.
As farre as Callis, to your Vnkeles head.
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullocking returns to England: adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cohns death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire Starres,
On equal terms to give him chastrotement:
Either I must,or have mine honor foyl'd
With the Attain'd of his fayndoue Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuell Scale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest.
And will maintaine that thou hast fayd, is falle,
In thy heart bloud, though being all too base
To filme the temerity of my Knightly sword.

Bul. Bagot forbear, thou shalt not take vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best.
In all this presense, that hath most me fo.

Fit. If that thy valour shoule stand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, Amurte, in Gage to shine:
By that faire Sunne, that Shews me where thou (and I)
I heare thee saye (and vauntingly thou speakest) it
That thou wert couete of Noble Glousters death.
If thou deniell it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falhlood to thy hart,
Where it was forg'd with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.

Fit. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitstwater thou art drum'd to hell for this.

Per. Amurte, thou lyest: this honor is a true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust:
And that thou art so, I there Iow my Gage
To prove it on thee, to the extremest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord Fitstwater:
I do remember well, the very time
Amurte, and you did talke.

Fit. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Surrey. As faly, by heaven,
Meanes if ite is true.

Fit. Surrey, thou Lyest.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy:
That Ly, shall hee be hon.Try on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-guer, and that Ly, doe ly
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar'ft.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The blood of English shall manure the ground, And future Ages groan for his foul Act.
Peace shall goe sleep with Turkes and Infidels, And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warses
Shall Kynne with Kynne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Disorders, Horror, Fear, and Mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Souls.
Oh, if you teare this House, against this House
It will the worstfull Diuision prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent it, reftit, and let it not be so,
Left Child, Child, Children cry against you, Woe.

North. Well have you argu'd Sir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here,
My Lord of Westminister, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

But, Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

Torke. Will I be his Conducte. Exit.

Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Attreb,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Loun, And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Torke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have spoke off the Regall thoughts Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learnt To intisune, Jatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Glue Sorrow leave a while, to tature me
To this submiffion, Yet I well remember
The favours of thee men: were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So Iames did to Chrift: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; it in twelue thousand, none.
God give the King: will no man fry, Amen?

Am I both Priete, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not hée:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doth thinke him mee.
To doe what sertice, am I sent for hither?

Torke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which eyred Maietie did make thee offer,
The Refqignation of thy State and Crowne To Henry Boldingbrook.

Here Cousin, on this fide my Hand, on that fide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deeps Well,
That owes two Backetts, filling one another,
The emplier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnfeeme, and full of Water:
That Backett downe, and full of Tires am 1,
That Drink my Griefes, till you mount vp on high.

But I thought you had been willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am but sill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depo,
But o'th Griefes; full am I King of those.

But Part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares ferr vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is looke of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine, and will you mount vp on the.
The Cares I gie, I have, though gien away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

Bull. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Rich. I no; no, I for I must nothing bee. Therefore no, no, for I returne to thee.
Now, mark mee how I will undeceive me. I glue this haue. Weight from off my Head, And this unwieldie Scepter from my Hand, The pride of Kingly swaye from out my Heart. With mine owne Tearing I wath away my Balmie, With mine owne Hands I glue away my Crowne, With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State, With mine owne Breath releafe all dastous Oathes; All Pompes and Maieftsie I doe forswear: My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forget; My Acts, Deere, and Statutes I desyre: God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me, God keepe all Vowes unbroke are made to thee. Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieue, And thou with all pleas, that haft all achieved. Long may’t thou live in Richards Seat to fit, And loone ye Richard in an Earlie Pit. God saue King Henry vn-King’d Richard eyes, And send him many yeeres of Sunne-Shine days. What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade These Accusatients, and these grievous Crymes, Committed by your Perfon, and your followers, Against the State, and Profit of this Land. That by confessing them, the Soules of men May beare, that you are worthyly depos’d.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I reveal out My wea’d-vp follies? Genile Northumberland, If thy Offences were upon Record, Would it not shame thee, in lo faire a troupe, To reade a Lecture of them? If thou wouldst, There shoul’d it thou finde one heymous Article, Contayning the depoing of a King, And cracking the strong Warres of an Oath, Mark’d with a Blot, dam’d in the Bookes of Heauen. Nay,all of you, that stand and looke upon me, Whil’t that my wretched selfe doth bate my selfe, Though some of you, with Plate, wash your hands, Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilates Have here dedic’d me to my fower Croffe, And Water cannot wash away your finne.

North. My Lord, I perfentin, and do reade o’these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Tearing, I cannot see: And yet can Water blinde them not so much, But they can see a fort of Traytors here. Nay,if I turne mine Eyes upon my selfe, I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest: For I have gived here my Soules content, Thandeep the pompous Body of a King: Made Glory safe, a Sovereign, a Slace. Prowd Maieftie, a Subject, State, a Peaunce.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of shine, thou haught-influting man; No, no, nor man Lord: I have no Name, no Title; No, no, that Name was gien me at the Font, But’tis vforpt: slack the heauie day, That I have wonne so many Winters out, And know not now, what Name to call my selfe. Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow, Standing before the Sunne of Baltingbrooke. To melch my selfe away in Water-drops, Good King;great King, and yet not greatly good, And if my word be Sterling yet in England, Let it command a Mirror hister straight;

That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is a Bankrupt of his Maieftsie.


North. Read o’re this Paper, while’$ Glafe doth come.

Rich. Friend, how tormentes me, ete I come to Hell.

Bull. Verge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy’d. Rich. They shall be satisfy’d: I reade enough,

When I doe fee the very Bookeindeed, Where all my finnes are writ, and that’s my selfe. Enter one with a Glasse.

Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade,
No deeper wrinkled yet? hast Sorrow strooke
So many Blowses upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flat’t’ring Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperite,
 Thou don’t beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day, under his House-hold Rooffe,
Did keepen thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholder winkte? Is this the Face, which fac’d do many follies,
That was at last out-fac’d by Baltingbrooke?

A brittle Glory finneth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred fliuerst.
Marke folent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soon, my Sorrow hath deftoy’d my Face.

Bull. The shadowe of your Sorrow hath deftoy’d the shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let’s fee,
’Tis very true, my Griefe liues all within,
And the external manner of Laments,
Are meetly shadowes, to the vaine Griefe,
That swells with silence in the torment’d Soule,
There liues the Subsistence: and I thank the King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giue’t
Me cause to wayle, but teacheth me the way
How to lament the caufe. Ie begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Couinin.

Rich. Faire Couinin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatteringes
Were then but fubiets; being now a subie, I
Have a King here to my flattering.

Being so great, I have no neede to begge,

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shal.

Rich. Then giue me leave to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights,

Bull. Go of some of you, conuey him to the Tower,

Rich. Oh good: conuey; Conueytes are you all,
That rife thus nimibly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your cloyes. Ex scam. About. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Car. The Woes to come, the Children yet unbroke,
Shall feel this day as sharpe, to them as Thorne.

Ann. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot
to rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

About. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not only take the Sacramento,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect;

What?
Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Caesar ill-erected Tower:
To whose limb Bofume, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Basingbrooke.
Here let vs tell, if this rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queen.
Enter Richard, and Guard.

But fast, but free, or rather do not free,
My faire Rofe wither: yet looke vp; behold, 
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,
And wash him freth againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand, 
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richard's Tomb. 
And not King Richard: thou must beauteous inne, 
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee, 
When Triumph is become an Ale-houfe Guest.

Rich. Joynce not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so, 
To make my end too sudden: leaue some Soul, 
To think of our former State a happy Dreame, 
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are, 
Shewes vs but this. I am fworne Brother (Sweete) 
To grim Necessity; and hee and I, 
Will keep a League till Death, High thee to France, 
And Cloyfityer theee in some Religious Houfe: 
Our holy lives must winne a new Worlds Crownne, 
Which our prophanall hours here have stricken downe, 
Qu. What is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Basingbrooke 
Discover'd thine Intellect? hast he beene in thy Heart? 
The Lyon dying, shrifteth forth his Paw, 
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage 
To be o'er-pow'd: and wilt thou, Papall-like, 
Take thy Correction mildly, Kiffe the Rodde, 
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie, 
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts? 
Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: it aught but Beasts, 
I had bene still a happy King of Men, 
Good (sometime Queen) prepare thee hence for France: 
Think you and dead, and even here thou takst it, 
As from my Death-bed, my laft living lease, 
In Winters tedious Nights fixt by the fire 
With good good folks, and lett them tell thee Tales 
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betwixt: 
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe, 
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, 
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds: 
For why? the faneeflle Brands will sympatize 
The beeute accent of thy mouring Tongue, 
And in compassion, wepe the fire out: 
And none will mourne in afftes, some coale-black, 
For the depofing of a rightfull King.
Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Basingbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not into the Tower.
And Madame, there is order tane for you:
With all swift speede, you must away to France,
Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Basingbrooke ascends my Throne, 
The time flall not be many hours of age, 
More then it is, ere foule finne, gathering head, 
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke, 
Though he duilde the Realme, and glie thee hale, 
It is too little, helping him to all; 
He fhal thinke, that thou which know'st the way 
To plant uprightfull Kings, wilt know againe, 
Being ne're fo little wrig'd another way, 
To plack him headlong from the viurped Throne, 
The Loue of wicked friends converts to Fear; 
That Fear, to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both, 
To worthy Danger, and deferved Death,
North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end: 
Take leisure, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate 
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me, 
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife. 
Let me vn-kiffe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me; 
And yet not fo, for with a Kiffe Iwas made. 
Part vs, Northumberland: 1 towards the North, 
Where silvering Cold and Sickneffe pincs the Clyme: 
My Queen to France; from whence, let forth in pompe, 
She came adorned hisher like sweet May; 
Sent back like Hollowmas, of short fit of day,
Qu. And must we be diuized? must we part? 
Rich. I hand from hand (my Loue) and heart fro heart, 
Qu. Banifs vs both, and fend the King with me, 
North. That were some Loue, but little Policy, 
Qu. Then whither he goes, either let me goe. 
Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe. 
Wepe thou for me in France, I, for the heere: 
Better farre off, then neere, be neere the neere. 
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I mine with Groanes, 
Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes. 
Rich. Twice for one flep Ie groane; 
Goe, way being short, 
And peece the Way out with a heaule heart. 
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe, 
Sinc since weding it, there is such length in Griefe: 
One Kiffe shall throw our mouths, and dumbely part; 
Thus gue mine, and thus sake thy heart. 
Qu. Give me mine owne against, were no good part, 
To take on me to kepe, and kill thy heart. 
So now I have mine owne against, be gone, 
That I may tryue to kill it with a groane. 
Rich. We make Woe wanten with this fond delay: 
Once more adieu; thee, let Sorrow fay.

Enter Tyrk, and his Dukeffe.

Duch. My Lord, you tolde me you would tel to thel, 
When weeping made you breake the flowry off, 
Of our two Coullis comming into London. 
Tyrke. Where did I leaze? 
Duch. At that lad floppe, my Lord, 
Where rude mifgouerd hands, from Windwes tops, 
Throw dust and rubbifh on King Richard's head, 

Tyrke. Then
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Terke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great 'Bullingbrooke, Mounted upon a hot and fierce Steed, Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know, With flow, but lately pace, kept on his course; While all tongues eride, God save thee 'Bullingbrooke. You would have thought the very windows shake, So many greedy lookers of yong and old, Through Calfemns they discern't their defining eyes Upon his visage: and that all the walls, With painted Imagery, had slain at once, Jeps perfuncto, well-coming 'Bullingbrooke. Whil's but, from one side to the other turning, Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke, Befcape them thus: I thank you Courtriten.: And thus till doing, thus he past along. Dutch. Alas poor Richard, where rides he the while?

Terke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men, After a while grad'd. After leaves the Stage, Are idlly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious: Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did (co'wle on Richard) in man eride, God save him: No joyfull tongue gaeus him his welcome home, But duff was thrownne upon his Sacred head, With which such gentle terror he booke off, His face full combating with teares and smilys (The badges of his grieue and patience) That had not God (for some strong purpos) feel'd The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted, And Barbarisme it felle haue pittied him, But heauen hath a hand in these events, To whose high will we bound our calme contents. To 'Bullingbrooke, are we forme Subjects now, Whole State, and Honor, I for eye allow. Enter Amurle.

Dut. Heere comes my fonse Amurle.
Ter. Amurle that was, But that is loft, for being Richard's Friend, And Madam, you must call him Rutland now: I am in Parliament pledge for his truth, And lafting fealise to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my fonse: who are the Violers now? That the fire the green tep of the new-crete Spring?

Amurle. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care nor,
God knower, I had as little be none, as one.

Terke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time.
Leaf you be cropt before you came to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hould thee foule & Triumphs?

Amurle. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
Terke. You will be there I know.

Amurle. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Terke. What Scale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yes, look'lt thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Amurle. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Terke. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Amurle. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, It is a matter of small consequence, Which for some reasons I would not haue seen.

Terke. Which for some reasons fit, I mean to see:
I fear, I fear.

Amurle. What should you fear?

Terke. No thing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, against the Triumph.

Terke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Amurle. Do befeecch you par don me, I may not shew it.
Terke. I will be satisfied: let me see I say. Snatches it
Trefon, foule Trefon, Villaine, Trisorer, Slave.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Terke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here?

Dut. Why, what's it his Lordship.

Terke. Give me my boots, I say; Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my truth,
I will appech the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Terke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace, What is the matter Sonne?

Amurle. Good Mother be content, it is no more Then my pore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Terke. Bring me my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him Amurle. Poor boy, 'tis amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

Terke. Give me my Boots, I say.

Dut. Why York, what wilt thou do?

Terke. Wilt thou not hide the Trefpafe of childe owne?
Have we more Sonne? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date dranke up with time?
And wilt thou pluckle my faire Sonne from mine Age, And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not chine owne?

Terke. Thou fond med woman: Why, wilt thou conceal this darke Conspiracy? A dozen of them here heare tane the Sacramento, And interchangably let downe their hands To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none.

Terke. We'll keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Terke. Away fond woman: were bee twenty times my Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou grace'd for him as I have done,
Thou wou'dst be more pitifull;
But now I know thy minde: thou do'll suppct
That I have bene difloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet York, sweet husband, benef of that minde?
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him.

Terke. Make way, vnly Woman. Excit

Dut. After Amurle. Mount thee upon his horse, Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuste thee,
If he be not long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorkes,
And newer will liife vp from the ground,
'Till 'Bullingbrooke haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. Excit

Scena Tertia.

Enter 'Bullingbrooke, Perse, and other Lords.

But, Can no man tell of my wifh'trie Sonne?
'Tis full three months since I did see him lift.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the 'Taurienses there:

For
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Doth what he doth, he dayly doth frequent,
With unenfrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And rob our watch, and beasse our passagiers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate boy
Takes on the points of honor, to support
So doth he a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

But what did the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would went on the Stewes,
And from the common't creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnorcle the left foot Challenger.

And what follows this match?

Per. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both,
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

But what means our Cofin, that hee stares
And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save thy Grace, I do beseech your Malfie
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

But withdraw your felues, and leave vs here alone:

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleue to my roofe within my mouth,
Volley's Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

But intended, or committed was this fault?

If for the first, how haynouse ies it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

But. Have you defere.

Tork. My Ligne beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.

But. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay ye right yyeufall hand, thou haft no cause
to fear.

Tork. Open the doore, feecure hooly-hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will break it open.

Enter Tork.

But. What is the matter (Volley) speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Tork. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me shew.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promife past
I do repent me, reader not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Tork. It was (villaine) ery thy hand did let it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.

Frere, and not Loue, begges his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, least thy pitty prove
A Serpent, that will flinge thee to the heart,

But. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O Ioyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou flicker, immaculate, and fitter fountain,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath his current, and deffard him selfe.
Thy overflow of good, conquers to bad,
And thy abundant goodneffe shall excute
This deadly blot, in thy digrefion fonne.

Tork. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawed,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame

As shriftleffe Sonnes, their sapring Fathers Gold,
Mine honor liues, when his dishonour dies,
Or my thand's life, in his dishonesty:
Thou kill me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dut. What hope (my Liege) for heaven's sake let me in,
But what thrill voice'd Sudpilant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) tis I
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Beggars legs, that neuer beg'd before.

But. Our Scene is alter'd from a seriuous thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Cousin, let thy Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for you foule sin.

Tork. If thou do pardon, whooleouer pray,
More finnes for this forgivneffe, prosper may.
This fetler'd ioynt cut off, the refl refts found,
This let alone, will all the refl confound.

Enter Dutchesse.

Dut. O King, beleue not this hard hearted man,
Loue, loving not it selfe, none other can.

Tork. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorkes be patient, hear me gentle Liege.

But. Rife vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech,
For euer will I kneele vppon my knees,
And never see day, that the happy sexe,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transtrefing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Tork. Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pledges he in earnest? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no tears: his prayers are in keepe;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breth.
He prays but faintly, and would be denie,
Wepe with prayr, and soul, and all before:
His weary ioynts would gladly rife, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and depe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

But. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not stay (and vp).
But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.

If and if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King) let pity teach thee how.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for King's mouth's to meet.

Tork. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon no may.

Dut. Doth thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my fowre husband, my hard hearted Lord,
The set'st the word is selle, against the word.

Speake Pardon, as 'tis current in our Land,
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speake, yet thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart, plane thou thinke care,
That hearing how our plaints and praysers do peece,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to receffe.

But. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dut. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is all the fuse I haue in hand.
But. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I fke for fafe; Speake it againe,
Twich sayning Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.
But. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
But. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that conforted crew,
Definition fraught shall dogge them at the heels:
Good Vnockle liepe to order severall powres
To Oxford, or where ere those Traitors are:
They shall not live within this world I sweare,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Vnockle farewell, and Cofin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.
Dut. Come my old Ion, I pray heauen make thee new.
Exeunt.

Enter Exon and Servants.

Exit. Didst thou not marke the King what words he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not so?
Ser. Those were his very words.
Ex. Have I no Friend&&(quoth he) he spake it twice,
And wrgs'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And speaking it, he advisly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King.

Rich. I haue bin fludding, how to compare
This Prifon where I live, vnto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of fill breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better fort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With erruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Cannell
To thred the pooreme of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders they theue vaine weakne sailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walle:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, faster themselfes,
That they are not the first of Fortunes faces,
Nor shall not be the laft. Like filly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse their flame
That many have, and others muft fit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of safe,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as haue before indu'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prifon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King:
Then Treason makes me with my felle a Beggar.
And so I am. Then crouching penurie,
Perfuses me, I was better when a King:
Then am I King'd againe: and by and by,
Thine that am en-King'd by Bullying brookes,
And fraught am nothing. But what eere I am,
Nor Ipr any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall he pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke doe I heare?
Ha, ha? keep time: How fowre sweet Musick is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musick of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintiness of care,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd firing:
But for the Conco of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waited Time, and now doth Time waife me:
For now hath Time made me his numbering clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they irare,
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereeto my finger, like a Dials poind,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now fit, the found that tells what houre it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: io Sighes, and Tears, and Groans,
Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: but my Time
Runs positing on, in Bullyingbrookes proud joy,
While I am feeling here, his iacke o'th Clocke,
This Musicke made me, let it find no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it feemes, it will make wafe-men mad:
Yet bleweing on his heart that glues it me;
For 'tis a signe of love, and loose to Richard,
I a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Gros. Halie Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheaspeft of vs, is ten greater to deere.
What art thou? And how conff thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that fad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune line?
Gros. I was a proud Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wert King: who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leave
To looke vpon mysometimes Royall) matters face.
O how it yeemed my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When Bullyingbrooke rode on Roane Babary's,
That horse, that thou so often haft beloved,
That horse, that I fo carefullly haue dresst.
Rich. Rode he on Babary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
Gros. So proudly as if he had dide'n the ground.
Rich. So proud, that Bullyingbrooke was on his backe;
That Jades hath eate bread from my Royall hand,
This hand hath made him proue with clipping him.
Would he not flumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride muft haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did viptre his backe?
Forsworne horse: Why do I raise on thee,
Since thou crested to be aw'd by man
Was't crie to beare? I was not made a horse,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

And yet I bear a burden like an Afe.
Spur-gall'd, and tyed by taunting Bulbergroes.

Enter Keepers with a Drift.

Keep. Fellow, give place, heceto is no longer stay.
Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit.

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert to do.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from his King, commands the contrary;
Rich. The duell take Henry of Lancaster, and thee;
Patience is ftaile, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Help, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Exton striketh him downe.

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That flaggers thus my perfon. Exton, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy feare is vp on high,
Whill my groffe fleth linkes downward, heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I spitt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the duell, that told me I did well,
Says, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I bearre,
Take the reft, and give them burnall heere.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish, Enter Bulbergroes, Yorks, with other Lords & attendants.

But, Kinde Vakle Yorks, the lastest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue con sum'd with fire
Our Towne of Cicerer in Glouceftershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. First to thy Sacred State, with all hapinesse:
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

But, We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gains.

Perc. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Setty,
Two of the dangerous conforted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dirc outthrow.

But, Thy paines Fitzwater shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carill.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Welfmiller,
With clog of Conscience, and bowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the grave:
But heere is Carill, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride,

But. Carill, this is your doome:
Chose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou haft, and with it lyo thy life:
So as thou liv'd in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou haft ever bene,
High sparks of Honor in thee haue I fene.

Enter Exton with a Ceiff.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I prefent
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathlesse lies
The mightieft of thy greateft enemies
Richard of Berkeshe, by me heire brough't.

But. Exton, I thank thee not, for thou haft wrought
A deed of Slaughter, with thy fattall hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

But. They loue not pooyon, that do pooyon need,
Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead,
I hate the Murhcrer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour.

With Guine go wander through the flade of night,
And never new thy head by day, nor light.

Lords, I proft my foule is full of woe,
That blood should spinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on full en Blacke incontinent:
He makes a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March fadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

Exeunt.
Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Ulverstone, with others.

King.

O shaken as we are, so wan with care, and breath short-wind from the surplus heat,
I finde we time for frighted Peace to past,
And break forth in accents of new broils,
To be commended in Serenely a-farre remote:
No more the-thirty entrance of this Soile,
Shall dauber her lippes with her owne children blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channel her fields,
Nor bruife her Flowers with the Armed hooves
Of hoffile races. Thofe oppofed eyes,
Which like the Metors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Subftance bred,
Did lately meete in the intense fhocke,
And furious clofe of civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutuell well-befeeing rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppo'ed
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-fia^ed knife,
No more fhall cut his Malter. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whofe Souldier now vnder whose blefled Croffe
We are imprefled and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Englifh fll we leue,
Whofe armes were mou'dled in their Mothers wombes,
To chace thofe Pagans in thofe holy Fields,
Our whole Acrés walk'd thofe blefled frene
Which fourtene cent hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our advanage on the bitter Croffe,
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootaffe'tis to tell you we will go;
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Wetterland,
What yeelfernight our Counsell did decre,
In forwording this decree expedience.
My Liege: This haile was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge let downe
But yeelfernight: when all athwart there came
A Poit from Wales, loden with heavy News:
Whofe worft was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Againft the irregular and wilde Gledenner,
Was by the rude hands of both Welshmen taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corps there was fuch misafe,
Such heavenly, fhametically transformation,
By thofe Welshwomen done, as may not be.
(Without much fame) re-told or spoken of.
King. It feemes then, that the ridings of this broyle,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.
Woff. This matchet with other like, my gracious Lord,
Fare more vneuen and aweome Newes
Came from the North, and thus did it report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Haufforne there,
Young Harry Percy, and Brave a Archbifhop,
That evervaliant and approved Scoft,
At Holmefden met, where they did Spend
A fad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillerie,
And hague of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heare
And pride of their contention, did take hore,
Vnder the name of the idle any way.
King. Here's a deere and true induftrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horfe,
Strain'd with the variation of each foyle,
Betzixd that Holmefden, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of Douglas is diſcomiffed,
Ten thouand bold Scoft, two and twenty Knights
Balt'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter fee
On Holmefden Plaines. Of Prifoners, Haufforne tooke
Merdeake Earle of Liffe, and eldeft Sonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Afthall,
Of Hurry, Anjua, and Menteith.
And is not this in honourable foyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cofin, is it not Infaith is it,
Woff. A Conqueft for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yes, there thou maft' legit the fad, & mak' me fin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of fo bleff a Sonne;
A Sonne, who is the Theme of Honors tongue;
Among'it a Grome, the very ftrajghteft Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Wiffb I by looking on the praffe of him,
See Ryot and Diflifon raine the brow
Of my fong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That fome Night-tripping Fatrey, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenes.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Poins. 

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad? 

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of oldSack, and vulturine thee after Supper, and sleepping upon Benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesee hours were cups of Sack, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dials the signes of Leaping-boues, and the blisled Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata: I see no reason, why thou shouldst bee so superfluous, to demand the time of the day. 

Fal. Indeed you come here me now Hal, for we that take Purfes, go by the Moone and feenu Starres, and not by Phebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prye thee sweet Wagg(e), when thou art King, as God save thy Grace, Maiestie I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none. 

Prin. What, none? 

Fal. No, not fo much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter. 

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly. 

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagg(e), when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bode, bee call'd Theues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dinner Forrester, Gentleman of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men fay, we are men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mufits the Moone, under whose countenance we feale. 

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moone men, dooth ebe and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moone; soe props. Now a Purse of Gold most refolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most disolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with fweating, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now in, as low an ebe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in a high flow is the ridge of the Gallowes. 

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hoftell of the Tauerne a moft sweet Wench? 

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Bufte Ierbe, a moft sweet robe of durance? 

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in the quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Bufte-jeikin? 

Prin. Why, what a poxe have I to doe with my Ho- stell of the Tauerne? 

Fal. Well, thou haft cal'd her to reck'ning many a time and oft. 

Prin. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part? 

Fal. No, I clege thee thy due, thou haft paid it there. 

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so faire as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I have vs'd my credit. 

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were most heare apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shal there be Gallowes flanding in England when thou art King? and resolution thus sub'd as it is, with the ruftie curbe of old Father Antieke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe. 

Prin. No, thou shalt. 

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I be a brace Judge. 

Prin. Thou indig'd false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the Theues, and so become a rare Hangman. 

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some fort it jumps me with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you. 

Prin. For obtaining of futures? 

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of futures, whereof the Hang- man hath no leame Wardrobe. I am as melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear. 

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louters Lute. 

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe. 

Prin. What say'ft thou to a Hare, or the melancholly of Moore Ditch? 

Fal. Thou haft the most vnausoury smilis, and art indeed the most comparatife rascallish swee yong Prince. But Hal, I pray thee trouble me no more with vanity, I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you firs: but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too. 

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it. 

Fal. O, thou haft damnable iteration, and art indee- able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haft done much harme ven- to the Hal, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man fould speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must give o- ver this life, and I will give it ouer: and I doon, I am a Villaine, Ie be dam'd for neuer a Kings fame in Chri- ftendome. 

Prin. Where shall we take a pursi to morrow, Jacke? 

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ie take one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and baffifie me. 

Prin. I fee a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purfes-taking. 

Fal. Why Hal, is thy sweet robe sweeter than the Sunne? 

Prin. I am as fond for a man to labour in his Vocation. 

Fal. Now shall we know if Gods will haue set a Watch. O, if men were to be faued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most em- potent Villaine, that euer cried, Stand, to a true man. 

Prin. Good morrow Ned,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Poesy. Good morrow sweet Hal. What faithes Mon- 

sieur Rcnouffe? What faies Sir John Socce and Sugar: 

Jacket! How agreth the Diuell and thee about thy 

Soul, that thou hast left him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup 

of Madera, and a cold Capons legg? 

Prin. Sir John stands to his word, the diuell shal have 

his bargain, for he was newer yet a Breaker of Proverbs: 

He will give the diuell his due. 

Poesy. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with 

the diuell. 

Prin. Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell. 

Poesy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, 

by foure a clocke euyly at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes go-

ing to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders ri-

ding to London with fat Purfes. I haue vizards for you 

all; you haue horfes for your felues: Gads-hill lyes so 

night in Rochester, I haue bispoke Supper to morrow in 

Ealshcepse: we may doe it as fercue as flepee: if you will 

go, I will fluffe your Purfes full of Crownes: you will 

not, tarry at home and be hang'd. 

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, 

Ie hang you for going. 

Poesy. You will chopp. 

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one? 


Fal. There's neither honefly, manhood, nor good fel-

owship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood-royall, 

if thou darst not fland for ten thillings. 

Poesy. Well then, once in my days Ie be a mad-cap. 

Fal. Why, that's well fai'd. 

Poesy. Well, come what will, Ie tarry at home, 

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King. 

Poesy. I care not. 

Poesy, Sir John, I prechee leaue the Prince & me alone, 

I will lay him downe such reafons for this adventure, 

that he shall go. 

Fal. Well, maiff thou haue the Spirit of perfuation; 

and he the cares of profiting, that thou speakest, 

may more, and what he heares may be beleued, that the 

true Prince, may (for recreation fake) prove a false thefle; 

for the poore aboues of the time, want countenance. Far-

wellyou shall finde me in Ealshcepse. 

Poesy. Faywel? the latter Spring. Farewel Alhollown 

Summer. 

Poesy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to 

morow, I haue a ffeft to execute, that I cannot man-

age alone. Falstaff, Henry, Raffell, and Gade-bish, Iall 

robbe thoofe men that Ie will hang. Ie will lay my way-layds, 

your felle and I, will not be there when they have the boot-

y, ifyou and I do not rob them, cut this head from my 

shoulders. 

Poesy. But how shal we part with them in fetting forth? 

Poesy. Why, we will fet forth before or after them, and 

appoint them a place of meeting, wherein is it at our 

pleaure to faleis; and then will they adventure vppon the 

exploit themfelves, which they shall haue no fooner attie-

ued, but we'll fet upon them. 

Poesy. I, but it likly that they will know vs by our 

horfes, by our habits, and by every other appoitntment 

to be our felues. 

Poesy. Tut our horfes they fhall not fee, Ie tye them in 

the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leave 

them; and fure, I haue Cafes of Buckram for the none, 

to immaske our noted outward garments. 

Poesy. But I dooubt they will be too hard for vs. 

Poesy. Well,for two of them, I know them to bee as 

true bred Cawards as ever turnd'back; and for the third 

if he fight longer then he fees reafon, Ie fcarce arnes Armes. 

The vertue of this Ieft will be, the incomprenfible yees 

that this fat Rognre will tell vs, when we meeze at 

Supper: how thirtly at last he fought with, what Wards, what 

blowes, what extremeties he endured; and in the reproufe 

of this, lyes the left. 

Poesy. Well, Ie goe with thee, prooue vs all things 

necesary, and meeze me to morrow night in Ealshcepse, 

there Ie fup. Farewell. 

Poesy. Farewell,my Lord. 

Poesy. I know you all, and will a-while vphold 

The vnnoaked humor of your idlenesse: 

Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne, 

Who doth permit the lafe congetuous cloudes. 

To fmoother vp his Beauty from the world, 

That when he pleafe againe to be himfelfe, 

Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at, 

By breaking through the foule and ugly mifts 

Of vapours, that did feeme to fhirtle him. 

If all the yeres were playing holidays, 

To fport, would be as tedious as to workes; 

But when they feldome come, they withif for come, 

And nothing pleafeth but rare accidents. 

So when this looffe behaviour I throw off, 

And pay the debt I neuer promis'd; 

By how much better then my word I am, 

By fo much shall I falifie mens hopes, 

And like bright Menail on a fullen ground: 

My reformation glittaring oue my fault, 

Shall fwear more goodly, and attract more eyes, 

Then that which hath no foilye to fet it off. 

Ie goe offend, to make offence a skill, 

Redeeming time, when men thinkle Ie left. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Derevere, Eaffhurre, 

Sir Walter Blunt, and others. 

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temeprate, 

Vnapt to fhrire at these indignities, 

And you haue found me; for accordingly, 

You tread upon my patience: But be fure, 

I will fubdue contemners, and make my Selfe, 

Mighty, and to be feared, then my condition 

Which haue beene smooth as Oyle, foft as yong Downe, 

And therefore loft that Title of repect, 

Which the proud foule ne're pays, but to the proud. 

War. Our house (my Sovereigne Liege)little deferves 

The frowne of greatnesse to be vied on it, 

And that fame greatnesse too, which our owne hands 

Hauue helpes to make fo portly. 

Nor. My Lord. 

King. Worcefter gethre gone: for I do fee 

Danger and diobedience in thine eye. 

O sir, your prefence is too bold and peremptory, 

And Maisiflie might neuer yet endure 

The moody Frontier of a fercant brow, 

You have good leaue to leave vs. When we need 

Your vie and counfell, we fhall fende for you. 

You were about to speake. 

Nor. Yes, my good Lord.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Those Prisoners in your Highness's demand, Which Henry Percy swear at Holmeloode tooke, Were (as he saie) not with much strength denied As was delivered to your Majesty: Who either through envy, or misprision, Was guilty of this fault: and not my Sonne, Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners. But, I remember when the fight was done, When I was staid with Rafe, and extreme Toyle, Breathless, and Faint, leaning upon my Sword, Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest; Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new pizt, Should I like a fleueble Land at Harwell home. He was perfumed like a Milliner, And twist his Finger and his Thumbe, he held A Pincet-box: which ever and anon He gave his Nose, and took't away again: Who therewith angry, as it next came there, Took't in Sniffe, and still he smelt and talk'd And as the Soultiers bare dead bodies by, He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnnunnely, To bring a fleueble unhandsome Costly Betwixc the Winde, and his Nobility. With many Holiday and Lady treatie He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe. I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold, (To be fo pester'd with a Popinjay) Out of my Greene, and my Impatience, Answer'd (negleetingly) I know not what, He should, or should not: For he made me mad, To see him shme so briskly, and smle so sweet, And talk so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman, Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God fue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraigne't thing on earth Was Parnacity, for an inward bruise: And that it was great pitty, oit was, That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd. Out of the Bowels of the harmeffe Earth, Which many a good Tall fellow had deftroyn So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes, He would himselfe have beene a Soultier. This bals, vniouynted Chat of his (my Lord) Made me to answer indirectly (as I fald,) And I befieged you, let no news report Come currant for an Assactien, Betwixc my Love, and your high Maiestie. Blunt. The circumstance consider'd,good my Lord, What ever Harry Percy then had faid, To fuch a perfon, and in fuch a place, As fuch a time, with all the rell retold, May reafonably dye, and never rise To do him wrong, or any way impeach What then he faid, so he stay'd it now, King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners, But with Prouin and Exception, That weare our owne charge, shall ranfome freight His Brother-in-law, the footlifh Mortimer, Who (in my foule) hath wilfully beread The lines of thofe, that he did laye to Fright, Against the great Magician, damnd Glendower: Whose daughter (as we hear) the Earl of March Hath lately married. Shall our Cloffers then, Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home? Shall we buy Treafon? and lendent with Pearles, When they hau loft and forfeyced themſelves.

No: on the barren Mountain let him retire: For I shall never hold that man my Friend; Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny coft To ranfome home renoulted Mortimer. Has. Resolved Mortimer? He never did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege, But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true, Needs no more but one tongue. For all thofe Wounds, Thofe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke, When on the gentle Soueraigne's legge banke, In flinge Opposition hand to hand; He did coofound the best part of an houre In changing hardiments with great Glendower: Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink Upon agreement, of swift Soueraigne flood; Who then afflicted with their bloody lookes, Run fearfully among the trembling Reeds, And hid his crisp-head in the hollow banke, Blood-filncd with thefe Valiant Combatants, Neuer did safe and roten Polcye Colour her working with fuch deadly wounds; Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer Receive fo many, and all willingly: Then let him not be fland'ted with Resolute. King. Thou don't bely him Percy, thou doft bely him: He never did encounter with Glendower: I tell thee, he durt as well have met the diuell alone, As Owen Glendower for an enemy. At chout not afham'd be Sirrah, henceforth Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer. Send me your Prisoners with the speediell meane, Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me As will displeafe ye. My Lord Northumberland, We Licence your departure with your tonne, Send vs your Prisoners, as you'll heare of it. Exit King. Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them I will not send them. I will after Grathe And tell him so: for I will eafe my heart, Although it be with hazard of my head. Nor. What? drunkne with cholleiay & paufe awhile, Here comes your Vnkle. Enter Worscester. Hot. Speake of Mortimer? Yes, I will speake of him, and let my foule Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him. In his behalf, he remoy all thefe Vengeance And flied my deere blood drop by drop it's durt, But I will lift the downfall Mortimer As high 17th Areas, this Vnthankfull King, As this Ingrate and Canrked Bullingbrooke. Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad Wor. Who frooke this hate vp after I was gone? Hot. He will (forthofe) have all my Prisoners: And when I wrig'd the ranfome once againe Of my Wifes Brother, then his sackle look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not prclaim'd By Richard that dead is, the next of blood? Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation, And then it was, when the unhappy King (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did lett forth Upon his Irith Expedition: From whence he intercepted, did returne To be deposit, and shortly murdereth. Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth Lieu scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hot. But let me pray you; did King Richard then Proclaime my brother Mortimer, Heyte to the Crowne? Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it. Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King, That with'd him on the barren Mountaines (har'd) But shall it be, that you that fer the Crowne Upon the head of this forgetfull man, And for his sake, wore the defeeted blot Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be, That you a world of curses vndergoe, Being the Agents, or base second meanes, The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather? Or pardon, if that I defend do low, To shew the Line, and the Predicament Wherein you range vnder this subtil King. Shall it be in shame, be spoken in these days, Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come, That men of your Nobilitie and Power, Did gage them both in a vnruitfull behalfe (At both of you, God pardon it, haue done) To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rufe, And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullying brooke? And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent? No: yet time feres, whetern you may redeeme Your banish'd Honors, and restore your felues Into the good Thoughts of the world againe. Resumbe the geering and disdain'd contempt Of this proud King, who studie day and night To anwer all the Debt he owes vnto you, Even with the bloody Payment of your deaths: Therefore I say—

War. Peace Cousin, say no more. And now I will vnveil a Secret booke, And to your quicke conceiving Discontentin, Ile reade you Matieres, deeppe and dangerous, As full of peril and adventurous Spirit, As to o're-walk a Current, roaring loud On the vndervall footing of a Speare. Hot. If he fall in, good night, or finke or swimme: Send danger from the Esat vnto the West, So Honor crosse it from the North to South, And let them grapple: The blood more flirs To rowze a Lyon, then to flart a Hare. Nor. Imagination of some great exploit, Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience. Hot. By heauen, me thinks it were an easie leap, To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone, Or dive into the bottome of the deepes, Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground, And plucke vp drown'd Honor by the Lockes: So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare Without Co-russel, all her Dignities: But our vp this halfe-fac'd Fellow ship. War. He apprehends a World of Figures here, But not the forme of what he shal attend: Good Cousin give me audience for a while, And lift to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy. War. I hope fame Noble Scoteres That are your Prisoners. Hot. I lye keepe them all. By heauen, he shal not have a Scot of them: No, if a Scot would slue his Soule, he shal not. Ilke keepe them, by this Hand. War. You flart away, And lend no care vnto your purposes, Those Prisoners you shall keep. Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat: He said, he would not ranomme Mortimer: Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer; But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe, And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer, Nay, Ile have a Standing shalbe to beought to speake Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him, To keepe his anger still in motion. War. Hear you Cousin! a word, Hot. All studie how to ditch solemnly defie, Sate how to gall and pinch this Bullying brooke, And that fame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales. But that I think his Father loues him not, And would be glad he met with some mishance, I would have poyson'd him with a pot of Ale, War. Farewell Kinman: I le talle to you When you are better temper'd to attend. Nor. Why what a Waffe-tong'd & impatient fool A thy, to breake into this Womans mood, Tyning thine eare to no tongue but thine owne? Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt & courtg'd with rods, Netled, and flung with Pifmires, when I heare Of this vile Politician Bullying brooke. In Richards time: What de ye call the place? A plague vpon it, is in Glouftshire. Twak, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept, His Vncle Yorke, where I lift bow'd my knee Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullying brooke: When you and he came backe from Rceanpurgh. Nor. At Barkley Castle. Hot. You say true; Why what a caudie deale of curtefe, This fawning Grey hound then did proffer me, Looke when his infant Fortune came to age, And gentile Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin: O, the Duell take fach Couseners, God forgive me, Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done. War. Nay, if you haue not, too's againe, We'll flay your leyture. Hot. I haue done insooth. War. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners. Deluer them vp without their ranomme straignt, And make the Domonges fonne your only meane For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reafons Which I shall fende you written, be affur'd Will easily be granted you, my Lord, Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd, Shall secretely into the boforme crepe Of that fame noble Prelate, well below'd, The Archibishop. Hot. Of Yorkit, it's not? War. True, who bears hard His Brothers death at Streflew, the Lord Scoope. I speak not this in affimation, As what I think me might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe, And onely stays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shal bring it on, Hot. I finall it: Upon my life, it will do wond'rous well. Nor. Before the gueses a foot, thou still let's flip. Hot. Why it cannot chooie but be a Noble plot, And
Enter a Carrier with a Lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be no foute by the day, l'e be hang'd. Charles wagon is over the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packs. What Ofler?

Ofl. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beare Cuss Saddle, put a few Flockes in the poine: the poor lad is wrung in the withers, out of al estates.

Enter another Carrier.

3. Car. Peele and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to glue poore Jades the Botses: This house is turned upside down since Robe the Ofler dyed.

1. Car. Poore fellow, never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I think this is the most villous house in al London rode for Fless: I am hung like a Trench.

3. Car. Like a Trench? There is ne'r a King in Chiffendon, could be better bit, then I have beene since the first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will alow vs ne re's, Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fless like a Losch.

3. Car. What Ofller come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. Car. I have a Gemmon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as farest, Cluring-crofe.

1. Car. The Turks in my Pannee are quite floured. What Ofller? A Plague on thee, haft thou never an eye in thy head? Cant't not here? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pare of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, haft no faith in thee?

Enter Gods-Bill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I think it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

ding in the stable.


Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when cant' tell I lend meetly Lanthorne (quoth as) marry I se thee hang'd stift.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muggers, we'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-puff.

Gad. That's such as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou wanst no more from picking of Purse, than guning direction, dust from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how?

Cham. Good morrow Master Gad-ill, it holds cur- tain that I told you yeterthday, There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Mercers with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knows what) they are vp already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarkes, lie gue the thee necke.

Cham. No, l'e none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, l'e make a fat paye of Gallows. For, if I hang, old Sir Tobe hang with mee, and thou know'lt hee is no Savuelling. Tis, there are other Trownes that I dreamt not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace, that would (if masters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit fake make all Whole. I am INAIDT with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penney strikers, none of the fad Man Mutlachiopurple-hud'-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillities; Bourgomeisters, and great Oncyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drink, and drinke sooner then prays: and yet I dye, for they pray continually vnto their Saints the Common- wealth; or rather, so not to pray to her, but pray on her self for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hit their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealths their Bootes Will the hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, the will; Justice hath liquer'd her. We please as in a Cattle-cockflure: we haue the receit of Fern- feede, we walke insuffible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernfeed, for your walking insuffible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee have it, as you are a falle Theefe.

Gad. Goeto: Home is a common name to all men. Bid the Ofller bring the Gelding out of the stable. Face well, ye muddy Knave.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynts, and Peto.

Poynts. Come shelter, shelter, I have remov'd Falstaff Horfe, and he frets like a gun'd Velvet.

Prim. Stand clofe.

Enter Falstaff.


Prim. What Poynts, Hal?

Fal. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go fecret him.

Fal. I am acurrft to rob in that Threafe company: that Rafecall hath remov'd my Horfe, and tie him I know not where. If I trauell but fourte foote by the fquire further a fooote, I fhall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, iff I fcape hanging for killing that Ruge, I haue forworne his company hourly any time this two and twenty yeares, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rafeall haue not giuen me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hang'd: it could not be else: I haue drunk Medicines. Points, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Peto: Itt hauie ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drink, to tune True-man, and to leave there Rogues, I am the verieft Vizart that euer chewed with a Tooth, Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me and the flony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, A plaguer vpon't when Theuues cannot be true one to another. I lay whilft, Whet a plaguer light vpon you all, Gluyne Horfe you Rogues: give me my Horfe and be hang'd.

Prim. Peace ye fat gutes, ly me downe, lay thine ear clofe to the ground, and lift if thou can heare the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leaues to lift me vp again being downe? Ife not beare mine owne fteps fo far afore again, for all the coin in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plaguer meane ye to call me thus?

Prim. Thou ly'st, thou art not colcet, thou art vncolet, Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horfe, good Kings forne.

Prim. Out you Rogue, fhall I be your Ofteer?

Fal. Go hang thy felie in thine owne harte-apparent- Gatters: If I be rane, Ile peche for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and finge to filthy tunes, let a Cop of Sacke be my poiyon: when a left is fo forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gods-hill.

God. Stand.

Fal. So do againft my will.

Pain. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: Bardolph, what newes?

Bar. Cafe ye, cafe ye; on with your Wizards, there's many of the Kings coming downe the hill, 'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauer.

God. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hafparre felle, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in refpect of the lane I beare your knyfe.
He could be contented: why is he not then in respect of the love he beares our house. He ftores not this, he loves his owne Barne better then he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why that’s certaine: ‘Tis dangerous to take a Coyle, to sleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nerle, Danger: we plucke this Flower. Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time it selle confort, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpois of great an Opposition. Say you so, say you so? I say you so againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lackle-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and constante: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frothy-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commands the plot, and the general compass of the action. By this hand, if we were now by this Raical, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Torly, and Owen Glendower? Lathere not besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meete mee in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not of some them set forward already? What a Pagan Raical this is? An Insidelle, Ha, you shall see now in very fincerity of Fear and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could shudie my felfe, and go to offiice, for moving such a dith of skim’d milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will let forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours. 

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have you this fortnight bin A banish’d woman from my Harriets bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what’s that taketh from thee Thy floomeake,pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the eare? And stand to often when thou sitt’st alone? Why hast thou loft the fresh blood in thy cheekes? And gien my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey’d muting, and curtif melancholy? In my faire Bumbers, I by thee have watch’d, And heard thee murmure tales of Ikon Warres, Speake teares of manage to thy bounding Sceaf, City courage to the field. And thou hast talk’d Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Dallazoos, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Bifailkies, of Canon, Culerin, Of Prisoners tanhole, and of Souldiers slaine, And all the current of a headey fight. Thy spirits within the heate been so at Warre, And thus hath so bee’d thee in thy sleepes, That beds of scraw hath flood upon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appear’d, Such as we see when men restraine their breath On some great saine halfe. O what pertects are these? Some heare buinefe hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he loves me not. 

Her. What bin: is Ithaca with the Packets gone? 

Sen. He is my Lord, an houre agoone. 

Her. Hath Butler brought those horses for the Sheriff? 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prim. Ned, prethee come out of that fat trombe, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poir. Where haft bene Hol? 

Prim. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure score Hogheads. I have founded the verie base firing of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leath of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Cureftellie and I am not proud lack like Falstaff, but a Corinbrian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and whores I am King of England, I shall command all the good Ladys in East-cheap. They call drinking deepes, eying Scarlet: and when you breath in your wartering, then they
they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can dress and tilke in his own language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast loft much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Ned, so sweetly whitch name of Ned, I give thee this penworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinner, one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight shilling and six pence, and, you are welcome: with this thril addition, anon, anon for, Score a Point of Baffard in the Half-Moon on 10. But Ned, to drive away time till Fall, flaff come, I pritty do, thou stand in forme by-room, while I question my punny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do not leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, anon: step aside, and I he shew thee a President.

Points. Francis."

"Prin. Thou art perfect."

"Pain. Francis."

"Enter Drawer."

"Fran. anon, anon sir: looke downe into the Pomarga-
net, Ralf."

"Prince. Come hither Francis."

"Fran. My Lord."

"Prin. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?"

"Pain. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to—"

"Pain. Francis."

"Fran. Anon, anon sir.

"Prin. Five yeares: Belady a long Leafe for the clin-
kling of Pouter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to
to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire
pair of heele, and run from it?"

"Fran. O Lord sir, I bele sworne upon all the Books in
England, I could finde in my heart."

"Pain. Francis."

"Fran. Anon, anon sir."

"Prin. How old art thou, Francis?"

"Pain. Let me fee, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—"

"Pain. Francis."

"Fran. Anon sir, pray you flay a little, my Lord."

"Pain. Nay but haake you, Francis, for the Sugar thou
gauest me, was a penworth; was't not?"

"Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two."

"Prin. I will glue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske
me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it."

"Pain. Francis."

"Fran. Anon, anon."

"Prin. Anon, Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Fran-
cis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou
wilt. But Francis."

"Fran. My Lord."

"Prin. Will thou rob this Leatemeone Ikerin, Christall
button, Not-pared, Agat ring, Puke flocking, Cadde
getter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch."

"Fran. O Lord sir, what do you mean?"

"Prin. Why then your browne Baffard is your onlyy
drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doubl-
let will fulle. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to fo much."

"Fran. What sir?"

"Pain. Francis."

"Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear me? call
Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed,
not knowing which way to go."

"Enter Winter."

"Pain. What, stand'lt thou still, and heart'lt such a cal-

ling ? Looke to the Gueffs within: My Lord, olde Sir
John, in halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I
let them in?

"Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

"Points. Enter Points."

"Pain. Anon, anon sir."

"Prin. Sirra, Falkaffe and the rest of the Theues, are
at the doore, shall we be merry?

"Pain. As merrie as Cricketes my Lad. But harke yee,
What cunning match have you made with this left of the
Drawer? Come, what's the illue?

"Prin. I am now of all humors, that have strewed them.
Selles humors, since the old dayes of goodman Adam,
to the pupall age of this present twelues a clock at midnight,
What's a clocke Francis?

"Fran. Anon, anon sir."

"Prin. That euer this Fellow should have fewer words
then a Parrot, and yet the fonne of a Woman. His indus-
tri is sty-faire and down-staire, his eloquence the par-
cell of a reckoning, I am not yet stol of his wits, the Hot-
suvre of the North, he that killles me some fuce or feuen
dozens of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and fies
to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my
sweet Harry fayes he, how many hast thou kill'd to day?
Give my Roane howe a drench (fayes hee) and answeres,
some fourteen, an hour after: a triffe, a triffe. I prettiee
call in Falkaffe, He play Percey, and that damn'd Brawne
shall play Dame Mertimer his wife, Risco, fayes the drum-
kard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow."

"Enter Falkaffe."

"Pain. Welcome Jache, where hast thou beene?

"Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance
too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere
I leade this life long, I woule not flay stactors, and mend
them too. A plaghe of all cowards. Give me a Cup of
Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vettue extant?

"Prin. Didst thou never see Titian kiffe a diff of Butter,
pitifully hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of
the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

"Fal. You Rogue, here's Linne in this Sacke toothere is
nothing but Roguery to be found in Villainous manyet a
Coward is worthe then a Cup of Sacke with lime. A vil-
lanous Coward, go thy wayes old Jache, die when thou
wilt, and trust to good manhood be not forgot upon the
face of the earth, then am I a flourence Herring: those liues
not three good men whang'd in England, & one of them
is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world
I say. I would I were a Wesser, I could sing all manner of
songs, A plague of all Cowards, I say till.

"Prin. How now Woulacke, what munter you?

"Fal. A Kings Sonnes I fli be not thee out of thy
Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Sub-
jects forth thee like a flock of Wildes-goate, I never
waste haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

"Prin. Why you horion round man? what's the matter?

"Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and
Points there?"

"Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, I
flab thee."

"Fal. I call thee Coward? he feth thee damned eare I call
the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could
run as fast as thou canst. You are stratified enough in
the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you
that
that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drinke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy lippes are fcarce win'd, since thou drank't last.
Falst. All's one for that. He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?
Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, have you a thousand and pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?
Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred upon poorest foure of us.

Prince. What, a hundred men?
Falst. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have feeped by miracle, I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, four through the Hufe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hacket like a Hand-saw, conteign'd, I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speak; if they speak more or less then truth, they are villaines, and the ftones of darkneffe.

Prince. Speake first, how was it?

Gad. We foure fell upon foure dozen.

Falst. Sixteen, at leat, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Pete. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a weele elfe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were thripping, some fike or beaten men fell upon vs.

Falst. And unbound the refte, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what yee call all; but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bough of Radifh, if there were not two or three and fiftie upon poorest olde Jack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you have not murdered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praging for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am fure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hald, if I tell thee a Lyf, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knoweft my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom led me at.

Prince. What foure?
Falst. Thou fay'dt but two, even now.

Falst. Foure Hald, I told thee foure.

Pouin. I, he fayd foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their feuen points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Pouin. I foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by thefe Hils, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Pouin. Prethee he him alone, we (hall have more anon.

Falst. Doth thou heare me, Hald?

Pouin. I, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falst. Doe fo, for it is worth the lifhting too: thefe nine in Buckron, that I told thee of.

Pouin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Pouin. Dowe fell his Horse.

Falst. Began to give me ground: but I followed me
clofe, came in foot and handjang with a thought, feuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O Mon trous! eleuen Buckrom men gone out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuell would haue it, three misbegotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was fo darke, Hald, that thou coul'dst not fee thy Hand.

Prin. Un happy Lyes are like the Father that begetts them, groffle as a Mountainfe, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pasted Foole, thou Vultur ob- ficne grosse Taillow Catch.

Falst. What, are thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how coul'dt thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was fo darke, thou coul'dst not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your realion: what fay'st thou to this?

Pouin. Come, your reafon Jack, your reafon.

Falst. What, upon compilion? No: was I at the Streppato, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compilion. Give you a realion on compilioni? If Reafons were as plenteous as Black berries, I would give no man a Reafon upon compilioni.

Pouin. Ile be no longer guillite of this fonne, This fan- guine Coward, this Bed-preffer, this Horfe-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flefh.


Pouin. Well, breath a while, and then tos againe, and when thou haft ty'd thy felle in base comparisons, hear me fpeak but thus.

Pouin. Marke Jacke.

Prin. We two, faw you foure fet on foure and bound them, and were Maffers of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, ouerfate'd you from your prize, and haue it: yes, and can shew it you in the Houte.

And Falst. you carried your Guts away as nimblie, as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and full rante and roard, as ever I heard Bull-Caffe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy fword as thou haft done, and then fay it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what flitting hole canst thou now find out, to idle thee from this open and apparenthe flame?

Pouin. Come, let's heare Jacke: What tricke haft thou now?

Ed. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Maffers, was it for me to kill the Heare apprants? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Infinit, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinitus is a great master. I was a Coward on Infinitus: I fhall thinke the better of my felie, and the, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Many. Hoftelle, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Harts, and Doome, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play expenomey.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Ed. A, no more of that Hall, and thou loue me, Enter Hoftelle.

Hoft, My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.
Prin. How now my Lady the Hoffeles, what sayst thou to me?
Hoffeles. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you. hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.
Prin. Glue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.
Hoff. What manner of man is hee?
Hoffeles. An old man.
Prin. What doth Graustie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answeres?
Prin. Prethee doe Lacke.
Now Sirs; you fought faire; so did you Peter, so did you Bardel: you are Lyons too, you ranne away upon infinicks: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.
Bar. Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.
Prin. Tell mee now in earneft, how came Hoffelles sword to hackt?
Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and faid, hee would sware truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perfwaded vs to doe the like.
Bar. Yes, and to tickle our Noises with Spear-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to bellubber our garments with it, and sware it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this feuen yeeres before, I blunted to heare his monstrous devies.
Prin. O Villaine, thou stolst a Cup of Sacke eftene yeeres agoe, and were taken with the manner, and euer since thou haft blufht extempore: thou haftt fire and sword on thy fides, and yet thou ranft away; what infinck hadst thou for it?
Bar. My Lord, doe you see this Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations? I doe.
Bar. What thinke you they portend?
Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Peruses.
Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.
Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.
Enter Hoffelles.

Hecce comes leane Lacke, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is thy yeeres Lacke, since thou fawft thine owne Kneas?
Falft. My owne Kneas? When I was about thy yeeres [Hal] I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waife, I could haue crept into any Aldermanes Thumbe-Ring: a plague of signting and griefe, it blows a man vp like a Bladder. There's villainous, Newes abroad: heere was Sir John Brdy from your Father; you muftt goe to the Court in the morning. The fame mad fellow of the North, Peres; and hee of Wales, that gau a Damned the Ballinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man upon the Croffe of a Welch-hooke: what a plaguce call ye him?
Prin. O, Glendowers.
Falft. Owen, Owen; the fame, and his Sonne in Law Morismer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Scott of Scots, Dougis, that ruunee a Horfle-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.
Prin. Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pittoll kills a Sparrow flying.
Falft. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neere the Sparrow.
Falst. Well, that Rascal hath good mensall in him, hee will not runne.
Prin. Why, what a Rascal art thou then, to pray for him so for running?
Falst. A Horfe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.
Prin. Yes Iake,ypon infinicks.
Falst. I grant ye, upon infinicks: Well, hee is here too, and one Ordonay, and a thousand blow-Captains more. Worecker is folme away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes: you may Land now as cheape as thinking Mackrell.
Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this eftuill buffeting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.
Falst. By the Maffe Lad, thou sayst true, it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me Hal, are you not thou horrible afer'd? thou being Heire apparent, could the World picke thee out three fuch Enemies a-gaine, as that Fiend Dougis, that Spirit Peres, and that Detull Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?
Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy infinicks.
Falst. We'll thou will be horrible childe to morrow, when thou commet to thy Father: if thou doe love me, praze at fortune.
Prin. Doe thou fland for my Father, and examine mee upon the particulars of my Life.
Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuffion my Crowne.
Prin. Thy State is taken for a Toynd-Soolde, thy Golden Scepter for a Leader Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pistfull bad Crowne.
Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now that thou shoult be moued. Give me a Cup of Sackle to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I muft speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambrey vainge.
Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.
Falst. And here is my speache; stand side Nobilitie, Hoffelles. This is excellent sport, yfayth.
Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.
Hoffele. O the Father, how hee holds his countenance?
Falst. For Gods sake Lords, comuy my trufull Queene, For teares doe drop the floud-gates of her eyes.
Hoffelles. O rare, he doth it as like some of these harlotry Players, as euer I fee.
Falst. Peace good Pitt-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. Harry, I do not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: for Though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the fatter it groves; yet Youth, the more it is waitted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a vilious tromke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou to poyneted at? Shall he blessed Sonne of Heaven prove a Miche, and esse Black-berryes? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England prove a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to bee askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) is both defile: so doth the company thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speak to thee in Drink: but in Teares: not in Pleasure, but in Passion: not in Words only, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vurtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

Falstaff. A goodly portly man cleft, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his age la comets fifte, or byt Lady) inclining to three score: and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lawfully given, hee desames mee: for Harry, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaffe: hee keepes with the rust banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where haft thou beene this month?

Prince. Doth thou speake like a King? doe thou fland for meeq and Ile play my Father.

Falstaff. Depose mee if thou doon it haft so gruely, so maiefully, both in word and manner, hang mee vp by the heelles for a Rabber-fucker, or a Poulers Hare.

Prince. Well, here I am mee.

Falstaff. And here I stand: judge my Masters.

Prince. Now Harry, whyt ene comest thou?

Falstaff. My Noble Lord, from Esth-cheape, to see mee: for, as the old Adage saith, a Friend is always a Friend.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falstaff. Ye faith, my Lord, they are falle: Nay, I telle you for a young Prince.

Prince. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth let me looke on thee: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeness of an old Man: A Telle of Man is thy Companion: Why doon thou counterfeite with that Trunkle of Humors, that Boulting-Hurch of Brestline, that twaine Parcell of Dropes, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that lust Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rolled Manning Tree Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that recuered Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vainie in yeeres, wherein is he good, butoe saule Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to cause a Capone, and earste? wherein in Cunnin, but in Grace? Wherein in Gratia, but in Villanie? wherein in Villianous, but in all things? worthwhile, but in nothing.

Falstaff. I would your Grace would take me with you, whom makes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falstaff. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou doo.

Falstaff. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to my more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the piltrie) his white haynes doe winitre: but that hee is (faying her reuerence) a Whore-mater, that I vterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Haue men helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and mercy, he a finne, then many an olde Hoope that I know, is dauned: if to be fat, to be heared, then Panaeh save: Nine are to be lowned. No, my good Lord, banish Pera, banish  

Bartholomew, banish Paines: but for sweete Jack Falstaffe, brave Jack Falstaffe true Jack Falstaffe, valiant Jack Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant: why this hee is olde Jack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish plumes Jack, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bardolph. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falstaff. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hecate.

Hecate. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falstaff. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle- rick: what is the matter?

Hecate. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to seare the Haufe, shall I let them in?

Falstaff. Do'th thou hauere Had, never call a true piece of Gold a Counterfeite: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural Coward, without insti-

Falstaff. I deny your Majestie: if you will deny the Sherife, so: I not, let him enter. If I become not a Carr as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall at Soone be striangled with a Halter, as ano-

Prince. Goe hide thee behind the Arras, the swift walk vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conference.

Falstaff. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide mee.

Exit. 

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

Sherife. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hoo and Gry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sherife. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a greefe full man.

Car. As fast as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe affure you, is not heere.

For I my selfe at this time haue imploide hym: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinnter time, Send him to answeres tisse, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withall: And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

Sherife. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentleman Have in this Robbeiste left three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd the men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

Sherife. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sherife. In deede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke, Exi.

Prince. This asyl Rascall is knowne as well as Poulter goe call him forth.

Peta. Falstaffe? fall sleepeth behinde the Arras, and sounring like a Haufe.

Prince. Harke, how hard he sounth breath: search his Pockets.
He searches his Pockets, and finds some Streets Paper.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let’s see, what be they? Read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.i

Item, Sawce. ii.d.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.vii.d.

Item, Anchouses and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.

Item, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monstrosity, but one half penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable desire of Sacke! What there is else, keep it close, we’re to read it at more advantage; there let him sleepe till day. Hie to the Court in the Morning: Woe must all to the Warses, and thy place shall be honorable. Ie procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay’d back againe with advantage, hee with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Helfpurt, Worcesters, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are false, the parties sure, And our inducement full of prosperous hope.

Eof. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you fit downe?

And Vackle Worcester; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is; Sit Cousin Percy, fit good Cousin Helfpurt; For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you, His Cheeks looke pale, and with a rising figh, He wisheth you in Heaven.

Helfp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity, The front of Heaven was full of fierie phæbes, Of burning Crefliss: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth Shak’d like a Coward.

Helfp. Why so it would have done at the same season, If your Mothers Cat had but kitten’d, though your fellee had never beene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Helfp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde, If you suppose, as fearing your triewe.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Helfp. Oh, then the Earth triewe To see the Heavens on fire, And not in fere of your Nativity.

Difaced Nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth Is with a kinde of Collick pinche and vext, By the imprisoning of vatrialy Winde Within her Womb; which for enlargement firings, Shakes the old Beltsame Earth, and tombles down

Steeples; and moffe-grownne Towers. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperation, In passion trieweth.

Glend. Cousin: of many men I do not bene those Creflings: Give me leave To tell you once againe, at that my Birth The front of Heaven was full of fierie phæbes, The Goates tame from the Mountains, and the Heads Were strangely alarmd to the froward fields: These fignes have markt me extraordinary, And all the courtes of my Life doe shew, I am not in the Roll of common men. Where is the Luting, clap’d in with the Sea, That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but Women Sonne, Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art, And hold me pace in deepse experiments.

Helfp. I think there’s no man speaks better Welsh: Hie to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vallie Deeps.

Helfp. Why so can I, or so can any man: But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuil.

Helfp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shane the Deuil, By telling truth. Tell truth, and shane the Deuil.

If thou have power to rayle him, bring him hither, And he be freorne, I have power to shame him hence, Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Deuil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chit.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye, And fandy-bottom’d Severne, haue I sent him Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Helfp. Home without Bootes, And in foule Weather too.

How faptes he Ayues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, here’s the Mappe: Shall wee diuide our Right, According to our three-fold order sa’re?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it into three Limits, very equally: England, from Trent, and Severne hitherto, By South and Est is to my self affir’d, All Wefward, Wajes, beyond the Severne towre, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent, And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne: Which being setled entrenchably, (A Buinette that this Night may execute) To morrow, Cousin Percie, you and I, And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meet your Father, and the Scottifh Powers, As is appointed vs at Shrewbury.

My Father Glendower is not ready yet, Nor shall wee neede his help before these fourtetenn days: Within that space, you may have drawne together Your Tentis, Friends, and neighbours Gentlemen.

Glend. A shortern time shall send me to you, Lorde, And in my Conuell shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must freeke, and take no leaue, For there will be a World of Water theed,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth. 61

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you, 

Humph. Methinks my Moity, North from Burton here, 

In sentiment equals not of yours: 

See, how this River comes me cranking in, 

And cuts me from the best of all my Land, 

A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Candle out, 

I haue the Currant in this place dam'd vp, 

And here the snug and Silver Trenth shall runne, 

In a new Channell, faire and eveny: 

It shall not winde with such a deepde indent, 

To rob me of it rich and Brontome here; 

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it muft, you fee it doth. 

Mort. Yea, but mark how he beats his courfe, 

And runnes me vp, with like advantage on the other side, 

Gelding the oppoited Continent as much, 

As on the other side it takes from you, 

Wore. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here, 

And on this North side winne this Cape of Land, 

And then he runnes straight and even. 

Humph. He haue it fo, a little Charge will doe it. 

Glend. He not haue it alter d. 

Humph. Will not you vnderstand me? 

Glend. No, nor you shall not. 

Humph. Whom shall you say me? 

Glend. Why, that will I. 

Humph. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in 

Welf. 

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you: 

For I was trau'ld vp in the English Court; 

Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe 

Many an English Divitie, loudly well, 

And gaus the Tongue a helpefull Ornament; 

A Vrue that was never seene in you, 

Humph. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart, 

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew, 

Then one of those fame Meeter Balld-mongers: 

I had rather haue a Braten Candlestick turn'd, 

Or a dry Wheele grace on the Axe-tree, 

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge, 

Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie; 

'Tis like the force gate of a shuffling Nagge. 

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd, 

Humph. I do not care: Ie gue chrice so much Land 

To any well-deferuing friend; 

But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me, 

Ie caull on the ninth part of a hayre. 

Are the Indentures drawne? Shal we be gone? 

Glend. The Moone thines faire, 

You may sway by Night: 

Ie haue the Writer; and withall, 

Breake with your Wyes, of your departure hence: 

I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde, 

So much the doeth on her Mortuorie. Exit. 

Mort. Pie, Cousin Percy, how you croffe my Fa- 

ther. 

Humph. I cannot chufe: sometime he angers me, 

With telling me of the Moldewarpe and the Art, 

Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies; 

And of a Dragon, and a sinner-jeffe Fyth, 

A clip wing'd Griffin, and a molten Rauen, 

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat, 

And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuff, 

As puts me from my Faih. I tell you what, 

He held me at Night, as leaft, nine howres, 

In reckoning vp the severall Devils Names, 

That were his Lequeyes: 

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too, 

But mark'd him in a word. O he is as tedious 

As a tyred Horse, a saying Wife, 

Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather live 

With Chese and Garlick in a Windmill faire, 

Then feede on Cares, and haue him talke to me, 

In any Summer-House in Chriftendome. 

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman, 

Exceeding well read, and profitted, 

In strange Concealements: 

Valliant as a Lyon, and wondrouse affable, 

And as bountiffull, as Mynees of India, 

Shall I tell you, Cousin, 

He holds his temper in a high respect, 

And erues himselfe, euin of his naturall scope, 

When you doe erose his humour: faith he does. 

I warrant you, that man is not alue, 

Might to haue tempred him, as you haue done, 

Without the raffe of danger, and reprofe: 

But doe not vifie it off, let me entreat you. 

Wore. In faith, my Lord, you are too willfull blame, 

And since your coming hither, haue done enough, 

To put him quite besides his patience. 

You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault: 

Though sometimes it fwere Greatneffe, Courage,Blood, 

And that is the deareft grace it renders you; 

Yet ofteentimes it doth preyent harsh Rage, 

Defeat of Manners, want of Government, 

Pride, Haughtineffe, Opinion, and Difdain: 

The leaft of which, haunting a Nobleman, 

Loath mens hearts, and leaves behind a flayne 

Vpon the beautie of all parts besides, 

Beguiling them of commendation. 

Humph. Well, I am schoold: 

Good-manners be your feede; 

Heere come your Wyes, and let vs take our leaue. 

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies. 

Mort. This is the deadey spight, that angers me, 

My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh. 

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you, 

Shall be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Wares. 

Mort. Good Father tell her, that shee and my Aunt Percy 

Shall follow in your Condudct speedily. 

Glendower speakes to her in Welshe, and doe an- 

nerses him in the same. 

Glend. Shee is desparate heere: 

A peecefull self-will'd Harlotry, 

One that no perswasion can doe good vpon. 

The Lady speakes in Welshe. 

Mort. I understand thy Lookes; that pretty Welshe 

Which thou pow'rst down from these swelling Heavens, 

I am too perfect in: and but for shame, 

In such a parly shoulde I answere thee, 

The Lady againe in Welshe. 

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine, 

And that's a feeling disputation: 

But I will never be a Truant, Love, 

Till I have leant'd thy Languages: for thy tongue

Makes
The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this,
Glend. She bid you, 
On the wanton Ruthles lay you downe, 
And ruff your gentle Head upon her Lappe, 
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you, 
And on your Eye.lids Crowne the God of Sleepe, 
Charming your blood with pleafing heauenifce; 
Making fuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe, 
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night, 
The howre before the Heavenny Hannei'd Teeme 
Begin his Golden Progress in the East. 
Mort. With all my heart ilie fit, and heare her sing: 
By that time will out Booke, I thinks, be drawne. 
Glend. Doe fo: 
And thofe Musitians that fhall play to you, 
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence; 
And straight they fhall be here: fit, and attend. 
Hoff. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe: 
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe. 
Lady. Go, ye giddy-Goose. 

The Musick player.

Hoff. Now I perceiveth the Deuill vnderstands Welsh, 
And 'tis no marvel he is fo humorous: 
Bylady hee's a good Musitian. 
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muscall, 
For you are altogether governed by humors: 
Lyce fill ye Thee, and heare the Lady fing in Welsh. 
Hoff. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish. 
Lady. Would it haue thy Head broken? 
Hoff. No. 
Lady. Then be still. 
Hoff. Neither is it a Womans fault. 
Lady. Now God helpe thee. 
Hoff. To the Welsh Ladies Bed. 
Lady. What's that? 
Hoff. Peace, flie flinge. 

Here the Lady fings a Welsh Song.

Hoff. Come, Ic have your Song too, 
Lady. Not mine, in good faitho. 
Hoff. Not yours, in good faith? 
You were like a Comit.makers Wife: 
Not you, in good faith; and, as true as I live; 
And, as God fhall mende me; and, as fure as day; 
And gueft fuch Sarcenet fumerie for thy Oathes, 
As if thou never walked further then Finsbury. 
Sware me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art, 
A good mouth-filling Oath; and leave in faith, 
And fuch proftet of Pepper Ginger-breath, 
To Velnet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens. 
Come, fling. 
Lady. I will not fling. 
Hoff. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breft teacher: and the indencies be drawne, Ic say within these two howres: and so come in, when yce will. 

Glend. Come, come, Lord Moritmer, you are as slow, 
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe. 
By this our Booke is drawne: we'll be feale, 
And then to Horfe immediately, 
Mort. With all my hearts. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others. 

King. Lords, glue vs leaue: 
The Prince of Wales, and I, 
Must have some private conference: 
But be neere at hand, 
For wee shall presently have neede of you. 

Exeunt Lords. 

I know not whether Heaven will have it so, 
For some displeasing fentwce I have done; 
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood, 
Hee'le brede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me: 
But thou doft in thy passages of Life, 
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd 
For the hot vengenance, and the Rod of heaven 
To punifh my Misreadings. Tell me elfe, 
Could fuch inordinate and low defires, 
Such poore, fuch bare, fuch lewd, fuch meane attempts, 
Such barren pleasures, rude societie, 
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too, 
A companions the greatnesse of thy blood, 
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart? 

Prince. So pleafe your Maiestyle, I would I could 
Quit all offences with a cleare excufe, 
As well as I am doubtleffe I can purge 
My felfe of many I am charg'd withall: 
Yet fuch exceuation let me begge, 
As in reproofo of many Tales deuils d, 
Which of the Eare of Greatnesse needs muff hear, 
By finning Pick-thankes, and base Newsmongers; 
I may for some things true, wherein my youth 
Hath faulte wanded, and irregular, 
Find pardon on my true Submifion. 

King. Heaven pardon thee; 
Yet let me wonder, Harry, 
As thy affections, which doe hold a Wing 
Quite from the flight of all thy auncetors, 
Thy place in Counsell thou haft rudely loft, 
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd d, 
And are almoft an alien to the hearts. 

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood. 
The hope and expectation of thy time 
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man 
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall. 
Had I to lauifh of my presence bene, 
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men; 
So stale and cheape to vultur Company; 
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne, 
Had still keppe loyall to proffition, 
And left me in repurcellife banishments, 
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood. 
By being feldome scene, I could not firre, 
But like a Comet, I was wonder'd as,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That men would tell their Children This is he:
Others would say What is Bloodbrooke.
And then I flole all Courtesie from Heaven,
And drest my felfe in fuch Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showes and Salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person freath and new,
My Prefence like a Robe Ponsificall,
Ne'ere scene, but wondred at:
And so my Stare,
Seldome but fumifhous, feemed like a Feath,
And wenned by rareffe fuch Solemnitie.
The skipping King bee amblod vp and downe,
With shallow Jefters, and rath Buain Wits,
Soone kindled, and foone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name profaned with their Sconres,
And gave his Countenance, againft his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and fland the fuflu
Of everie Beadcliffe vaine Comparacie;
Grew a Companion to the common Streeters,
Enfettedhimfelfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They furted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taflle of Sweetneffe, wherein of a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occafion to be feene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: feene but with fuch Eyes,
As fickle and blunted with Community,
Afforded no extraordinarie Grace,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maieftie,
When it flines feldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drawn, and hung their eye's beneath,
Slept in his Face, and rendred fuch affluent
As Cloudie men fte to doe to their aduersaries,
Being with his prefence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, Harry, standeft thou:
For thou haft loft thy Princely Prerogative,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But was arieas of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath defire to fee thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blinde it felle with foleflith tennemelle.
Prince. I shall hereafter, my three gracious Lord,
Be more my felle.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, wast Richard then,
When I from France let foot at Rautenburgh:
And even as I was then, is Percy now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boor,
He hath more worthy intereft to the State
Then thou, the shamow of Succifion;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fieldes with Hanneis in the Realm,
Tunes head againft the Lyons armed Lawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Batailes, and to brifing Armstronges.
What never-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned Dougla\'s whofe high Deces,
Whose hot Incurations, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chrift,
Thrice hathe the Heifer Mars, in swathing Clothes,
This Infam, Warrior, in his Enterprifes,
Difcomfited great Dougla\'s, in his once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep Defiance vp,
And make the peace and fafetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Dougla\'s, Maritimes,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell thee News to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which are my neer\'st and deareft Enemie?
They haue as little like, through waftall Fette,
Eafe Indignation, and the all of Spleene,
To fight againft me vnder Percies pay,
To dogge his hecets, and curtie at his fowmes,
To new how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Does not thine f*self, you fhall not finde it for:
And Heauen forgive them, that fo much hau e fwayd
Your Maietie good thoughts awaye from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And in the cloathing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And fine my faunors in a bloody Maife:
Which wafted away, f hall focowe my Shame with it,
And that fhall be the day, when er it lights,
That this fame Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant Hewfin this all-prayfed Knight,
And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet:
For every Honor fitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My fhames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northen Youth exchange
His glorious Deces for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Father, good my Lord,
To engroffe vp glorious Deces on my behalfe:
And I will call him to fo firift account,
That he fhall render every Glory vp:
Yes, even the fleightefl worfe of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:
The which, if I performe, and doe fubieute,
I doo befeech your Maietie, may fuue:
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperatures:
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smalleft partick of this Vow.

King. A hundred thouand and Rebels dye in this:
Thou fhalt have Charge, and fouereigne trufh herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the Builinesse that I come to speake of.
Lord Maritimer of Scotland hath fent word,
That Dougla\'s and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on ev'ry hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earl of Waynterland fett forth to day:
With him my fonne, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this aduenture is fives dayes old,
On Wednesday next, Harry thou fhall fett forward:
On Thursday, wee our felves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you fhall march for Through
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not false away wildly, since this last action? do I not bake? do I not drink? Why my skinne hangs aboute me like an olde Ladies loote Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple John. Well, Ie repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I will be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Peper-Corne, a Brewers Horfe, the in-side of a Church, Company, villanaous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falstaff. Why there is it: Come, fing me a badwy Song, make me merry: I was as verufully given, as a Gentleman need to be; verufully enough, I wore little, die'd not aboute seven times a weekes, went to a Bawdy-house not aboute once in a quarter of an hour, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that your must needs be out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ie amend thy Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou bestreit the Lanternere in the Poope, but tis in the Nofe of thee; thou are the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir John, thy Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, Ie be famous: I make as good ve of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memore Sto. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell fire, and Dines that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou went any way given to verue, I would fawere by thy Face; my Oath should be, By this Fire: But thou art altogether given over; and yet indede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of zver Darke-nesse. When thou runn't vp Gates-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not think that thou hadst bene an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchafe in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou haft faied me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Forches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haft drunked me, would haue brought me Lights as good cheap, as the desert Chandaliers in Europe. I have maintaine'd that Slumander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirteene yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hotspur.

How now, Dame Peveril the Hen, have you enquire'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee then a finde Prince, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawer fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-manson may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?
Fal. What thing? why a thing to thanke heaven on.
Hof. I am no thing to thanke heaven on, I wold thou shouldst kno: I am an honest mans wife: and letting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me fo.
Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to thy other wife.
Hof. Say, what beast, thou knowe thou.
Prin. An Otter, Sir John? Why an Otter?
Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor fefhy; a man knows not where to have her.
Hof. Thou art vniue man in saying so; thou, or aie man knowes where to have me, thou knowe thou.
Prince. Thou say'r true Hoftefte, and he flanders too moth groffely.
Hof. So he doth, you, my Lord, and saye this other day, thou ought him a thousand pound.
Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?
Fal. A thousand pound Hoft? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'rt me thy loue.
Hof. Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and said hee would eudgell you.
Fal. Did I, Bardolph?
Bar. Indeed Sir John, you said so.
Fal. Yes, he said my Ring was Copper.
Prince. I say it was Copper, D'o'th thou bou as good as thy word now?
Fal. Why Hal? thou know'ft, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.
Prince. And why not as the Lyon?
Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'th thou think me feeare thee, as I feare thy Father? may I do, let thy Girdle break.
Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But firr: There's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of sheme: it is all fill'd vp with Gutes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou honson impudent imboft Raffall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Reckning, Memoranduum of Bawdie-houes, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-wings, if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other injuries but those, I am a Villaine: And yet ye will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not ashamed?
Fal. Do'rt thou hear Hal? Thou know'ft in the state of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should pioure Jake Fallaffe do, in the days of Villany? Thou seest, I have more fleeth then another man, and therefore more piuity. You conteste then you pickt my Pocket?
Prince. It appeares so by the story.
Fal. Hoftefte, I forgive thee.
Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband, Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guehes: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest resons. Thou seest, I am pacified still, Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hoftefte.

Now Hal, to the newes as Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe: I must still be good Angel to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.
Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.
Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.
Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'lt and do it with vnswerd hands too.
Bard. Do my Lord.
Prin. I have procured thee Jacke, a Charge of Foot.
Fal. I would it had beene of Horfe. Where fhal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine thee of two and thirtie, or thereabouts: I am beyonndly unprouided. Wel God be thanked for thefe Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.
Prin. Bardolph.
Bar. My Lord.
Prin. Go bear this Letter to Lord John of Lancaster To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Welfemland, Go Palette to a horse: for thou, and I, have thirtie miles to ride you eare dinner time.
Jacke, mee me to morrow in the Temple Hall.
At two a clocke in the afternoon, There fhall thou know thy Charge, and there receive Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, Prive stands on hye, And either they, or we muff lower lye.
Fal. Rare words! brave world.
Hoftefte, my breakfast, come:
Oh, I could with this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Henry Hotspur, Wnderme, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Dunglas have, As not a Souldeir of this seasons flame, Should goo fo generall currant through the world. By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brasser place In my hearte loue, hath no man then your selfe. Nay, task me to your word: approue me Lord. Dow. Thou art the King of Honor: No man so potant breathes vpon the ground, But I will heare him.

Enter a Mijensier.

Hot. Do fo, and 'tis well. What Letters hath there? I can but thank you.
Mijer. These Letters come from your Father.
Hot. Letters from him? Why come he not himselfe? Mijer. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greuous sicke.
Hot. How! hath he the leyure to be sicke now, In such a suffling time? Who leads his power? Vnder whose Government come they along?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

He sp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.


He sp. No harmer: what more?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd, The King himselfe in person hath set forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,

With strong and bigtie preparation.

He sp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,

The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,

And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,

And bid it paffe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Atomes,

All plump'd like Efridges, that with the Winds

Baytad like Eagles, laung lately bath'd,

Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,

As full of Spirit as the Moneth of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-Jummer,

Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.

I saw young Harry with his Bruer on,

His Clothes on his thighes, gallantly atm'd,

Rife from the ground like feathered & Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his Seats,

As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,

To turne and winde a firie Pegasus,

And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

He sp. No more, no more,

Worle then the Sunne in March:

This prays doth nourish Aegues: let them come,

They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,

And to the fire-eys'd Maid of smoakie Wrice,

All hot, and bleeding will wee offer them:

The mayled Mayr shall on his Altar fit

Vp to the cares in blood. I am on fire,

To heare this rich repzanall is no figh,

And yet not ours. Come let me take my Horse,

Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,

Against the boforme of the Prince of Wales.

Harry to Harry, shall nor Horse to Horse

Mette, and me'r part, till one drop downe a Coaft or

Oh that Glendamer were come.

Vr. There is more newes:

I learned in Worcefter, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.

Vr. By my faith, that bears a froste fynd.

He sp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?

Vr. To thirtiy thousand.

Hat. Forty let it be.

My Father and Glendaver being both away,

The powres of vs, may venif or great a day.

Come, let vs take a mutter speediily:

Doomesday is near; dye all, dye merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dyeing; I am out of feare

Of death, or deathtis hand, for this one halfe yeare.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Country, fill me a bottle of sack, our soldiers shall march through: we're to Souton-cap-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captain? Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an Angell, Falstaff. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all. Ile ariue the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captain: farewell. Exit.

Falstaff. If I be not ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a fowcet-Gurnet: I haue mis-wield the Kings Prefte damnable. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odd: I preffe none but good Houfe-holders, Yeomans Sontes: enquire me out contratset Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Comoditie of warme flaues, as had as liuethe the Deuill, as a Drumme: such as feare the report of a Calier, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preffe none but fuch Toles and Butter, with Hearts in their Belyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their fervice: And now, my whole Charge confitts of Anciters, Corporals, Lieutenantes, Gentlemen of Companies. Slaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttonous Diggcs licked his Sores; and fuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dif-carded vnfit Serviciousmen, younger Sontes to younger Brothers, resollted Tapifiers and Offlers, Trade-falne, the Canters of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and fuch haue I to fill vp the roome of them that haue bought out their fervice: that you would thinke, that I haue a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prdigiats, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow mete me on the way, and told me, I had unloade all the Gibbets, and preffe the dead bodies. No eye hath fene such fkar-Crowes: He not march through Country with them; thats flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Leggers, as if they had Gynes on; for indeed, I had the molt of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tacket together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Heralds Cost, without fleues: and the Shirt, to fay the truth, flone from my Hoft of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose inne-keeper of Dunintr. But that's all one: they finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.


Wesp. Faith, Sir John, is more then time that we were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night.

Falstaff. Tut, never feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to fleale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to fleale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, Jack, whose fellows are thefe that come after?


Prince. I did never fee such pestifull Rascals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut, good enough to toffe: foode for Pow- der, foode for Powder: they're fill a Pit, as well as better; tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Wesp. I, but Sir John, me thinke they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Falstaff. Faith, for their povertie, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, yntele you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare, But firs, make halfe, Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What is the King encamp'd?

Wesp. He is, Sir John, I fear wee shall stay too long.

Falstaff. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fitt a dull fighter, and a keen Gueft.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Verom.

Hotsp. We'll fight with him to Night.

Verom. It may not be.

Dong. You gie him then advantage.

Verom. Not a whit.

Falstaff. Why fay you fo? looke he not for supply?

Verom. So doe wee.

Falstaff. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Verom. Good Cousin be advin'd, fitte not to night.

Verom. Do not, my Lord, Doue, You do not cousfaile weell:

You speake it out of fere, and cold heart.

Verom. Doe me no flander, Douglafs by my Life, And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, If well-received Honor bid me on, I hold as little cousfaile with weake fere, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lites, Let it be fene to morrow in the Battell,

Which of vs fereas.

Dong. Yea, or to night.

Verom. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Verom. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are That you foe-fea not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horsie Of my Cousin Percies are not yet come vp, Your Ynckle Worcesters Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is aleepe, Their courage with hard labour came and doll, That nor a Hores is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hors. So are the Horses of the Enemy.

In general journey bared, and brought lowes:

The better part of ours are full of reft.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

When he was personall in the Irish Warre.
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.
*Humph.* Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State,
To make that worle, fuffer'd his Kinman March,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Rancome, to Iye forfeit'd.
Diffra's me in my happe Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rat'd my Vnkle from the Counsell-Boord,
In rage dismis't my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusio, drove vs to seeke our
This Head of fatewe; and withall, to pri'e
Into his Title : the which wee finde
Too indire't, for long continuance.
*Blunt.* Shall I return this answere to the King?
*Humph.* Not so, Sir Walter,
Weele with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some suu'etie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shal my Vnkele
Bring him our purpose: and fo farwell,
*Blunt.* I would you would accept of Grace and Lone,
*Humph.* And it may be, fo wee shal.
*Blunt.* Pray Heauen you doe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Turke, and Sir Mitchell.

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Mitchell, beare this sealed Brieve
With winged haffe to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haffe,
*Sir Mitch.* My good Lord, I guesse their tenor,
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To Morrow good, Sir Mitchell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly guien to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayfed Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Mitchell,
What with the skettleness of Northumberland,
Whole Power was in the fist proportion;
And what with Owen Glendower abstinence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, ouer-ru'd by Prophecyes,
I farte the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an infant tryall with the King.
*Sir Mitch.* Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mitch. But there is Mordake Fryar, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worrelter,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloodyly the Sunne begins to peere
About you busy hill : the day lookes pale
At his diltemperance.

Prim. The Southern winds
doth play the Trumpet to his purpos,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Forres a Tempest, and a blustering day.
King. Then with the lowers let it sympathize,
For nothing can feeeme foule to those that win.

Enter Worfetser.

King. How now my Lord of Worfetser? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You have deceiu'd our trust,
And made us doe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbs in vigentle Steele ;
This is not well, you Lord, this is not well.
What fey you to it? Will you againe vnkinde
This churlifh knot of all abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did gifs a faire and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Peace, and a Portent
Ofbroached Michelefe, to the vnborne Times?

War. Hearse me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet hours : For I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this diffike,
King. You have not fought it : how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prim. Peace, Chiewet, peace.

War. It pleas'd you Mayorly, to turne your lookes
Of Favour, from my Selve, and all our Houfe ;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my flffe of Office did I brake.
In Richards tume, and possed day and night
To meete you on the way, and kiffe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I
It was my Selve, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncafter,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further, then your new-faine right,
The feate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sweare our side : But in short space,
It rais'd downe Fortune flouring on your head,
And such a flout of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King.
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlikely Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly wou'd,
To gripe the generalleway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncafter,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vigentle gull the Cackower: Bird,
Vfeth the Sparrow, did opprife our Nefl,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durft not come heere your fight
For fear of swallowing : But with nimble wing
We were infpird for safety sake, to fly
Out of your fight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand oppossed by fuch meanes.
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde vfahe, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Swoone to vs in your enterprize.

Kim. These things indeede you have articulat,
Proclaim'd at Market Crofes, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and sub the Elbowes at the newes
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impant his caufe :
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time
Of peell-mell haucck, and confusion.
Prim. In both our Armies, there is many a foule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my Hopes,
This preffe enterprize fet off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More aduise, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I have a Truant beene to Chiniary,
And so I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and eellation,
And will, to faue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, I dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite.
Do make against it: No good Worfe, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are miffed vpone your Couin's part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, every man
Shall be my friend againe, and I be his,
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it advifely.
Exit Workefter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas and the Houseparke both togethe,
Are confident against the world in Armes.
King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we fet on them;
And God befriend vs, as our caufe is just.
Exeunt,

Mane Prince and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou fee me alone in the battel,
And befriend me, fo, tis a point of friendship.
Prin. Nothing but a Coloffus can do thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewel.
Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well,
Prin. Why, thou ow'lt heauen a death.

Falstaff, 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day.
What neede I bee fo forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honor pricke me on.
But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on?
How then? Can Honour fer too a legge? No: or an armes?
No: Or take away the griefe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skil in Surgerie, then? No.
What is Honour? A word, What is that word Honour? Ayre:
A trim reckoning, Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wedne\'day,
Dost he feel it? No. Dost hee heare it? No. Is it
inffenible then?yes, to the dead. But will it not live with
the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore
Ile none of it. Honour is a mere Scruin, and so
ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Workefter, and Sir Richard Urmam.

War. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kinde offer of the King.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.

War. Then we are all vndone,
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louting vs,
He will suppect us still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lives, shall be flooke full of eyes;
For Treachery is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne'er so tame, fo cheefe, and lock'd vp,
Will have a wilde tricke of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or fad or mercilly,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feeke like Oxen at a tall,
The better cheefe, fyll the nearer death.
My Nephews trepplenge may be well forgot,
It hath the exuice of youth, and beast of blood,
And an adopted name of Ptiuleged,
A haire-brain'd Houseparke, govern'd by a Spleene.
All his offences lie vpone my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his consciencs being tane from him,
Weast the Spring of all, halfe pay for all;
Therefore good Cousin, let not Hanry know
In any cafe, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, Hee say 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Houseparke.

Hun. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliver vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newes?
War. The King will bid you battel presently,

Don. Defte him by the Lord of Westmerland.
Hun. Lord Douglas: Go you and tell him so.

War. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

War. There is no feeming mercy in the King.
Hun. Did you begge any? God forbid.
War. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will confoure
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Don. Arme Gentleman, to Armes, for I have thrown
A brave defence in King Henrius teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did hbrace it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

War. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hun. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Mounmouth. Tell me, tell mee,
How fher'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modellly,
Van'elle A Brother shold a Brother dare
To genr exercisse, and prove of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd vp your praiies with a Princeely tongue,
Spoke your defaunges like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praiie,
By fill dispraising praiie, valew'd with you
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blunting thall of himselfe,
And chid his Treaunt waynt with such a Grace,
As if he masterd there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning infantly:
There did he pauie, But let me tell the World,
Ifs out-luat the enuie of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hepe,
So much misconfuird in his Westcounet,
Hun. Cousin, I thinke thou art enemered
On his Follies: neuer did I hear
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But hee as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a Soulinders arme,
That he shall thinke inuer my curtezie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
That I that have not well the gift of Tongue,
Can
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.
Enter a Messinger.

Mes. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that part thereof, were too long.
If life did rive upon a Diasp point,
Still ending at the arrivial of an hour,
And if we live, we liue to tread on Kings;
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conferences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuit.

Enter another Messinger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on space.
Hot. I thank him, that he uses me from my tale:
For I proffe no talking; Only this,
Let each man do his best. And here I draw a Sword,
Who joyn the worthy temper I intent to shew.
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now Esperance Percy, and let on:
Sound all the losy Instruments of Warre,
And by that Muficke, let vs all imbrace;
For heauen to each, some of vs never shall,
A second time do such a curteisie.

They embrace, the Trumpeys sound, the King entereth
with his power, armes unto the warre. Then enter
Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus dost slay me?
What honor dost thou seek upon my head?
Dou. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do hauent thee in the battel thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dou. The Lord of Stafford doeth to day hath bought
This lifelike : for instead of the King Harry,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee.
Vnleffe thou yelded thee as a Prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge
Lord Staffords death.

Fight. Blunt is saile, then enters Hauper.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou sought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumphed oer a Scot.
Dou. All's done, all's won, here breathes life the King
Hot. Where is he?
Dou. Heere.
Hot. This Douglas? No! I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly furnish'd like the King himselfe.
Dou. Ah fool, go with thy soule whether it goe,
A borrowed Title hath ouer bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.
Dou. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coaters,
He musters all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntil I meet the King.
Hot. Vp, and away.

Our Soldiours stand full fairely for the day.
Excuse
Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape that-fis-as at London, I fear
the flat here: here's no scoring, but upon the paste.
Who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity. I am as hot as molten Lead, and as
heavy to be borne, as Lead out of ore. I neede no more
weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of
Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of any
150 left aliv, and they for the Townes end, to beg during
life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, hand it thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman likes saltre and stifte
Vnder the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are voreueng. & Pretyly lend me thy sword
Fal. O Ha! I prother give me leave to breath awhile:
Turke Gregory never did such deeds in Armes, as I have
done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him faire.
Pri. He is indeed, and living to kill thee?
I prother lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay Ha! if Percy bee aliv, thou gott not my
Sword; but take my Piffoll if thou wilt.
Pri. Give it me: What is it in the Cafe?
Fal. I Ha! tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.
The Prince draws out a Battle of Sacke.

Pri. What, is it a time to stand and dally now?

Exit. Thrower at him.

Fal. If Percy bee aliv, lie pience him: if he do in my
way, so: if he do not, if I come in (willingly) let
him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
honour as Sir Walter hath: Give mee life, which if I can
faue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and the's an end.

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, enter the King the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle
of Westmorland.

King. I prother see Harry withdraw this selfe, thou bleedst
too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Job. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Pri. I befeech your Maiestye make vp,
Leas you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so:
My Lord of Westmorland lead him to his Tent.

Volf. Come my Lord, I leade you to your Tent.

Pri. Lead me my Lord: I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a Shallow (rachat should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where staine of Nobility lies stoned on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massestes.

Job. We breath too long: Come coyn Westmorland
Our duty this way lies, for heauens fake come.

Pri. By heauen thou halt decoud me Lancaster.
I did not thinkke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I thou'd thee a Brother, John;
But now, I do repsect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him held Lord Percy as the point
With lafter maintenence then I did looke for
Of such an ungrowne Warrior,

Pri. O this Boy, lends me tall to vs all.

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Another King! They grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoye
That wore thoye coloures on them. What art thou
This counterfeitt? if the person of a King?

King. The King him selfe or Douglas grieues at hart
So many of his shadowes thou haft met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Sake Percy and thy selfe sheire the field:
But feeing thou fall't on me so luckily,
I will alway thee: so defend thy selfe.

_Daw._ I feare thou art another counterfeit;
And yet infaith thou bear'ft thee like a King;
But mine I am sure thou art, where thou be,
And thus I win thee. _They fight, the King in danger._

_Enter Prince._

_Prim._ Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valliant Shetly Stafford, Blant, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

_They Fight, Douglas fight._

_Cheerefully My Lord: how fare thy Grace?_ Sir Nicholas Gunfey hath for succour font,
And so hath _Clifton_: I le to _Cliffon_ straight,
_King._ Stay, and breath awhile.

_Thou hast receiued thy left opinion,
And thou'lt make it some fonder of thy life
In this faire refuge thou hast brought to me._

_Prim._ O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That ever I heard to thy death.
If it were fo, I might have let alone
The influting hand of _Douglas_ ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And faile the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

_K._ Make vp to _Clifton_, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gunfey. _Exit._

_Hot._ If I mistake not, thou art _Harry Monmouth._

_Prim._ Thou speakest as I would deny my name.

_Hot._ My name is _Harry Percie._

_Prim._ Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not _Percy_,
To dare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double regine,
Of _Harry Percy_, and the Prince of Wales.

_Hot._ Nor shall it _Harry_ for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

_Prim._ Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honor on thy Crest,
Ile crop, to make a Gaultain for my head.

_Hot._ I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. _Fight._

_Enter Falstaff._

_Fal._ Well said _Hotspur_. I Haue notsha pes
Boyces play heere, I can tell you.

_Enter Douglas_, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down atifie were dead. _The Prince kill'd _Percie._

_Hot._ Oh _Harry_, thou haft rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then thouce proud Tittes thou haft wone of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the flaw of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes fature of all the world,
Muff have a stop. _O_, I could Prophefie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
_Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art duff._

_and food for_ Percie.

_Fal._ For Wormes, braue _Percy_. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weather'd Ambition, how much art thou frustrate?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, a lyte may doe thee grace,
Ill gild it with the happiest tearmes I have.

A Retreat is founded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat; the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt

A noble Perçanne, and all his men,
Upon the foot of eare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispole of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomleffe and free:
His Valour fwayne upon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Westminster
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your dearest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scoupe,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Henry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Bufineffe to faire is done,
Let vs not leave till all our owne be wonne.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Induction.

Enter Rumour.

But Contention
Vpon the Earth, continual Slaughters ride,
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth,
Vpon my Tongue, continual Slaughters ride,
Vpon me, the Voice of the Youth.

Vnder the smiling face of Safety wounds the World:
I speak of Peace, while courer Emittie,
With bloudy eyes, and eyes of fire,
Thieves, rascals, thieves, thieves,
And who but Rumour, who but only I

To speak of Peace, while courer Emittie
With bloudy eyes, and eyes of fire,
Thieves, rascals, thieves, thieves,
And who but Rumour, who but only I

Rumour, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmifes. Ielolettes, Conjectures;
And so of state, and so plaines a flop,
That the bloud Monster, with vecancted heads,
The still discordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anatomise
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harriess victory,
Who in a bloudie field by Shrewsburie

Harsh beaten downe yong Hasparre, and his Troopers,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what mean I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Mommouth fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hasparre Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglass Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasanTs-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And his Worne-eaten-Hole of fragged Stone,
Where Hasparre Father, old Northumberland,
Lyts crafty Diece. The Peoles some crying on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learnt'd of me. From Rumours Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolph, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate here hee now?
Where is the Earle?
Par. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Par. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleafe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will anfwier.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Here comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord Bardolph? Euery minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And bears downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsburie.
Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almoft wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord you Sonne,
Prince Harriess (alone out-right) and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglass, Yong Prince Iohn,
And Weftmoreland, and Stafford, flid the Field,
And Harriess Mommouth's Brawne (the Hulke Six Iohn)
Is prifoner to your Sonne, O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Come not, till now, to dignifie the Times,
Since Cefar Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsburie?
L.Bar. I speake with one (my Lord) that came fo thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Servant Trouers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Trouers.

L.Bar. My Lord, Iouter-red him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (happily) may retaine from me.

Nor. Now Trouers, what good tidings comes from you?

Tran.
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine,  
Nor. Yet for all this, say not this was trie dead.  
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:  
Thou speakst thy head, and holdst it if Feare, or Sinne,  
To speake a truth. If he be flaine, say so:  
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:  
And he doth finne that doth belye the dead:  
Not he, which fayes the dead is not alue:  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome News  
Hath but a looking Office: and his Tongue,  
Sounds enter after as a fullen Bell  
Remembered, knolling a departing Friend.  
L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your fon is dead,  
Nor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleue  
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.  
But these mine eyes, faw him in bloody flate,  
Rendinges quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)  
To Henry Maunouss, whose swift wrath beate downe  
The neuer-daunted Perier to the earth,  
From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.  
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,  
Euen to the dulcet Peaxant in his Campe)  
Being brutued once, tooke fire and heare away  
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.  
For from his Mettle, was his Party fley'd;  
Which once, in him abated, all the reft  
Turn'd on themselues, like dull and heavy Lead;  
And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,  
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greates speedes,  
So did our Men, busy in their journes loffe.  
Lend to this weight, fuch lightness with their Feare,  
That Arrows fley not, but fwyter toward their ayme,  
Then did our Soldiers ysming at their safety.  
Fly from the field, Then was that Noble Wordcefter  
Too fooone the priouer: and that furious Scot,  
(Th'bloody Douglas) whose whole labouring jword  
Had three times shone the appearance of the King,  
Can valle his flamace, and did grace the flame  
Of those that turo'd their backes: and in his flight,  
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke.  
The rumme of all,  
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out  
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,  
Vnder the Conduit of yong Lancaster  
And Welfterland.  This is the News at full.  
Nor. For this, I hall have time enough to mourne.  
In Poyntz, my eye is Phytoicke, and this newes  
(Having bene well) that would have made me sick,  
Being fickle, have in some meafure, made me well.  
And as the Wretch, whose Feuer-weakned ioynts,  
Like strengthned Hinder, buckle ynder life,  
Impatience of his Fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keepers armes: Euen fo, my Limbes  
(Weakned with griefe) being now inrag'd with gude,  
Are thriche_rfemblem. Hence therefore thoue cruell,  
A scale Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele  
Muff glose this hand: And hence thou sickly Quoife,  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which Princes; fley'd with Conquest, ymbe to hit.  
Now binde my Brows with Iron, and approach  
The ragged'd houres, that Time and Spight dare bring  
To fowne upon themrag'd Northumberland,  
Let Heauien kisse Earth: I now let our Natures hand  
Keep the wide Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,  
And let the world no longer be a rage  
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Aet:  
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine  

Enter Morton.  

Nor. Ye, this mans brow, like to a Tite-leaf,  
Forced the nature of a Tragicke Volume:  
So lookes the Strong, when the Impericous Flood  
Hath left a wither'd Vfurpation,  
Say Morton, did't thou come from Shrewsbury?  
Nor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)  
Where hatefull death put on his vylfeft Makke  
To fright our party,  
Nor. How doth my Sonne, and Brother,  
Thou tremblest, and the whitebene in thy Cheekes  
Is asher then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand,  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritelce,  
So dull, do dead in looke, so vveere-gone,  
Drawn krens Currenne, in the dead of night,  
And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.  
But Prison found the Fire, ere he thy Tongue:  
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report it,  
This, thou woul't fay: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:  
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,  
Stopping my greedy ear, with their bold deeds.  
But in the end (to stop mine Ear e indeed)  
Thou liest a Sigh, to blow away this Praife,  
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.  
Mort. Douglas is living, and your Brother yet:  
But for my Lord, your Sonne,  
Nor. Why he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue Susception hath:  
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,  
Hath by Infinct, knowledge from others Eyes,  
That what he feart, is chang'd. Yet speake (Morton)  
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,  
And I will take it, as a sweete Dishgrace.  
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.  
Mort. You are too great, so be (by me) gainfai'd.
Reign'd in all bofomes, that each heart being fet
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And dardnife be the burier of the dead. \(\text{Honor.}\)

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your
Mar. The lives of all your loving Complices
Lean'd on your health, the which if you giue o're
To Horrible Paffion, muft perfecce decay,
You caft i'enent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And fum'd the fecond of Chance, before you faid
Lett vs make head: It was your prefumation,
That in the dote of Blover, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were adu'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moft trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you fay go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could refraine
The flint-born Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterpize bring forth,
More then that Being, who was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this loffe,
Knew that we ventur'd on fuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propof'd,
Chock'd the reft of likly peril from,
And since we are o're-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth: Body, and Goods,
Then, this more then time: And (my moft Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorkes is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety binds his Fowlers,
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But flawdowes, and the fhewes of men to fight.
For that fame word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodyes, from their foules,
And they did fight with quaffineffe, contri'd
As men drinke Portions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our fide: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fishe are in a Pond, but now the Bishop
Turnes Infaftion to Religion,
Suppof'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He fupport'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarg'd his Riffing, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, spread'p from Pomfret stones,
Derrives from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Caufe:
Tels them he, doth beffeire a bleeding Land,
Gaffing for life, under great Balling brooks,
And more, and leffe, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This pretent great'd had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and connell every man
The abrupt way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer fo few, nor neuer yet more need.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what fates the Doct. to my warre?
Pag. He fay'd Sir, the water it felle was a good healthly
But for the party that o'o'd it, he might haue more
difesefes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee: the
brain of this foolifh compounded Clay-man, is not able
to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
inuent, or is invent'd on me. I am not onely witty in my
felle, but the caufe that wit is in other men. I doe here
walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath o're-wheal'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
vice for any other reason, then to fet mee off, why then I
have no indignation. Thou horfion Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be wornie in my cap, then to waie on my heele.
I was never man'd with an Aget till now: but I will fells
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vile apparell,
and fend you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The
Jewell (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
fledg'd, I will looger have a head grow in the Palme of
my hand, then he fhall get one on his cheeke: yet he will
not fliche to fay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
finifh it when he will, it is not a baite amifs: yet he may
kepe it fill at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never
earne fixe pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as
if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepes his owne Grace, but he is almoft out of
mine, I can affiure him. What faid M. Dumbledum, about
the Satten for my fiort Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He faid Sir, you fould procure him better Affer-
rance; then Bardsaffe: he wold not take his Bond & yours.
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him be dam'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horfion Achitophel; a Raffely-yes-
forfooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
fand upon Security? The horfion smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and buchec of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in
heath Taking-vp, then they muft fand upon Security: I
had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to flipp it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
fent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he fends me Security. Well, he may fleeper
in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
lightneffe of his Wife fiines through it, and yet cannot
he fee, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's Bardsaffe?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horfe.

Fal. I thought him in Pauls, and bee'lt buy mee a horfe
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, we
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wi'd.

Enter Chief Inftince, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince to frieking him, about Bardsaff.

Fal. Wait clofe, I will not fee him.

Ch.Inf. What's he that goes there?
Ser. Falstaff, and pleafe your Lordship.

Inf. He that was in queffion for the Robbery?
Ser. He my Lord, but he hath fince done good fervices
at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Inf. What to York? Call him backe again.
Ser. Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake louder, my Master is deafe.

Inf. If I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I muft speake with him.

Ser. Sir John.

Inf. What's the yong Knave and beg? Is there not warre?
Is there not employment? Doth not the K. lack fabitious? Do
the Rebels not want Soldiers? Though it be a fame to be
or
Fad. My Lord 2
(Wolf.)

Inf. But since all is well, keep it for, wake now a sleeping
Fad. To keep a Wolf, is as bad as to starve it.

Inf. In what you are as a candle, the better part burnt out
Fad. A Waffell-Candle, my Lords; all Tallow; if I did
say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Inf. There is not a white hair on your face, but I bold
have his effect of gravity.

Fad. His effect of grey, grey, gray.

Inf. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like
his euill Angel.

Fad. Not so (my Lord): you ill Angell is light: but I hope,
he that looks upon mee, will take mee without,
weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go:
I cannot tell, Vertue is of so little regard in these Costfor-
mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-hearted. Pregnan-
cie is made a Tapler, and hath his quickst wit walled
in giving Reckonings: all the other gifts apperteynyng to man
(as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not worth a
Gooberry. You that are old, consider not the capacit-
ies of vs that are yong: you meastre the heat of our Li-
cuers with the sweat of your galls: & we that are in
the vaward of your youth, I must confesse, are waggys too.

Inf. Do you see downe your name in the fresowle of
youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-
low cheekes? while beared? a decreasing leg? an increas-
ing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winds short? your
wit fingle? and every part about you blasted with Anti-
quity? and will you call your selfe yong? If? If, If John
Fad. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & fam-
ishing a round belly. For my voice, I have lovd it with hal-
lowing and finging of Anthesmes. To approve my youth
father, I will not: the truth is, I am only olde in judge-
ment and understanding: and he that will esper with mee
for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony; & haue
at him. For the boxe of th'ears that the Prince gave you,
he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you rooke it like a fensi-
ble Lord. I have cheked him for it, and the yong Lionre-
pents: Marry not in fifies and facke-clowth, but in new
Silke, and old Sacke.

Inf. Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.
Fad. Heauen fend the Companion a better Prince: I
cannot rid my hands of him.

Inf. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Har-
ry, I hear ye are going with Lord John of Lancaster, a
Gainst the Archibishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.
Fad. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but
look, you prapeare, (all you that kif me my Ladie Percy, at
home) what our Armies are in not in a hot day: for if I take
but two thirties out with me, and I meane not to sweate ex-
trordinarily: if bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
but my Botlle, would I might never spitt white againe:
There is not a daungerous ActIon can peope out his head,
but I am thumps upon it. Well, I cannot lafte euer.

Inf. Wel, be honest, be honest, and heauen blefe your
Expedition.

Fad. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
to furnish me thirth?

Inf. Not a pen'y, nor a pen'y: you are too impatient
to beare crosles. Fare you weel. Command mee to my
Cousin Wettmerland.

Fad. If I do fille me with a three-man-Beetle, A man
can no more separate Age and Conetoufle, then he can
part yong limbes and letcheys: but the Gowe gaites the
...
Scene Quarta.

Ar. Thus have you heard our caues & know our means: And my moift friends, I pray you all Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it? 

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our means) we should advance our forces To looke with heare hold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the King.

Haf. Our present mastres grow vp on the file To sixe and twenty thousand men of choice: And our supplies, large largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whole before bournes With an intended fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hauing) standeth thus Whether our present force and twenty thousand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland: Haf. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's that point: But if without him be thought to feeble, My judgement is, we shou'd not step too farre Till we had his assistancie by the hand. For in a theme so bloody he'd as this, Conicure, expectation, and surmise Of Aydes uncertaine, should not be admitted. 

Ar. Tis very true Lord Bardolf, for indeed It was young Woodbarre cafe, at Shrewbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lind'd himselfe with hope, Eating the aire, on promise of supply, Flattering himselfe with project of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his thoughts, And so with great imagination (proper to mad men) led his powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction. 

Haf. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and foames of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the infant allure a caufe on foot, Lines is in hope; as in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruite, Hope guire not so much warrant, as Diapaire That froths will bite them. When we mean to build, We first survey the Plou, then draw the Modell.

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the erection, Which if we finde out weigthes ability, What do we then, but draw a new the Modell In fewer officers. Or at least, define To build it all? Much more, in this great work, (Which is (almoft) to plicate a Kingdome downe, And fet another vp) shou'd we survey The plot of situation, and the Modell; Content upon a sure Foundation: Quelion Surecours, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposites? Or else, We canifie in paper, and in figures, Vying the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that draws the Modell of a house Beyond his power to build it; who (halfe through) Guies o're, and leaveth his part-created Cott A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds, And waifie, for churlifh Winters tyranny.

Haf. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be fill-borne, and that we now profess The virtuous man of expectation: I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand? 

Haf. To vs a more: say not so much Lord Bardolf, For his diuisions (as the times do braul) Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against Glendover: Perforce a third Must take vp vs; so is the vnforme King In three divided: and his Coffers found, With hollow Pouerty, and Emptineffe.

Ar. That he should draw his feuerall forces together And come against vs in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Haf. If he should do fo, He leaues his backe warm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heales: neder feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hittor? Haf. The Duke of Lancastre, and Weferland: Against the Welch himselfe, and Harrise Menmouth: But who is subfultitu'd against the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Ar. Let vs on: And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne choice, Their one-greedily love hath forfeittet: An habitation giddy, and vnfare Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. Othou fond Many, with what loud applauze Did'th thou beate heaven with blesing Billingsbrooke, Before he was, what thou wouldst have him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne desises, Thou (beaftly Feeder)art so full of him, That thou provok'st thy selfe to call him vp. So fo, (thou common Dogge) didst thou digorse Thy gluton-bofome of the Royall Richard, And now thou wouldst eate thy deed vomit vp, And howl it to finde it. What truft is this too Theirs? They, that when Richard li'd,yould have him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his grave. Thou that threwst dust up vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came fighting on, After th'admired helles of Billingsbrooke, Call't now, O Earth, yeild vs that King againe,
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accuse'st)

"Fafl. and to Cours, scenes bold things: Present worth.
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and see on? Haff. We are Three times fubeclts, and Time bids, be gon.

**Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.**

Enter Hofleff, with two Oficers. Fang. and Snare. Hofleff. Mr. Fang, have you entered the Action? Fang. I entred't. Hofleff. What's your Yeoman? Is it a lufly yeoman? Will he stand it to?


Hoff. I good M. Snare, I loue enter'd him, and all. Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our lives: but ifl be Hofleff. Alas the day: take heed of him: he flabdi me in mine owne house, and that most beaftly: he cares not what mischeefe he doeth, if his weapon be out. Hee will flayne as any diuell, he will Ipare neither man, woman, child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thurf. Hofleff. No, no; I neither: I be at your elbow.

Fang. I but flill him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Hoff. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitue thing upon my fore. Good M. Fang hold him good: M. Snare let him not slape, he comes continuantly to Py-Cornner (flying your Manhoods) to buy a faddle, and he is indirec to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoother the Sellman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe so openly known tho world, let him be brought in to his answer: A tooke: Mark is a long one, for a poore lone woman to bear: & I have borne, borne, and borne, and have bin fub'doff, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, viles a woman should be made an Alfe and a Beast, to bear euer Knaves wrong. Enter Falstaff and Bardofle.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Mafyneye-Nofe Bardofle with him. Do your Oficers, do your offices: M. Fang, & M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

cers, and the Kings? O thou hony-feid Rogue, thou art a honyfeid, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.


Fagt. Upon you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Futili

Hoff. Good my Lord be good to mee, I beeefee you stand to me.

Ch. Iaff. How now Sir John? What are you brailing here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should have been well on your way to Yorke, Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang, it upon him?

Hoff. Ohmy most worshipfull Lord, and pleasse your Grace, I am a poore widowe of Eastecheep, and he is arret
ted at my fuit. Ch. Iaff. For what fumme? Hoff. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all. I haue made him eate me out of houle and houle; hee haue put all my fubstance into that fat belly of his; but I will have fome of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch. Iaff. How comes this, Sir John? Py, what a man of good temper would endure this tempeft of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to force a poore Widowe to fo rough a course, to come by her owne? Fal. What is the greats fumme that I owe thee?

Hoff. Marry (if thou wert an honett man) why I, & the mony too. Thou didst fware to mee upon a parcel gilt Goblet, fitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a fea-colle fire, on Wednesday in Whifton week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking him to a fing
ging man of Windsor; Thou didst fwear to mee then (as I was washing thy wound) to marre me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny me? Did not good wife Keach the Barbers wife come in them, and calme goff? Quick-

ft comming in to borrow a mafe of Vinegars: telling vs, she had a good diff of Prawnes: whereby I did defire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound: and didst not (whan she was gone downe flares) desphere to me no more familiar with fuch poore people, saying, that ere long they should calle me Madam? And didst thou not kiffe me, and bid mee fetch thee go. I put thee now to thy book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad fouler: and the fay f v p & downe the town, that her eldste fan is like you. She hath bin in good cafe, & the truth is, poorty hath diffa

ded her; but for thefe foolish Offi
cers, I befeecch thee, I may have redrefs against them.

Iaff. Sir John, Sir John. I am well acquainted with thy manner of wringing the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) Sawines from you, can thrufh me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha pra
d'd upon the cafe-yielding spirite of this woman.

Hoff. Yes in trouth my Lord,

Iaff. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vpay the villany you have done her: one you maydo with herliney & mothe with the other with currant repeateance. My Lord, I will not undergo this scnepe without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawinette: It's a man will curte, and say nothing, he is veritious: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembrd) I will not be your futor. I fay to you, I defier delincence from these Officers being vpon hafily employment in the Kings Affairs.

Iaff. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But anwer in the effet of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.

Fal. Come hither Hofleff.

Enter M. Gower.

Ch. Iaff. M. Gower, what newes? Gower. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The ref t the Paper tellus.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman.

Hoff. Nay, you said fo before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more wordes of it.

Hoff. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to powne both my Plate, and the Taglity of my dy
ing Chambers.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. Gloves, gloves, is the only drinking: and for thy wailes a prettie High Dollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Water worke, is worth a thousand of thefe Bed-hangings, and thefe Fly-bitten Tapiftries. Let it be teneue pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, waft thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wasn’t set on to this.

Hoff. Prethee (Sit Iohn) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Place, in good earnest too.

Fal. Let it alone, Let make other shift you’ll be a fool still.

Hoff. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you’ll come to Supper: You’ll pay me al together?


Hoff. Will you have Doll Toare乔est meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let’s have her.

Ch. flesh. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal. What’s the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. In. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Basingfule my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) Jell’s well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. In. Cloth all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fifteen hundred Foot, fuc hundred Horse are march’d vp to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the Archibishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. In. You shall have Letters of me presently, Come, go along with me, good M. Goome.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. In. What’s the matter?

Fal. Master Goome, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I most waite upon my good Lord here.

I thank you, goode Sir Iohn.

Ch. In. Sir Iohn, you mostere here too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Goome?

Ch. In. What frivolous Master taught you these manners, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Goome, if they become mee nor, hee was a Fool that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. In. Now the Lord light hee, thou see a great Fool.

as to remember to weake a Composition,

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in truth) I do now remember the poor Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humbler considerations make me out of love with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know why thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many pair of Silk stockings & halts (Viz. thes & thoes that were thy peach-colour’d ones;) Or to beare the Inventories of thy, fisht, as one for superfutity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbie of Linnen with thee, when thou keft it not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, because the refi of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to cate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue laboured so hard, you should talke so idlely! Tell me how many good Yong Princes would do so, their Fathers liyng to fisce, as yours is?

Poin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Points?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Poin. It shall free among wittes of the higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the pufh of your one thing, that you tell.

Poin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is fisce: albeit I could tell thee (as to one it pleaseth me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Poin. Thou think’st me as farre in the Disciles Bookes, as thou, and Falstaffe, for obduracie and perfidience. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is fisce: and keeping like wild company as thou art, hast in reason taken from me, all offer- tation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Poin. What would’t thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would think thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Poin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blefled Fellow, to think as every man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites thy most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lowe, and so much ingrained to Falstaffe.

Poin. And to thee.

Poin. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Look, look, here comes Bardofse.

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue Falstaffe, he had him from me Chriftian; and if the fat villain haue not trans formed him Apes.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Points, Bardofse, and Page.

Poin. Truste me, I am exceeding wearey.

Poin. Is it come to that I had thought weareses durft not have attach’d one of so high blood.

Poin. It doth me: though it discours the completion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew mildly in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, Prince should not be so loosely studied,
window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wines new Petticoat, & per-
pept through.
Prince. Hath not the boy professed?
Bart. Away, you horson upright Rabbee, away.
Prince. Away, you rascally Alcalbe dream, away.
Prince. Instruct vs Boy: what dream, Boy?
Page. Marry (my Lord) Allder dream d, she was de-
liuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him his dream.
Prince. A Cowroues-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.
Prince. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from
Cankers: Well, there is fice pence to preferre thee.
Bart. If you do not make him hang'd among you, the
gallows shall be wrong'd.
Prince. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?
Bart. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Graces comming
to Towne. There's a Letter for you.
Prince. Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the
Marltemes, your Master?
Bart. Godly, health Sir.
Page. Marry, the immortall part needs aPhysitian;
but that moves not him: though that bee sticke, it dyes
not.
Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me,
as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he
writes.

Pain. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight: (Every man must
know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe.)
Even like those that are kinne to the King; for they never
prick their fingers, but they say, there is fome of the kings
blood spilt. How comes that (fayes he) that takes upon
him not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrow-
ed esp: I am the Kings poore Cofin, Sir.
Prince. Nay, they will be kien to vs, but they will fetch
it from Lapber. But to the Letter—— Sir, John Falstaffe,
Knight, to the Some of the King, neere his Father, Harris
Prince of Wales, greeting.
Prince. Why this is a Certificate.
Prince. Peace.

I will incant the honourable Remains in breviate.
Prince. I commende thee to, I commende thee, and I leave thee.
Bart. too not familiar with Pointz, for he misdises thy Fames so
much, that he feres your show are to marry his Sister Nell. Re-
pect at idle times as thou mast, and so farewell:
Those by ye an no: which is as much as to say, as thou
afford him. Jacke Falstaffe with my Famlarises:
John with my Brothers and Sister: Sir
John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will keepe this Letter in Sack, and make him
eate it.

Prince. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.
But do you wle methus Ned? Muff I marry your Sister?
Page. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I
never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the Fools with the time &
the spirits of the wife, sist in the cloud, and mocke vs is:
your Master here in London?
Bart. Yes my Lord.

Prince. Where fuppes he? Doth the old Sore, feede in
the old Franke?
Bart. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.
Page. What Company?
Page. Ephianen my Lord, of the old Church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Marshe, and Glasfe, Cappy, and Boothe, That fallion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him, O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave. (Second to none) vn-seconcyed by you, To looke upon the hideous God of Warr, In dis-advantage, to abide a field, Where nothing but the sound of Hostiles Name Did seeme determinable: so you left him. Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong, To hold your Honor more peculiar and nice With others, then with him. Let them alone: The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong. Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers, To day might I (hanging on Hostiles Necke) Have talk'd of Moment's Graue.

North. Behewr your heart, (Faire Daughter) you doe draw your Spiritis from me, With new lamenting ancient Over-fights. But I must go, and meet with Danger there, Or it will fecke me in another place, And finde me worse provided, Wife. O flye to Scotland, Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons, Have of their Puifance made a little cafe. Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King, Then loyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele, To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues, First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne, He was fo fuffer'd; to come I a Widow: And neuer shall have length of Life enough, To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes, That it may grow, and sprout, as high as Heauen, For Recordacion to my Noble Husband. North. Come, come, go in with mee, for my Minde As with the Tyde, twill'd vp vnto this height, That makes a still-hand, running neyther way. Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop, But many thousand Reafons hold me backe, I will resolue for Scotland: there am I, Till Time and Vantage caue my company.

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.


2. Drawer. Thou say'st true: the Prince once fet a Dife of Apple-Iohn before him, and told him there were five more Sir John: and, putting off his Hat, saide, I will now take my leave of these five drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. Drawer. Why then couet, and fet them downe: and see if thou canst finde our Snelgod Noyfe; Mistris Teneere would faine haue fome Musique.

2. Drawer. Sirrha, here will be the Prince, and Mafter Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir Iohn must not know of it: Bardehous hath brought word.

1. Drawer. Then here will be old Vis: it will be an excellent farceagem.

2. Drawer. Ile see if I can finde our Snelgod. Exeunt.

Enter Hosteffe, and Dol.

Hosteffe. Sweet-heart, me thinks now you are in an excellent good temperatilitie: your Pufidige beastes as extraordinely, as heart would define; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rote: But you have drank too much Canaries, and that is a marvellous feaching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can lay what's this. How doe you now? Dol. Better then I was Herne. Hosteffe. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Lookke, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. When Arther fwal in Court.—(emptie the Jordan) and was a worthy King: How now Miftirs Dol? Hosteffe. Sicke of a Calme: yea, good-foneth. Falstaff. So is all her Sech: if they be ones in a Calme, they are fiek. Dol. You musttie Rafeall, is all the comfort you give me? Falstaff. You make far Rafealls, Miftirs Dol.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseales make them, I make them not.

Falstaff. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseales (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant thit, my poore. Venture grant, that. Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falstaff. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ferve bralyly, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breast, with his Pike bent bralyly, and to Sureger bralyly; to ventoure upon the charg'd-Chambres bralyly.

Hosteffe. Why this is the old faffon: you two never mete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumaifte as two drie Toftes, you can not one beare with another Continuitities. What the good-yere? One mull beare, and that mull be you: you are the weaker Vellifal; as they say, the empeter Vellifal.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vellifal beare fuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Bürdeus-Stuffe in him; you haue not feene a Hulke better Stuffe in the Hols. Come, Ile be friends with thee Juche: Thou art going to the Warrers, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Pitfoll is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rafeall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dffif Rogge in Eng-land.

Hosteffe. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very bell: flue the doore, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not li'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: thus the doore, I pray you.

Dol. Don't trast heare, Hosteffe?

Hosteffe. Pray you pacifie your tellc(Sir John)there comes no Swaggerers heere.
Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Sauze you, Sir John.

Pist. Welcome, Ancient Pistoll. Here (Pistol) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke, do you discharge upon mine Hostell.

Pist. I will discharge upon her (Sir John) with two Bullers.

Host. She is Pistoll-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, Ie drinke no Proofoes, nor no Bullers: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (Mistress Dorothie) I will charge you.

Del. Charge me? I knowe you (familiar Companion, what) you poore, bafe, raffely, cheating, lachke-Linnen-Mare: away you moiddle Roge, away; I am mese for your Master.

Del. I know you, Mistress Dorothie.

Del. Away you Cut-purse Raffell, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wint, Ie thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chapper, if you play the sawcie Cottle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raffell, you Basket-hilt flate fluger, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir what, with two Points on your flouver? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Host. Not good Captaine Pistoll: not here, sweete Captaine.

Del. Captaine? thou abominable damnd' Cheater, art thou not shamed to be call'd Captaine? If Captaine were of my minde, they would truncheon you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earnt them. You a Captaine? you flae, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bowdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Roge, hee lines upon mouldie (tw'd-Prunes), and dry'd Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Host. Ierke thee bither, Mistis Del.


Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ie se her damnd' first: to Plauc's dam'd Lake, to the Infernaall Deepe, where Erebus and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captaine Pistoel, be quiet, it is very late: I beleefe you now, apprasue your Choler.

Pist. Thebe be good Hurnors indeede. Shall Pack-Horfs, and hollow-pompeter Lades of Aia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cesfar, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? may, rather damne them with King Cercberus, and let the Welkin roare: shall wee fall soule for Tobyes?

Host. By my trueth Captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges, and Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yeare, do you thinke I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis.) Come, give me some Sack, Sir I foraine me to mentes, ye say me contentes. Fear wee broad-lides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Give me some Sack: and Sweete-heare Iye thou there; Come wee to full Points here, and are et etera's nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweete Knight, I knife thy Nesfe: what? wee have seene the feuen Sarrers.

Del. Thinfi him downe flayres, I cannot endure such a Fustian Raffell.

Pist. Thinfi him downe flayres? know we not GalloWay Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a floue-groat Shilling: may, if thee doe nothing but speake nothing, thee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe flayres.

Pist. What? shall we have Incefin? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asleep, abridge my dolefull days: why then let grievous, gallly, gaping Wounds, vnt wond the Siffers three: Come Arrepis, I say.

Del. Here's good floute toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier Boye.

Del. I prechee Jack, I prechee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe flayres.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult: ile farwaware keeping house, before Ie be in thefe tirrils, and frights. So Murther I warrane now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wepons, put vp your naked Webons.

Del. I prechee Jack be quiet, the Raffell is gone: ah, you whorfem little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt t'h Glyrne? me thought hee made a thawl Thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raffell's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the flouver.

Fal. A Raffell to brase me.

Del. Ah, you were little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape how thou sweat? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you wherseon Chopps: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth fute of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rafcally Slaue, I will taffe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Del. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I can use thee betweene a paire of Sheeters.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come,Sir.


Del. And thou followed'st him like a Church: thou whorfon little tyde Bartholomew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and sitting on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Paine disguist'd.

Fal. Peace (good Del) does not speake like a Death-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Del. Sirths, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would have made a good Pantler; hee would have chip'd Bread well.

Del. They say Paine hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Biboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksbury Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Del. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee players at Quoits well, and eate Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candies ends for Flap-diagons, and rides the wilde Mare with the Boyes, and jumps upon Ioynd-stoolees, and summeres with a good grace, and weares his Boor very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bare with telling of diverse stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that he was a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admitts him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will tune the Scales betweene their Habber-ar-poes.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheel have his Eares cut off?

Pain. Let's beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Lookd, if the witherd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Pain. Is it not strange, that Defire shoulde so many yeeres out-line performance?

Fal. Kisse me Sir.

Prince. Satuane and Fenuse this yeere in Coniunction? What fayes the Almanack to that?

Pain. And looke whether the sticke Trigou, his Man, be not lipping to his Massers old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Counsell-keeper?

Fal. Thou dol'g me flastering Buffes.

Del. Nay truely, I kisst thee with a most contempt heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Del. I love thee better, then I love ere a feurie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A mettie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Del. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dreffe my felie handsome, till thy returne: well, hearen the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis.


Fal. Ha? a Baffard Some of the Kings? And art not thou Paine, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'th thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a drawser.

Prince. Verry true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoof. Oh, the Lord preferueth thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heaten bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Mafieth: by this light Flesh, and corrupts Blood, thou art welcome.


Pain. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your revenge, and tune all to a merriment, if you take not the best.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myme you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honnell, vertuous, civill Gentlewoman?

Hoof. Blessing on your good heart, and so free is by my truth.

Ffal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gods-subill: you knew I was at your back, and spooke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou waft within heathing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the willfull abufe, and then I know how to handle you.

Del. No abufe (Hal) on mine Honor, no abufe.

Prince. Not to disprasse me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what.

Del. No abufe (Hal).

Pain. No abufe?

Fal. No abufe (Ned) in the World: honett Ned: I disprasse' him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Sibieft, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abufe (Hal): none (Ned) none: no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardly, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is thee of the Wicked? Is thine Holfett more, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honett Bardolph (whole Zeale burnes in his Noie) of the Wicked?

Pain. Answere thou deed Elme, answere.

Fal. The Fiend hath pricks downe Bardolph irreconectable, and his Face is Lusifer Pyrithe-Kitchyn, where hee doth nothing but rote Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, thee is in Hell shreaded, and burnes poote Soules: for the other, I owe her Money: and whether thee be damned for that, I know not.

Hoof. No, I warrant you.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fall. No, I think thou art not. I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for suffering fefti to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for which I think thou wilt howle.

Hoft. All Villiaters doe so: What is a Joynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent? Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What says your Grace? Hoft. His Grace fayeth that, which his fefti rebels against.

Hoft. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twelve weak and wearied Potties, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captains, Bare-headed, sneaking, knocking at the Taurcnes, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By Heaven (Poet) I feel me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempst of Commotion, like the South, Bome with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare vnarmed heads, Give me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaff, good night. Exit.

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest Morcell of the night, and wee must hence, and leave it unspick, More knocking at the door? How now? what's the mat- ter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, prefently, A dozen Captains stay at door for you.

Falstaff. Pay the Mutians, Sirrah: farewell Hoftelle, farewell Dol. You fee (my good Wenchies) how men of Merit are fought after: the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenchies: if I be not sent away post, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not ready to burst--- Well (Truee Jacky) have a care of thy felle.

Falstaff. Farewell, farewell. Exit.

Hoft. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee thefe twentie nine yeares, come Pentad-time: but an honester, and truer-heartted man--- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miftirs Teare-flowers.

Bard. Bid Miftirs Teare-flowers come to my Master.

Hoft. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exeunt.

How many thousand of my pooreft Subiects Are at this howse iflepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Nature doth not Nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetsfaine?

Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smocke Cresls, Upon vnaefie Pallad's stretching thee, And haften with buffing Night, flyers to thy flumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?

Vnder the Canopies of colfly State, And full'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie? O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the wilds, In loathforme Beds, and leau't the Kingly Couch, A Wasch-ese, or a common Lusum-Bell?

Wilt thou, upon the high and giddie Mafi, Seale vp the Ship-bowers Eyes, and rock his Brainer, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the vifitation of the Wintes, Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, Curling their monstruous heads, and hanging them With dewey Grass on the flipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurte, Death it felte and call'd Not.

Canst thou (O partall Sleepe) give thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude: And in the calmeft, and most stillleft Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King? Then why love,lye downe, Vnaefie lyes the Head that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Malefice.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords? War. 'Tis One a Clock, and paft.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords): Have you read o're the Letters that I lent you?

War. We hase (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow, And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet dipter'd, Which to his former strength may be refer'd, With good aduice, and little Medicine: My Lord Northumberland will fone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And fee the resolution of the Times Make Mountains leuell, and the Continent (Warre of solid fires) melt it felle Into the Sea: and other Times, to fee The beacche Girdle of the Ocean Too wide for Neptune's hinnen; how Chances mocks And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration. With diuers Liquors, 'Tis not thee yeares gone, Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together; and in two yeares after, Were they in Warre. It is but eight yeares since, This Pericke was the man, nearlest my Soule, Who, like a Brother, toyled in my Affairs, And layd his Loue and Life under my foot: Yes, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard Gave him defiance. But which of you was by (You Cousin Nestil, I as may remember) When Richard, with his Eye, brim full of Teares, (Then check'd; and rared by Northumbred.) Did speake these words (now proud of a Prophecy): Northumberland, shou Ladder, by the whch

Aetbus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them once-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. Exit.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

My Cousin Bullyingbrooke afcoends my Throue:
(Though then,Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necesseit so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse;) 
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, this foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall break into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amity.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times decreas'd:
The which oberfurd, a man may prophesie
With a neere asyme,of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings Iye entrestied:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necesseit forms of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,
Thus great Northumberland, then fallie to him,
Would of that Seed,grow to a greater fallenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnotice on you.

King. Are these things then Necesseit?
Then let vs meete them like Necesseit;
And that same word,even now cryes out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double,like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of the feared. Pleafe it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you alreadie have fent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easely.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued
A certaine infallace, that Glendower is dead,
Your Maisie hath bene this fort-night ill,
And though vnfeald: howes perforce mutt add
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were the inward Warses once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) into the Holy-Land,
Except.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouddie,Shadow,
Wart, Feete, Full calf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on: give mee your Hand,Sir; give mee your Hand, Sir: an early frither, by the Rood, And how doth my good Cousin Silence? 
Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow.
Shal. How doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your faithfull Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Eliza? 
Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)
Shal. By yeas and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?
Sil. Indeeede Sir, to my cost.
Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done any thing indee too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Dust of Staffordshire, and blache George Bare, and Francis Pickaine, and will Squire a Cot.-fallo,man; you had not foure such Swindge-bucketers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may fay to you, wee knew where the Bona-Reda's were, and had the beft of them all at commandement. Then was False Falstaff (now Sir John) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mountbay, Duke of Nor- folke.

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?
Shal. The same Sir John, the very fame: I saw him brake Seagons Head at the Court-Gare, when he was a Crack, not thus high: and the very fame day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behind Greyet-Inne. Oh the mad days that I have spent: and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)
Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very fine, very fine: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Souldiers at Stamford Faire?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.
Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne lying yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.
Shal. Dead? See, fee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shoote, John of Gaunt: lusted him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt in the Cowes at Twelve-score, and carpyed you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteene, and fourteen & a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to fee. How a score of Ewes now?
Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. Dead? and is oldle Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaffs Men (as I thinke.)
Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen. 
Bard. I befeech you, which is lustie Shallow?
Shal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Ecquiere of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?
Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine Sir John Falstaff: a call Gentlemen, and a moft gallant Leaders.
Shal. Hee greets me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man, how doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?
Bard. Sir pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.
Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeed is it: good phrases are fully, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda: very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they fay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby
whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very luy: Look, here comes good Sir John, Give me your hand, give me your Worphips good hand: Truf me, you looke well: and beare your yearces very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to fee you well, good M. Robert Shal- low Mater Sure-card as I think?

Shal. No fit John, it is my Cofin Silence: in Commissi- on with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sir. This your Good Worphip is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you prouided me here halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we fit; Will you fit?

Fal. Let me fee them, I befitch you.

Shal. Where is the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where’s the Roll? Let me fee, let me fee; let me fee fit, let me fee do; yes marry Sir, Dobge Moulde do let them appear as I call: let them do do, let them do do: Let mee fee, Where is Moulde?

Moul. Heree, if it please you.

Shal. What thingke you (Sir John) a good limb’d fel- yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Moulde? Moul. Yes, if it please you.

Fal. ’Tis the more time thou wert vs’d.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moit excellent Things that are moul- die, lacke vfe: very singular good. Well saide Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery: you need not to have pricke me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Moulde, you shall goe. Moulde, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Sperne.

Shal. Peace, fellow-peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other Sir John: Let me fee Simon Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to fit vnder: he’s like to be a cold fooler.

Shal. Where’s Shadow?

Shal. Heree sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose fonne art thou?

Shal. My Mothers fonne, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers fonne: like enough, and thy Fa- ther’s shadow: fo the fonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often fo indeepe, but not of the Fathers fulfece.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Falst. Shadow will serue for Summer pricke him: For we have a number of shadowes to fill yppe the Muffer- Booke.

Shal. Thomas Warr?

Fal. Where’s he?

Warr. Heere sir.

Fal. Is thy name Warr?

Warr. Yes sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Warr.
old: certaine free's old: and had Robin Night-workes, by old Night-workes, before I came to Clements inn.

Sil. That's little five yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Coufin Silence, that thou hastt seen that, that this Knight and I have scene; hab, Sir John, said I well.

Fal. We have heard the Clymes at mid-night, Master Shal.

Sil. That wee hate, that wee hate; in faith, Sir John, wee hate: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyse. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that were hate feene. Come, come.

But Good Master Corporal Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is foure Harry tenne thimble in French Crowner for you: in very truth, sir, I had a leef be hang'd for you, and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwillings, and for mine owne part, have a desire to stay with my friends: elle, sir, I did not care, for thine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old leef, I saye, stand my friend: I thee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and the is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall have forst, sir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Fecble. I care not, a man die but once: wee owe a death. I will never beast a base minde: if it be my defli-fo; if it be not, fo: no man is too good to ferve his Prince; and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Fecble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free Mouldie and Bully-calfs.

Fal. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which foure will you have? I haue, you doo chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldie, Bully-calfs, Fecble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldie, and Bully-calfs: for you Mouldie, stay at home, till you are pass'd, seruice: and for your part, Bully-calfs, grow till you come into it: I will none of you, Sir John, Sir John, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likely men, and I would have you serue'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me (Master Shalow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the flature, bulke, and bigger attendance of a man? give mee the spirit (Master Shalow.) Where's Mow? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewerie Hammer: come off, and on, wither then hee that gibbers on the Brewer's Bucket. And this fame half-fac'd fellow, Shadow, gave me this man: hee pretends no marke to the Enemye, the foe-man may with as great syme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Fecble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyvere into Mow's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Mow, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage mee your Calyver: for very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give mee always a little one, old, chop, and blank. Well said therein, thou art a good Scab: bold, there is a Tetter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-mater, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end, Greene, when I lay at Clements June, I was then Sir Davines in Artibus Show: there was a little quinner fellow, and hee would manage you his Precye thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; Rah, tah, tah, would hee say', Bowne would hee say, and away again would hee goe, and again would be come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will doe well, Master Shalow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not webe many words with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you; I puff a dozen mile to night, Bardolph, give the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir John, Heastes bleffe you, and prosper your Affaires, and tend vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, Master Shalow. Shal. Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exeunt.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Jullites: I doe fee the boutome of Jullite Shalow. How subiect hee old men are to this vice of Lyng? This same Star'd Jullite hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, dier pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Triboure. I doe remember him at Clements Inn, like a man made after Sipper, of a Cheere-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forke'd Radsbush, with a Head fantastically cur't upon it with a Knife. Hee was fo forlorn, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were iminible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine; hee came catter in the nere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Daggem a mighty Squire, and talkes as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had bene owne Brother to him: and I be owne brother never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burnt his Head, for crowding among the Massisllens men, I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee best his owne Name, for you might have trust'd him and all his Apparel into an Eelke-skinne: the Cafe of a Treble Hob-boy was a Mansio for him: a Courte: and now hath hee Land, and Beenes. We'll, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be Baye for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may stop at him. Let time sharpes, and there an end.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbrog, Halling, Welfland, Colent, Etwit.

Bifh. What is this Forrest call'd? Hal. 'Tis Guatrell Forrest, and shall please your Grace. Bifh. Here stand (my Lords) and tend discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hal. Wet
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hail. Wee have lent forth already.
Bill. 'Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affairs)
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus,
Here doth hee with his Person, with such Power,
As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leaue; whereupon
Hee is setty'd, to rise his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer. Hie the hazard,
And hearfull meeting of their Opposite.
Now. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.
Hail. Now? what newes?
Mell. Well of this Forrester, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly formes, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground he finds, I judge their number
Vpon, or near, the rate of thitie thousand.
Now. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmorland.
Bill. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Now. I think it is my Lord of Westmorland,
Ruff. Health, and faire greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.
Bill. Say on (my Lord of Westmorland in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
Well. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chief adtree.
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in bale and abiet Rous,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I say, if damnd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You (Reuerent Father, and the Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to drefle the ougly formes
Of bale, and bloodie Infruicion.
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Civill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Head, the greatest Monarch of the earth hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tou'd:
Whose white Inievements figure Innocence,
The Dome, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harth and boyfulnes Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Lances, and your Tongue divine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
Bill. Wherefore doe I this to the Quesion stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all disord'red,
And with our surfeiting, and wanton hoovers,
Have brought our selves into a burning Feuer,
And wee must blede for it: of which Difelse,
Our late King Richard (being infect'd) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmorland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, an Enemie to Peace,

Troope in the Throng of Militarie men:
But rather shew a while like a fearefull Warre,
To dye Rance Minder, fickle of his benefits,
And purge th'obstruitions, which begins to stop.
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.
I haue in equall balance liuely weight'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences.
Wee see which way the frame of Time doth runne,
And are enforce'd from our mofi quiet there,
By the rough Forreets of Occasion,
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall fail) to these Articles;
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,
We are deny'd access unto his Person,
Even by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Wherefore my Lord, is written on the Earth
With yet appearing bloody, and the examples
Of every Mischief that they hide disposition.
Hath put vs in these ill-becoming Armes:
Not to brake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
Well. When ever yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peace haue beene suborn'd, to grace on you,
That you should feele this lawlesse bloody Bookes
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine?
Bill. My Brother general, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
Well. There is no neede of any such redresse:
Or if there were, it not belongeth to you.
Now. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruizes of the days before,
And in fine, the Condition of these Times
To lay a base and inequall Hand upon our Honors?
Well. O my good Lord (Member),
Confrue the Times to their Necesities,
And you shall say (incedite) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it nor appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have an yrch of any ground
To build a Grievce on: were you not resolv'd,
To all the Duke of Norfolk's Seiguries,
Your Noble, and right well-reembr'd Fathers?
Now. What thing, in Honor, had my Father left,
That need to be resolv'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that Iow'd him, as the State flour'd then,
Was forc'd, perforce compelld to banish him:
And then, that Henry Balingbrook and hee
Being mounted, and both rowled in their States,
Their neighing, Courser dunge of the Spurr's,
Their armed Straits in charge, their Beavers de wone,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,
And the low'd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
My Father from the Breast of Balingbrook;
O, when the King did throw his Warde downe,
(He owne Life hang vpon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw hee downe him selfe, and all their Lives,
That by Inclination, and by dint of Sword.
Have since mi-carry'd under Balingbrook.

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well. You
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Woff. You speak (Lord Montferr) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then.
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knew, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your Father had bene Victor there,
Hee were had borne it out of Countrey,
For all the Country, in a general voyce,
Cry'd haue upon him: and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest d, and grace'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meerie digression from my purpose.
Here comes from our Princeuely General,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will give you Audience: and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might to much as think you Enemies,
Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it procedes from Pollicy, not Love.
Woff. Montferr, you owe two wene to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For loc, within a Ken out Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vs of Armes,
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compeld?
Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.
Woff. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Cafe abides no handling.
Hoff. Hath the Prince John a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his Fathers,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee shal stand vpon?
Woff. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muze you make fo flight a Question.
Bibb. Then take my Lord of Wofenland this Schedule,
For this contains our general Grievances:
Each feueral Article herein redres'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are innewed to this Affion,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purposes confird,
Wee come within our just Banks ainge,
And knot our Powers to the Arme of Peace.
Woff. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In light of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords;
Which muft decide it.
Bibb. My Lord, wee will doe so.
Woff. There is a thing within me, Bofome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.
Hoff. Fear ye not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon such large terms, and so absolute,
At our Conditions shall confirt vpon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Roccie Mountains.
Mow. 1, but our valuation shall be such,
That every flight, and false-derived CAufe,
Yes, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, to the Kingrants of this Affion:
That were our Royall faith, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee shall be winnowed with fo rough a winde,
That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.
Bibb. No, no (my Lord) note this, hee is wearie
Of dainty, and fast picking Grievances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuives two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wip his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precisly weede this Land,
As his mi'sdoubts present occasion:
His foes are in en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnface an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfasten fo, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offencive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd Correccion in the Arme,
That was vpe'red to execution.
Hoff. Before, the King hath sprink'd all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Infruments of Chastisement:
So that his power, like to a Fanglest Lion
May offer, but not hold,
Bibb. 'Tis very true,
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshall)
If we do now make our attoneiment well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow strong, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it so:
Here is return'd my Lord of Wofenland.
Enter Wofenland.
Woff. The Prince is here at hand: please you his Lordship
To mee his Grace, lust distance 'tweene our Armies!
Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.
Bibb. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.
Enter Prince John.
John. You are well encountered here (my cosin Mowbray)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord Hassings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Teares,
Then now to fee you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rove of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that fits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauer,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mitchielies might hee yet abroch,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is seen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep ye were within the Booke of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen is selfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen,
And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue,
But you mid-vieth the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a false Favourite doth his Princes Name,
In deeds dis-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder
Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen, The Subjectts of Heauens Substiture, my Father, And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him, Have here vp-swarmed them.

John. Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your Fathers Peace. But (as I told my Lord of Welfemland) The Time (mit-order'd) doth in common fence Crowd vs, and cruel vs, to this monstrous Forme, To hold our faciet vp. I fear your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Grieues, The which hath been with some thou'd from the Court: Whereon this Hyde-Sancte of Wares is borne, Whole dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep, With graunt of our most iust and right desires; And true Obedience, of this Madneffe cur'd, Scoope sumly to the foot of Maietie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes, To the last man.

Hafi. And though wee here fall downe, Wee have Supplyes, to second our Attempt: As they did carry, them in Siez of S plagued, And success of Michtie shall be borne, And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp, Whiles England shall have generation.

John. You are too shallow (Hasing) Too much too shallow, To found the bottom of the after-Times.

Weft. Pleyght your Grace, to answere them direcly, How faire-forth you doe like their Articles, John. I like them all, and doe allow them well And oversee here, by the honor of my blood, My Fathers purposse have beene mistooke, And some, about him, have too laufhily Wreted his meaning, and Authoritie. My Lord, these Grieues shall be with good redcets: Vpon my Life, they shall, If this may please you, Discharge your Powers vsnto their several Counties, As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies, Let's drink togethers friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home, Of our restor'd Loose, and Amity.

Bijb. I take your Princeely word, for these redcets, John. I give it you, and will maintain my word: And thereupon I drink to your Grace.

Hafi. Go Capitaine, and deliver to the Armie This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part: I know, it will well please them. High thee Capitaine. 

Bijb. To you, my Noble Lord of Welfemland, Well. I pledge your Grace: And if you knew what pains I have befor'd, To breede this present Peace, You would drink freely: but my love to ye, Shall fiew it felt more openly hereafter.

Bijb. I doe nor doubt you, Well. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin (Monbray)

Mow. You wish me health in very happy feacon, For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bijb. Against ill Chances, men are euer merry, But heauenesse fore-runnes the good event.

Weft. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since heauen fore-run Senses, and say this: some good thing comes to morrow.

Weft. Believe me, I am putting light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: heare how they throw it.

Mow. This had been chassfull, after Victorie, Bifb. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest For then both Prince and Nobody are subdu'd, And neither party lesser.

John. Go (my Lord) And let our Army be dischargt too: And good my Lord (I prays you) let our Trains March by vs, that wee may peruse the men Exit. Wee shou'd have coapt this whole, Bifb. Go, good Lord Hasting:

And ere they be discharg'd, let them march by. Exit. John. I trust (Lords) wee shall ye to night together. Enter Welfemland.

Now Cousin, wherefore lauds our Army still? Well. The Leaders haueing charge from you to stand, Will not goe off, until they heare you speake.

John. They know their duties. Enter Hasing. Hafi. Our Army is differ'd: Like you bethfull toresses, you know'd, they tookke their course Exit. Well. Now, as they either like a Schoole, broke vp, Each hurrey towards his home, and freesing place. Weft. Good tidings (my Lord Hasting) for the which, I doe affreeth thee (Trayor) of high Tresion: And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Monbray, Of Capitall Tresion, I attest you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding luft, and honorable?

Weft. Is your Assemby so?

Bifb. Will you thus breake your faith?

John. I pawn't the none: I promis'd you redcets of these same Grieuances Whereof you did commaund; which, by mine Honor, I will performe, with a most Christian care. But for you (Rebels) I looke to taste the due Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours. Molt shallowly did you these Armes commence, Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the feaster'd day, Heauen, and not we, have safely fought to day. Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death, Tresions true Bed, and yeeldre vp of breath. Exeunt. Enter Falstaffe and Cleftake.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is Cleftake of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, Cleftake is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Cleftake shall still be your Name, a Trayor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deep enough: so shal you be still Cleftake of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaffe?

Falst. As good a man as he is, who ere I am: doe yede yeedle sir, or shall I seare for you? if I doe seare them, they are the drops of the Locurrency and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Fear and Trembling, and do obcription to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaffe, & in that thought yeedle me.

Ful. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most a clausel fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe yeedless me. Here comes our General.
Enter Prince John, and Westminster.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westminster. Now Fallaife, where have you beene all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.

Falfa. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of your labor. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest synth of possibilitie. I have foundward nine score and odd Postes: and heere (trumulet-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaesulate Valour, taken Sir John Collinelle of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? bee law mee, and yeilded: that I may truly fay with the hookes-notd fellow of Rome, I came, law, and once-came.

John. It was more of his Course, then your defeuling.

Falfa. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeild him: and I beleeche your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes ; I I will, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Collinelle killing my foot.) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all fiew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o'ere-thine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let defect mount.

John. Thine's too heautie to mount.

Falfa. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falfa. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Collinelle?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, Collinelle.

Falfa. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Batters are, That led me hither: had they bene rol'd by me, You should have wonne them deader then you have.

Falfa. I know not how they fold themselves, but thou like a kinde fellow, gauf't thy selfe away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter Westminster.

John. Have you left pursit?

Wp. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send Collinelle, with his Confederates, To York, to present Execution.

Blunt. I haue him, and see you guard him faire. Exit with Collinelle.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords) I haue the King, my Father, fore sicke. Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie, Which (Cousin) you shall bear, to comfort him: And wee with faster speede will follow you.

Falfa. My Lord, I beeleeche you, give me leesse to goe through the forefathers vs: and when you come to Court, flanke my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falfaife: I in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you deferee. Exit.

Falsa. I would you had but the wits: +were better then your Dukedom. Good faith, this fame young folio-blooded Boy doth not leue mee, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no matter, bee drinks no wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come to any profece: for thinnie Drinke doth so over-coole their blood, and making many Fift-Mesles, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sickneffe: and then, when they marry, they get Wrenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which some of vs should be, but for infallimation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehenfue, quicke, forget- tive, full of nimble, flierie, and dectable fitnes: which deliver'd o'ere to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and feted) left the Lier white, and pale, which is the Badge of Paffianimite, and Coward- may: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gius wanting to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vivell Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muffer me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufp vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that fets it a-wores.) And Learning, a meece Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and fets it in af, and vfe. Hereof cometh, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally Inherit of his Father, bee hath, like lean, firrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and t'yll'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris,that bee is become very hot, and valian. If I had a thoufand Sonnes, the fift Principle I would teach them, shoude be to forware thime Potion, and to addi'd themselves to Sack. Enter Bardolph. How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falsa. Let them goe? Ile through Glouceffhire, and there will I visit Mafter Robert Shallow, Efquire: I have him already die tempering betweene my finger and my thome, and shortly will I feale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Seconda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Hauen doth glue successfull end To this Debate that bleedeth at our doore, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And draw no Swords, but what are sandriff'd. Our Naue is addressed, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in abse, well inuested, And every thing lies leuell to our will: Onely wee want a little personal Strengthe: And powre vs, till these Rebels, now a foar, Come underneath the yoake of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie Shall foon enjoy.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucefter) where is the Prince,your Brother ?

Glo. I thinke he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windfor.

King. And how accompanied ?

Glo. I do not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence here.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father ?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince,thy Brother ?

Thee loves the; and thou dost neglect him (Thomas.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affectiion,

Then all thy Brothers : cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou mayst effect

Of Meditation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greadiness, and thy other Brethren,

Therefore omit him not : blunt not his Love,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,

By feeming cold, or carleneas of his will,

For hee is gracious, if hee be obferued :  

Hee hath a Trea ure for Pite, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charity:

Yet notwithstanding, bein g incens'd, hee's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes concealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obferued :

Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,

When you peruse his blood entwined to mistrust,

But being moodie, give him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working.

Learne this Thomas,

And thou shalt proue a fetiher to thy friends,

A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the united Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force,performes, the Age will powre it in)

Shall never brake, though it doe workes as strong

As Aconitum, or raft Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obferue him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas.)

Clar. Hee is not there to day : hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanied ? Canst thou tell that ?

Clar. With Prince., and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subiect is the fastest Soyile to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is out-spread with them : therefore my griefe

Stretches is fette beyond the howre of death,

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In forme imaginist) th'unguided Dayses,

And roten Times, that you shall looke upon,

When I am sleeping with my Aneclors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curse,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Councillors,

When Meanes and laugh Manners meece together ;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppo'd decay ?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite.

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue : where in, to gaine the Language,

Th'needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd : which once assay'd,

Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vie,

But to be knowne, and feared. So, like grotie terms,

The Prince will in the perfections of time,

Caff off his followers : and their memorie

Shall as a Pattern, or a Meseurisue,

By which his Grace must meece the luyes of others,

Turning pall-euills to advantages.

King. Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leaxe her Combe

In the dead Carrion.

Enter Wolfterland.

Who's heere ? Wolfterland ?

Wol. Heallth to my Soueraigne, and new Happineffe

Added to that, that I am to deliver,

Prince John, your Sonne, doth kiffe your Grace Hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings; and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Lawe.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnhand'd,

But Peace puts forth her Oline every where :

The manner how this Action hath beene borne,

Here (at more leaue) may your Highnesse rede,

With every course, in his particular.

King. Wolfterland, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which euer in the hauish of Winter fings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Clarencius.

Looke, heere's more news.

Har. From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Maiestie.

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As tho' that I am come to tell you of;

The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolf,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sheriffe of Yorkshire overthowe'n:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me sicke ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words full in soulefull Letters ?

Shew eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode ;

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Fevis,

And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,)

That have abundance, and enjoy it nor.

I should reioyce now, as this happy newes,

And now my Sight styes, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie,

Clo. Oh, my Royall Father.

Wol. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke

up.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fitts

Are with his Highnesse very ordinary.

Stand from him, giue him ayre :

Hee's fraighte be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Thricefame care, and labour of his Minges,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,

So thinne, that Life looks through, and will break out,

Glo. The people feare me : for they doe obferue

Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature :

The Seations change their manners, as the Yeere

Had found some Moneths appeare, and leap'd them over.

Clar. The Ricer hath thritte flow'd, no ebbie betweene;

And the old folkie (Times distant Chronicles)

Say it did so, a little time before.

That our great Grand-faire Edward sick'd, and dy'd.

War. Speake
Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heavinesse.
P. Hen. How now! Raine within doors, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glo. Exceding ill.
P. Hen. Heard thee the good newes yet?
Tell it him.
Glo. Hee steele'd much, upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If hee bee sicke with joy.
Heere recover without Physicke.
War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speake lowe,
The King,your Father is dispos'd to sleepe.
Clar. Let vs with draw into the other Roome.
War. Will plese your Grace to goe along with vs?
P. Hen. No: I will fit, and watch hereby the King
Why doth the Crowne lye there, upon his Pillows,
Being so troublesome a Bed fellow?
O pollih'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep't the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
Yet not to found, and halfe so deeplie sweete,
As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snored out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!
When thou do'lt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'lt fit
Like a rich Armor, worn in heare of day,
That scald't with safetie: by his Gares of breath,
These eyes a downeley feather, which flintes not:
Did hee suffrice, that light and weightlesse dowine
Perfore mutt moute. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This sleepe is found indeedes this is a sleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath discor'd
So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Tares and heaie Sorrows of the Blood,
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plentifully.
My due, from thee, is this imperiallyl Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood) Deriues it felle to me. Lo, here he it fits,
Which Heauen shall guard:
And put the worldes whole strengthe into one gyant Arme,
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This from thee, will I to mine lease,
As 'tis left to me.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.
Clar. Dost the King call?
War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords)?
Glo. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who would tooke to se it and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee see him.
War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.
Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee stayed,
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?
War. When wee with drew (my Liege) wee left it here.
King. The Prince hath ta'n't it hence:
Goe seck him out,
Is hee so hafte, that hee doth suppoce
My selfe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my disease, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into reBellion,
When Gold becomes more Obiie?
For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers
Hau'e broke their sleepees with thoughts,
Their brainses with care, their bones with Industry,
For this, they have ingrossed, and paw'd vp
The canker'd heapes of strange-archieued Gold:
For this, they were thoughtfull, to ineffecte
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Majorl Exercifes:
When,like the Bee, zulling from every flower
The verruous Sweetes, our Thighes packe with Wax,
Our Moutthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hues;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taste yeilds his engrossements,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sickneffe hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Tares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanoure, in great sorrowes
That Tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would (by beholding him) have wass'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.
King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?
Enter Prince Henry,

Loc.e where hee comes. Come hither to mee (Harry.)
Diss part the Chamber, lease vs here alone.

Exit. P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speake again.
King. Thy wiff was Father (Harry) so that though:
I stai too long by thee, I ware thee.
Do't thou so hunger for my empyc Chayre,
That thou wilt needs inueat thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be rippe? O foolish Youth!
Thou feelst the Greatnfee, that will ouer-whelme thee,
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignifie
Is held from falling, with so weak a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou haft (toine that, which after some few howres
Were thinne, without offence; and at my death
Thou haft feel'd wp my expectation.
Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,
And thou wilt haue me dye afflu'd of it.
Thou bid it shou'd and Daggerts in thy thoughts,
Which thou haft wheeted on thy fioni heart,
To that as halfe an howre of my Life.
What canst thou not forbare me halfe an howre?

Then
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then get thee gone, and digge thy graue thy selue, And bid the merry Beis ring to thy eare That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead. Let all the Traries, that should bedway my Hearsie Be drops of Balmie, to sanctifie thy heades Onely compound me with forgotten dut. Give that, which gau thee life, vnto the Wermes: Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees; For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme. Henry the fit is Crown'd: 'P Vaniety, Downe Royall State: All you lage Counsailors, hence; And to the English Court, a fiery now From neyther Region, Apes of Idenesse, Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Seams: Have you a Ruffian that will weare thee drinke? dance? Resoluethighes Robs? Murder and commit The oldest finnes, the newest kinde of wayes? Be happy, he will trouble you no more: England, shall double gild'd, his trebble guilt. England, shall givme him Office, Honor, Might For the Fife Harry, from curst Lincelie pluckes The muzzale of Belrains; and the wilde Dogge Shall shew his tooth in every Innocent. O my poore Kingdome (fike, with citill blowes) When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots, What wilt thou do, when Ryots is thy Care? O, thou wilt be a Wilderstne as good, Poopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants Princes. O pardon me (my Liege) But for my Teares, The most Impediments vnto my Speech, I had fore-flall it this deere, and deepe Rebuke, Ere you (with greenee) had spoke, and I had heard The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne, And he that weare the Crowne immortally, Long guard it yours. If I affeet it more, Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne, Let me no more from this Obsidetie rife, Which my moft true, and in ward duteous Spirit Teacheth this proflrate, and exterieur bending. Heauen witnesse with me, when I heare came in, And found no course of breath within your Malestie, How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine, O let me, in my prefent wildenesse, dye, And neuer live, to newr thineredulous World, The Noble change that I have purpofed. Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead, (And deeth almoft (my Liege) do thinke you were) I fake into the Crowne (at haying line) And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending, Hath fed vpon the body of my Father, Therefore, thou beft of Gold, art war of Gold. Other, leffe line in Charract, is more precious, Prefering life, in Med'cine potable: But thou, moft fine, moft Honour'd, moft Renown'd, Haft eate the Beares vp. Thus (my Royall Liege) Acusing it, I put it on my Head, To try with it (as with an Enemie, That had before my face murdred my Father) The Quarrell of a true Inheritor, But if it did infet my blood with Joy, Or fwell my Thoughts, to any traine of Pride, If any Rebells, or waine spirit of mine, Did, with the leffe Affection of a Welcome, Gave entertainment to the might of it,

Lea heaven, for euer, keepe it from my head, And make me, as the pooreft Vaffalie is, That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it. King. O my Sonne. Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence, That thou might'it foyme the more, thy Fathers lowe, Pleading fo wisely, in excufe of it. Come hither Harrie, fit thou by my bedde, And heare (I thinke, the very lascet Connell That ever I shall breath: Heauen knowes,my Sonne) By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd wayes I mee this Crowne; and I have my selfe know well How troublefome it is, parte upon my head. To thee, it isall defend with better Quiet, Better Opinion, better Confirmation: For all the foyle of the Achievement goes With me, into the Earth. It feem'd in me, But as an Honour foacht' with boyft'rous hand, And I had many living, to vpbrade My gaine off, by their Affilances, Which daily goe to Quarrtell, and to Blood-shed, Wounding (up)of Peace. All these bold Perces. Thou feeff (with perill) I haue anwer'd: For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene Adding that argument. And now my death Changes the Moodie: For what in me,was purchas'd, falles vpon thee, in a more Fayer fort. So thou, the Garland wear'tl successfull Yes, though thou (stand't) no more here, could do, Thou art not firme enough, since greffe: the greene: And all thy friends, which thou muft make thy f Friends Haue but their flings, and teeth, newly tak't, By whose felle working, I was firft advanc'd, And by whose power, I well might lodge all To be againe dispac'd. Whitcho auoyd, I cut them off: and had a purpose now To leade out many to the Holy Land Leff ref, and lying flill, might make them looke Too necer into my State. Therefore (my Harrie) Be it thy couerfe to buide giddy Minde: With Forraine Quarrel; that Action hence borne out, May waife the memory of the former dayes. More would I, but my Lungs are wafted fo, That strengthe of Speech is veryr demif de mee, How I came by the Crowne, or by thine, and not for thy greatnesse. Princes. My gracious Liege: You wonneit, wore it: it kepte it, gave it me, Then plaine and right muff my poeffion be; Which I, with more, then with a Common paine, Gainst all the World, will rightlyfull maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, and Warwickes.

King. Looke, looke, Here cometh my John of Lancaster: John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse, To my Royall Father. King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace (Sonne John: But health (clakes) with yourfull wings is flowne From this bare, withered Trunce. Upon thy fide My worldly buineffe makes a period.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Davy.

Shal. By Coke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

What Davy, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused.

Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excused.

Why Davy.

Davy. Here sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me fee (Davy) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee serv'd: and againe sir, shall we fowe the head-land with Wheate?

Shal. Withred Wheate Davy, But for William Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?

Davy. Yes Sir.

Here is now the Smittes note, for Shoouing,

And Ploough-Ifons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Sir, a new linke to the Backer must needless bee had: And Sir, doe you mean to floppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, at Hinckley Fayre?

Shal. He shal answer it:

Some Pigeons Davy, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a toyne of Mutson, and any pretty little tine Kickeflawes, tell William Cooke.

Davy. Doth the man of Warre, slay all night sir?

Shal. Yes Davy:

I will vie him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. We his men well Davy, for they are a rant Knave, and will backe-bite.

Davy. No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they have marvellous fowle linnen.

Shal. Well conceited Davy: about thy Business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you sir,

To countenance William Difier of Wancot, against Clement Perkey of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Davy, against that Difier, that Difier is an arrant Knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship, that he is a knave Sir; But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knave shou'd have some Countenance, at his Friends request, An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knave is not. I have serv'd yon your Worshipp truly sir, these eight yeares; and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a knave, against an honett man, I have but a very little credite with your Worshipp. The Knave is mine honett Friend Sir, therefore I beeleeve your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go, too.

I say he shall have no wrong: Look about Davy.

Where are you Sir John? Come, off with your Boots.

Give me your hand M. Bardolf.

Bard. I am glad to fee your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolf: and welcome my tall Fellow:

Come Sir John.

Falstaff. He follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.

Bardolf, looke to our Horfes. If I were fav'd into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermits flasses, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull thing to fee the feamblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They by fubduing of him, do bear themselves like foolifh Luftices: Hee, by converting with them, is turn'd into a Luftzke-like Tentzngman. Their spirits are so married in Contingion, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in conftant, like fo many Wilde-Geere. If I had a fuite to Mayster Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing near their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Mayster Shallow, that no man could better command his Servants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ignorant Crispage is caught, as men take diffées, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Compaines. I will deuide matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe Prince Harry in continual Laughter, the wearing out of fine Fashions (which is foure Tarsems) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with Interludians. O it is much that a Lye (with a Flight Oarh) and a left (with a fadder brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall fee him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir John.

Fal. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Warwick. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whether away?

Ch.Inf. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his Cases are now, all ended.

Ch.Inf. I hope not dead.

War. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature, and to our purposes, he lyes no more.

Ch.Inf. I would his Maiestie had call'd me with him, the service, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injures.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not. 
Cl. Inf. I know he doth not, and do ame my selfe,
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawne it in my fantase,

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy slue of dead Harry's:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike sable, to Spirits of wild fort?
Cl. Inf. Alas, I feare, all will be over-turn'd.
John. Good morrow Coftin Warwick, good morrow,
Glou. Cls. Good morrow, Coftin,
John. We meet, like men, that had not to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talk.
John. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heavy
Cl. Inf. Peace be with vs, let us be heauie.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:
And I dare say, you borrow not that face.
Offeeming sorowe, it is sure your owne.
John. Though no man be affur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the forrier, would I were otherwise.
Cl. Inf. You must now speake Sir John Faullaffe faire,
Which swimmes against your treames of Quality.
Cl. Inf. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th Imperiell Conduit of my Soule,
And neuer shall you fee, that I will be
A ragged, and fore-flall'd Remission.
If Truth, and upright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Mafter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath fent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince,

Enter Prince Henry.

Cl. Inf. Good morrow: and heare I sue your Maiestie Princes.
This new, and garousant Garment, Maiestie,
Sits not to ease on me, as you thinke,
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not Amurath, an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you become,
Sorrow, So Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Faillition on,
And weare it in my heart, Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a loynt barthen, laid vpou vs all.
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be affur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Lone, Ile bear your Cares;
But weeppe that Harry's dead, and woe will I.
But Harry liues, that shall conuerse those Teares
By a dower, into hours of Haileffe.

John. Go, we hope no other from your Maiestie.

Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you moift.
You are (I think) affur'd, I loue you not.
Cl. Inf. I am affur'd (if I be measur'd rightely)
Your Maiestie hath no ill fute to hate me.
Prin. No: How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indigities you laid upon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly tend to Prifon
Th'Immediate Heire of England? Was this cafe?
May this be waff'd in Leden, and forgotten?
Cl. Inf. I then did vie the Person of your Father:
The Image of his powe, lay then in me,
And in this administration of his Law,
Where I was bulfe for the Commonwealth,
You Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Maisie, and powe of Law, and Juftice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very Seate of judgement:
Wherecon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Sonne, yet your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Juftice from your aweful Bench
To trip the courfe of Law, and blant the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfon?
Nay more, to furance at your moft Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the cave yours:
Be now the Father, and propone a Sonne
Here your owne digni ty so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loothly flighted;
Behold your felfe, so by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, folt silencing your Sonne:
Aftter this cold Consideration, fenience me;
And, as you are a King, fpeak in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My perfon, or my Liege Souersaigne.

Prin. You are right, Juftice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore will I bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do with your Honors may enteres,
Till you do liue, to fee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do Juftice, on your proper Sonne;
And no leffe happy, having such a Sonne,
That would deliver, in his Gracesfife foon,
Into the hands of Juftice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'untained Sword that you have vs'd to beare
With this Remembrance, That you fave the fissue
With the like bold, juft, and impartial Spirit
As you have done'gainft me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine care,
And I will flome, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis d, Wife Directions.
And Princes all, beleue me, I beleech you:
My Father is gone while into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, fadly I fareme,
To moche the expecation of the World;
To frustrate Prophefies, and to confide
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe,
After my feling. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath provoldy flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebebe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the flate of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Maietie.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs chooſe fuch Linmes of Noble Counfaie,
Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Puff.  
Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard; where, in an Arbor, we will eat a last year's Pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of Carraways, and so forth (Come Cost Silences), and then to bed.  
Fal. You have here, a goodly dwelling, and a rich.  
Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all. Sir John: Merry, good wine. Spread Dan, spread Dave: We'll said Dames.  
Fal. This Dotty serves you for good Physic; he is your Sargentman, and your Husband.  
Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir John: I have drunk too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now fit downright, now sit downright: Come Cofin.  
Sil. Ah sira (though-so) we shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, and praise beasen for the merrie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and litle Lads rone here, and there: so merilly, and eager amongst so merily.  
Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. Silence. Ie give you a health for that anon.  
Shal. Good M. Bardolph: come wine, Danni.  
Da. Sweet sit, sit: Ie be with you anon: most sweete sit, sit. Master Page, good M Page, sit: Profuse. What you want in meare, wee' lave in drinke: but you bare, the heart's all.  
Shal. Be merry M. Bardolph, and my little Soul Disorder there, be merry.  
Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all. For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall: 'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all; And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry. Fal. I did not thinke M. Silence had bin a man of this Merrie.  
Sil. Who is he beene merry twice and once, ere now.  
Dan. There is a dish of Letter-costs for you.  
Shal. Dan.  
Dan. Your Worship: He be with you straight. A cup of Wine sit?  
Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's a braise and fine, & drinke into the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-s.  
Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.  
Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ie pledge you a mile to the bottom.  
Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome! If thou want't any thing, and will not call, beheare thy heart. Welcome my little wine there, and welcome indeed too: He drinke to M.Bardolph, and to all the Courtiers about London.  
Dan. I hope to see London, once ere I die.  
Bar. If I might see you there, Dannie.  
Shal. You'll crack a quart together? Ha, will you not M. Bardolph?  
Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.  
Shal. I thank thee: the knave will flice by thee, I can allure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.  
Bar. And Ie flice by him, Sir.  
Shal. Why there speaks a King: Iack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there; ho: who knockes?  
Fal. Why now you have done me right.  
Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo. Is't not so?  
Fal. 'Tis so.  
Sil. It's for Why then say an old man can do fourwhat.  
Dan. If he pleas your Worlshippe, there's one Puff well come from the Court with news.  
Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.  
Enter Puff.  
How now Puff?  
Puff. Sir John, I see you Sir.  
Puff. What winde blew you hither, Puff?  
Puff. Not the ill winde which blows none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.  
Sil. Indeed, I thinkes he bee, but Goodman Puffs of Batfen.  
Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.  
Fal. O base AFFRIVATE Knight, what is thy newes?  
Let King Cawilbe know the truth therafter.  
Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.  
Puff. Shall dunghill Curres confront the Hellionts? And shall good newes be baffe'd?  
Then Puffull lay thy head in Furies lappe.  
Shal. Honest Gentleman, I know not your breeding.  
Puff. Why then Lament therefore.  
Shal. Give me padow, Sir.  
If it, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to wet them, or to conciele them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.  
Puff. Vnder which King?  
Baxemans, speake, or dye.  
Shal. Vnder King Harry.  
Puff. Harry the Fourth! or Fift?  
Shal. Harry the Fourth.  
Puff. A foorna for thine Office.  
Sil. Sir: this I trow kime, now is King. Harry the Fifts the man, I speake the truth, When Puffoll lies, do this, and figge-me, like.  
The bragging Spaniard,  
Fal.
**The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.**

**Scena Quarta.**

*Enter Hippolito, Quickly, Del Tenno, Brothet, and Brades.*

**Hippolito.** No, thou arrant knave! I would I might dy, that I might hate thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of joint.

**Off.** The Constables have deliuer'd her over to mee: and thee shall have Whipping chere enough, I warrant her. There hath bene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

**Del.** Nut-hooks, nut-hooks, you Lye! Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd Trappe-visag'd Raball, if the Child I now go with, do miscarrue, thou hadst better thou hadst stroke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vaine.

**Hai.** O that Sir John were come, thee would make this a bloody day to come body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombbe might miscarry.

**Officer.** If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions againe, you hate but cleane now. Come, I charge you both goe with mee; for the man is dead, that you and Pitolf bestre among you.

**Del.** Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will have you as soundly fying'd for this, you blew-Bottell'd Rogue! you filthy famish'd Correlioner, if you benot fwing'd, Ile forte ware halfe Kirtles.

**Off.** Come, come, you free-Knight-arrant, come.

**Hai.** O, that right should o'ertake me. Wel of suffereance, come ease.

**Del.** Come you Rogue, come: Bring me to a Justice.

**Hai.** Yes, come you [aru'd Blood-hound, Dels.**

**Hai.** Goodman death, goodman Bone,

**Hai.** Thou Anatomy, thou.

**Del.** Come you thinne Thing:

**Come you Ratcall.**

**Off.** Very well.

**Scena Quinta.**

*Enter two Groomes.*

1. *Groom.* More Rufhes, more Rufhes,

2. *Groom.* The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1. *Groom.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation.

**Exit Grooms.**

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pitfol, Bardolf, and Page.*

**Falstaff.** Stand heere by me, M. Robert Shalow. I will make the King do you Grace. I will bee upon him, as he comes by: and do but mark the countenance that bee will give me.

**Pitfol.** Blefe thy Lungs good Knight.

**Falstaff.** Come heere Pitfol, stand behind me. O if I had had time to have made new Lineries, I would have beene the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this proe shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

**Shal.** It doth fo.

**Pitfol.** It shews my earnestnesse in affection,

**Pitfol.** It doth fo.

**Falstaff.** My devotion, Pit. Pit. It doth, it doth, it doth.

**Falstaff.** As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, nor to remember, Not to have patience to shift me.

**Shal.** It is most certaine.

**Falstaff.** But to stand stain'd with Trausile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in oblivion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

**Pitfol.** 'Tis fomer idone: for obsigna hoc nihil est. 'Tis all in every part.

**Shal.** 'Tis fo indeed.

**Pitfol.** My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liner, and make thee rage. Thy Del. and Helen of thy noble thoughts is in safe Durance, and contagious prision: Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall and dury hand. Rowe vppe Reigne from Ebon den, with fell Alceleo's Snake, for Del is in. Pitfol, I speakes nought but troth.

**Falstaff.** I will deliver her.

**Pitfol.** There trost the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

*The Trumpets sound.* *Enter King Henry the Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chief Justice.*

**Falstaff.** Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.

**Pitfol.** The heauen thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impo of Fame.

**Falstaff.** 'Sauethe thee my sweet Boy.

**King.** My Lord Chief Justice, speake to that vaule man.

**Ch. I.** Have you your wits?

**King.** Know you what 'tis you speake?

**Falstaff.** My King, my lousie: I speake to thee, my heart.

**King.** I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white hairies become a Poole, and Teflet? I have
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-ivv'd, so old, and so profane:
But being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gourmandizing; know the Graue doth gape
For thee, chiefe wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Poole-borne Left,
Prefume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (go call the world perceive)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I scathe that kept me Company.

When thou doft hear me, as I have bin,
Approch me, and thou shalt be as thou wast
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riotts:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
And at I have done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we hear you doe reforme your selues,
We will according to your strenght, and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Fal. Master Shal. I owe you a thousand pound.
Shal. I marry Sir John, which I beseche you to let me
have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shal. do not you grieve
at this: I shall be sent for in prissure to him: Look! you,
he must seame thus to the world: feare not your advancement:
it will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should
give me your Doublet, and Stuffe me out with Straw, I
beseche you, good Sir John, let mee have five hundred of
my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you
heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear, that you will dye, in Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant Pif, come Bardolph,
I shall be fent for soone at night.

Ch. Inf. Go carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleece,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Inf. I cannot now speake, I will hear your Soone,
Take them away.

Pif. Sir Ivans make torments, spare me contente.


John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wanted Followers
Shall all be very well proffesed for:
But all are banished till their contention
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world,
Chiefly. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Inf. He hath.

John. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,

We hear our Ciuill Swords, and Natiuie fire
As farre as France, I heare a Bird so sing,
Whole Mushflke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

FINIS.
EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Fear: then, my Curstie last, my Speech. My Fear, is your Displeasure: My Curstie, my Dutie: And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you vndoe me: For what I have to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) proue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I brake; and you, my gentle Creditors life. Heere I promise you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreatee you to acquite me: will you command me to cure my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never scene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloyd with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir John in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falstaff shall dye of a sweat, unlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
THE

ACTORS

NAMES.

RUMOVR the Prefentor.
King Henry the Fourth.
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.
Prince John of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester.
Sonne to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Bylhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Haftings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleguile.

Warwicke.
Wclfterland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harcourt.
Lord Chiefc Juflice.

Shallow.
Silence.
Dauie, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieauts
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bulcalfe.

Oppofites againft King Henrie the Fourth.

Pointz.
Falftaff.
Bardolphe.
Fiffloll.
Humorifts.
Peto.
Page.

Of the Kings Partie.

Drawers.
Bentles.
Groomes.

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hoftefe Quickly.
Doll Teare-theete.
Epilogue.
The Life of Henry the First.

Enter Prologue.

For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heavens of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to All,
And Monarchies to hold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Wartike Harry, like himself,
Affume the Part of Mors, and at his heele
(Leaflet in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unryedt Spirits, that haste dar’d,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obelisk. Can this Cock-Fit hold
The vastly fields of France? Or may we rannume
Within this Woodden O, the very Cakes
That did aluright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon; faces a crooked Figure may
Ateff in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyprians to this great Accont,
On your imaginaria Forces works,
Suppofe within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin’d two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high, top-reared, and abating Breast,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts funder,
Pierce out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginaria Pauflance.
Think when we talk of Horse: that you see them.
Printing their proud Hoofes’ first receiving Earth:
For ‘twas your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: J umping o’er Times;
Turning this accomplishment of many years
Into anature glasse: for the which suppose,
Admit our Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Altus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Elf.

Bilb. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire re-
gard.
Bilb. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bilb. Cant. The course of his youth promis’d it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneffe, mortify’d in him,
Seem’d to dye too; yea, at that very moment,
Confederacion like an Angell came,
And whipt th’offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
Tisuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a fodaime Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady courance fowring faults:
Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfullneffe
So soon did loose his Seat: and all at once;
As in this King.
Bilb. Ely. We are blefshed in the Change.
Bilb. Cant. Heare him but season in Diuinitie;
And all-admirin, with an inward wifh
You would defire the King were made a Prelate;
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;
You would say it hath been all in all his study,
Lift his dicious of Warre: and you shall heare
A peacefull Battale rendred you in Mulique.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Turne him to any Caufe of Pollicy,
The Gortian Knot of it he will unloofe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,
The Ayre, a Chaff'd Libertine is fill,
And the more Wonder lurkeith in ment esse,
To fleale his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Mullt be the Mistrefse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addicion was to Courtes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Haures full'd vp with Ryocs, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retrenchment, any fequeftration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry grows vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berries thrue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bater qualitie:
And so the Prince obferv'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Vale of Wiltelneffe, which (no doubts)
Grew as the Summer Grasfe, fallent by Night,
Vndermore yet crefh in his facultie.

B. Canst. It must be fof for Miracles are cauf:
And therefore we muft needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maietie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Canst. He femeas indifferent:
Or rather (waying more upon our part,
Then cherifhing the exhibitors againft us):
For I haue made an offer to his Maietie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conocation,
And in regard of Caues now in hand,
Which I have obferv'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer feme receiv'd, my Lord?
B. Canst. With good acceptence of his Maietie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine have done,
The feueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?
B. Canst. The French Embaffador upon that infant
Crow'd audience: and the bowre I thinkene is come,
To gue he the hearing: Is it foure a Clock?
B. Ely. It is.

B. Canst. Then we goe in, to know his Embaffade:
Which I coulde with a ready gneffe declare,
Before the Frenchman fpeake a word of it.

B. Ely. He wai upon you, and I long to hear he.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Canst. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thank you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And inftly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law Salique, that they have in France,
Or fhou'd or fhould not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you shou'd fathom, wreft, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderftanding Soule,
With opening Titles mixture, whole right
Sute not in thefe colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence fhall incite vs to.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Pefon,
How you awake our fleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neither two fuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltife drops
Are every one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainft him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes fuch waife in briefe moraltie.

Vnder this Conjuracion, fpeaketh my Lord:
For we wil here,note, and beleue in heart,
That what you fpeake, is in your Confiquence waftis,
As pure as faine with Baptisme.

B. Canst. Then heare me gravious, Soueraigne, & you Peers,
That owe your felues, your lives, and fervices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no Barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam Maueres vs succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in Salique Land:
Which Salique Land, the French vniuflly groze
To be the Realm of France, and Pharamond,
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre,
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land Salique is in Germanie,
Betwene the Flouds of Salo and of Elue:
Where Charles the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and fettled certaine French:
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
For some difhonoureufl manners of their life,
Elibabins then this Law: to wit, No Female
Should be Inheretrix in Salique Land:
Which Salique (as I faid) twixt Elue and Salo,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meffen.
Then doth it well appeare, the Salique Law
Was not devis'd for the Realm of France:
Not did the French poffeffe the Salique Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After definition of King Pharamond,
 foilly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeare of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie five: and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did fea the French
Beyond the Riuere Salz, in the yeare
Eight hundred fleue, Beside their Writers fay,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerike,
Did as Heire Generall, being defended
Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.

Hugh Capet also, who vprpra the Crowne
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole Heire male.
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great.
To find his Title with some fweevers of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupte and naught,
Conseyd him selfe as th'Heire to th'Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Leave the Emperor, and Leave the Sonne
Of Charles the Great to the King of France.
Who was sole Heire to the Vicapur Capes,
Could not keep quiet in his confiance,
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That fayd Queene Isabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of I praine:
By which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-visited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as clear as is the Summers Sunne,
King Robert Title, and Elys Capes Clayne,
King Lewis his fatisfacon, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To bare your Highnes claming from the female,
And rather chufe to hide them in a Nest,
Then amply to imbrace their crooked Tides,
Victory from you and your Predecessors.
May I with right and confidence make this claim?
Bifh. Caius. The fame upon my head, a dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of Numbers, it is writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Defend vnto the Daughter, Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, yawnid your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
Go to your dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tomb,
From whom you claine, invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vackles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whippe,
Forrige in blood of French Nobilitie,
O Noble Englishe, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe band laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
Bifh. Awake remembrance of thefe valiant dead,
And with your purifant Arme renew their Feasts;
You are their Heire, you live vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Velines: and your thrice-purifant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of your Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprizes.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your felfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.
(whofe)
They know your Grace hath caufe, and means, and
So hath your Highness: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whose heads haue left their bodies here in England,
And the nautilus in the fields of France.
Bifh. Caius. O let their bodies follow me daye Liege.
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to row your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spirituallt
Will rayfe your Highness such a mightie Summe,
As atuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceflors,

King. We must not only arm e'cumade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all advantages.
Bifh. Caius. They of thofe Marchants, gracious Soueraigne,
Shall be a Wall sufficent to defend
Our in-land from the pilgringing Borderers.
King. We do not meane it, fayne Confidering
That fear the maine intendment of the Scot, who
haue been fill a giddy neighbour to vs.
For you shall see, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vninsinift Kingdom,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brum fulnewe of his force,
Galling the gleansed Land with hot Affairs,
Girding with grievous ffege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hast hooke and trembled at this neighbourhould,
Exe. She hath bin thfe more fure th'hard, my Liege:
For heare but exampl'd by her felfe,
When all her Chevalrie hath been in France,
And flee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her felle not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray.
The King of Scots, whom we did fend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with fomf neuer King's,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praty,
As is the Owle and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wrack, and fum-lefle Treasures.
Bifh. Eliz. But there's a faying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Neefe, the Weazel (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and do suspects her Princeely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in abfence of the Cat,
To tame and haunce more then fire can eate.
Exe. It folleueth thus, the Cat must flye at home,
Yet that is but a craftu necessity,
Since we have lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petry thewtes.
While at the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
This difand he preferves his felfe at home.
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth kepe in one content,
Congreting in a full and natural clofe,
Like Mufccke.
Caiu. Therefore doth heaven diuide
The fate of men in diuers functiuns,
Setting endeours in continual motion:
To which is fized as an ayme or burt,
Obediencce: for to worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of Forces,
Where fame like Magiftrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Soldiers armed in their flings,
Make boone upon the Summer's clement buds:
Which pillegg, they with merry march bring home.
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who busied in his Maifefties surveys
The finging Mafons building rooves of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading up the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heayy burthenes at his narrow gate:

The
The Life of Henry the Fift.

The lad-ey'd Juticke with his fury humme,
Delivering ore to Executours pale
The lzie yawning Drone: I shall write,
Therefore many things having full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrows looched severall ways
Come to one martke: as many wayes meete in one towne,
As many fresh streams meet in one falt sea;
As many Lynes clofe in the Disks center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Distract your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you willh shall make all Gallia quake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation Jole
The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Meffengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well refold'd, and by Gods helpe
And yourz, the noble fleares of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there we'll fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
or laythese bones in an unworthy Vine,
Tomblike, with no remembrance ouer them :
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our greue
Like Turkish mure, shall have a tonguecleft mouth,
Not worthie with a waxen Epithap.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Confin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your gaining is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May'st please your Maiestie to giue us leave
Frcely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you faire off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vuzo whose grace ouer passion is as fobiecct
As is our vrectches fetted in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainneffe,
Tell vs the Dolphines minde.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claim some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In anwer of which claim, the Prince our Master
Says, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduise'd: there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore fiends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defirs you let the dukedomes that you claim
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

King. What Treasure viocle?

Exe. Tennis bailes, my Liege.

Kim. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
His Preient, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we have matched our Rackets to thefe Bailes,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall trike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
How he comes to vs, with our wilder days,
Not measuring what we made of them.
We never valew'd this poor poore of England,
And therefore лиng hence, did giue our fielde
To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common,
That men are mergiell, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keep my State,
As like a King, and shew my layfe of Greatness,
When I do rows me in my Throne of France.
For that I have laid by my Maifte, and
Plopped like a man for working dayes:
But I will rife there with so full a glory,
That I will daale all the eyes of France,
Yet strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And telle the pleafant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his bailes to Gun-fones, and his foule
Shall (and fore charged, for the waffull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mock Cailles downe:
And none are yet vanquished and vnborne:
That which have caufe to curse the Dolphins forme,
But thislyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tell you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His jeft will suffer but of shalow wit,
When thousand weep more then did laugh at it.
Concey them with safe conduft. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meaffe.

King. We hope to make the Sender blufts at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howse,
That may giue furthance to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Saul thofe to God, that runne before our bufineffe.
Therefore let our proportions for thefie Warres
Be foone collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable fituation add
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought, Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Cherus.
Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And fleken Dalliance in the Wardrobe yeats:
Now thrue the Armureers, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breath of every man.
They felt the Pature now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercury.
For now fits Expection in the Ayre,
And holds a Sword, from Hills vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets.
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French aduiz'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation.
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seek to duere the English purposes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneffe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What
The Life of Henry the Fist.

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural:
But see, thy fault! France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosemen, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scrope of Oldham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Hau for the Gifft of France (O guilt indeed)
Confem'd Conspiracy with fearfull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treson hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton,
Linger your patience on, and we'll digit
Th' abuse of distances; force a play:
The famme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you backes: Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle Pass: for if we may,
We'll not offend one boatsack with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pifoll and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I lay little: but when time shall serve there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine eyne: it is a simple one, but what though? It will nets Cheele, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bellow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: Let's be so good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reft, that is the renouned of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly the did wrong, for you were must-plot to her.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they may men may sleepe, and they may have their threats about them at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: it must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet she will plodde, thar must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pifoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient Pifoll and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoste Pifoll?

Pif. Bafe Tyke, call'th thou mee Hoste. now by this hand I swears I fornme the terme: nor shall my Neel keep Lodgers,

Hoste. No by my troth, no long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or foureteen Gentlewomen that lave honetly by the pricke of their Needles, but bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house fastright. O wellday Lady, if he not beinne now, we shall fee wilfull adulter-
ty, and murcer committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing heere.

Nym. Pifoll.

Pifoll. Pifoll for thee, Island dogge: thou prickes armed cur of Island.

Host. Good Corporall Nym Ieth thy valor, and put vp your sword.

Nym. Will you thoggge off? I would have you falus.

Pifoll. Soleus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The fulus in thy moft merlauous face, the fulus in thy teeth, and in thy throte, and in thy hatefull Lunges in thy Man perdy; and which is worse, within thy mattle mouth. I do report the fulus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pifoll cocke is ups, and flushing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barsjon, you cannot conjure mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pifoll, I will foorne you with my Rapier, as I may, in faire trammes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good trammes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pifoll. O Braggard vile, and dammed furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and doting death is née.

Nym. Therefore saillie.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say. Hee that strikes the first strooke, Ile run him vp to the hils, as I am a sol-
dier.

Pifoll. An oach of mickle might, and fury stall abate.

Gibe me thy hit, thy fore-foote to me: Gibe thyspirites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throst one time or other in faire trammes, that is the humer of it.

Pifoll. Couple a garge, that is the word. I defte thee a-gaine.O hound of Creec, think'ft thou my pouce to gete? No, to the pistile goe, and from the Pouding tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Croddis kindes, Doll Tear-strooke, fire by raine, and here epoufe. I hau, and I will hold the Quondam Quickly for the onely face: and Pansa, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoste Pifoll, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hosteffe I is very fiale, & would to bed. Goode Bardolfe, put thy face between his sheete, and do the Office of a Warning-pen; Faith he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoste. By my troth he'ye seed the Crowe a pudding one of these daies: the King has kild his heart. Goode Hu-
band come home presently.

Exit Bar. Come,shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France together: why the duel should we keep kniues to cut one another throats?

Pifoll. Left floods are-swell, and friends for food howle

Nym. You'll pay me the eight thollings I won of you
at Betting?

Pifoll. Base is the Slave that payes.

Nym. That now I will hauze, that's the humor of it.

Pifoll. A manhood that compoundeth peace, Dure
Bard. By this sword, bee that makes the first thrust,

He kill him: By this sword, I will.

Pl. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must hauze their couste
Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to pre-
three put vp.

Pifoll. A Noble slave thou haue, and pretend pay, and Liquor like wife will I give to thee, and frindschippe
shall combine and brotherhood. I thee by Nymene, &
Nymene shall have by me, is not this usu? For I shall Suffer be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue.Give mee thy hand.

Nym.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble.

Pist. In cafh, most fully payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor oft.

Enter Hylifie.

Hyl. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to fit John: A poor heart, hee is so fluxed of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humor on the Knights, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou haft spoken the right, his heart is fraided and correborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he paftes some humors, and carrees.

Pist. Let vs conclede the Knights, for (Lambkins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westminster.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to truft thefe traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Wyl. How smooth and even they do bear themselues, As Aligencce in their boomes face.

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours; That he shou'd for a forraigne purfe, so fell

His Soueraigne life to death and treachery.

Sourd Trumpets.

Enter the King, Sermo, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboord.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my knnde Lord of Mafterham, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:

Thinke you not that the powres we bear with vs

Will cut their paffeage through the force of France?

Doing the execution, and the fafe,

For which we have in head assembled them.

Serm. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beft.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfwaded

We carrie not a heart with vs from hence,

That growes not in a faire content with ours:

Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not with

Succede and Conquett to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feare'd and lou'd,

Then is your Majefly, there's not I thinke a subiect

That fits in hearts grave and wneftine.

Vnto the feuered flade of your government.

Kyn. True: those that were your fathers enemies,

Have feep'd their gauls in honie, and do ferue you

With hearts create of duty, and of falez.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,

And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner then quittance of defert and merit,

According to the weight and wnhinfeft.

Serm. So fince we fhall with sceneles fineswes toyle,

And labour (all refresh it felle) with hope

To do your Grace inceffant services.

King. We fudge no leeffe, Vnkle of Exeter,

Inlarge the man committed yestreday,

That ray'd against our perfon: We confider

It was exceffe of Wine that fet him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Cam. That's mercy, but too much sceletrity:

Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, leaff example

Breede (by his sufferance) more of fuch a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highneffe, and yet punifh too.

Gray. Sir, you fwer great mercy if you give him life,

After the tale of much contrifition.

King. Alas, you too much loue and care of me,

Are heauy Orions againft this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on deliper,

Shall be wond'd at, how fhall we ffretch our eye

When captall crimines, chew'd, fwallow'd, & digefed,

Appeare before vs? We'll yet inflarge that men,

Though Cambridge, Sermo, and Gray, in their deere care

And tendour prefervation of our perfon.

Wold haue him punifh'd: And now to our French caufes,

Who are the late Commiffioners?

Cam. I tone my Lord,

Your Highneffe bad me ask for it to day.

Sermo. So did you me my Lige,

Gray. And my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours;

There yours Lord Sermo of Mafterham, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours;

Reade them, and know I know your worthineffe.

My Lord of Westminster, and Vnkle Exeter.

We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What fee you in thofe papers, that you looke

So much confusion? Look ye how they change:

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what reade you there,

That hau'c so cowarded and chace'd your blood

Of our apparence.

Cam. I do confiffe my faults,

And do submit me to your Highneffe mercy.

Gray. Sermo. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

By your owne confufaile is suppreff and kill'd:

You muft not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,

For your owne reafons turne into your boomes,

As dogs upon their maifters, worrying you:

See you my Prince, and my Noble Peeres,

Their English monffers: My Lord of Cambridge here,

You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnifh with all apperitens

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly confpir'd

And fwoone vnto the prafites of France

To kill vs heere in Hampton, To the which,

This Knight no leeff for bounty bound to Vs

That Cambridge is, hath likewise fwoone. But O

What fhall I fay to thee Lord Sermo, thou cruel,

Ingrateful, fufage, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didft beare the key of all my confufales,

That knewf't the very botome of my foule,

That almoft might haue coy'd me into Golde,

Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vfe?

May I be poifible, that forraigne byer

Could out of thee extragaue one sparke of euill

That might annoy my finger? This do fo frange,

That though the truth of it flands off as groffe

As blacke and white, my eye will fearefly fee it.

Trefon, and murther, euer kept together.

As two yoke diuels fwoone to eyther purpofe,

Working fo groffely in an unnatural caufe,

That admiration did no hoope at them.

But thou (gainft all proportion) didft bring in

Wander to wait on trefon, and on murther:

And whatsoever cunning firend it was

That wrought upon thee so pripetorously,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellece:

And
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And other devises that suggrest by treasons,
Do bothch and bungle vp dammation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetched
From glit'ring feembrances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gauce thee no infancy why thou shouldest do treason,
Vnlte to stub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that fame Daemon that had gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gale walke the whole world,
He might returne to vallie Tarler sackle,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A soule for cafe as that Englishman.
Oh, how hafl thou with zealoufe infected
The sweeteneffe of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why so didst thou: feeme they grauce and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou: Seeme they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of misth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not sweating with the blood,
Gamlish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And but in purged judgement truyng neither,
Such and so finely bowled didst thou feeme:
And thus thy fall hast left a kind of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and left indeed.
With some fulgitation, I will weeppe for thee,
For this revoul of shine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the anwser of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. Jarrett thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas
Lord Scrope of Marmion.
I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.
Sera. Our purposes, God iufly hath discouerd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befeech your Hightneffe to forgive,
Althoough my body pay the price of it.

Com. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The founer to effect what I intended,
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,
Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did diuellish subiecte more reioyce
At the diſcovery of moft dangerous Treason,
Then do I at this hour joy ore my selfe,
Preuented from a dammed enterprise;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Souveraine.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You have contriv'd against Our Royall person,
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recu'd the Golden Eanett of Our death:
Wherein you would have fold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to feruitude,
His Subiects to oppreッション, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into defolation:
Touching our person, flete we no reuenue,
But we our Kingdomes safety woul'd fo tender,
Whose ruine you fought, that to her Lawes
We do delier you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The sate whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Rempence
Of all your dese offences. Bear them hence. Exit.
Now Lords for France: the enterprife whereof
Shall be to you as, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God fo graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Ruble is smothed on our way.
Then follow, darte Countreymen: Let vs deliever
Our Puffiance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Charely to See, the signes of Warre advance,
No King of England, if not King of France, Flourish.
Enter Pilfelle, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hefteffe.
Hefteffe. Pythie honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefrome hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.
Hefteffe. Nay there, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthur's Bofoome, if ever man went to Arthur's Bofoome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had bene any Chriftnome Child: a parted eu'n in twain betweene Tuelue and One, eu'n at the turning o' th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way for his Nofe was as harshas a pen, and a Table of greenne fields. How now Sir John (quoth I) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: for a bad mee lay more Clothes on his feete: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and fo vp-pe'er'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hefteffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hefteffe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deule incen,

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Co
cour he never lik'd.

Boy. A sad once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hefteffe. A did in some forre(indeed)handele Womem: but then hee was rumasique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babyu.

Boy. Doe you not remember a fawe a Flea stike vp
Bardolph Nofe, and a faid it was a blace Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the felue is gone that maintaine'd that fire:
that's all the Riches I got in his feruice.

Nym. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pilf. Come let's away, My Loue, give me thy Lippes
Looke to my Chaterels, and my Mowables: Let Sences rule:
The world is, Pitch and pay: trufte none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold fall:
the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Cauo bee thy Coun'toul. Goe, cleare thy Christalls. Yoke-
fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe-
leeches
The Life of Henry the First.

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.  

Beg. And that's but unwholesome food,they say.  

Pet. Touch her soft mouth, and march.  

Barb. Farewell Hesfele.

Sire, I cannot suffice, this is the humor of it: but adieu.  

Fist. Let Huwferfie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hofscfe. Farewell: adieu.  

Exeunt.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Duke, of Berry and Britain.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon vs, and more then carefully it vs concernes, to answet Royally in our defences. Therefore the Duke of Berry and of Britaine, Off Brabant and of Orlendance, shall make forth, and you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lync and new repayce our Townes of Ware With men of courage, and with meane desdendant; For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sticking of a Guife. If first vs then be at peace unforour, As feare may teach vs, out of late example; Left by the fallat and neglected English, Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My moft redoubt-ed Father, It is moft meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe should not to dull a Kingdom, (Though War not no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that defences, Multiers, Preparations, Should be maintaine, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the fick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no fowe of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were beated with a Whitton Morris-dance; For, my good Liye, there is so idly King'd, Her Scepter plante shallosome borne, By a vaine giddie fmallover humorous Youth, That feare atteds her not.

Caull. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Emballie, How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, How modest in exception; and withall, How terrible in conftant refolution? And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman Bratns, Covering Difcretion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardeners doe with Oordure hide those Roots That shall first spring, and be moft delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not fo, my Lord High Contable. But though we think it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis beft to weigh The Enemy more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of defence are filld: Which of a weake and negligibly protection, Doth like a Mifer flrise his Coat, with franting A little Cloth.

King. Thinks we King Harry strong: And Princes, looke you strongly armee to meet him. The Kindred of him hath bene Hesfele vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie Straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Paterns: Winneffe our too much membrable frame, When Creffy Battell falsely was strucke, And all our Princes captif'd by the hand Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Monument Str, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and fmill'd to see him Mangle the Workes of Nature, and deface The Patterns, that by God and by French Fathers Had twenty yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Nature mightieresse and fate of him,  

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Embassadors from Harry King of England, Doe crave admittance to your Majestie.

King. Weele give them present audience, Goe, and bring them. You see this Chafe is hastily followed friends. 

Dolphin. Turne head, and flite pursuifht for coward Dogs Moft fpred their mouths, wheth what they seem to threaten Runs late before them. Good my Soueraine Take up the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liye, is not to viile a fine, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeuter.

King. From our Brother of England? 

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majestie. He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you deftuff your felfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crown, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Civitane, and the Ordinance of Tymes, Vnto the Crown of France: that you may know 'Tis no firft, nor any awkward Clainme, Pickt from the worme-holes of long, vaniſed dayes, Nor from the duft of old Oblivion rakt, He sends you this moft memorable Lyne, In every Branche truly demonstrat't: Willing you outer-Jouke this Pedigree: And when you find him euerly derid From his moft fam'd, of famous Ancestor, Edward the third; he bids you then refigne Your Crownes and Kingdom, indifferantly held From him the Natiue and true Challenger. 

King. Or else what follows? 

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crown Even in your hearts, there will be take for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a loue: That if requiring faile, he will compel. And bids you in, the Bowels of the Lord, Deliber vp the Crownes, and to take merce On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vallie Layesand on you head Turning the Widdow's Tarees, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betroveth Lovers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuerfi. This is his Clainme, his Threatning, and my Meffage: Vnleffe the Dolphin be in prefence here; To whom expressly I bring greeting.  

King. For
**The Life of Henry the Fifth.**

**King.** For vs, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

**Dolb.** For the Dolphin,
I stand here for what to him from England?

**Exit.** Scorne and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prizeth you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highness
de nor in grant of all demands at large,
Sweaten the bitter Mock you sent thine Maister;
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caneus and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trefpas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ornanonce.

**Dolb.** Say, if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England,
To that end, as matching to his Youath and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

**Exit.** Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Millesse Court of mightie Europe:
And be affusty'd, ye'ld find a difference,
As we his Subjectes have in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener days,
And these he matters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vomit Graine: that you shd reade
In owne Losen: if he stay in France.

**King.** To to morrow shall you know my mind at full.

**Flourish.**

**Exit.** Dispart vs with all speed, lest that our King
Come here him selfe to question our delay:
For he is footed in this Land already,
King. You shall be soone dispart, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little paws,
To answer masters of this consequence.

**Exeunt.**

**Actus Secundus.**

**Flourish. Enter Chorus.**

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse ceretiate then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have scene
The well-appointed King at Dower Peer,
Embark his Royalty: and his brave Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young Phoebus fashing;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold
Vpon the Hemen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breifing the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Ruage, and behold
A Cittie on th'inconfant Billowes dancing.
For so appeares this Fleet Maiestical,
Holding due course to Harlewh. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to terme of this Naue,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandities, Babyes, and old Women,
Euyther past,or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but entich

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyse-drawne Cauliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughtes, and therein see a Siege:
Behind the Ornanonce on their Carriages,
With fallall mouthes gaping on girded Harlewh.
Suppose th'Embassadour from the French cometh back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
**Katherin.** This his Daughters, and with her to Dowrie,
Some perty and vnprofitable Duke-domes,
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstlock now the diewillh Cannon touches,
**Alarum, and Chambers goe off.**
And downe goes all before them. Still be Kind,
And eech our performance with your mind. **Exit.**

**Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.**

**Alarum: Scalcing Ladders at Harlewh.**

**King.** Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or clofe the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest silence, and humilitie:
But when the blaff of Warre blowes in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, commove vp the blood,
Dilignt faire Nature with hard-fauourd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow overthrow it,
As fearefully, as doth a gailed Rocke,
O'rrage and hurt his confounded Bafe,
Swill'd with the wild and wawfull Ocean,
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nofthill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp evry Spirit
To his full height. On, on you Nobilis English,
Whole blood is let from Fathers of Warre-proofes:
Fathers, that like so many Alexander,
Hau in these parts from Mome till Euen fought,
And theadth their Swords, for lack of argument,
Dishonour not your Mothers: now attell,
That though whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you,
Be Ceppy now to me of groffer blood,
And reach them how to Warre, And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lyms were made in England's chaw vs here
The mestell of your Pallure: let vs swear,
That you are worthy your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not Noble luter in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's saefoot:
Follow your Spirit: and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S.George.

**Alarum, and Chambers goe off.**

**Enter Nym, Bardolph, Piollett, and Bar.**

**Bar.** Oh, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

**Nym.** Pray thee Corporall play, the Knocks are too hot:
And for mine owne part, I haue not a Cafe of Limes:
The humor of it is too hot, that is the very plainsong of it.

**Pi.** The plainsong is most suift: for humors do a-bound:
Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaffias drop and dye:
and Sword and Shield, in bloody field, doth winne
Immortal fame.

**Boy.** Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
Would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and faefet.

**Pi.** And
If I may, as their jiparltj. that would for is and auont count doe
Exit. and the fuerly bux and by more

Fl. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; assume you Callions.


Nim. These be good humors: you Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Bey. As young as I am, I have obfer'd these three Swallfness: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ferue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three fuch Antiques doe not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-luer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Pipitt, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, it breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beft men, and therefore hee foornes to fay his Prayers, left a fouldier be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any man Head but his owne, and that was against a Poll, when he was drunk. They will ftealeany thing, and call it Parchafe. Bardolph flote a Lure-cafe, bore it twelve Leagues, and fold it for three halfpence. Nim and Bardolph are fwnore Brothers in fliching: and in Callice they flote a fire-fhoulou. I knew by that preece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerriches: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from another Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketing vp of Wrongs. I muft leaute them, and feeke fome better Seruice: their Villany goes againft my weake Romacje, and therefore I muft call it vp.

Exit.

Enter Genr.

Genr. Captaine Fiellen, you must come prefently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucefter would speake with you.

Flr. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not fo good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the discipines of the Warre: the conueniences of it is not fufficient: for looke you, th'authentique, you may difcuffe into the Duke, looke you, is digt himfelfe foure yard under the Countermines: by Cheffon, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direc- tions.

Genr. The Duke of Gloucefter, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfith.

Weth. It is Captaine Mackmouries, is it not?

Genr. I thinke it be.

Weth. By Cheffon he is an Affe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true discipines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman discipines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmouries, and Captaine Iamy.

Genr. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him.

Weth. Captaine Iamy is a mariousfulorou Gent- leman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Therefore to our best mercy give your felues, or like to men proud of deftruction, defe ye to our word, for ye are Souldier, a name that in my thoughts becomes me best; if I begin the bataille once again, I will not leave the halfe-archieued Harleww, till in all the athes the eye byred. The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp, and the fists of Souldier, rough and hard of heart, in libertie of bloody hand, shall range with Confidence wide as Hell, moving like Grave Your frith faire Virgins, and your flowering Infants, what is it then to me if Impion Warre, arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends, Doe with his fmyrcht complexion all fell feast, enlyncyt to weall and defolation? What is't to me, when you your feloes are cause, if your pure Maydens fall into the hand of hot and forcing Violation? What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedness, when downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriue? Ye may as boughleffe open your valve Command upon th'ennangered Souldiers in their spoyle, as fend Precepts to the Leuthaten, to come aforre. Therefore, you men of Harleww, take pitry of your Towne and of your People, whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command, whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds of heady Murther, Spoyle, and Villany, if not: why in a moment looke to see The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand Defire the Locks of your thrill-shrinking Daughters: Your Fathers taken by the fillier Beards, and their most teuerend Heads dafft to the Walls: Your naked Infants spirted upon Pykes, whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd, doe break the Clouds:as did the Witus of fewry, At Heroes bloody-hunting Daughter-men. What say you? Will you yeeld, and this ayoyd? Or guiltie in defence, be thus destro'y'd. Enter Gouvernor. 

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end: the Dolphin, whom of Succour we entreated, Returns vs, that his Powers are yet not ready, to saye to greaca Siege: therefore great King, We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy soft Mercy: Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours, for we no longer are defensible. 

King. Open your Gates: come Vnckle Exeter, Goe you and enter Harleww: there remaine, and fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French: Vic mercy to them all for vs, deere Vnckle. The Wintet comming on, and Sickneffe growing Vpon our Souldiers, we will retire to Calis, to night in Harleww will we be your Guett, to morrow for the March we are afield, fluorify, and enter the Towne. 

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman. 

Kath. Alice, you se oft en Anglesonde, et auen parlez la Language. 

Alice. En peu Madame. 

Kath. Je te priie mon enfant, il faut que je apprend a parler: Comment apprete vous le main et Anglesonde? 

Alice. Le maini et apprete de Hand. 

Kath. De Hand. 

Alice. Et le deys. 

Kath. Le deys, mes fey l'oubli, des deys may, je me soumeray le deys, se penne qu'ils ont appelle de fongres, ou de fongres. Alice. Le main de Hand, le deys de fongres, je pens que je sui le bon scholier. 

Kath. Estoy gaynie deux mots a Anglesode, commont appelle vous le anges? 

Alice. Le anges, les appelons de Nayer. 

Kath. De Nayeres efoeute: dites moy, je t' parle bien de Hand, de fongres, et de Nayeres. 

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, et fort bon Anglou. 

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglou pour le bras. 

Alice. De Arme, Madame. 

Kath. Et de coudes. 

Alice. D'Elbow. 

Kath. D Elbow: le men say le repisie de tous les mots que vous maesser, appelez des a present. 

Alice. Il y tres difficile Madame, comme le pense. 

Kath. Escenfe moy a Alice efoeute, d'Hand, de fongre, de Nayeres, d'Arme, et d'Elbow. 

Alice. Deftive Madame, 

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je me oublie d'Elohu commont ap- pelle vous le col. 

Alice. De Nick. Madame. 

Kath. De Nick, le monent. 

Alice. De Chin. 


Alice. Ouy, sauf voufshre honnere en versez vous pronou- cier les mots aus trulde, que le Natifs d'Anglieres. 

Kath. Le deys, je ne doute point a apprendre par de grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps. 

Alice. N'ausse vos y defia overtie ce que vous a enguys. 

Kath. Nome je recieva a vos promeinte, d'Hand, de fongre de Mayesters. 

Alice. De Nayeres, Madame. 

Kath. De Nayeres, d'Arme, de Elbow. 

Alice. Sous vosvshre honnere d'Elohu. 

Kath. Asinfe le se d'Elohu, de Nick, et de Sin: commont ap- pelle vous les pieds de roba. 

Alice. Le Foot Madame, et le Count. 

Kath. Le Foot, et le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il font le mots de son mausso corrupte greffe, et impadqce, et non pour le Dames. De Honnere d'oe: je le voundra proucemer ce mots devant le Seigneur de France, pour toute le monde, fo le Foot et le Count neinent moy, je recieva un autrefois ma bon enfembl, d'Hand, de fongre, de Nayeres, d'Arme, et d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count. 

Alice. Excellent, Madame. 

Kath. C'est oys: pour une foys, pour nous a duner. 


Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Confable of France, and others. 

King. Tis certaine he hath past the Rier Somme, 

Conf. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord, 

Lees vs not lie in France: let vs quit all, 

And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People, 

Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprays of vs, 

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie, 

Our Syens, put in wilde and fusage Stock, 

Spirit vs to suddenlie into the Clouds, 

And ouer-look their Grastrers. 

'Brit. Nomans, but ballard Nomans, Nomans baudsed: 

Divs de manovrie, if they march along, 

Vnfothd withall, but I will tell my Dukedome,
To buy a flobby and a durty Pame
In that nooke-flottton lle of Albion.

Conf. *Diec de Batafle, where haue they this mettell?*
Is not their Clymeast foggy, raw, and cold?
On whom, as in defpite, the Sunne looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowne. Can fadden Water,
A Drench for furreynd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decote their cold blood to fuch valliant heat?
And shall our quick blood,fpirted with Wine,
Scene frofite o, for honor of our land,
Let vs not hang like roping fluyckes
Upon our Houres Thatch, whyles a more froftie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Nature Lords.

*Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madame makke at vs, and plainely fay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will glie
Their bodies to the Luft of English Youth,
To newftore France with Baffad Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schoole,
And teach Lewland's high, and frivolus Carrand's
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heele,
And that we are most loffe Run awayes.

King. Where is Mention the Herald? speed him hence
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Deladreth, High Confable of France,
You Dukes of Orleans, Borbon, and of Berry,
Aalenfon, Brabrant, Bar, and Burgowse,
Jaques Chaffellon, Ramhures, Vamenton,
Bennont, Grand Feu, Rouff, and Faulkbridge,
Loffs, Laffrelle, Bergowne, and Charleloge,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seate, now quit you of your great thames:
Bare Henry England, that sweepe through our land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harlfoot:
Ruth on his Horfe, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Valleys, whose low Vaffall Seare,
The Alpes doth fip, and void his rheume upon.
Goe downe upon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captaine Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prifoner.

Conf. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are fo few,
His Souldiers fick, and famifhit in their March:
For I am sure, when he fllaie fe our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart in the finck of feare,
And for atchievement, offer vs his Ranfome.

King. Therefore Lord Confable, haft on Mention,
And let him fay to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Ranfome he will give.
Prince Dolphin, you fhall play with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not fo, I doe befeech your Maielfte.
King. Be patient, for you fhall remaine with vs,
Now forth Lord Confable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welsh, Gower
and Ethelred.

Gower. How now Captaine Thelun, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I fure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mittted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter fafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-

*memnon, and a man that I love and honour with my foule,
and my heart, and my duties, and my life, and my liuing,
and my vertemoff power. He is not, God be prayed and
blessed, to haue his houre in the World, but keeps the Bridge
moff valliantly, with excellent discipline. There is an au-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I think in my very
confidence he is as valliant a man as Mark Anthony,
and he is a man of no effimation in the World, but I did fee
him doe as gallant feruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient Piffell.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piffell.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piff. Captaine, I thee befeech to doe me favours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I praye God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Piff. Bardolph, a Souldier fame and found of heart,
and of bosome valour, hart by cruel Fate, and giddle
Fortunes furious fickle Wheel, that God defile blind,
that stands upon the rolling refiffle Stones.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient Piffell: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and fhee is painted also
with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Moall of
it, that fhee is turning and inconfant, and mutabilire,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon
a Sphericall Stone, which rolles, and rolles, and rolles
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent decription
of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall,

Piff. Fortune is Bardolph foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath holne a Pas, and hanged muft a be: a damned
deflay: 1 low Gallows ape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exeter
gave hauing the doome of death, for Pas of little price.
Therefore goe speakke, the Duke will hear thy voyce;
and let not Bardolphs vbrall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Piffell, I do partie underftond your
meaning.

Piff. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce
at: for if looke you, he were my Brother, I would defire
the Duke to weft his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion: for discipline ought to be vnd.

Piff. Dye, and be dom'd, and fige for thy ffriendship.
Flu. It is well.

Piff. The Figge of Spaine. Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rafcaff, I
remember him not: a Bawd, a Cut-purfe.

Flu. He affure you, a vefted as prauie words at the
Pridge, as you fllaie fee in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he fa's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is fere.

Gower. Why this is a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now
and then goes to the Warras, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfec in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learn you by rote where Seruices were done
at such and such a Scorne, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
toy: who came off brately, who was flote, who dif-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they
come perficly in the phrafe of Warras; which they tricke
The Life of Henry the First.

Dram and Colours. Enter the King and his lirre Souldiers.

God please your Maiestie.

King. How now Finellen, canst thou from the Bridge?

Fin. I, to please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the Bridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is galls and most proue pallasges: marry, this atherfariie was hauie poffeffion of the Bridge, but he is enforced to returne, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Bridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a proue man.

King. What men have you loft, Finellen?

Fin. The perdicion of that atherfariie hath beene very reafonable: marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath loft neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardsif, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all boubuckles and wheelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all fuch offenders so cut off: and we give exprefse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayed or abufed in difpainfull Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentle Gameliter is the foonen wittier.

Tucket. Enter Mounty.

Mounty. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mounty. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mounty. Thus fayes my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we'dom'd dead, we did but sleep: Aduantage is a better Sonellier then rashnefe. Tell him, wee could rebuk'd him at Hafflewe, but that wee thought nor good to bruife an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee fpeak vnoue our Q, and our voyce is imperill: England shall repent his folly, fee his weake-nffe, and admire our fufficence. Bid him therefore confider of his ranfon, which muft proportion the lofles we haue borne, the fubficit we haue loft, the difgrace we have digefed; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-neffe would bow vnder. For our lofles, his Exchequer is too poore; for the effuufion of our blood, the Mufier of his Kingdome too faine a number; and for our difgrace, his owne perfon kneeling at our fees, but a weake and worth-iffe fatisfaction. To this addde defance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd: So fare my King and Maiter: fo much my Office.

Drum. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Mounty. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mounty. What? doth thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, and tell thy King, I doe not feke him now: But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachement: for to fay the fobt, though is no wildome to confelfe fo much Into an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with ficknefe much enfeebled, My numbers leffcr'd: and tho'fe few I haue, Almost no better then fo many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, I thought, ypon one payre of English Ieggs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, That I doe bragge thus: this thy ayre of France Hath blouseth that vice in me. I muft repent: Go therefore tell thy Master, here I am:

Mounty. My Ranfome, is this fraille and worthiffe Trunk; My Army, but a weake and fickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himfelfe, and fuch another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy Labour: Mounty, Go bid thy Master well aduife himfelfe, If we may paffe, we will: if we be hindered, We shall your tavocie ground with your red blood Discolour: and fo Mounty, fare you well. The fumme of all our Answer is but this: We would not feke a Battale as we are, Nor as we are, we fay we will not flue it: So tell your Master.

Mounty. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highestness.

Gluc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now draws toward night, Beyond the River we'll encampe our felves, And on to mourn bid them march away. Exeunt.

Enter the Confable of France, the Lord Ramboult, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conf. Tur, I have the beft Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse haue his due.

Conf. It is the beft Horfe of Europe.

Orleance. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Confable, you talk of Horfe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horfe with any that treads but on foure pofures: ch'a: he bounds from the Earths as if his entryales were hayres: Io Cherus volantes, the Pegafus, cles les nains de feu. When I beftie de fuis, I foare, I am a Hawke; he trots the ayre; the Earthings, when he touches it; the baflc hornes of his hooves, is more Mufticall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beafit for Perfumes: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient fulcine while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horfe, and all other lades you may call Beafis.
Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horfe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orlance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rifting of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie defeuted prays or on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sand into eloquent tongues, and my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Sovereaigne to reafon on, and for a Sovereaigne Sovereign to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and unknown, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once write a Sonnet in his prays: and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orlance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistrefse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compon'd to my Courier, for my Horfe is my Mistrefse.

Orlance. Your Mistrefse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the precept prays and perfection of a good and particular Mistrefse.

Conf. Nay, for me thoughts yesterday your Mistrefse friendly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike the was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hafe off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horfemanfhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride fo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Beggs: I had rather have my Horfe to my Mistrefse.

Conf. I had as I blae my Mistrefse a Tale.

Dolph. I tell thee Conftable, my Mistrefse weares his owne hayre.

Conf. I could make as truce a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistrefse.

Dolph. Le chen off retourne au fon propre vemissement ou la longue ance en boccheur: thou make'st vse of any thing.

Conf. Yet doe I not tell my Horfe for my Mistrefse, or any fuch Prouerbe, fo little kin to the purpofe.

Ram. My Lord Conftable, the Armour that I flaw in your Tent to night, are thofe Starres or Sunnes vpon it

Conf. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conf. And yet my Sky fhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and were more honor fome were away.

Conf. Eu' as your Horfe beare your praysies, who would trot as well, were fome of your braggis dnfounded.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his des. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way fhall be paufe with English Faces.

Conf. I will not fay fo, for feare I fhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would fame about the cares of the English.

Ram. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twenty Prouerbes?

Conf. You must fift goe your felfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. Tis Mid-night, Ile goe anne my felfe. Exit. Orlance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orlance. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Conf. Sware by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oat.

Orlance. He is fimply the moft adulate Gentleman of France.

Conf. Doing is advantage, and he will fyll be doing.

Orlance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name fyll.

Orlance. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knewes him better then you.

Orlance. What's hee?

Conf. Marry hee told me so himfelfe, and fayd hee care'd not who knew it.

Orlance. He needs not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conf. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body faw it, but his Lacie fte: 'tis a hooded valoure, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orlance. I'll will never fayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendfhip.

Orlance. And I will take vp that with, Give the Deuill his due,

Conf. Well plac't: there flands your friend for the Deuill: have at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, a Fox of the Deuill.

Orlance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fools Bell is fome fot.

Conf. You haue fhot ouer.

Orlance. 'Tis not the firft time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Meffanger.

Meff. My Lord high Conftable, the English lie within fiftene hundred pieces of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath meafur'd the ground?

Meff. The Lord Grandpree.

Conf. A valiant nor moft expert Gentleman, Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orlance. What a wretched and pefiful fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers to farre out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehenion, they would runne away.

Orlance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intelle&lue Armour, they could never ware fuch beaute Head-pieces.

Ram. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Matiffes are of unmatchable courage.

Orlance. Foolifh Cures, that runne winking into the mouth of a Rufiian Bear, and haue their heads crust like rotten Apples: you may as well fay, that's a valiant Pies, that dare eate his breakfast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conf. Ift, ift: and the men doe sympathize with the Matiffes, in robafious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wifes: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steel; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuills.

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Orlane. I, but these English are throw'dly out of Beefe. 

Conti. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only snoamakes to ease, and none to sight. Now is it time to some: come, shall we about it? 

Orlane. It is now two o'clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine conceit of a time,
When creeping Minimato and the pining Darke.
Fills the wide Veiell of the Vouiere.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night.
The Humme or eyther Army filly founds;
That the first Centinels almost receiv'd.
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answeres fire, and through their paly flamnes.
Each Bataille fees the others vmbre'd face.
Spread threathes Steed, in high and basffull Neighes.
Piercing the Nights dull Eare, and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With bufie Hammeres closing Riwets vp,
Glue deadfull note of preparation,
The Countrie Cocks doe crow, the Cocks doe towie:
And the third howre of 'drowie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and securc in Souls,
The confident and ouer-lufie French.
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a soule and ougly Witch doth limpe.
So sediuouly away.
The poor condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and only ruminate.
The Mornings danger: and their gesture fad,
Insuflling lane-Jeeke Cheeks, and Warre-worne Coats,
Prefented them into the gazing Moon.
So many horrid Ghostes. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band.
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayle and Glory on his head:
For forth he goe, and visits all his Hoalts,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen.
Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
Vnto the wearable and all-watcht Night.
But frethy lookes, and ouer-bears Attaint,
With cheerfull emiance, and sweet Majestie:
That every Wretchpine, and pale before,
Besholding him, glucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Large and noverse naundre, like the Darke,
His liberrall Eye doth give to every one,
Thaving cold fear, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnsiornifiue define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Bataille flye:
Where, O for pitye, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or fife most vile and ragged foylees,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brave ridiculous)}
Enter Fleanen and Gower.

Gower. Captain Fleanen.

Fleanen. "So, in the Name of left Crifkt, fpeake fweeter: it is the greateft admiration in the univerfal World, when the true and auncient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the Warres of Pompeii the Great, you fhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tidle tacle nor pible bauble in Pompeii Campes: I warrant you, you fhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Care of it, and the Formes of it, and the Subtleties of it, and the Modellfe of it, to be otherwife.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Fleanen. If the Enemie be an Aife and a Poole, and a prating Coxcomb; is it meet, thinke you, that wee fhould alfo, looke you, be an Aife and a Poole, and a prating Coxcomb, in your owne confcience now?

Gower. I will fpeakle lower.

Fleanen. I pray you, and befor the, that you will. Euying.

Gower. King. Though it appeare a little out of fadion, there is much care and value in this Welchman.

Enter three Soildiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great caufe to defcribe the approach of day.

Williams. Wee fpee yeroder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee fhall neuer fee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captain ferue you?

King. Vnder Sir John Erpingham.

Williams. A good olde Commander, and a moft kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke you he of our effay?

King. Even as men wracke vppon a Sand, that looke to be walkes off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thoughts to the King?

King. No: nor it is not met he fhould: for though I fpeakle it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element fhews to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layed by, in his Na-"kedneffe he appears but a man; and though his affeclions are higher mounted then ours, yet when they loupe, they lope with the life wing: therefore, when he fes reafon of fears, as we doe; his fears, out of doubt, be of the fame relifh as ours are: yet in reafon, no man fhould poiffele his with any apperance of fear; leaff he, by fhewing it, fhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may fhow what outward courage he will: but I beleee, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with himfelle in Thames vp to the Neck; and fo I would he were, and by him, as all aduerfes fo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will fpakele my confidence of the

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King: I thinke hee would not with himflfle any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone so he fhould he fure to be renounced, and a many poore mens fives flied.

King. I dare fay, you love him not fo ill, to with him here alone: howioiever you fpake this to feele other mens minds, me thinke I could not dye any where fo con-"tent, as in the Kings company; his Caufe being iull, and his Quarrel honorable.

Williams. Thats more then we know.

Bates. If more then we wef should feeke after, for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects; if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King him-selfe hath a heauen Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes and Heads, choppe off in a Battalle, fhall loyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Weedy-"ed at eache place, some fwearling, fome crying for a Sur-"geon; fome for their Wifes, left poore behind them; fome for the Debs they owe, fome for their Children rawly left: I am afraid, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battalle: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Bifhod is their argument? Now, if there men does not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to difobey, were again all the proportion of infubiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father fent about Merchandize, doe finfully miscarre upon the Seas; the im-"putation of his wickedneffe, by your rule, fhould be im-"poft upon his Father that fent him: or if a Servant, under his Masters command, tranfporting a fumme of Mo-"ney, be fallyfed by Robbers, and dye in many treconcill'd Iniquities; you may call the bufineffe of the Maffer the author of theServants damnation: but this is not fo: The King is not bound to anfwear the particular endings of his Soildiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maller of his Servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their fentences. Besides, there is no King, be his Caufe neuer fo spotleffe, if it come to the arbi-"tration of Swords, can trie it out with all improved So-"ilders: some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contriv'd Murder; some, of begui-"ving Virgins with the broken Seales of Peritue; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before go-"red the gentle Eoifome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-"ring. Now, if thefe men have defeated the Law, and our-"runne Naturall punishement; though they can out-flip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: fo that here men are punifhed, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perifh. Then if they dye vnprovoced, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thofe Impieties, for the which they are now minioned. But they Soldeirs Duty is the Kings, but every Subiects Soul is his owne. Therefore fhould every Soildier in the Warres doe as every fickle man in his Bed, warm every Mort out of his Confidence: and dying, Do is to him advantage: or not dying, the time was bleffedly loft, wherein fuch preparation was gynaed: and in him that efcape, it was not finne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him contri-"bute the day, to fee his Greatneffe, and to teach others how they fhould prepare.
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Will. This certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransomed.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our threatres are cut, bee may be ransomed, and wee not the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poor and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll never trull his word after; come, 'tis a foolish sayinge.

King. Your reproofo is something too round, I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrel betweene us, if you please.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Signe of thine, and I will wearre it in my Bonnes: Then it, if ever thou dost acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Gloue: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alfo wearre in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and fly, after to morrow, this is my Gloue, by this hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I like to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English foolees, be friends, wee have French Quarrels now, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Soldiars.

King. Indeede the French may lay twenty French Crownes to one, they will bear vs, as they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English Trelion to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Upon the King, let us vs our Lunes, our Soules, our Debit, our carefull Wifes, our Children, and our Sinnen, lay on the King: We must bear all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subject to the breath of every foole, whose fence No more can feel, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-easeful must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?

And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Sawe Ceremonie, save generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Renets, what are thy Commings in? O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth,

What is thy Soule of Oratoriam?

Art thou ought else but Ploce, Degree, and Forme, Creating swe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,

Then they in fearing.

What drink't thou of, in head of Homage sweet,

But puffyn'd fatnerie? O, be fiek, great Greatnesse,

And bid thy Ceremonie guiue thee cure,

Thinks thou the fetire Feuer will goe out

With Titles blowe from Adaulation?

Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'lt the beggars knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud Drame, That play'lt so subtilly with a Kings Repose.

I am a King that find thee and I know,

Tis not the Balme, the Sceptor, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Maife, the Crowne Imperiall,

The enter-tisued Robe of Gold and Pearle,

The farred Title running loose the King,

The Throne he fitts on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,

That beares upon the high shore of this World.

No, not all these, thrice-gorgious Ceremonie;

Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiestitall,

Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaeue:

Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gots him to reit, cram'd with diffrectfull bread,

Neuer fees horride Night, the Child of Hell:

But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set,

Sweates in the eye of Paffion; and all Night

Sleepes in Zizium: next day after dawne,

Doth rife and helpe Hipperio to his Harfe,

And followes so the euer-running yeare

With profitable labour to his Grandeur:

And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,

Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe

Hadj the fore-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slaeue, a Member of the Countryes peace,

Enioyes it; in groffe braine little wots,

What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace;

Whose howres, the Peacent beft advantages.

Enter Epidemus.

Evp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your abstinence, Seeke through your Campe to finde you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together

At your Tent: Ie be before thee.

Evp. I shall doe, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battayles, feele my Soulidiers heares,

Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now

The fence of reckoning of th'opposed numbers:

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not upon the fault

My Father made, in compailing the Crowne.

I Richards body have interred new,

And on it have beloved, more contrite teares,

Then from it inflit forced drops of blood.

Fite hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their witherd hands hold vp

Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:

And I have built two Chaunturies,

Where the sad and toleme Priefts sing still

For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploiring pardon.

Enter Glocester.

Gloe. My Liege.

King. My Brother Glocesters Joyce? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.
Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Rainbow, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Chenaud: My Horse, Uterl Lacquay:

Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Viva les eses et corne.

Orleance. Rien pas est air et fen.

Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleance. Enter Confable.

Now my Lord Confable?

Conf. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

And doubt with them of terrible courage: ha.

Rum. What, will you have them weep our Horses blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Meffengers.

Meffengers. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Conf. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse,

Doe but behold yond poore and fraund Band,

And your faire shew shall shew away their Souls,

Leasing them but the shakcs and hukses of men,

There is not worke enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,

To glue each naked Curtleans a flayne,

That our French Gallants shall to day draw our,

And shew for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,

The vapour of our Valour will re-turne them.

'Tis possible against all exceptions, Lords,

That our superfluous Lacesquy, and our Peants,

Who in vanetttatio action swarne

About our Squares of Battaile, were enow

To purge this field of such a hindling Foe;

Though we upon this Mountains Baff by,

Tooke stand for idle speculation:

But that our Honours must not. What's to lay?

A very little little let vs doe,

And all is done: then let the Trumpeters sound

The Tucket Sonance, and the Note to mount;

For our approach shall to much dare the field,

That England shall couche downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?

Yond Iland Carriers, desparate of their bones,

Ill-fauorely become the Morning field;

Their ragged Curtaines poorly are let loose,

And our Ayres shakcs them passing scornfully.

Bigger Martiemes bunging out in their beggars Habsit,

And faintly through a ruffle Beuer peepes.

The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,

With Torch-flaues in their hand; and their poore Iades

Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:

The gummee downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their pale dull mourshe the symold Birt

Lyes soule with clawd-graffe, gill, and motionless,

And their executors, the knauch Crowers,

Flye e're they all impatient for their howre.

Description cannot fure is felle in words,

To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,

In life so liveleesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Conf. They hate said their prayers,

And they fly for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Diminters, and fresn Sutes,

And give their falling Horset Prouencer,

And after fight with them?

Conf. I stay but for my Guard: on

To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,

And vie it for my halfe. Come, come away,

The Sunne is high, and we out-wesate the day.

Enter Glouceister, Bedfor, Exeter, Eppingham

with all his Hojs: Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Gloue. Where is the King?

Belf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile.

Wol. Of fighting men they have full three-score thou-

and.

Exe. There's fute to one besides they all are fift.

Sala. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearfull oddes,

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge.

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;

Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinman, Worriors all, adieu.

Belf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee.

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fraund of the frine truth of valuer.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord; fight valiantly to day.

Belf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindness;

Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Wol. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no work to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin:

If we are marks to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrie losse: and if to live,

The fewe men, the greater share of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.

By lone, I am not conceynt for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my coif:

It yernes me not, if men my Garments were;

Such onward things dwell not in my desitres.

But if it be a fine to count Honor,

I am the most offending Souls alive.

No faith, my Cousye, with not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loooke so great an Honor,

As one man more me thinkes would shew from me,

For the bell hope I have. O, doe not with one more:

Rather proueme it (Westmerland) through my Hoof,

That he which hath no homack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,

And Crownes for Comonoy put into his Purfe:

We would not dye in that mans companie,

That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.

This day is calld the Feast of Criplian:

He that our-lies this day, and comes safe home,

Will fland a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rowle him at the Name of Criplian.

He that shall see this day, and live old age,

Will yeerly on the Vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, to morrow is Saint Criplian.

Then will he frisp his fleecy, and new his skares:

Old men forget; yet all shall be forget:

But hee'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, 
Be in their flowing Cups frethly remembered.
This fiery (hall the good man teach his fonne: 
And Crifjaine Crifjaine fhall he goe by, 
From this day to the ending of the World, 
But we in it fhall be remembered: 
The fewe, we happy fewe, we band of brothers: 
For he to day that fells his blood with me, 
Shall be my brother; he ne'to be vile, 
This day fhall gentle his Condition, 
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed, 
Shall think themfelues accurt their were not here; 
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whilsts any Speakes, 
That fought with vs upon Saint Crifjaines day.

Sal: My Soveraign Lord,beftow your felte with peace; 
The French are brauely in their battailes set, 
And will with all excception charge on vs.
King: All things are ready, if our minds be fo. 
Wpft. Perifh the man, whose mind is backward now.
King, Thou do't not with more helpe from England, 
Cous'z: Good will, my Liege, would you and I alone, 
Without more helpe,could fight this Royall battaile, 
King, Why now thou haft wifh'd frue thoufand men: 
Which likes me better, then to wift vs one. 
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Mowatley.
Mowt. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry, 
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound, 
Before thy mofl affined Outrethrons, 
For certainly, thou art too neere the Gulf, 
Thou needes be enlaundered. Besides, in mercy 
The Conftable defires thee, thou wilt mind 
Thy followers of Repentance: that their Soules 
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre. 
From off their fields: whereof(whitches)their poore bodies 
Muf't lye and felter.
King, Who hath fent thee now?
Mowt. The Conftable of France, 
King, I pray thee beare my former Answer back: 
Bid them achiue me, and then fell my bones. 
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus? 
The man that once did fell the Lyons skin 
While the beafe li'd, was kill'd with hunting him. 
A many of our bodies shall no doubt 
Find Natue Graves: upon the which, I truft 
Shall witneffe lie in Braffe of these dyes worke, 
And thofe that leave their valiant bones in France, 
Dying like men, though bury'd in your Dunghills, 
They fhall be fam'd: for there the Sun fhall greet them, 
And draw their honors reeking up to Heauen. 
Leaving their earthly parts to chace your Clyne, 
The fmall whereof shall breed a Plague in France. 
Marke then abounding vallour in our English: 
That being dead, like to the bullers crafing, 
Breake out into a fecond courfe of milchfeet, 
Killing in relapfe of Mortalitie, 
Let me fpeak proudly: Tell the Conftable, 
We are but Warriors for the working day: 
Our Gammafe and our Gilt are all beuinghich 
With rayme Marching in the painfull field, 
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoof: 
Good argument(I hope) we will not flye: 

And time hath worne vs into loutenzie, 
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim: 
And my poore Souldiers tell me,yet ere Night, 
They're be in frether Robes,or they will pluck 
The gay new Coftre o'the French Souldiers heads, 
And turne them out of feruite. If they doe this, 
As if God pleafe, they fhall; my Ranfome then 
Will foonne be leuyed. 
Herald, fare thou thy labouer: 
Come thou no more for Ranfome,gentle Herald, 
They fhall have none, I fware, buthe my joyfuls: 
Which if they have, as I will leave vs them, 
Shall yeeld them little,tell the Conftable. 

Mowt. I fhall, King Harry, and to face thee well: 
Thou neuer fhall brede Heralds any more, 

Enter. 
King, I fear thou wilt once more come againe for a 
Ranfome.

Enter Torke.
Torke, My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge 
The leading of the Vaward. 
King, Take it, braue Torke. 
Now Souldiers march away, 
And how thou pleafed God,dispoie the day. 
Exeunt.

Enter Exeunt.

Enter Pi/boll, French Souldier, Boy.
Pi/b. Yeeld Currice, 
French, I penfe yous efte the Gentilhomme de bon qua-
lite.
Pi/b. Qualitie calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name & discurfe.
French. O Signieur Dieu, 
Pi/b. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: 
pend my words O Signieur Dewe and markes: O Signeur 
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur 
Dewe doth give to mee egregious Raniome. 
French. O prennes imprecation adore,ty de moy. 
Pi/b. Moy fhall not ferue, I will haue forte Moyes for 
I will fetch thy rumme out at thy Throat, in droppes of 
Crimson blood. 
French. Ef il impofible d'esbopper le force de ton bras, 
Pi/b. Bras, Curdez thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goats, offer'me Brashe? 
French. O perdone moy. 
Pi/b. Say'th thou me fo? is that a Tonne of Moyes? 
Come hither boy,aske me this flaque in French what is his 
Name.

Doy, Efonce comment etes vous appeele? 
French. Monfieur le fer 
Doy, He fayes his Name is M. Fer. 
Pi/b. M. Fer: Il fet him, and ferke him, and ferret him: 
difcurfe the fame in French vnto me. 
Doy, I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and 
ferke.

Pi/b. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat, 
French. Que dit il Monfieur? 
Doy, He commandes a vous dire que vous fante votre 
profe, car ce felat es 1 cia diffez tous affaire de couper vosfere 
gorge. 
Pi/b. Ovy, cuyppe gorge permaføy pefant, voules 
thou giue me Crowne, braue Crownesor mangled falte 
what be by this my Sword. 
French. O le vous fupplic for l'amour de Dieu me par-
donner, le fois le Gentilhomme de bon maife garda ma vie: & le 
vouz donnerez deuont cens efons. 
Pi/b. What are his words

Boy, He
Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his random he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Piff. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fen. Petit Monseigneur, que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contre son lurement, de pardonner au curve prenner; non pour les courbes que vous par a pro- mest, il off consent a vous donner le libere le purcbevement.

Fre. Sur mer courageous, vous donnez de bonne remerciement, et me en forme heureux que le conte, entre les mains d'on Che- nault Le pape le plus brave valets et tres drissime figuret d'Angleterre.

Piff. Expound vnoo me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand hands, and he effeemns himselfe happy, that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and thricely-worthy figuret of England.

Piff. As I fuke blood, I wil som mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Sausse vous le grand Capitaine?

I did never know to full a voyce issue from so empe a heart; but the sayin is true, The empty vellit makes the greatest sound, Bardalfe and Ny'm had tence times more value, than sooring douell I'th'olde play, that euery one may payre his nyales with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if she durft feele any thing aduenturously. I mift flay with the Lackies with the luggages of our camp, the French might have a good prey of vs, if she knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constanle, Orlance, Buron, Dolphin, and Rambou.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O figurez le bieur et perdre, tourne et perdre.

Del. O first Dume de, all is confounded all, Reproach, and curretafting flame
Sits mocking in our flames. A short Alarum.

Con. Why all our ranks are broken.

Del. O perdurable flame, let's flab our felues; But shefe the wretches that we plated at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we went too, for his randome?

Bro. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame, Let vs dye in once more bache age, And be that will not follow Buron now, Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore, Whilft a base flane, no gender then my dogges, His fairest daughter is contaminated. Con. Disorder that hath ipoyly'd vs, friend vs now, Let vs on heapes go off pro our lives.

Orl. We are now yet living in the Field, To smother vs the English in our throats, If any order might be thought upon.

Bro. The diuell take Order now, lie to the throng; Let life be short, else flame will be too long.

Exit.

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayes, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, three-valiant Courtrimen, But all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty.

King. Lies he good Vuckle: thrice within this houre I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave Soldier) doth helie, I arding the plane: and by his bloody side, (Yorke, fellow to his honour-woundes) The Noble Earle of Suffolk also lyes. Suffolk first dyed, and Yorke all bagled over Comes to him, where in Gore he lay inflipped, And takes him by the Beard, kiffes the gashes That bloodyly did yawne vpon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolk, My feule shall thine keep company to heauen: Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-broad: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chivalrie.

Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He fim'd me in the face, raugh'd me his hand, And with a feble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord, Commend me feruice to my Soueraigne, So did he turne, and out Suffolkes neck He throw his wounded arme, and kill his lisses, And to esprou'd to death, with blood he feel'd A Testament of Noble-ending-love: The prettie and sweet manner of forc'd Thiole waters from me, which I would have fop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me vp to tears.

King. I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perfource compound With mixfull eyes, or they will ifflue. But heare, what new slarum is this fame? The French hauie re-enfor'd their scatterd men: Then every foulodiour kill his Prisoners, Guie the word through.

Exit.

Aetas Quintus.

Enter Flameli and Gower.

Flm. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expellfully against the Law of Armes, tis as strange a piece of kouery marks you know, as can bee offerd in your Confidence now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rafeall that ranne from the battaille he done this slaughter: befaides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath cause d euery foldiou to cut this pris- oners throat. O'tis a gallant King.

Flm. I hee was poore at Monmouth Captaine Gower: What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flm. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the maimani- gous, are all one rekonning, fase the phrase is a little va- riations.

Gow. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in Macedon, his Father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flm. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is borne.
prome: I tell you Captain, if you looke in the Map of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparisions be timee Macedon & Mamsmouth, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in Macedon & there is also moreover a River as in Mamsmouth, it is call'd the Wye as Mamsmouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River? But it is all one, its alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke Alexander's life well. Harry of Mammouths life is come after it indifferet well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wrathis, and his cholerys, and his moiddes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ares and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend Cyurus. 

Gen. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends. 

Flu. It is not well done (maske you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisions of : as Alexander kild his friend Cyurus, being in his Ares and his Cuppes; so also Harry Mamsmouth being in his right wities, and his good judgements, surend'awade the fat Knight with the great belly doubler; he was full of selfs, and gyres, and knauerises, and mockes. I haue forgot his name. 

Gen. Sir John Fallaife. 

Flu. That is he: I le tell you, there is good men porne at Mamsmouth. 

Gen. Heree comes his Maiesty. 

Enter King Harry and Burbnym with preachers. Flourishs. 

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horsemen were, And gallop oer the field. 

Her. The day is yours. 

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it: What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by, 

Her. They call it Aquincourt. 

King. Then call we this the field of Aquincourt, 

Fought on the day of Cripin Cripinianus. 

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't pleas you your Maiesty) and your great Uncle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most praze battle here in France. 

Kin. They did Placken. 

Flu. Your Maiesty fayres very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of is, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leckes did grow, wearing Leckes in their Mamsmouth caps, which your Maiesty know to this house is an honourable badge of the service: And I doe beleue your Maiestye takes no scorne to weare the Lecke upon S. Tauntes day. 

Kin. I weare it for a memorable honor. 

For I am Welch you know good Countriman. 

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot, with your Maiesties Welsh plodd out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plece it, and preferue it, as long as it pleates his Grace, and his Maiestye too. 

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen. 

Flu. By Ieth, I am your Maiestyes Countrymen, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiestye, praied be God so long as your Maiestie is an honett man. 

King. Good keep me so. 

Enter Williams. 

Our Herold goes with him, 

Bring me iuft notice of the numbers dead 

On both our parts. 

Call yonner fellow hither. 

Exe. Soul'dier, you must come to the King. 

Kin. Soul'dier, why wearst thou that Glouce in thy Cappe? 

Will. And't pleas you your Maiestie, tis the gage of one that I shold fight withall, if he be alive. 

Kin. An Englishman? 

Will. And't pleas your Maiestey, a Raffeall that faggert'd with me last night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glouce, I haue sworn to take him a boxe a th ere: or if I can see my Glouce in his cappe, which he wore as he was a Soul'dier he would weare it alive. I will strike it out of fouls. 

Kin. What thinke you Captain Finwear. 

is it this fouldier keepes his oath. 

Flu. Hee is a Cruzen and a Villaine elfe, and tis pleas your Maiestie in my conscience. 

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quire from the answer of his degree. 

Flu. Though he be as good a gentlemen as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Delilah himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepes his vow and his oath: if hee bee pierit'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrane a villaine and a lacke fawwe, as euer his blacke fhoor trodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law 

King. Then keep he thy vow firrath, when thou mee'th the fellow. 

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I liue. 

King. Who fere't thou vnder?
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and litterature in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. Exit.

King. Here Fluellen, were thou this favour for me, and strike it in thy Capepe: when Alanfon and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alanfon, and an enemy to our Person; If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'lt me love.

Fluen. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be deu'd in the hearts of his Subjectes: I would faine see the man, that's but two legges, that shall find himself agreeat this Gloue; this is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'lt thou Gower?

Fluen. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe fecke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Fluen. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The Gloue which I have given him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a boxe there.

It is the Souldiers: by bargaine should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Counil Warwick: If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word; Some sodaine mischife may arise of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant, And touch'd with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harme betwene them.

Goe you with me, Vncket of Exeter. Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine. Enter Fluellen.

Fluen. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Fluen. Know the Gloue! know the Gloue is a Gloue. Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strike him.

Fluen. 'Sbid! an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersi
t fall World, or in France, or in England.


Will. Doe you thynke Ile be forsworne?

Fluen. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will gliee Trewson his payment into ploues, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traityer.


Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now how now, what's the matter?

Fluen. My Lord of Warwick, herete is, prayed be God for it, a most contagious Traytien come to light, looke you, as you shall deliberate a Summers day. Here is his Maitelie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Fluen. My Liege, herete is a Villain, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, he's stroke the Gloue which your Maieftie is take out of the Helmet of Alanon.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it, and that he proue it to change, promis'd to wear it in his Capepe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Capepe, and I have been as good as my word.

Fluen. Your Maitelie heare now, suiting your Maitelies Manhood, what an arrant rafeley, beggerly, lowle Knaue it is: I hope your Maitelie is pear me testimonie and witneffe, and will awouchement, that this is the Gloue of Alanfon, that your Maitelie is gliee me, in your Con
tenance now.

King. Give me thy Gloue Souldier; Louke, here is the fellow of it:

Twas I indeed thou promisst to strike, And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Fluen. And please your Maitelie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Lawe in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Maitelie.

King. It was our selfe thou didn't abuse.

Will. Your Maitelie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what you Highnelfe most'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for if you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnelfe pardon me.

King. Here Vncket of Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And gliee it to this fellow. Keepes it fellow, And wear it for an Honor in thy Capepe, Till I doe challenge it. Gliee him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Fluen. By this Day and this Light, the fellow he's met
tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keep out you of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Fluen. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue you more your Crownes, wherefore should you be so paffiull, your Crownes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbered?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken Vncket?

Ere. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King.

John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Beauchamp:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squares, Full fifcente hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye flaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twenty six: added to thes, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemens, Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dub'd Knights.

So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixeene hundred Mercenaries:

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squares, And
And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.

The Names of those their Nobles that ye dead:

Charles Delabroth, High Constable of France,

Jaiger of Chatillon, Admiral of all France,

The Master of the Crossbowes, Lord Rambures,

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,

John Duke of Alajon, Antonic Duke of Brabant,

The Brother to the Duke of Burgundy:

And Edward Duke of Barr: of Suffolk Earles,

Grandpre and Rouffe, Vaucarindire and Foyr,

Beaumont and Marie, Vanderbilt and Leftrale.

Here was a Royall fellowship of death,

Where is the number of our English dead?

Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Richard Ketly, Dany Gars Esquire;

None else of name: and of all other men,

But five and twenty.

O God, thy Arme was heere;

And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,

Aferibe we all: when, withouut stragagem,

But in plaine shock, and euell play of Battle,

Was euer knowne so great and little loffe:

On one part and on the other, take it God,

For it is none but thine.

Exeunt. Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:

And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,

To bost of this, or take that prayer from God,

Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaze your Maiestie,

That God fought for vs?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conference, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be sung Non nosto, and Te Deum,

The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:

And then to Callise, and to England then,

Where we're from France arriu'd more happy men,

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,

I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life,

Be here preferred. Now we bearre the King

Toward Callise: Graunt him there: there seene,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,

Aforth the Seas: Behold the English beach,

Pales in the flood: with Men, Women, and Boyes,

Whose founts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

Which like a mightie Whiffler Tore the King,

Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,

And solemnly see him set on London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that euell now

You may imagine him upon Black-Heath:

Where, that his Lords desire him, to have borne

His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the City: he forbids it,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mock a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

Gov. Enough Captaine, you have abominish him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peste his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your Greene wound, and your plooide Coxe-

combe.

Pif. Most I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of quie-
tion, too, and ambiguities.

Pif. By this Lecke, I will most horribly revenge I ear and eate I swearce.

Flu. Eat I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to swearce by.

Pif. Quiet? thy Cadgell, thou dott see I eate.

Flu. Much good do you feald knave, heartily, Nay, pray you throw no where away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxecombe: when you take occasions to see Leches hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pif. Good.

Flu. 1. Leckes is good hold you, there is a groat to heal your pane.

Pif. Mea groat at?

Flu Yes verily, and in truth you shal eate, or I have another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pif. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
gels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels: God be with you, and keepe you, and heale your pane. 

Exit

Pif. All hell shal flirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a contreferit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable Trophie of predeceased valor, and dare not souch in your deeds any of your words. I haue feene you gleecking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the naturall gait, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgel: you finde it otherwis, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. 

Exit

Pif. Doeth fortune play the hutwifhe with men now? Newes hauie I that my Dall is dead in Spitle of a maladie of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off: Old I do waue, and from my weare limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud ile turne, and sometyme leaue to Cut-purfe of quicke hand: To England will I Heale, and there ile feele: And natches will I get into these cudgel'd faces, And twice I got them in the Gallia wares. 

Exit

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vaxo our brother France, and to our Sifer Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wifes To our most faire and Princely Coyne Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contri'd, We do salute you Duke of Burgoge, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

Queene. So happy be the Iffie brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto have borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The farall Balls of murthering Bafiliskes: The venum of such Looks we fairely hope Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into lune.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare, Queene. You English Princes all, I doe salute you. 

Borg. My dutie to you both, on equal louse. Great Kings of France and England that I have laboud With all my wits, my pains, and strenge endevours, To bring your most Imperial Maisties Unto this Barre, and Royall entertainement: Your Mightinesse on both parts beft can witnesse. Since then my Office hath fo faire prepared, That Face to Face, and Royali Eye to Eye, You have congregated; let it nor disconrage me, If I demand before this Royall view.

What Rab, or what Impediment there is, Why that the nacked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourise of Arts, Plesenty, and Joyfull Births, Should not in this beft Garden of the World, Our fertile France, but vpt her lovely Vifage? Als, this hash from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in its owne fertilitie. 

Her Vine, the merry cheater of the heart, Vprunred, dyes: her Hedges euens pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly over-grownne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Lcss, The Dannel, Hemlock, and ranke Fementary, Doth root vpon; while that the Culterrufes, That should deracinate such Saugery: The euens Meade, that erit brought twently forth The freckled Cowflip, Burner, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Synthe, wishall vncorrected, ranke. 

Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes, But harsefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kefyses, Burres, Looing both beautie and vitlillie; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Defecuitive in their natures, grow to wildifee. Even so our House, and our sisters, and Children, Have lofe, or do not learnes, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Country; But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, To Sweareing, and kenne Looks, desuf'd Atryce, And every thing that seemes vnsarticular. 

Which to reduce into our former fauer, You are assembl'd: and my speache entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconuenciences, And bliefe vs with her former qualities,

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace, Whole want gius growth to thImperfections Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our iuft demands, Whole Tenures and particular effects You have enschedu'd briefely in your hands.

Borg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet There is no Anfwer made,

Eng. Well then the Peace which you before for vrg'd, Lyes in his Anfwer.
France. I hate but with a curfetarie eye
One glance the Articles: Pleasthe your Grace
To appoint some of your Countell prettily
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-firue them; we will suddenny
Pass our accept, and peremptorie Answer.
England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucefier,
Warwick, and Tunmington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Willemes beth
Shall fea audefuantlye for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
and wee configne thereto. Will you,faie Sifer,
Goe with the Princes,or stay here with vs?
Que. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Woman Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely wr'be flood on.
England. Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capital Demand, compris'd
Within the for-ranke of our Articles.
Que. She hath good leaue. Exeunt answer.

Manet King and Katherine.
King. Faile Katherine, and moft faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier teams,
Such as will enter at a Ladies eate,
And pleade his Louis-fuit in her gentle heart.
Kath. Your Matrile shall mock at me, I cannot speake
your Englishe, King.
King. O faile Katherine, if you will love me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confede
it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kate?
Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.
King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angell.
Kath. Que dit il que je dois semblable a les Anges ?
Lady. Ouay serament (sois vosfere Grace) amis dit il.
King. I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blufhe
to affirme it.
Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont pleu de tromperies.
King. What eyes the faire one that the tongues of
men are full of deceits ?
Lady. Ouay, deo tongs de deus de mens is full de deceits:
datis de princelle.
King. The Princeelle is the better English-woman:
yfaith Kate, my vowing is fit for you vnderstanding,
I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
couldst, thou wouldst finde me such a faire King, that
thou wouldst thinke, I had fold my Farme to buy my
Crowne. I know no wayes to mine it in loute, but dire-
tely to fay, I love you; then if you vurge me farther,
then to fay, Doe you in faynt? I wearre out my faynt: GIVE
me your anfwer, yfaith doe, and fo clap hands, and a bag-
guine: how fay you, Lady ?
Kath. Sois vosfere homere, me vnderland well.
King. Marry, if you would put me to Verles, or to
Dance for your farte, Kate, why you vould me: for the one
I have neither words nor meafure: and for the other,
I have no strenght in meafure, yet a reafonable meafure in
strength. If I could winne a Lady as Leape frogge, or by
vatting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe:
under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if it might buffet fome

Loure, or bound my Horse for her faules, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a lack a Ape, newe off. But
before God Kate, I cannot looke greenly, nor gaze out
my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in prostitution;
only downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,
nor neuer breaks for wrangling. If thou cans loue a fouver
of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning
& that neuer lookes in his Glaffe, for loute of any
thing hee fethers? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Soulader: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me; if not, to fay to thee that I shall dye, is truebut
for thy loute, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou hauft, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and
vntouched Contancies, for he perfere muft do thee right,
because he hath not the gift to wrooe in other places: for
these fellows of infinite tongue, that can ryme themselfes
into Ladies faulers, they doe alwaies fefon themfelves
out againe. What a speaker is but a prater. A Ryme is
but a Ballad: a good Legge will fall, a straw Becke will
floop, a blacke Beare will turne white, an oul'd Patre will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow : but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone: for it
shines bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his coure
truly. If thou woulde fuch a one, take me ? and
and take me; take a Souldier: take a Saunder: take a King.
And what fay fay thou then to my Loue? I speake my fayre,
and fainely, I pray thee.
King. Is it poiffible dat Iould loue de enemie
France?
King. No, it is not poiffible you shoulde loue the Enemie
of France, Kate: but in louing me, you shoulde loue
the Friend of France: for I love France fo well, that I
will not part with a Village of it: I will have it all mine:
and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yourfchent
then yours is France, and you are mine.
King. I cannot tell wat is dat.
King. No, Kate ! I will tell thein in French which I am
sure will hung upon my tongue, like a new married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be froke off: le
quant le parfait de France, & sainnoy ons les paflions
de moy. (Let mee fce, what then? Saint Denys bee
my fpéde) Done vosfere off France, & vosfes mienne.
It is as eafe for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
fpeake fo much more French: I shall newe moue thee in
French, vnable it be to laugh at me.
Kath. Sauf vosfere honorne, le Francois que vous partiez, il
& mefmes qu il Anglais le quitte partie.
King. No faith is not, Kate: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falafe, mutt
needes be granted to be much at one. But Kate, doo not
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue me?
Kath. I cannot tell.
King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? He
ake them. Come, I know thou loueft me: and at night,
when you come into your Cloffe, you queftion this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to
her driprayfe those parts in mee, that you loue with your
heart: but good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather
gente Princeelle,because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou
beest mine, Kate, as I have a fuing Faith with mee tells
me thou shalt: I get thee with vntaming, and thou
mutt therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweenne Saint Denys and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, k
that
that shall goe to Confamintopole, and take the Turkie by
the Beard. Shall wee not? what say’st thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce.
Kate. I doe not know dat.
King. No:’tis hereafter to know, but now to promis:
do but now promise Kate, you will entrate for your
French part of such a Boy; and for my English motyke,
take the Word of a King, and a Bacheelor. How answer
you. La plus belle Katherine du monde meus treacher des desir
des.
Kath. Your Maistrie as fauie Fanchone enough to
decieue de moft fage Damoisell dat is en France.
King. Nowuye upon my faire Frenchy by mine Honor
in true English, I love thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare
do not sweare thou louceft me, yet my blood begins to flater
me, that thou doest; notwithstanding the poor and
vntempering effect of my Vifage. Now befhrew my
Fathers Ambition, wee was thinking of Cuillt Warres
when she got me, therefore was I created with a flub-
borne out-flide, with an affect of Iron, that when I come
to wooc Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the
elder I was, the better I shall appare. My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
fpyole upon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at
the worft; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
better and better: and therefore tell me, moft faire Ka-
therine, will you haunte me? Put off your Maidens Blishes,
awewnd the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lonkess
of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry
of England, I am thine: which Word thou haile not sooner
bleffe mine Kate withall, but I will tell thoe alowd, En-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry
Plantaginet is thine: who, though I speake it before his
Face, if he be not Fellow with the bell King, thou shalt
finde the bell King of Good-fellowes. Come your An-
swer in broken Muilck; for thy Voucy is Muilck, and
thou English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine,
brake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou
haue me?
Kath. Dat is as it shall pleafe de Roy nowe pere.
King. Nay, it shall pleafe him well, Kate; it shall pleaze
him, Kate.
Kath. Den it full also content me.
King. Upon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
Queene.
Kath. Laiffe moi Seigneur, laiffe, laiffe, moy faye: Je ne
veux point que vous abbattez votre grandeur, en buvant le
verre d’uue Seigneur indigné, servir ezuz exuex: Je
veux fopiti mon tres-prefent Seigneur.
King. Then I will kiffe your Lippes, Kate.
Kath. Les Dames & Damoisels pour aye laizez daunt
leur nappage il ne pas le costume de France.
King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes fay?
Lady. Dat is not or be de fadome for the Ladies of
Francais: I cannot tell war is buille en Angliff.
King. To kiffe.
Lady. Your Maiestie entendrez bettre que moy.
King. It is not a fashion for the Maidens in France to
kiffe before they are married, wold the fay?
Lady. Our versus.
King. O Kate, nice Cuffomes curtie to great Kings:
Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin’d with the
weake Lizl of Countrieres ficipation: wee are the ma-
kers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that followes
our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your
Country, in denying me a Kiffe: therefore patiently,
yeefuding. You hate Witch-craft in your Lippes.
Kate.: there is more eloquencie in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and
they shond sooner perifhade Harry of England, then a
generall Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Fa-
ther.
Enter the French Poor, and the English
Lords.
Borg. God faue thy Maistrie, my Royall Cousin,
teach you our Princesse English?
King. I would hae her leare, my faire Cousin, how
pecetilly I love her, and that is good English.
Burg. Is flie not apt?
King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
ton is not smooth: fo that haing neyther the Voucy nor
the Heart of Blatterie about me, I cannot fo conure vp
the Spirit of Lone in her, that bee will appeare in his tru
likeneffe.
Borg. Pardon the frankneffe of my mirth, if I anweter
you for that. If you would conure in her, you must
make a Circle: if conure vp Lone in her in his true
likeneffe, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you
blame her then, being a Maid, yet rost over with the
Virgin Crimon of Madame, if thee deny the appearance
of a bakd blinde Boy in her raked feting fette? It were
(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to confine to.
King. Yet they doe winke and yeald, as Lone is blinde
and enforces.
Burg. They are then excus’d, my Lord, when they fe
not what they doe.
King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to
content wincking.
Borg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord; if you
will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
Summer’d, and warme kept, are like Fykes at Bartholo-
mew-tyde, blinde, though they buaye their eyes, and then
they will endure handling, which would before would not abide
looking on,
King. This Moralle tryes me ouer to Time, and a hot
Summer; and so I shall catch the Fyke, you Cousin, in
the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.
Borg. As Lone is my Lord, before it loues.
King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke
Lone for my blindneffe, who cannot see many a faire
French Citie for one faire French Maid that flands in my
way.
French King. Yes my Lord, you feem them perspec-
tively: the Cities turn’d into a Maid: for they are all
gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath ent-
tered.
England. Shall Kate be my Wife?
France. So please you.
England. I am content, fo the Maiden Cities you
take of, may wait on her: fo the Maid that flood in
the way for my Wil, shall shew me the way to my
Will.
France. We have confentted to all taresmes of re-
ferred.
England. Its so, my Lords of England?
Weft. The King hath graunted every Article:
His Daughter first; and in fequeule, all,
According to their firme propoed natures.

Exe. Onely
Exeunt.

But the Name of France, and its high and mighty person, residing in this place, and with this addition, in French: Nofir tres cher fils, Henry Ray d'Angleterre Heriteur de France: and thus in Latin: Praeclarissimus Filius noffcr Henricus Rex Angliae et Heres Franciae.

France. Nor this I have not Brother to deny'd, But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in love and deare aliance, Let that one Article ranke with the rest, And therupon give me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayfe vp Ilyce to me, that the contending Kingdome Of France and England, whose very thoares looke pale, With envy of each others happenesse, May ceafe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord In their sweats Bofoemes: that neuer Warre aduance His bleeding Sword'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnesse all, That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Queene. God, the best maker of all Marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: As Man and Wife being two, are one in lone, So be there 'twixt your Kingdome such a Spoufall, That never may ill Office, or fell Jealouie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,

Thruf't in betweene the Paton of their Kingdome,

To make diuorce of their incorporate League:

That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy we'le take your Oath

And all the Princes, for securitie of our Leagues.

Then shall I Iwears to Kate, and you to me,

And may our Oaths well kept and prosperous be.

Sent. Exeunt. Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-ysable Pen,

Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,

In little rooms confining mightie men,

Mangling by starts the fall courfe of their glory.

Small time: but in that small, most greatly liv'd

This Starre of England, Fortune made his Sword;

By which, the Worlds best Garden he achieved:

And of it left his Sonne Imperial Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King

Of France and England, did this King succeed:

Whose State so many had the managing,

That they left France, and made his England bleed:

Which oft our Stage hath shown; and for their sake,

In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vng be\textsuperscript{s} heaven with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States, Brandish your eyell Treffles in the Sky;
And with them scourge the bad revoluing Stars,
That haue confented vnto Henrie\textsuperscript{s} death:
King Henry the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne\textsuperscript{r}e loft a King of so much worth,
Glory. England ne\textsuperscript{r}e had a King vntill his time:
Verue he had, deferving to command,
His brandish Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spread wider then a Dragons Wing:
Hit sparkling Eyes, replac\textsuperscript{t} with wraithfull fire,
More dazzled and doue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces,
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speach:
He ne\textsuperscript{r}e lift vp his Hand, but conquered.
Ewe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reun\textsuperscript{e}.
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend:
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captaines bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What shall we curse the Planets of Mifhap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtille-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Veries haue contri\textsuperscript{u}d his end.
Witch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadful Judgement-Day
So dreadful will not be, as was his fight,
The Battailes of the Lord of Hofts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.
Glory. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray\textsuperscript{d},
His thred of Life had not so fome decay\textsuperscript{d},
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.
Witch. Glor\textsuperscript{e}, what e\textsuperscript{r}e we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeft to command the Prince and Realme.
The Wife is proud, she holds thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Glory. Name not Religion, for thou loue\textsuperscript{s} the Fleish;
And we\textsuperscript{r}e throughout the yeare to Church thou go\textsuperscript{t},
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cese, cease these Lares, & let thy minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds ways on vs;
In stead of Gold, we\textsuperscript{r}e offer yp our Armes,
Since Armes are\textsuperscript{e} not, now that Henry's death,
Po\textsuperscript{r}terie a\textsuperscript{w}t for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers mouin?d eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ie be made a Nounith of falt Tares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead,
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I innocuate.
Profer this Realme, keepe is from Guill Bayroles,
Combat with adverse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Scarde thy Soule will make,
Then In\textsuperscript{t}uis Cesar or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Myl. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of lost, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champange, Rheines, Orleans,
Paris, Guyors Poitiers, are all quitt loof.
Bed. What say\textsuperscript{t} thou man, before dead Henry's Coarfe?
Speake fastly, or the loffe of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.
Glory. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
If Henry were recall\textsuperscript{d} to life again,
These news would caufe him once more yeeld the Ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs\textsuperscript{e}?
Myl. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Among\textsuperscript{t} the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaineGesture Factions:
And while\textsuperscript{t} a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals,
One would have lingering Warres, with little coft;
Another would flye swiftly, and wanteth Wings:
A third thinks, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayned.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not flouth dimme your Honors, new begor;
Cropst are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.
Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Furthall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
Bedel. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Give me my fleeced Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with their dismes, make no waying Robes:
Wounds will I lend the French in stead of Eyes,
To wepe their intermin\textsuperscript{i}e Miferies.

Enter
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Farwell my Mafter, to my Taske will I, 
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, 
To keepe our great Saint George Feast withall. 
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take, 
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. Mejf. So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd, 
The English Army is grown weakne and faint: 
The Duke of Alfonso flies his crueallSupply, 
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 
Since they so few, watch such a multitude. 

Exit. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry swore: 
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vterely, 
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake. 

Belf. I doe remember it, and here take my leave, 
To goe about my preparation. 

Exit Belford. 

Glof. He to the Tower with all the Hau of Office, 
To view the Artilerie and Munition, 
And then I will proclaim ye young Henry King, 

Exit Gloffer.

Exit. To Eltam will I, where the young King is, 
Being ordain'd his speciall Governor, 
And for his safetie there Ile bee deuine. 

Exit. Whom. Each hath his Place and Function to attend: 
I am left out; for me nothing remains: 
But long I will not be lack out of Office, 
The King from Eltam I intend to send, 
And sit at chiefeft Sterne of publique Weale. 

Exit.

Sound a flourfe.

Enter Chartcrs, Alanf, and Rêgnier, marchyng with Drum and Swoulders.

Charles. Mere his true moving, even as in the Heaven, 
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne, 
Late did he shine vpun the English fide: 
Now were we Victors, vpun vs he smiles. 
What Townes of any moment, but we have: 
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance: 
Otherwheres, the famifht English, like pale Ghosts, 
Painfully besiege vs one houre in a moneth. 
Alan. They want their Porceedge, & their fat Bul Beoes: 
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules, 
And have their Prouender thy'd to their mouths, 
Or pittose they will looke, like drowned Mice. 
Rêgnier. Let's rayfe the Siége: why lie we idly here? 

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare: 
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury, 
And he may well in fretting spend his gall, 
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre. 

Charles. Sound, sound, found Alarum, we will ruft on them. 
Now for the honour of the fooerne French: 
Him I forgive my death, that killete me, 
When he fees me goe back one foot, or flye. 

Exit. Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great toffe.

Enter Chartcrs, Alanf, and Rêgnier.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I? 
Dogges, Cawards, Daftards: I would me ne haue fled, 
But that they left me midst my Enemies. 

Rêgnier. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide, 
He fighteth as one wearey of his life: 
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode, 
Doe ruft vpun vs as their hungry prey.

k 3 Alanf. Fng.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Alanfor. Prosford, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all Others and Roundels breed,
During the time Edward the third did reigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampson and Gisborne
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bond’ed Rafeals, who would e’re supposse,
They had such courage and audacity?
Charles. Let’s leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-bray’d Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them, rather with their Teeth.
The Walls they teare downe, then forfake the Siege.
Reignier. I think by some odde Gimmes or Device
Their Armes are fet, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne’re could they hold out so as they doe:
By my content, we’e leen let them alone.
Alanfor. Be it so.

Enter the Baffard of Orleans.

Baffard. Where’s the Prince Dolphin? I have newes for him.

Dolph. Baffard of Orleans, thrice welcome to vs.
Baff. Me thinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall’d.
Hast the latter overthrow wrougeth this offence?
Be not dismay’d, for dccour is at hand:
A holy Maid either with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to rayle this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deep Prophecie the hath,
Exceeding the nine Shyls of old Rome:
What’s past, and what’s to come, she can defcry.
Speake, still I call her in? betrench my words,
For they are certaine, and unvailable.
Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my plate;
Queftion her proundly, let thy Looks be serene,
By this means shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Louis Pussel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is’t thou wilt doe these won-
drous tests?
Pussel. Reignier, is’t thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer before.
Be not amazed, there’s nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart;
Stand back you Lords, and give us leave a while.
Reignier. She takes upon her bravely at first daire.
Pussel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shephards Daughter,
My wit enwrap’t in any kind of Art.
Heaven and our Lady gracius hath it pleas’d
to shine on my contemptible estate,
Loe, whilst I was on my tender Lamber,
And to Sunnes paching heat display’d my cheeks,
Gods Mother design’d to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Mairies,
Will d’re to leave my base Vocati
And free my Country from Calamites:
Her ayde the promis’d, and assur’d succeffe,
In compleat Glory shee receav’d her felic:
And where I was black and swarre before,
With those cleare Rays, which flees infused on me.
That beaute am I blest with, which you may see.
Ask me what queftion thou canst possible,
And I will anwer unpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar’st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Refulge on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou haft aonfignifie me with thy high terms:
Onely this proofs: Ile of thy Valoure make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckte with me;
And if thou vanquishfeth, thy words are true.
Otherwife I renounce all confidence.
Pussel. I am prepare’; here is my keen-edg’d Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Toursaine, in S. Katherine’s Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of Old Iron, I chofe forth.
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I ferre no woman.
Pussel. And while I live, Ile ne’re flye from a man.
Here they fight, and loane de Pussel overcomes.
Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fighte with the Sword of Delora.
Pussel. Chriftifs Mother helps me, else I were con-
weake.
Dolph. Who e’re helps thee, ’tis that thou must haue helped me:
Impatiently I burne with thy defire,
My heart and hands thou haft at once subdu’d.
Excellent Pussel, if thy name be so,
Let me thy fandom, and not Souersign be,
’Tis the French Dolphin succeth to thee thus.
Pussel. I must not yield to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession’s faced from above.
When I haue chafed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think on a recompence.
Dolph. Meane time looke graciously on thy profittl
Thrift.
Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in tale.
Alan. Doubtlesse he thinkes this woman to her finock,
Elle ne’re could he so long protra’d his speech.
Reignier. Shall we’er disturb him, since hee keeps no meane?
Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These wenomen are swayed tempters with their tongues.
Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we give o’er Orleans, or no?
Pussel. Why no, I say eu’distrisfull Recreants,
Fight till the last galpe: Ile be your guard.
Dolph. What thee sayes, Ile confirme: wee’le fight
it out.
Pussel. A fir’d am I to be the English Scourge,
This night the Siege affuredly Ile rayle:
Expect Saint Martines Summer, Halcyons dayes,
Since I have entred into these Wares,
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught,
With Henries death, the English Circle ends,
Dispered are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud infulging Ship,
Which Cafar and his fortune base are once.
Dolph. Was Nilhausm inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen the Mother of Great Conflantine,
Nor yet S. Philips daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of France, fairer downe on the Earth,
Hast thou renewedly worship thee enough?
Alanfor. Leave off delays, and let vs rayle the Siege.
Reignier. Wo...
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Regnier. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors,
Driue them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Dolph. Prefently we'll e'ee try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if thee proye false.

Exeunt.

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men.

Glof. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear there is Conveyance:
Where be these Warders, that wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis Gloster that calls, 1.
Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?
Glof. 1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.
Warder. Who e'er be he, you may not be let in.
1. Man. Villains, answer you the Lord Protector?
Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We doe no otherwise then we are will'd.
Glof. Who will'd you, or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Break vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flower'd thus by dunghill Groome
Glosfers men run into the Tower Gates, and Woodifie
The Lieutenants within.

Woodifie. What noyle is this, what Traytours have we here?
Glof. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter.

Woodifie. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchefter forbids it.

Glof. Faint-hearted Woodifie, prizest him to me?
Arrogant Winchefter that haughtie Prelate,
Whom Henry our late Souveraigne née could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the Gates, or I'll bust thee out shortly.
Serving-men. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll bust 'em open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchefter
and his men in Tanwy Coates.

Wincheft. How now ambitious Vinephire, what means this?
Glof. Pild Prieft, don't thou command me to be shut out?
Winch. I doe, thou most villaping Proctor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
Glof. Stand back thou meanest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived it so murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu't Whores Indulgenes to finde,
Ile caunse thee in thy broad Cardinall Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inffolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budges a foot:
This be Damaske, thou courted Coin,
To slay thy Brother Abdi, if thou wilt,
Glof. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
This Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vie, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy face.
Glof. What am I da'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prithee beware thy Beard,
I mean to tugge it, and to cufle thee soundly,
Vnder my feet I hampe thy Cardinall Hat:

In sight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheeckes Ille drag thee vp and downe.

Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answe're this before the Pope.
Glof. Winchefter Goofe, I'ye, a Rope, a Rope,
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thou Ille chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Our Tanwy-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinall men,
and enter in the bully-bully the Major of London, and his Officers.

Major. Eye Lords, that you being suprême Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.
Glof. Peace Major, thou know'lt little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here dislay'd the Tower to his vile.

Winch. Here's Gloster, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and newer Peace,
O're-charg'ning your free Purfes with large Fines;
That seekes to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himselfe King, and suppreffe the Prince.

Glof. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes,
Here they shynsh again.

Major. Naught repels for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e'er thou canst, cry:
All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
against Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you,
in his Highness Name, to reparie to your several dwelling places,
and to not misuse, handle, or use any Sword, spea-
or Dagger hence forward, upon paine of death.
Glof. Cardinall, hee be a breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large,

Winch. Gloster, we'le meet to thy coffe, bee faire:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.

Major. Ie call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.
Glof. Major farewell: thou doo't but what thou may't.

Winch. Abominable Gloster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it ere long.

Exeunt.

Major. See the Coalt cleare, and then we will depart,
Good God, these Nobles should such flamacks borne,
I my selfe fight not once in forte yeere,

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirs, thou know'lt how Orleanc is besieged,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wunne,
Boy. Father I know, and ofte haue shot at them,
How e're unfortunat, I mist'd my syne.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou nul'd by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Sometime I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes eypays have informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrench,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the City,
And thence disnur, how with most aduantage
They may ex vs with Shot or with Assaul
t.
To intercept this inconvienence,
A Pece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,

And
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now do see watch,
For I can not stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run to and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Goumiers.
Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
I'll never trouble you, if I may lye thee.
Exit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd?
How went thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means get'st thou to be releas'd?
Difcon'st I prethee on this Turrets top.
Talbot. The Earl of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Saint-Andre,
For him was I exchang'd, and rason'd,
But with a safer man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would have barred't me:
Which I disdaining, feard, and eas'd death,
Rather then I would be pos'd effendi 'd:
In fine, releas'd I was as I debar'd.
But O the trecherous falf'y wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fifd I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tellst thou now, how thou wast entertain'd.

Tal. With coffes and scemes, and consumulous taunts,
In open Market-place product they me,
To be a publique sacrilege to all:
Here, lay'd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Sear-Crow that affrights our Children to.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my Nayles digg'd ftones out of the ground,
To hurat at the beholders of my shame.
My grisy countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for fear of Julliaine death.

In Iron Walls they deem'd me no secure:
So great fear of my Name mortg'd them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steeles,
And spurne in pieces Poths of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walked about me every Minute while:
And if I did but flyre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linfleek.

Sal. I grieve to hear what tormentors you endur'd,
But we will be releas'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleans:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they forfife:
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir Willam Glaufdale,
Let me have your express opinion,
Where is best place to make our Bate'y next?
Gargrave. I think at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.
Glaufdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge.
Talk. For ought I see, this City must be famish'd,
Or with light Skirmishes enceel'd. Here they fost, and
Salisbury falls downe.

Sal. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
Gargrave. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.
Talk. What chance is this, that suddenly hath craft vs?
Speak Salisbury at leaft, if thou canst, speak.

How far'th thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks fide strack off?
Accur'd Tower, accur'd fatal Hand,
That hath contribut'd this woeful Tragedie.
In thirteene Batailes, Salisbury o'ccas'ned:
How he the Fift he fift trayn'd to the Warren.
Whil'st any Trumpe did found, or Drum strack vp,
His Sword did ne'te leaus striking in the field.
Yet liest thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fade,
One Eye thou haft to looke to Heauens for grace.
The Sunne with one Eyeieweth all the World,
Heauen be thou gracious to none else,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thys hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will help to bury it,
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haft thou any life?
Speak vs Talbot, say, looke up to him.
Salisbury chere thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles——
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plenteous I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the ownes burne:
Wretched shall France be one by in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunder'd and Lightned:
What ftrue is this? what tumult's in the Hexenus?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messinger.

Meff. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one Iaune de Passel toym'd,
A holy Propheteke, new rifen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rauie the Siege.

Here Salisbury fifh't himselye vp, and groans.

Talk. Hear, hear, how dyeing Salisbury doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be releas'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.
Paxel or Puffel, Dolphin or Dog-fifth.
Your hearts He flampe out with my Horfes heeles,
And makes a Quarantine of your mangled brains.
Comity me Salisbury into his Tent,
And then we're to try what these daftard Frenchmen dare.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driueth him: Then enter loane de Paxel,
driving Englishmen before her.
Then enter Talbot.

Talk. Where is that my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chalke't them.

Enter Paxel.

Here, here shee comes. Ie haue a bowe with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ie coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And Straightway give thy Soule to him thou seri'll.

Here they fiddle.

Talk. Heauen, can you suffer Hell to to pressable?
My brest Ie burnt with burning of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes aunder,
But I will chalke this high-minded Strumpet.

Here they fiddle.

Paxel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victual Orleans forthwith:
A fewe Alarums then enter the Towne
with Soldiars.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places; and be vigilant:
If any noyle or Saddler you perceive
Neere to the wallis, by some apparant signe
Let vs have knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sext. Sergeant you hall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknese, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March,

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approache, the Regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauling all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting beft to quitance their deceite,
Continu'd by Arr, and basefull Sarcele.
Bed. Cousowr of France,how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To iphone with Witches, and the helpe of Hell,
Bar. Traitors have heuer other company.
But what's that Pucel whom they tearme to poute?
Tal. A Maid, they say.
Bed. A Maid? And be fo martiall?
Bar. Pray God the proue not malaconfineere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them pracie and comerce with spirits,
God is our Fortrefle, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolute to scale their flinty bulwarke,
Bed. Affend brane Talbot, we will follow thee,
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance feuerall wayes:
That if he chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rife againft their force.
Bed. Agreed; ile to yeoud corner.
Bar. And I to this.
Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Sext. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make asuift.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot,

The French leape are the wallis in their shirts: Enter
feuerall wayes, Bedford, Alan, Reuier, half ready, and halfe unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie fo?
Baff'. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.
Reig. Tvwas time (I row) to wakenc and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard of a warlike enterprise

Flourish. Exeunt.
Enter Charles and Joan.  

Bafl.  I think this Talbot be a friend of Hell.  

Reig.  If not of Hell, the Heavens forefayr him.  

Alarum. Here commeth Charles, I marvel how he be fapd.

Enter Charles and Joan.  

Bafl.  Tut, holy Joan was his defensive Guard.  

Charl.  Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?  

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withal,  
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,  
That now our loffe might be ten times so much?  

Joan. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?  
At all times will you have my Power sike?  
Sleeping or waking, must I fill preaule,  
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?  

Imprudent Soulidors, had your Watch been good,  
This fudden Milchife never could have faile.

Charl.  Duke of Alagon, this was your default,  
That being Captain of the Watch to Night,  
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.  

Alarum. I will all your Quarters been as safely kept,  
As that whereof I had the government,  
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.  

Bafl.  Mine was secure.  

Reig.  And fo was mine, my Lord.  

Charl.  And for my felle, moft part of all this Night  
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Pread.  
I was implo'y'd in paffing to and fro,  
About relieving of the Centinels.  
Then bow, or which way, should they fiel break in?  

Joan.  Question (my Lords) no further of the cafe,  
How or which way; 'tis fure they found fome place,  
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:  
And now there refts no other blift but this,  
To gather our Soulidors, fatter'd and dilperrt,  
And lay new Flat-formes to encompass them.  

Exeunt.  

Alarum. Enter a Soulidi, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:  
they fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sould.  Ile be fo bold to take what they haue lef:  
The Cry of Talbot feres me for a Sword,  
For I haue loade them with many Spoyles,  
Ving no other Weapon but his Name.  

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.  

Bafl.  The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,  
Whofe pitty Mantle over-vayd the Earth.  
Here found Retreat, and cace our hot pursuite.  
Retreat.  

Talb.  Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,  
And here advance it in the Market-Place,  
The middle Centurie of this curfed Towne.  

Now have I pay'd my Vow into his Soule:  
For every drop of blood was drain'd from him,  
There hath at leaft five Frenchmen dyed to night,  
And that hereafter Ages may behold  
What ruine happened in revenge of him,  
Within their chiefef Temple Ile erec't:  
A Tombe, wherein his Corps fhall be inter'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,  
Shall be engraved the lacke of Orlenece,  
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,  
And what a terror he had beene to France.  
But Lords, in all our bloody Maffacre,  
I muft we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous Joan of Acre,  
Nor any of his falle Confederates.  

Bedl.  I think this Lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
Row'd on the fudden from their drowsey Bed.  
They did amongst the troupe of armed men,  
Leape o'er the Walls for refuge in the field.  

Burg.  My felfe, as farre as I could well deferce,  
For finne, and dudkie vapours of the night,  
Am fure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull,  
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,  
Like to a payre of louting Turtle-Doves,  
That could not linke aunder day or night,  
After that things are fet in order here,  
We'll follow them with all the power we haue.  

Enter a Messenger.

Meff.  All halye, my Lords: which of this Princefully traye  
Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts  
So much amplad through the Realmes of France?  

Talb.  Here is the Talbot, who would speake with him?  

Meff.  The vertuous Lady, Countefte of Ouerorne,  
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,  
By me entreats (great Lord) thou wou'dt vouchsafe  
To vift her poore Captle where fhe lyes,  
That the myfay bafe the haft beheld the man,  
Whole glory fills the World with lowd report.  

Burg.  Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warres  
Will runne into a peacefull Comick sport,  
When Lades caufe to be encountred with.  
You may nos (my Lord) desife her gentle fuit.  

Talb.  Ne're cruff me then: when for a World of men  
Could not prentyle with all their Orarorie,  
Yet hath a Woman kindneffe ouer-rul'd:  
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,  
And in fubmiffion will attend on her.  

Will not your Honours beare me company?  

Bedl.  No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:  
And I have heard It fayd, Vnblidden Guetts  
Are often welcommed when they are gone,  

Talb.  Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)  
I meane to proue this Lades couerlfe.  
Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.  

Whispers.  

Copt.  I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Countefte.  

Cont.  Porter, remember what I gave in charge,  
And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.  

Port.  Madame, I will.  

Exeunt.  

Cont.  The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this expoli,  
As Scythian Tempix by Cyren death,  
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,  
And his achivements of no leffe account:  
Faine would mine eyes be wittenee with mine ears,  
To glie their cenfure of these rare reports.

Enter Eaffeenger and Talbot.  

Meff.  Madame, according as your Ladyship defir'd,  
By Meffage craz'd, fo is Lord Talbot come.  

Cont.  And he is welcome: what is this the man?  

Meff.  Madame, it is,  

Cont.  Where is the Scource of France?  

Meff.  Is this the Talbot, fo much feard abroad?  
    That with his Name the Mothers fill their Babes?  
I fsee Report is fabulous and falle.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

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I thought I should have seen some Hercules, A second Hector, for his grim aspect, And large proportion of his strong knee Limber, Also this is a Child, a silly Dwarf: It cannot be, this weake and wrinkled shrime Should strike such terror to his Enemies. Talk. Madame, I have borne bold to trouble you: But since your Ladyship is not at leisure, Ile for some other time to visit you. Count. What meaner he now? Goe ask him, whither he goes? M�ff. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves, To know the cause of your abrupt departure? Talk. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belefe, I goe to certifie her Talbot here, Enter Porter with.Keys. Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner. Talk. Prisoner? to whom? Count. To me, blood-thristie Lord: And for the same I trayn'd thee to my House. Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs: But now the subsance shall endure the like, And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine, That half by Tyrannie these many yeeres Walk'd our Countrey,thaine our Citizens, And fent our Sonsnes and Husbandes captiuate. Talk. Ha.ha.ha. Count. Laughst thou Wretch? Thy mirth shall turne to moans. Talk. I laugh to fee your Ladyship so fond, To thinke,that you have ougtes but Talbots shadow, Whereon to pratiue your feueronte. Count. Why art not thou the man? Talk. I am indeede. Count. Then haue I subsance too. Talk. Na, no, I am but shadow of my selfe: You are decei'd, my subsance is not here; For what you fee, is but the smallest part, And least proportion of Humanitie: I tell you Madame,were the whole Frame here, It is of such a facious loutie pitch, Your Roofe was not sufficient to contain't. Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce, He will be here,and yet he is not here: How can these contrarieties agree? Talk. That will I shew you presently, Wendi his Horne, Dumbly his firke up,a Poete of Ordeances,Enter Soldiers. How say you Madame are you now perswaded, That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe? These are his subsance, finewes, armes, and strength, With which he yocketh your rebellious Neckes, Razeth your Cities, and subuerets your Townes, And in a moment makes then desolate. Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my sbove, I finde thou art not lesse then Fame hath braied, And more then may be gathered by thy shiue, Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath, For I am sorry, that with reverence I did not entertained thee as thou art, Talk. Be not dismayd,faire Lady, nor misconfcer The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake The outward composition of this body: What you have done, hath not offended me: Nor other satisfaction doe I crave.

But only with your patience,that we may Taste of your Wines, and see what Cates you have, For Soildiers fromeacks alwayes serve them well. Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored, To feast so great a Warrior in my House. Exeunt, Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

Tyrk. Great Lords and Gentlemen, What meanes this silence? Dare no man affiruer in a Cafe of Truth? Suff. Within the Temple Wall we were too lowd, The Garden here is more convenient. Tyrk. Then say at once,if I maintaine the Truth; Or else was wrangling Somerset in th'error? Suff. Faith I have bene a Teuant in the Law, And never yet could frame my will to it, And therefore frame the Law vào my will. Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then betwene vs.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch, Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, Between two Blades, which beares the better temper, Between two Horses, which doth bear him beft, Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye, I haue perhaps some shalow spirits of Judgement: But in thee nice harpe Quillets of the Law, Good faith I am no wifer then a Dam, Tyre. Turn, here is a mannerly forbearance, The truth appeares so naked on my side, That any purblind eye may find it out. Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd, So clear, so shining, and so evident, That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye. Tyrk. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake, In dembe significants proclaim your thoughts: Let him that is a true-Borne Gentleman, And stands upon the honor of his birth, If he suppose that I have pleased truth, From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me. Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer, But dare maintaine the partie of the truth, Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me. War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour Of base infrimating flatterie, I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet. Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset, And isy withall, I thinke he held the right. Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more Till you conclude, that he upon whose side The fewel Roses are crom from the Tree, Shall yield the other in the right opinion. Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well obieded I If I haue fewell, I subscribe in silence. Tyrk. And I. Vernon. Then for the truth, and plasmneffe of the Cafe, I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here, Glowing my Verdict on the white Rose side. Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off, Least bleeding you doe paint the white Rose red, And fall on my side to against your will. Vernon. If any Lord, for my opinion bleed, Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt, And keep me on the side where full I am. Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer, Vn
The firft Part of Henry the Sixt.

Layrer. Vallele my Studie and my Bookes be falle, The argument you beld, was wrong in you; In figne whereof, I pluck a white Rofe too.

Turke. Now Somertet, where is your argument? Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that Shall dye your white Rofe in a bloody red. Turke. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roies: For pal they looke with feare, as wittneffing The truth on our fide.

Som. No Plantagenet. 'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheeks Blusht for pure Blame, to counterfeit our Roies, And yet thy tongue will not confed thy error. Turke. Hath not thy Rofe a Canker, Somertet? Som. Hath not thy Rofe a Thorne, Plantagenet? Turke. I harpe and piercing to mainaine his truth, Whites thy confuming Canker eates his felfhood. Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roies, That shall mainaine what I haue faid is true, Where falle Plantagenet dare not be fene. Turke. Now by this Maidens Blofome in my hand, I fcorne thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy.

 Suff. Turne not thy fcorne this way, Plantagenet. Turke. Penoff Poole, I will, and fcorne both him and thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy breast, Away, away, good william de la Poole, We grace the Yeoman, by eouercing with him. Waph. Now by Gods will thou wrong'fl him, Somertet: His Grandfather was Lyuell Duke of Clarence, Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England: Spring Creflle Yeomen from so deepes a Root. Turke. He bearis him on the place his Priuilege, Or durft not for his cruan heart fay thus, Som. By him that made me, Ile mainteine my words On any Plot of Ground in Chriftendome.

Was not thy Father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, For Trefon executed in our late Kinges days? And by his Trefon, fland't not thou attainted, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry? His Trefpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood, And till thou be reflor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Turke. My Father was attatched, not attainted, Condemned to dye for Trefon, but no Traitor; And that Ile proue on better men then Somertet, Were growing time once ripened to my will. For your parterke Poole, and you your felfe, Ile note you in my Bookke of Memorie, To iourage you for this apprehension: Looke to it well, and fay you are well war'd.

Som. Ah, thou thatt finde vs ready for thee flill: And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes, For these, my friends in light of thee flall weare. Turke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rofe, As Cognizance of my bloody drinking hate, Will I for euer, and my Faction weare, Vnitl it withithe with my Grace, Or flourith to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be chiefe'd with thy ambition; And fo farwell, until I meet thee next. Exeunt.


Turke. How I am baus'd, and muft perforne endure it? Warr. This blot that they obfine against your Houfe, Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament, Call'd for the Truce of Winchefter and Gloucefier; And if thou be not then created Turke, I will not liue to be accounted Worjhip. Meane time, in signall of my lonue to thee, Againft proud Somertet, and William Poole, Will I won thy partie weare this Rofe. And here I prophecte: this brawle to day, Grown to this fation in the Temple Garden, Shall fend betwene the Red-Rofe and the White, A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night. Turke. Good Marter Darnel, I am bound to you, That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower. Ver. In your behalfe flill will I weare the fame, Layrer. And fo will I. Turke. Thankes gentle. Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare fay, This Quarrell will deRte Blood another day. Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Laylers.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age, Let dying Mortimer here refthimfelfe. Even like a man new haled from the Wreck, So fare my Limbes with long Imprifonment: And thefe grey Lockes, the Purfauations of death, Nefer-like aged, in an Age of Care, Argue the end of Edw commod Mortimer. Thife Eyes, like Lampes, whofe waiting Orle is spent, Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent. Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with buttpering Griefe, And pyth-leffe Armes, like to a withered Vine, That dropues his fappe-leffe Stanches to the ground, Yet are thefe Feet, whose strength-leffe flay is numme, (Vable to support this Lumpe of Clay) Swift-winging with defire to get a Grage, As witting. I no other comfort have. But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come? Keeper. Richard Plantagenet: my Lord, will come: We went into the Temple, into his Chamber, And anfwer was return'd, that he will come. Mort. Enough: my Soule flall then be fatisfied. Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine. Since Henry Monmouth flift began to reigne, Before whole Glory I was great in Armes, This loathfome fefquiperation haue I had; And even fince then, hath Richard beene obfcur'd, Deprif'd of Honor and Inheritance. But now, the Arbitrator of Defpaires, Tuff Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miferies, With feke enlargement doth diſmiff me hence: I would his troubles likewife were expir'd, That fo he might recover what was loft.

Enter Richard.

The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Rich. First, I must thinke aged Back against mine Arnys, And in that case, I tell thee my Dislike.
This day in argument upon a Cafe, Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me: Among which teares, he said his loathsome tongue, And did vbray me with my Fathers death; Which byrnes, in his horror, before mine eye, Elfe with the like I had required him. Therefore good Vnkle, for my Fathers sake, In honor of a true Plantagenet, And for Alliance sake, declare the cause My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head, Those, that cause (faire Nephew) that imprision'd me, And hast deryad me all my flowering Youth, Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was curs'd Instrument of his decease.
Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was, For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. More! I will, if that my fadning breath permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done, Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depos'd his Nephew Richard, Edwardis Sonne, The fifth begotten, and the lawfull Heir Of Edward King, the third of that Defence. During whose Reign, the Peace of the North, Finding his Vfurpation moit vnuitul, Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne. The reason moud theef Warlike Lords to this, Was, for that young Richard thus remou'd, Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother, I inherited am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the third; whereas hee, From John of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, Being but fourth of that Heroic Lyne, But marke: as in this haughty great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I lost my Liberte, and they their Lives, Long after this, when Henry the Fifte (Succeeding his Father Buildingbrookes) did reigne; Thy Father,Earle of Cambridge, then din'd am From famous Edward Langley, Duke of Yorkes, Marrying my Sifter, that thy Mother was; Against in pitty of my harde dreffe, Leived an Army, weening to redeeme, And have inflad me in the Dissafe: But at the reft, so fell that Noble Earle, And was beharded. Thus the Actuators, In whom the Title setted, were suppreft. Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the left: More! True, and thou feest, that I no Place have, And that my fainting words doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire; the reflee, I wish thee gather: But yet be wary in thy fludious care, Rich. Thy grave admonishments pretyme with me: But yet I thinke, my Fathers execution Was nothing lefle than bloody Tyranny, More! With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick. Strong fixed is the House of Lancaster, And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd: But now thy Vnkle is removing hence, As Princes doe their Courtes, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a fetted place, Rich. O Vnkle, would some part of my young yeeres Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou dost then wrong me, as I laughter doth, Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill, Mourne not, except thou forrow for my good, Onely giue order for my Funerall. And to farewell, and faile be all thy hopes, And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Dje. Rich. A Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule, In Prision haft thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermiteuer-past thy dayes, Will, I will locke his Counsell in my Brest, And what I doe imagine, let that refit, Keepers conuey him hence, and I my felfe Will fee his Duryall better then his Life. Here dyes the dainty Torch of Mortimer, Choak'd with Ambition of the meaner fort, And for those Wrongs, those bitter Inuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to my House, I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse. And therefore haffe I to the Parliament, Esther to be retor'd to my Blood, Or make my will th'advantage of my good. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Fleuret. Enter King, Exeicer, Glofier, &c. kneeler, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet, Glofier offers to put up a Bill. Warwick kishtes it, scarce it.

Wench. Can't thou with deep premeditaded Lines? With written Paphrates, fluidly devis'd? Hast thou, if thou canst accufe, Or ought intend to ly to yvo my charge, Doe it without invention, suddenly, As I with sudden, and extemporal speech, Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect?

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place comands my patience, Or thou shoul'd finde thou haft dis-honour'd me. Thinks not, although in Writing I prefer'd the manner of thy vile outrageous Crewses, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Unbating to rehearse the Method of my Penne. No Prelate, such is thy audacie wickedineffe, Thy lew'd, perifheous, and diffententious pranks, As very Infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a most pernicius Furer, Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace, Lascivious, wanton, more then well becomances A man of thy Profession, and Degree, And for thy Treacher, what's more manifest? In that thou lay'dst a Trap to take my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower, Refule, I fear mee, if thy thoughts were fetted, The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt From etuisious mallice of thy swelling heart, Wench. Glofier, I doe desire thee, Lords yealcshall To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were couetous, ambitious, or puerile, As he will haue, how and I doth poore? Or how hapis it, I fecke not to advance Or raze my felfe but keep me your wanted Calling, And for Dilrence, who prefereth Peace More then I doe, except I be prou'd, No, my good Lords, it is not that offends, It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke: It is because no one should fly war but hee, No one, but hee, should be about the King; And that engenders Thunber in his bread,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

And makes him more these Accusatyes forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Gloft. As good?

Thou Baflard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,

But one imposius in anotherc Throne?

Gloft. Am I not Prote&or, Sancie Priefh?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Gloft. Yes, as an Out-law in a Civile keepes,

And vtfe it, to patronize his Theft,

Winch. Vnveenarent Gloffer.

Gloft. Thou art reuerent,

Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roame thiuer then.

My Lord, it were your duty to forbeeare.

Sam. I fee the Bifhop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to fuch.

War. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,

It fetteth not a Prelate fo to plead.

Sam. Yes, when his holy State it touche to neere,

War. State holy, or vnallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Proteotor to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I fee mutt hold his tongue,

Leafe it be fai'd, Speake Sirnha when you should;

Muff your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords?

Elfe would I have a fling at Winchefter.

King. Vnckles of Glofier; and of Winchefter,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To ioyne your hearts in loue and amite.

Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crowne,

That two fuch Noble Peeres as ye should iare?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Cuiull diftention is a viperous Worrie,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A nofe within, Downne with the

Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?

War. An Vpren, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the Bifhopps men.

A nofe againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Major.

Major. Oh my good Lords, and veruous Henry,

Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:

The Bifhop, and the Duke of Gloffers men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Hau full their Pocketts full of peecie stones:

And banding themselfes in contrary parts,

Doc pels fo faft at one anothers Pate,

That many hauet heir giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windowes are broke done in euery Street,

And we, for feare, compell'd to fuit our Shops.

Enter in Skimble with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our self:

To hold your flaughtering hands, and keep the Peace:

Pray Vnckle Gloffer mitigate this strife;

1. Seru. Nay, if we be forbind Stone, wee faie fall

to it with our Teeth.

2. Seru. Doe what ye dare, we are as refolute,

Skimble agane.

Gloft. You of my household, leave this peecifh broyle,

And fett this vnaucfalom'd fight aside.

That And I Through As will the ref, Jo willith Wyntchofier. King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone. But all the whole Inheritance I give, that doth belong unto the House of York. From whence you spring, by Lineall Defeint. Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience, and humble service, till the point of death. King. Stoope then, and let your Knee against my foot, and in reguardent of that dutie done, I gyre thee with the valiant Sword of York: Ruff. Richard, like a true Plantagenet, and rise created Princeely Duke of York. Rich. And so thrice Richard, as thry foes may fall, and as my dutie springs, so perish they, That grudge one thought against your Majesty. All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of York. Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of York. Goff. Now will it be twisted your Majesty, To cross the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France: The preence of a King engenders love Amongst his Subjectes, and his loyal Friends, As it disanimates his Enemies. King. When Goffler says the word, King Henry goes, For friendly countenace cuts off many foes. Goff. Your Ships already are in readinesse. Sco. Flourish. Exeunt. 

Monet Exeter. Exe. I, we may march in England, or in France, Not seeing what is likely to enifie: This late difference growne betwixt the Peaces, Burnes under fained ashes of forg'd loye, And will at last break out into a flame, As seifred members rot but by degree, Till bones and fleth and finewes fall away, So will this base and enuous discord breed, And now I fear that fatail Prophecy, Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fife, Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe, That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all, And Henry borne at Windsor, loafe all: Which is so plain, that Exeter doth with, His days may finishe, eft that haplesse time. Exit.

Seena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguised, with four Soldiers with Sacks upon their backs. Pucell. These are the City Gates, the Gates of Roane, Through which our Policy must make a breach. Take heed, be wary how you place your words, Talk like the vulgar fort of Market men, That come to gather Money for their Corne. If we have entrance, as I hope we shall, And that we finde the flouthfull Watch but weak, Ie by a finke glue notice to our friends, That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meanse to sack the City, And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roane, Therefore wee'll knock. Knock, Watch. Chet. Pucell. Peepemes la pusem gens de France, Poorre Markets folkes that come to fell their Corne. Watch. Enter, goe in the Market Bellie irung. Pucell. Now Roane, Ie shall thy Bulwarkes to the ground, Exeunt. Enter Charles, Baffard, Alansyn. Charles. Saint Dennis bleffe this happy Stratageme, And once againe weele sleepe secure in Roane. Baffard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practitioners: Now fith is there, how will the specifie? Here is the bell and faire perfle bagge in. Reif. By throushing out a Torch from yonder Tower, Which once discoyn'd, the wees that her meaning it, No way to that (for weakenees) which the entred. Enter Pucell on the top, throushing out a Torch burning. Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch, That loyneth Roane unto her Countreymen, But burning fatail to the Toastoines. Baffard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend, The burning Torch in yonder Turret flands. Charles. Now flins it like a Comines of Reuenge, A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes. Reif. Defere no time, delays haue dangerous ends, Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, And then doe execution on the Watch. Alarum. 

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursions. Talk. France, thou shalt sue this Treason with thy teares, If Talbot but furvive thy Treacherie. Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorcellifie, Hath wrought this Hellsift Milchiesie undesirous, That hardly we ecap't the Pride of France. Exit. An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sacke in a Chayre. Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Baffard, and Reijnier on the walls. Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread? I think the Duke of Burgonie will fall, Before hee be trye against at such a rate. Twas full of Danell: doe you like the taste? Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shameleffe Curtizan, I triufl ere long to chasse thee with shyne owne, And make thee curse the Harret of that Corne. Charles. Your Grace may haue (perhaps) before that time. Belf. Oh let no words, but deceder, reuenge this Treson. Pucell. What will you doe good gray-beard? Breake a Launce, and rumme a. Tilt at Deathe, Within a Chayre. Talk. Foul,Friend of France, and Hag of all despight, Incompas'd with thy lufffull Paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age, And twit with Cowardefe man halfe dead? Danell, Ile have a bowle with you againe, Or else let Talbot perishe with this flame. Pucell Are ye so hot,Sir: yet Pucell hold thy peace, If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow. They whiffere together as cannnot. God speed the Parliament,who shall be the Speaker?
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Exeunt for Talcot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Loit, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, Burgonie:
Yet Hauen's hauie glory for this Victorie.
Inshires thee in his heart, and there erects,
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucell now?
I think her old Familiar is asleep.

No w where's the Baffards braves, and Charles his glites?
What all smote? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That such a valiant Company are fled,
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young Henry with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleadseth Burgonie.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fullid in Roan,
A brauer Souldier never couched Lowne,
A gentle Heart did never faw in Court.
But Kings and mightieest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Enter Charles, Baffard, Alston, Pucell.
Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corruffe,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweeney along his tail,
Wee ple his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the reft will be but roll'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no disidence,
One fudden on Foyle shall never breed diuffruit.

Baffard. Search out thy wit for secret pellicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World,
Alors. We'll fe thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverent like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Baffard. Then thus it must be, this doth Jnane duifie:
By faire perfwations, mixt with fuged words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leave the Talbot, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could do this,
France were no place for Henries Warriors,
Nor shoud that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.

Alors. For ever should they be expulsid from France,
And not have Title of an Enslavd here.
Pucell. Your Honors will percieue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Dramme finds a farre off.

Hearte, by the found of Dramme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching into Parisward.

Here found an English March.

There goes the Talbot, with his Colours iupred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.
Enter the King, Gloucester, Wiltshire, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter; To them, with his Secretary, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this Realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warrors,
To doe my dutie to my Sovereign.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftte Parterres,
Twelve Cities, and feuen walled Townes of strengthe,
Befide five hundred Prisoners of estate;
Lett fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submififie loyalitie of heart,
Atribes the Glory of his Conquett got,
First to my God, and next into your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot Vnckle Gloucester,
That hath fo long beene resident in France?
Glat. Yes, if it plesse your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome brasse Capraine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A flouer Champion never handled Sword,
Long since we were resoluted of your truth,
Your faithfull feruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never haue you tafted our Reward,
Or beene reguextend with fo much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never faw your face.
Therefore hand vp, and for these good defeets,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Sent. Flanfris.

Monet Verum and Buffet.

Pern. Now Sir, to you that were fo hot at Sea,
Disgracing of thefe Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke;
Dont thou maintaine the former words thou spakst?
Buff. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronize
The enuisous barking of your faucie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sir, this thy Lord I honoure as he is.
Buff. Why, what is he as good a man as Yorke.

Vern. Hearke ye: not fo: in winnexe take ye that.

Buff. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who do drawes a Sword, his present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But ile vnto his Maiestie, and crave,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wront,
When thou talke fel, ile meet thee to thy coft.

Vern. Well mistrast, ile be there as soon as you;
And aftermeet thee, sooner then you would.

Enter Scena Quarta.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Altus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Warwick, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Wiltshire, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop for the Crownes upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry of that name the first.

Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath, That you elect no other King but him; Else none none Friends, but such as are his Friends, And none your Foes, but such shall pretend Malicious practises against his State : This shall ye do, so he helps you righteous God.

Enter Fairfax.

Fal. My gracious Soveraigne, as I rode from Calice, To haste vnto your Coronation: A Letter was delivrd to my hands.

Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee: I vow'd (bate Knight) when I did meete the next, To teare the Garter from thy Grauen legge, Which I have done, becaule (vouchsaf'd) Thoures; inflafted in that High Degree, Pardon me Princely Henry, and the reft?

This Daffard, seethe the battel of Poitiers, When (but in all) I was free thousand strong, And that the French were almost ten to one, Before we met, or that a Stroke was gien, Like to a truffle Squire, did run away, In which affault, we loft twelve hundred men. My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside, Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners. Then jude (great Lords) if I have done amisse: Or whether that such Cowards ought to wear This Ornament of Knightshipt, yes or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill becomming any common man; Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords, Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth; Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughty Courage, Such as were gownde to credit by the warres: Not fearing Death, nor thinking for Diffirente, But always resolute, in most extremes, He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort, Dost but vfurpe the Sacred name of Knight, Prophaning this most Honourable Order, And shoud I (if I were worthy to be judge) Be quite degraded, like a Fledge, bornne Swaine, That doth preface to boaste of Gentile blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom: Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight; Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death. And how Lord Protector, view the Letter Sent from our Vnkle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath charg'd his Stile?

No more but plain and bluntly? (To the King) Hath he forgot he is his Soveraigne?

Or doth this chirldish Superstition Pretend some alteration in good will? What's here? I have upon officiaal causes, Man'd with compassion of my Countries wacks, Together with the pitifull complaints Of such as your oppression feeks upon,

Fal. Forsaken your prerogatives: Fallion, And say(d) with Charly, the rightsfull king of France. O monstrosous Treachery: Can this be so? That in alliance, amitys, and oaths, There should be found such false and dissembling guile?

King. What doth my Vnkle Burgundy require? Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe. King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe? Glo. Is it the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes. King. Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him, And give him habilancement for this abuse, How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But if I am present, I shoulde have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march into him straight.

Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Tresfon, And what offence it is to flour his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring fill You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baffi.

Vern. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soveraigne. Baff. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too. Turke. This is my Servant, he is my Noble Prince, Sem. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour him. King. Be patient Lords, and glue them leave to speake.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime, And wherefore craue you Combate? Or wish whom &

Per. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong. Baff. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong. King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Baff. Crossing the Sea, from England into France, This Fellow here with envious rasping tongue, Vpraided me about the Royfe I wear, Saying, the fanguine colour of the Leuces Did represent my Masters blushing checches: When stubbornly he did repugne the truth, About a certaine question in the Law, Argued betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him: With other vile and ignominious tearmes, In contantation of which rude reprousely, And in defeence of my Lords worthinesse, I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Vern. And that is my petition (Noble Lord) For though he seeme with forged queins conceite To set a gloffe vpon his bold intent, Yet know (my Lord) I was proue'd by him, And he first tooke exceptions at this badge, Pronouncing that the palentfie of this Flower, Bewray'd the flaintfie of my Masters beart.

Turke. Will not this malice Somerfet be left? Sem. Your private grudge my Lord of Yorke, will out, Though he'te so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madneffe rules in brave- ficke men, When for so flight and ftriouous a caufe, Such fathous emulation shall arise? Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerfet, Quiet your felves (I pray) and be at peace.

Turke. Let this diffention first be tried by fight, And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Sem. The quarrel toucheth none but vs alone, Betwixt our felves let vs decide it then.

Turke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerfet.

Vern. Nay, let it reft where it began at first.

Baff.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

fefi. Confirm it fo, mine honourable Lord.
Giu. Confirm it fo? Confounded be your trife, And perish ye with your audacious prate.

Preliminiary vaffals, are you not ahaf'd With this inmoddified claim to a revenge, To trouble and disturb the King, and ye And your my Lords, me thinks you do not well To beare with their peruerse Objections: Much lefe to take occassion from their mouths, To rise a mutiny betwixt your selues, Let me perwade you take a better course.

Exe. It grecues his Highneffe, Good my Lords, be Friends:

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants: Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour, Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the caufe. And you my Lords: Remember where we are, In France, amongst a sike wauering Nation: If they perceive dissention in our looks, And that within our selues we disagree; How will their grudging homackes be prouok'd To wellfill Disobedience, and Rebel? Before, What Informe will there arise, When Forraigne Princes shall be ceertified, That for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility, Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France? Oh think ye upon the Conquest of my Father, My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe That for a trile, that was bought with blood, Let me be Vnder in this doublefull trife: I fee no reason if I weare this Rofe, That any one shoulde therefore be fulpicious I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke: Both are my kinmen, and I loue them both. As well they may vpray me with my Crowne, Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd, But your dissortions better can perwade, Then I am able to instrue or teach: And therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let vs still continue peace, and loue. Cofin of Yorke, we institute your Grace To be our Regent in these parts of France: And good my Lord of Somerset, vntie Your Troopes of horfemen, with his Bands of foote, And like true Subjectes, fones of your Progenitors, Go cheerfully togethers, and diggeft Your angry Choller on your Enemies, Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the reft, After some refpite, will returne to Calice: From thence to England, where I hope erc long To be preftented by your Victories, With Charles, Anjlon, and that Traitezous rout.

Exeunt. 

Mowt. Tork, Warrick, Exeter, Verner.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.

Tork. And fo he did, but yet I like it not, In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Taff, that was but his fancie, blame him not, I dare presume (weet Prince) he thought no harme, Tork. And if I wish he did. But lese it self, Other affayres must now be managed.

Exeunt. 

Flourish, 

Mass. 

Exe. Wilt did thinke Richard to suppreffe thy voice: For had the nations of thy hearts built out, I feare we should have loene decipher'd there

More rancorous flight, more furious raging broyles, Then yet can be imagin'd or support'd:
But howfoere, no simple man that fees
This tarring discord of Nobilitie,
This fmalldering of each other in the Court,
This furious bandyng of breath Princes,
But that it doth pafsage some ill entente.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde defultion,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. 

Exit. 

Enter Talbot with Trumpes and Drummes, before Burdeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter, Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. 

Souns, 

Enter General afof.

English John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth, Seruant in Armes to Harry King of England, And thus he would, Open your Cittie Gates, Be humble to vs, call my Soeveraigne yours, And do him homage as obedient Subjectes, And Ile withdraue me, and my bloody power. 

But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire, Who in a moment, euen with the earth, Shall lay your Statly, and ayre-brauing Towers, If you forfake the offer of their loue,

Cap. Thou ominent and fearefull Owle of death, Our Nations terror, and their bloody souenge, The period of thy Tyranny approacheth, On vs thou canst not enter but by death: For I protest we are well fortiied, And strong enough to illifie out and fight. If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed, Stands with the fhares of Warre to tangle thee. On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht, To wall thee from the liberty of Flight; And no way canst thou turne thee for redrefte, But death doste from thee with apparant spoyle, And pale deftruction meets thee in the face: Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament, To rye their dangerous Artilerie. 

Vpon no Christian soule but English Talbot: Loe, there thou (and) a breathing valiant man Of an inuincible unconquer'd spirit: This is the lastt Glorie of thy praffe, That I thy enemy dwel the withall. For ere ye Glasse that now begins to runne, Finifh the proceffe of his sandie houre, These eyes that fee thee now well colourd, Shall fee thee withereth, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a faire off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell, Sings heavy Muffete to thy timorous soule, And mine that did - thy dite departure out.

Exeunt.

Tal. He Fables not, I hear the enemie: Out some light Horfemen, and peruse their Wings. 

O negligent and headlesse Discipline, How are we park't and bounded in a pale? A little Heard of Englandes timorous Decre, Max'd with a yelping kennel of French Cutttes, If we be English Decre, be then in blood, Not Ralecall-like to fall downe with a pichet, But rather moodie mad: And desperat Staggis.
Enter Some[er] with his Armie.

Somm. Is it too late, I cannot send them now: This expedition was by Terke and Talbot, Too rashly plotted. All our general force, Might with a fally of the very Towne Be buckled with: the outer-daring Talbot Hath fill'd all his glose of former Honor By this vnheedfull, desperate, wild adventure: Terke let him on to fight, and dye in flame, That Talbot dead, great Terke might bear the name. Cap. Here is Sir irvillam Lucie, who with me Set from our ore-marche forces forth for aye.

Somm. How now Sir William, whether you are sent? Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L Talbot, Who ring'd about with bold austerite, Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset, To beare affayling death from his weake Regions, And whiles the honourable Captaine there Drops bloody showers from his ware-weard limbes, And in advantage lingting lookes for refuge, You his false hopes, the truth of Englands honor, Keeps off aloose with worthlie emulation: Let not your private discord keep away The leued succours that should lend him ayde, While the renowned Noble Gentleman Yield up his life unto a world of elders. Orleance the Baftard, Charles, Burgundy, Alaynson, Regnaund, compasse him about, And Talbot perisht by your default. Somm. Yorke set him on, Yorke shou'd have sent him ayde.

Luce. And Yorke is faft upon your Grace exaltes, Swearing that you with-hold his leued host, Collected for this expedition. Somm. York lyes: He might have fent, & had the Horfe: I owe him little Dutte, and leeffe Loue, And take soule scorne to favone on him by sending. Lw. The fraud of England, not the force of France, Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot: Neuer to England shall he bear his life, But dies beread to fortune by your fittse. Somm. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfemen strait: Within five houre, they will be at his ayde. Lw. Too late comes refuge, he is tane or flaine. For flye he could not, if he would have fled: And flye would Talbot neuer though he might. Somm. If he be dead, brave Talbot thendeuel. Lw. His Fame lies in the world . His Shame in you. Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Some.

Talbot. O yong John Talbot, I did fend for thee To tuto thee in frattagems of Ware, That Talbot name might be in thee reuell'd, When sapleffe Age, and weake vnable limbes Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire. But Omaligniant and ill-bating Starres, Now thou art come vnto a Pearl of death, A terrible and mony good dangour, Therefore deceive Boy, mount on my swathst horse, And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone. John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne? Shall
And shall I flye? O, if you lose my Mother,
Dishonour not her Honorable Name,
To make a Balfard, and a Slave of me:
The World will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That barely fled, when Noble Talbot stood,
Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, I will be flaine.
John. He that flies so, will ne'er returne againe.
Talb. If we both fly, we both are sure to dye,
John. Then let me flay, and Father doe you flay:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vinknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot flayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
But if I bowe, they say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will flay,
If the first howe I shirink and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preferred with Infiniety.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes bye, in onie Tomeb?
John. I rather then he shame my Mothers Wombie;
Talb. Vpon my Bleffing I command thee goe.
John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Patt of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge shall cleare thee from thy blame,
John. You cannot witness for me, being flaine,
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leave my followers there to fight and dye?
My Age was never taine with such flame.
John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be feuered from your side,
Then can your felle, your felle in twain divide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For I live I will not, if my Father dye.
Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone;
Come, side by side, together flie and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. Exit.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbott Sonne is benomed about, and Talbot refuseth him.
Talb. Saint George, whoe, and what, and where? fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent bath with Talbot broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is Iohn Talbot? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaued thee Life, and refusd thee Death.
John. Twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gauft me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, delight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gauft my new date.
Talb. When troth the Dolphin Crest thy Sword strucke fire,
It warmd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac's Victorie. Then Leader Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spaine, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe Alainon, Orllace, Burgundie,
And from the Pride of Gallia refuced thee,
The treufull Balfard Orllace, that drew blood From thee my Boy, and bad the Maidehood Of thy first fight, I soone encounters,
And interchanging blows, I quickly fled
Some of his Balfard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated bale,
And mix-begotten blood, I spille of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my baze Boy.
Here perepous the Balfard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not weare, Iohn? How do't thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Batsaille, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art feal'd the Sonne of Chisliarie?
Flye to revenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands in little read,
Oh, too much folly is, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small Boat,
If I to day dye not withs Frenchent Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I flay,
Tis but the shortning of my Life one day,
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Renenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All thee, and more, we hazard by thy flay;
All thee are full, if mothers will dye away.
John. The Sword of Orllace hath not made me fmar,
Thee se of words thy draw Life-blood from my Hearst,
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To face a paltry Life, and flay bright Fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot flye,
The Coward Horse that bears me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peant Boyes of France.
To be Blames fororne, and lube of Mischeance,
Surely, by all the Glorie, thou haue wonne,
And if I flay, I am not Talbott Sonne.
Then take no more of flight, it is a boote,
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbott foot.
Talb. Then follow thou thy deep rate Syre of Cretes,
Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride.


Exit.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Young Talbot Valour makes me smite at thee.
When he perceiued me shirink, and on my Knee,
Him blooded he brake the ever mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did comeance
Rough deeds of Rage, and stern Impatience:
But when my angry Guardian stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and as tall'd I of none.
Dizzle-ey'd Furies, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clutting Batsaille of the French:
And in this Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His out-mounting Spirit, and there di'de
My Icarus, my BLOSSome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.
Seru. O my deare Lord, ho where your Sonne is borne.
Talb. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyranni,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuities,
Two Talbots winged through the litchen Skie,
In thy desperall flay in sheer Mortalitie.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

O thou whose wounds become hard sauntered death,
Speke to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whther he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy fee,
Poore Boy, he fmites, me thinks, as who should fay,
I had Death been French, then Death had dyed to day,
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers arms,
My Spirit can no longer beare these harms.
Souldiers ait: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are young John Talbot's grace.

Enter Charles, Alarcon, Burgundie, Baffard, and France.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brough refuge in,
We shou'd haue found a bloody day of this.
Baff. How the yong whales of Talbot's raging wood,
Did stieve his punie-word in Frenchmen blood.

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I fay'd:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquifh'd by a Maide.
But with a proud Maleftic voice, he spake,
He answer'd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wenche.
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me prouly, as vnworthie fight.

Burr. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight.
See where he lyes inhered in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurifer of his harms.
Baff. How to them peeces, hack their bones afflunder,
Who to life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fied
During the life, let vs not wrong is dead.

Enter Lucie.

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day,
Char. On what sublimiffue meffage art thou fent?
Lucy. Sublimiffion Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We Engliih Warrours wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prisoners thou haft toke,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'ft thou? Hell our prifon is.
But tell me whom thou feek'ft it?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot Earl of Shrewbury?
Created for his rare furcife in Armes,
Great Earl of Walford, Watford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Frechfield,
The Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verden of Alton,
Lord Fremewell of Wingfield, Lord Farmineill of Sheffield,
The thricc victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the Noble Order of S., George,
Worthy S., Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marthall to Henry the fift,
Of all his Warrers within the Reallme of France,
Puc. Here's a filly fately flipe indeede:
The Turke that two and fifte Kingdomes hath,
Writs not to teidious a Stile as this;
Him that thou magnifi'ft with all thfe Titles,
Stinking and fly...blownes eyre here at our fecte.

Lucy. Is Talbot's Dame, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blaues Nemesis?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bulters turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your places.
Oh, that I could but call their dead to life,
It were enouh to fright the Reallme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proud elft of you all.
Give me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Burial, as befoemes their worth.
Pucel. I think this epiftle is old Talbot's Ghost,
He spakes with fuch a proud commanding Spirit:
For Gods sake let him hauie him, to kepe them here,
They would but flinke, and purifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodyes hence,
Lucy. Ite bear them hence: but from their affes firall be read.
A Phenix that shall make all France affer'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what 'tis wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's flaine.

Exit.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Arminack?
Gloucester. I have your Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly fume your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Gloucester. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And ftabilith quietneffe on every side.
King. I marry Vnke, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That fuch immancny and bloody thife
Should reign among Professors of one Faith.
Gloucester. Befide my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And furer binde this knot of amite.
The Earl of Arminack neere knit to Charles,
A man of great Authority in France,
Profers his only daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and fumptuous Dowrie.
King. Marriage Vnke! Alas my yeares are yong,
And fitter is my fludie, and my Books,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their anfwers every one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countrie weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Embassadors.

Exett. What is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinall degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did fometime prophifie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
He'll make his cap coequeue with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Embassadors, your feuerall suits
Hue bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose in both good and reftorable:
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

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Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North, Appearre, and syde me in this enterprize, Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues profe Of your accutrom'd diligence to me. Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth, Helpe me this once, that France may get the field. They walke, and speake not, Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long: Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, He leapt a member off, and gie it you, In emneely of a further benefit: So you do condicent to helpe me now. They hang their heads. No hope to have redresse? My body shall Pay recompence, if you will graunt my fate. They frake their heads. Cannot you body, nor blood-sacrificse, Intreate you to your wanted furtherance? Then take my sole; my body, sole, and all, Before that England giue the French the foule, They depart. See, they forsake me. Now the time is come, That France muil vale her lofty plumed Creft, And let her head fall into Englands lappe. My ancient Incantations are too weake, And hell too strong for me to buckle with: Now France, thy glory dropeth to the dust. Exit.

Excurions. Burgundy and York fight hand to hand, French fye.

York. Damsell of France, I thinke I have you fast, Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes, And try if they can gaine your liberty. A goodly prize, fit for the duels grace, See how the wyll Witch doth bend her browers, As if with Crese, she would change my shape. Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be; Ter. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man, No shape but his can please your dainty eye. Puc. A plaguing milcheef light on Charles, and thee, And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds. Ter. Fell banning Hagg, inchantesefhelthy tongue. Puc. I prethee giue me leave to curse awhile. Ter. Curtie Misercreant, when thou comit to the flake

Excurt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand. Saff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisioner. Grace on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not fear, nor fye: For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands, I kisse these fingers for eternall peace, And lay them gently on thy tender side. Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee. Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King, The King of Naples, who soeere thou art. Saff. An Erze I am, and Suffolke am I call'd. Be not offended Natures myrace, Thou art alreote to be tane by me: So doth the Swan her downie Signets faue, Oh lay:
Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this fertile space once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolkes friend,
She is going.
Oh they: I have no power to let her peace,
My hand would free her, but my heart faies no,
As plays the Sunne upon the glasse flame,
Twinkling another counterfeited beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Paine would I were yet, yet I dare not speake
Ile call for Pen and INke, and write my minde:
Eye De la poe, dicible not thy felles:
Haft not a Tongue? Is she not beare?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Woman's flight?
I: Beauties Princely Maitie is she sith,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the fenties rough.
\textit{Mar.} Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ranfome mu I pay before I paie?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner,
\textit{Suf.} How canst thou tell the will deny thy fue,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
\textit{Mar.} Why speake'st thou not? What ranfome mu I pay?
\textit{Suf.} She's beautifull; and therefore to be Woened:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
\textit{Mar.} Will thou accept of ranfome,yes or no?
\textit{Suf.} Fond man, remember that thou haft a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Parameter?
\textit{Mar.} I were belt to leave him, for he will not heare.
\textit{Suf.} And yet there is a mall: there lies a cooling card.
\textit{Mar.} He talks at random: sure the man is mad.
\textit{Suf.} And yet a dişpenfation may bee had.
\textit{Mar.} And yet I would that you would answer me:
\textit{Suf.} Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King: Tully, that's a wooddean thing.
\textit{Mar.} He talks of wood: I is some Carpenter.
\textit{Suf.} Yet to my fancy may be satisfie,
And peste establifh'd betwene these Realmes.
But there remains a ferment in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naple,
Duke of Anjou and Mayne, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will forne the march.
\textit{Mar.} Haere ye Captaine? Are you not at leyure?
\textit{Suf.} It shall be, do fidaine they're noe much
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a felect to reveale,
\textit{Mar.} What though I be in thralld, he feems a knight
And will not any way did ignome me.
\textit{Suf.} Lady, yowchafe to listen what I faye.
\textit{Mar.} Perhaps I shall be refud'd by the French,
And then I need not crauze his curtsefie.
\textit{Suf.} Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauthe.
\textit{Mar.} Tullth, women haue bene captuizatiue nowe,
\textit{Suf.} Lady, wherefore takke you fo?
\textit{Mar.} I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quod for Quo.
\textit{Suf.} Say gentile Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bonheur happy, to be made a Queen?
\textit{Mar.} To be a Queen in bondage; is more vile,
Than is a flawe, in base feuerility:
For Princes shoulde be free.
\textit{Suf.} And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King bee free.
\textit{Mar.} Why what concerns he his freedome vnto mee?
\textit{Suf.} Ie vnderstake to make thee Henryes Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condicer to be my 
\textit{Mar.} What?
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

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But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No looking Token to his Malefice? 
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Never yet taint with lour, I fend the King.
Suf. And this withall. Kifher.
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not to profume,
To send such penifuits tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh were thou for my felle: but Suffolke play,
Thou mayest nor wander in that Labyrinth,
Three Miniaours and wyg Trenors lurke,
Solicite Henry with her wonderous prafie.
Benthike thee on her Vertues that farmount,
Mad natural Graces that extinguih Art,
Repeat their emblancie ofen on the Seas,
That when thou comfit to kneele at Henry's feate,
Thou mayfet because of his wisd with wonder. Exit.

Enter York, Warwick, Shephcrd, Pucell.
Tor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
Slep. Ah Jone, this hilt thy Fathers hearts out-right,
Have I sought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muff I behold thy timefeller cruel death: 
Ah Jone, sweet daughter Jone, Ile die with thee.
Pucell. Despiteful Mifer, bathe ignoble Wretch,
I am defended of a guarney blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Slep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not for
I did beget her, but thy selfe the Parish knowes:
Her Mother fluehy yet, canst efteifie
She was the fift fruite of my BachTer.fhip.
War. Graceleffe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Tark. This argues what her kind of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and fro her death concludes.
Slep. Eke Jone, that thou wilt be to obfacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleft,
And for thy fake have I fent many a trae:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Jone.
Pucell. Peasant want. You haue suborn'd this man
Of parrope, to obfufe my Noble birth.
Slep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prieff,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downne and take my bleffing, good my Cyrelle.
Will thou counef? Now shall be the time
Of thy natuiue; I would the Milke
Thy mother gave thee when thou fuck it her bref,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy fake.
Or eile, when thou didst keepne my Lambes s-field,
I with some raucous Wolue had eaten thee,
Doeft thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab? 
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.
Exit.
Tark. Take her away, for the hate liu'd to long,
To fill the world with vloccious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shephcrd Swaine,
But influed from the Progeny of Kings.
Virtuous and Holy, chofen from above,
By infpiration of Celeftial Grace,
To worke exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But thou that art pollu'd with thy lufers,
Stain'd with the guiltee blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straigg a thing impossible
To compaffe Wonders, but by helpe of duels.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter Charles, Alavon, Boffard, Reiynier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed, That peacefull truce shall be proclaimed in France, We come to be informed by your felues, What the conditions of that league must be.

Turke. Speake Wincheller, for boyling choller chokes The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce, By fight of these our balefull enemies.

Won. Charles, and the ref, it is enaeted thus: That in regard King Henry gives content, Of meere compassion, and of lenity, To eafe your Countrie of diftreffful Warre, And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne. And Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear To pay him tribute, and submit thy feele, Thou shalt be plac'd as Vicerooy under him, A flill enjoy the Reigns dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe? A dorne his Temples with a Coronet, And yet in substance and authority, Retaine but privileg of a private man? This proffer is absurd, and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possieth With more then halfe the Gallion Territories, And therein restreene'd for their lawfull King, Shall I for lucr of the reft win-vanquish, Detrae so much from that prerogative, As to be call'd but Vicerooy of the whole? No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe That which I have, than counciing for more Be cast from possiabilite of all.

Turke. Influting Charles, haft thou by secret meaning Vis'd intercetion to obtaine a league, And now the matter growes to comprenize, Stand'th thou aloofe upon Comparision. Either accept the Title thou vuiip'th, Of benefist proceeding from our King, And not of any challenge of Defert, Or we will plague thee with inceffant Warses.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in oblinacy, To cauti in the course of this Contract: If once it be neglected, ten to one We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie, To issue your Subiects from that falchenesse And ruchlesse laughters as are daely scene By our proceeding in Hobilify, And therefore take this compact of a Truce, Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues. War. How fayst thou Charles?

Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shalt:

Onely refer'd, you claime no intereft In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Tur. Then sweare Allegiance to his Malefie, As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey, Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England, Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England. So, now disimine your Army when ye please: Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still, For here we entertaine a folaine peace. Exeunt.

Altus Quintus.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earl) Of beauteous Margaret hath astonisht me: Her vertues grace with extermal gifts, Do breed Lous fleece passions in my heart, And like as rigour of tempeftuous gudes Provokes the mightie Huntle against the side, So am I driven by breath of her Renouns, Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arise Where I may have fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Truth my good Lord, this superficicall tale, Is but a preface of her worthy praife: The cheefe perfecions of that louely Dame, (Had sufficient skill to vster them) Would make a volume of inciting lines, Able to rauih any dull conceit. And which is more, she is not so Divine, So full repleate with choice of all delights, But with as humble lowliness of minde, She is content to be at your command: Command I meane, of Vertuous chaffe intents, To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne're presume Therefore my Lord Protecor, give content, That Margaret may be England's Royal Queene.

Glo. So shoul I gie content to fatter finne, You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd Vnto another Lady of eftim'me, How shall we then dispence with that contract, And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oathes, Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Liftes By reason of his Adversaries odde's, A poore Earles daughter is vnequal odde's, And therefore may be broke without offence. Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle, Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King, The King of Naples, and Jerusalem. And of such great Authoritie in France, As his alliance will confirme our peace, And keep the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armatnacke may doe, Because he is neere Kingman unto Charles. Exeunt, Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dowar, Where Reiynier sooner will recelve, than gieue.

Suf. A Dowre my Lord! Disgrace not to your King, That he should be so abde, base, and poore, To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue. Henry is able to enrich his Queene, And not to secke a Queene to make him rich, So worthlesse Peazzants bargaine for their Wives, As Market men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horfe, Marriage is a matter of more worth, Then to be deale in by Attorneyship:

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects.

Must.
Muft be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her moft,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlocke fordeed but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continual strife,
 Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliffe,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerless feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
( More then in women commonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
For Henry, gone into a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
(Ass is faire Margaret) he be link'd in love.
Then yeeld my Lords, and here conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but she.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolk: Or for that,
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming louve,
I cannot tell: but this I am assured,
I feele such harpe disfention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am fiche with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore flipping, poite my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do yowthise to come
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crowned
King Henry's faithful and appointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Nephew) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This f sudden execution of my will.
And so conclude, where from company,
I may resolve and ruminate my griefe.
Exit.
Glo. I grieve I feare me, both at first and last.
Exit Gloucer.
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.
Exit.

FINIS.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Good Duke HUMFREY.

Aitus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hobeges.
Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Buckingham on the one side.
The Queen, Suffolks, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolks.

Suff. by your high Imperiall Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To many Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, Tours;
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sitley,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calabar, Brittany, and Alencon,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reuerent Bishops
I have perform'd my Task, and was espous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliver vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did reprent:
The happiest Gift, that ever Marquess gaine,
The fairest Queene, that euer King receiued.

King. Suffolkes, Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Love
Then this kinde kiss: O Lord, that lends me Life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulnesse:
For thou hast gien me in this beausce Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Sympathy of Love vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder lasiff Soneraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With tender termes, fuch as my wit affords,
And our joy of heart deeth miner.

King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Saciety,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Love,
Alknes. Long live Qu. Margaret, Englands happiness.
Queen. We thank you all.

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contraried peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eightsen months concluded by content.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betwixt the French, King Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Soffolke, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Keigner King of Naples, Sicilie, and Jerusaleme, and Crown her Queene of England, and the threescore of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Duchi of Anvion and the Count of Main, shall be releas'd and deliver'd to the King her father.

King. Vntill, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vincihe of Wincilefer, I pray read on.

Wms. Item, It is further agreed betwixt them, That the Duchi of Anvion and Main, shall be releas'd and deliver'd over to the King her father, and five tenths of the King of Englands own proper Cash and Charges, without having any Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Soffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent 1st parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths Befull expir'd. Thanks Vincile Wincicfer, Glother, Voreke, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, & Wyncicwe.

We thank you all for this great favoure done,
In entertainment to my Princeely Queene.

Come, let vs in, and with all speede prounde
To fee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Soffolke.

Money the rest.

Glo. Brave Peere of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humfrey must youload his greese:
Your greese, the common greese of all the Land.
What did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wares?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat;
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Stefford toyle his wits,
To keepe by policy what Henrie got:  
Hence you your selves, Somerset, Buckingham. 
Duke of Lennox, Salisbury, and all rest. 
Receive deep fears in France and Normandie:  
Or hath mine Vnkle Beaupre, and my selfe,  
With all the learned Counsell of the Realme,  
Studied so long, fat in the Counsell house,  
Early and late, debating too and fro. 
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,  
And hast his Highnesse in his infancy, 
Crowned in Paris in delight of foes.  
And shall these Labourers, and these Honours dye?  
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,  
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye? 
O Peeres of England, framefull is this League,  
Fatail this Marriage, cancelling your Fame, 
Blossting your names from Bookes of memory,  
Racing the Charractres of your Renowne, 
Defacing Monuments of Conquest; France,  
Vinduing all at all had neuer bin. 
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse? 
This preemption with such circumstance:  
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still. 
Glo. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:  
But now it is impossible we should, 
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the rost, 
Hath given the Dutchy of Anjou and b yeune,  
Wrote the poore King Regent, whose large stile 
Agree not with the leannesse of his puritie, 
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all, 
Thefe Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:  
But wherefore weepes warwicks, my valiant sonne? 
War. For greeves that are pall recoueite, 
For were there hope to conquer them againe, 
My sword shou'd find hot blood, mine eyes no teares. 
Anjou and Maine? My selfe did win them both:  
These Princes, these Armes of mine did conquer,  
And are the Citie's that I got with wounds, 
Deluer'd vp againe with perfect peace words. 
Mort. Diem. 
Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate, 
That dins the Honor of this Warlike life:  
France should have toone and tent my very hart,  
Before I would have yeelded to this League.  
I never read but Englands Kings hase had 
Large Formers of Gold, and Doweries with their wives,  
And our King Henrie gues away his owne,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.  
Hum. A proper left, and never heard before, 
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,  
For Colles and Charges in transporting her:  
She shou'd have fluid in France; and fuer'd in France 
Before. 
Car. My Lord of Glosters, now ye grow too hot, 
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King. 
Hum. My Lord of Winchelsea I know your minde. 
Tis not my speachesse that you do unlike:  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you, 
Ranceout will our, proud Prelate, in thy face 
I fee thy furie: I longer say,  
We shall begin our ancient blackenings: 
Lording's farewell, and say when I am gone.  
I prophesied, France will be left ere long. Exit Humfrey. 
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:  
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:  
Nay more, an enemie unto you all. 
And no great friend, I feeate meto the King;  
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heere apparent to the English Crowne:  
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage, 
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West, 
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it: 
Looke toit Lords, let not his smoothing words  
Bewitch your heares, be wise and circumspect. 
What though the common people faunt him, 
Calling him, Hamfray the good Duke of Glosters,  
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce, 
Let's mainaine your Royal Excellence,  
With God prepare the good Duke Hamfray;  
I feare me Lords, for this flattering gloste, 
He will be found a dangerous Protector. 
Hum. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?  
He being of age to governe of himselfe. 
Colin of Somerset, joyne you with me, 
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,  
We'll quickly hoyse Duke Hamfray from his fear. 
Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay, 
Ite to the Duke of Suffolke presently. Exit Cardinal.  
Som. Colin of Buckingham, though Hamfray the pride  
And greatest of his place be greefe to vs,  
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinal,  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Then all the Princes in the Land before,  
If Glofter be displaced, he'll be Prtescor. 
Tom. Or tho' my Somerset will be Prtescor, 
Despite Duke Hamfray or the Cardinal. 
Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.  
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followeth him.  
While these do labour for their owne preferment,  
Behooves it vs to labor for the Realme,  
I never saw but Hamfray Duke of Glosters,  
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:  
Oft have I seened the haughty Cardinal,  
More like a Souldier then a man of Churche,  
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all, 
Swere like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe 
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-wealth,  
Warwick my fonce, the comfort of my age,  
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,  
Hath wonne the greatest faviour of the Commonwealth,  
Excepting none but good Duke Hamfrey,  
And Brother Yorke, thy Act in Ireland,  
In bringing them to civill Discipline:  
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
When thou were Regent for our Soueraigne,  
Have made thee fett and honord of the people, 
Joyne we together for the publike good,  
In what we can, to bridge and suppress  
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal,  
With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,  
And as we may, cherish Duke Hamfrays deeds,  
While they do rend the profit of the Land.  
War. So God helpe Warwick, as he loseth the Land,  
And common profit of his Country  
Ter. And so sayes Yorke,  
For he hath greatest caufe. 
Salisbury. Then lets make haste away, 
And looke into the maine. Exit Warwicke. Vnto the maine?  
Oh Father, (Maines is lost, 
That Maine, which by maine force Warwick did winne,  
And would have kept, fo long as breath did laite.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

Exit Warwick, and Salisbury, Mass Yorkshire.

York, Anthony, and Maine are given to the French,
Peris is left, the state of Normandy.

Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two Duke-doms for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what's it to them?
'Tis thine they glue away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap penworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and glue to Courants,
Still rielting like Lords till all be gone,
While as theilly Owner of the goods
Wepes over them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling flands sloothe,
While all is that'd, and all it borne away,
Ready to steere, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke must sit, and free, and bite his tongue,
While his own swet is on the gait'd ear, and fold:

Mindsthe Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my fleshe and blood,
As did the fateful brand Albae burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of Calicon:
Anthony and Maine both gluen unto the French.
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I haue of fertile Englands foile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Medes parts,
And makes a shew of looe to proud Duke Humfry,
And when I spy advantage, claim the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I feke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vntape my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childhust Fift,
Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
Whole Church-like honors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be full a-while, till time do ferue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To orie into the seceres of the State,
Till Henry forsetting in Joyes of loyce,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And Humfry with the Peers be faine at iarres:
Then will I faile aloofe the Milke-white-Kofe,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce He make him yield the Crowne,
Whole bookish Rule, hath pull'd daire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfry and his wife Elianor,
Eli. Why droopes my Lord like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke Humfry knit his brows,
As frowning at the Fanours of the world?
Why are those eyes thus to the funderd earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dimme thy sight?
What feet thou there? King Henrys Diadem,
Inhe'sd with all the Honors of the world?
Iflo, Gaze on, and gronell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold,
What, Is it too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And having both togetherheard it tp,
Wen't both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,

As to voucials one glance unto the ground.

Hum. O Ned, sweet Ned, if thou doft love thy Lord,
Banish the Camelk of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreams this night, doth make me sad,
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I requeire it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this thife mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in maine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond Duke of Somerfet,
And William de the Pole sir Duke of Sufolkite.
This was my doome, what doth bode God knowes.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a fickle of GliOFFers groue,
Shall lose his head for his pretumption.
But lift to me my Humfry, my sower Duke
I thought me fate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens were crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margarets kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.
Hum. Nay Elianor, then must I chide outright:
Pretendantious Dame, ill-nurtured Elianor,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protector's wife belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feet.
Away from me, and let me heare no more.
Eli. What, what, my Lord! Are you so chollerick
With Elianor, for telling but her dreames?
Next time I leke my dreames into my felse,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Meffenger.

Meff. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. Albonis,
Where as the King and Quene doe meane to Hauke,
Eli. Yet as my good Lord, Ile follow perfently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before.
While GliOFFers bears this base and humble minde,
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would renoune these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way upon their headleffe neckes.
And being a woman I will not be flackle
To play my part in Fortune Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John, say feste not em.
We are alone, here's none but thee & t.

Enter Humfry.

Hum. I lefe prefer your Royal Maiesty.

Hum. But by the grace of God, and Humfrys advice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What saith thou man? Hau thou as yeer confer'd
With Margerets Jordane the cunning Witch,
With Roger Beukingsrecke the Comurier?
And will you vsertake to do me good?
Hau. That they have promis'd to shew your Highnes
A Spirtit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth. 123

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him,
Eliot. It is enough, Ile thinke upon the Questions:
When from Saint Albans we do make returne,
We'll see the things effected to the full.
Here homes, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.
Exit Eliot.
Humes, Humes must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and all; but how now, Sir John Hume?
Scole vp your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The buffetle asketh silent silence.
Dame Eliot, guies Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuil.
Yet hau' ye Gold flies from another Coast:
I dote not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet do I finde it so: for to be plaine
They (knowing Dame Eliot aspiring humor)
Have hyr'd me to vnder mine the Duchesse,
And buzzze thefe Conjuraciones in her brayne.
They say, a wraife Knauze do's need no Broker,
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call em both a paye of wraife Knauze.
Well, so hit stands; and thus I fare at last,
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be Humphreyes fall:
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.
Exit.

Enter three or more Petitioners, the Armours.
Man being one.

1. Pet. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protecor will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.
2. Pet. Marry the Lord protech him, for he's a good man, I ebe blewe him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queen with him: He be the first faire.
Suff. How now fellow, would it any thing with me?
Queen. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me fee them what is thine?
2. Pet. Mine is, and that my Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinalls Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.
Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeed.
What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of Suffolk, for encolosing the Commons of Melford. How now, Sir Knauze?
Peter. Against my Master Thomas Harver, for saying,
That the Duke of Yorke was sightfull Heire to the Crowne.
Queen. What say't it shou'd Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightful Heire to the Crowne?
Peter. That my Miluette was no forfooth: my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Yruper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pertinent prefencye: we'll have more of your matter before the King.
Queen. And as for you that haue to be protected, Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Sutes now, and due to him.

Tears the Supplication.

Away, base Collisions: Suffolk let them goe.
All. Come, let's be gone.

Queen. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Piations in the Court of England?
Is this the Government of Britains lie?
And this the Royaltye of Albions King?
What, shall King Henry be a Pupill still,
Vnder the furry Clivers Governane?
Am I Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee Poor, when in the Cite Tourt
Thou ren't a lift in honor of my Lone,
And rob it away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had remembred thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holmeffe.
To number Ant Merrie on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Saves of sacred Writs,
His Stidie is his Tireyard, and his Loues
Are chosen Images of Canonized Saints,
I would the College of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fix for his Holmeffe.
Suff. Madame be patient: as I was saue
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content.
Queen. Befide the haughtie Protecor, haue weCrauford
The impetuous Churchman; Soperetes, Buckingham,
And grumbling Yorkes: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nevell:
Salisbury and Warwick are no fimpke Peeres.
Queen. Not all these Lords do vexe me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweapes it through the Court with troops of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke Humphreyes Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queen:
She besears a Duke Renewenes on her backe,
And in her heart the Crownes our Povertie:
Shall I not liue to be sceng'd o'mer her?
Contemnous base-borne Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions other day,
The very trayne of her worth wearing Gowne,
W was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolk gave two Duke domes for his Daughter,
Suff. Madame, my felle have lynn'd it a Bath for her,
And plante a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And evermore to trouble you againe.
So let her refl: and Madame lift me up,
For I am bold to commyata ye in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brouhte Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
The second Part of Henrj the Sixt.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit;
So one by one we'll weep them all at last,
And you your felle shall fteere the happy Helme. Exit.

Sayd a Serzett.

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinall, Buckingham,

York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Ducheffe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or Yorke all's one to me.
York. If Yorke have ill demand'd himfelfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.
Som. If Somerset be vnworthie of the Place,
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yield to him,
Warn. Whether your Grace be worthye yea or no,
Difpute not that, Yorke is the worthier.
Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speake.
Warn. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this prefence are my betters, Warwick.
Warn. Warwick may live to be the bell of all.

Salus, Peace Sonne, and shew some reafon Buckingham.
Why Sommerfet should be prefer'd in this?
Queen. Because the King forfooth will have it so.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himfelf
To give his Cenfure: There are no Womans matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleafure will refigne my Place.

Suff. Refigne it then, and leave thine influence.
Since thou went King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuy'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realm
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigne.
Card. The Commonalls hath raught the Clergies Bags
Are lank, and lean, and with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy fumptuous Buildings, and thy Wifes Atreye
Haue cost a maffe of publique Treasure.

Buck. Thy Cruellitie in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queen. Thy Isle of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the fuppofe is great,
Would make thee quickly hop withouthe thy Head.

Exit Humphrey.

Give me my Fanee what, Myloun, can ye not?
She gives the Dukefse a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, Madame was it you?
Duch. Was'tt? yea, it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beaurie with my Nayles,
I could fet my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quite, twas againft her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King? fpeak y'st in time,
She'll hammer thee, and dandle thee like a Baby.
Though in this place moft Matter were no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor vndereng'd.

Exit Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,
And liften after Humphrey, how he procedes:
She's tickled now, her Fume needs no spures,
She'll alfe gallop farre enough to her destrution.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humphrey.

Humf. Now Lord,my Choller being ouer-blinnew,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affairs.
As for your fighfull falt Obfictions,
Prone them, and I fy open to the Law:
But God in mericke doe stale with my Soule,
As I fuch my dutie love my King and Countrie.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meecheft man
To be your Regent in the Realm of France.

Suff. Before we make eleciton, gve me leave
To flirow some reafon,of no little force,
That Yorke is moft vnmeet of any man.

York. He tell thee, Suffolk, why I am vnmeet.
First, I cannot fatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Diacharge,Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Left time I can't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beleg'd, famified, and loft.

Warn. That can I wittneffe, and a fouler fact
Did never Trystor in the Land commit,
Suff. Peace head-strong Warvick.
Warn. Image of Pride, why shold I hold my peace?

Enter Armorner and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Trefon,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excufe himfelfe.
York. Doth any one accufe Yorke for a Trystor?
King. What mean'th thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suff. Pleafe it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Trefon;
His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Upurer.

King. Say man, were these thy words?

Armorner. And'shall pleafe your Maiestie, I never fayd
nor thought any fuch matter: God is my wittneffe, I am falfely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did fpake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were fcowring
my Lord of Yorkes Armor,

Yorke. Bafe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Trystors fppeche:
I doe befeech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorner. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I fpake the words: my accuer is my Prentice, and when I did correc him for his faults the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good wittneffe of this: therefore I befeech your Maiestie, doe not exil away an honest man for a Villaines accufation.

King. Vnclle, what fhall we fay to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be Regent of the French,
Because in Yorke this breedes fpifition:
And let thefe have a day appointed them
For fingle Combair, in convenient place,
For he hath wittneffe of his fenuates mole:
This is the Law, and this Duke Humphrey doone.

Som. I
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breaks in.

York. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their traffs: Beldam, I thinke we watcheth you at an yneh. What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonwealke Are deeply indebted for this piece of paine. My Lord Protector will, I doubt it nor, See you well guardone for these good defects. Elizanor. Not haile so bad as thine to Englands Kings, Injurious Duke, that threateth where's no cause. Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be elpe vp elope; And kept aunder; you Madame shal, with vs. Stafford take her to thee. We're for your Trinkets here all forth-comming. All away. Exit. Turke. Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcheth her well: A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon, Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ. What have we here? Reader. The Duke yet ues, that Henry shall depose: But him out-line, and dye a violent death. Why this is little An Aucute Remonstrance of your po. Well, to the reft: Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke? By Water (hal) he dye, and take his end. What shall abide the Duke of Somerset? Let him flowne Callet; Safer shall be upon the faire Planes, Then where Calles mounted blued. Come, come, my Lords, These Oracles are hardly attain'd. And hardly underfoold. The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones, With him, the Husband of this lowly Lady: Thither goes these Newes, As fast as Horfe can carry them: A forty Breakfast for my Lord Protector. Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York, To be the Pofl, in hope of his reward. Turke. At your pleasure, my good Lord, Who's within there, hoc ? Enter a Seruingman.

Initiate my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away. Exit. Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulconers following.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I saw not better sport these seven yeares day: Yet by your leave, the Wind was very high, And ten to one, old Jane had not gone out. King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pitch the flie flew about the reft: To see how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are faine of climbing high. Swift. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well, They know their Maffen loues to be aloft, And beares his thoughts about his Faulcons Pitch. Giff. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde, That mountes no higher then a Bird can lore.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.
Glofl. I my Lord Cardinal, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?
King. The Treasures of everlusting Joy.
Card. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Best on a Crowne, the Treasy of thy Heart,
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth't it is so with King and Common-weaknes.
Glofl. What, Cardinal?
Is your Priest-hood groome peremptorie ?
Tentare animis Colossum ire, Church-men so hot ?
Good Vnckle hide such mallice:
With fuch Holinesse can you doe it?
Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
So good a Quarrell, and fo bad a Peere.
Glofl. As who, my Lord ?
Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.
Queene, and thy ambition, Glofler.
King. I pray thee peace, good Queene,
And what not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.
Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make.
Against this proud Protector with my Sword.
Glofl. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.
Card. M stuff, when thou dar'ft.
Glofl. Make vp no fastuous numbers for the matter,
In thine owne person anwere thy abuse.
Card. I, where thou dar'ft none peepes:
And if thou dar'ft, this Evening,
On the East side of the Grove.
King. How now, my Lords ?
Card. Believe me, Cousin Glofler,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport,
Come with thy two hand Sword,
Glofl. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd ?
The East side of the Grove : Cardinal, I am with you.
King. Why how now, Vnckle Glofler ?
Glofl. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, Priest,
He shoule your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence shall fayle.
Card. O Medici testimon, Protector see't well, protect
your felles.
King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stormacks, Lords:
How irksome is this Mufick to my heart?
When fuch Strings irare, what hope of Harmony ?
I pray my Lords let me compound this Affife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glofl. What meanes this noyse ?
Fellow, what Miracle do'th thou proclayme ?
One. A Miracle, a Miracle.
Suffalls. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint Alboines Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiv'd his fight,
A man that were faw in his life before.
King. Now God bpearst'st, that so beleeguing Soules
Gives Light in Dauntlesse, Comfort in Despair.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alboines, and his Brethren,
having the men between two in a Chyper.

Card. Here comes the Towne-men, on Proceedion,
To present your Highness with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his furne be multiplied.
Glofl. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highness pleasure is to takle with him.
King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, hath thou beene long blinde, and now recov'red ?
Simpe. Borne blinde, and please your Grace.
Wife. I indeede was he.
Suff. What Woman is this ?
Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.
Glofl. Hadst thou beene his Mother, thou couldst have
better told.
King. Where were thou borne ?
Simpe. At Barwick in the North, and like your Grace.
King. Poor Soule.
Gods goodness hath beene great to thee:
Let nearer Day or Night unshalled passe,
But tell me what the Lord hath done.
Queene. Tell me, good fellow,
Can't thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine ?
Simpe. God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and ofter,
In my sleepe, by good Saint Alben : who said; Symon, com euere offer at my Shrine,
And I will help thee.
Wife. Moit true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce,
To call him so.
Card. What, art thou lame ?
Simpe. I, God Almightye helpe me.
Suff. How can't thou so ?
Simpe. A fall off of a Tree.
Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.
Glofl. How long haft thou beene blinde ?
Simpe. O borne so, Master.
Glofl. What, and wouldst it climb a Tree ?
Simpe. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.
Glofl. Master, thou sawst a Plumes well, that would't venture so.
Simpe. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
Damon's, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.
Glofl. A sobell Nauke, but yet it shall not ferue.
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.
Simpe. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and
Saint Albenes.
Glofl. Sayst thou me so : what Colour is this Closke of?
Simpe. Red Master, Red as Blood.
Glofl. Why that's well said : What Colour is my
Gowne of?
Simpe. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.
Wife. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?
Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he never see.
Glofl. But
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a
many.
Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life,
Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simpe. As I may, I know not.
Gloft. What's my Name?
Simpe. I know not.
Gloft. Yor name?
Simpe. No indeede, Master.
Gloft. What's thine owne Name?
Simpe. Sauder Simpe, and if it please you, Master.
Gloft. Then Sauder, fit there,
The lyng'tt Knave in Christendome.

If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou might'st as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight my distinguisu of Colours: But
suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords. Saint Aibone here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not think it, Coming to be such,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.
Simpe. O Master, that you could?
Gloft. My Maffers of Saint Aibone,
Have you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippers?
Maiter. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.
Gloft. Then lend for one prently.
Maiter. Sirrha, I am not able to stand alone:
You are about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with whispers.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that same
Stoole.
Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.
Simpe. Alas Master, what shall I do? I am not able to
stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once he leaps over the
Stool, and runs away: and they
fallen, andery.A Miracle.
King. O God, is't thou this, and beatst so long?
Queen. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne,
Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
Lade. Let the be whippe through every market Towne,
Till they come to Warwicke, from whence they came.

Exit.
Card. Duke Humfray he's done a Miracle to day.

d. True: made the Lance to leapse and flye away.
Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Town for to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham I
And such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A fort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent.
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elizan, the Protekton Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Hauing practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conusters,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raying vp wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King, Henries Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Privie Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. And so my Lord Proctor, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London.
This News I think haste turned your Weapons edge;
Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your house.
Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to affaile my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquished all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, yeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby,
Queen. Glafler, see here the Thousand of thy Neft,
And looke thy selfe be faultleffe, thou art he.
Gloft. Madame, for my selfe, to Heaven I doe appeale,
How I have lou'd my King, and Common-wealth:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stand,
Sorry I am to here what I have heard.
Noble flee is: but if thee have forgot
Honor and Vrue, and contentes with fuch,
As I like Pythch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Pery to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glofler honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thorowly,
And call there foule Offenders to their Answeres,
And paye the Cause in full four Equall Scales,
Whole Beame stands fine, whose rightful cause prevail.
Flourish, Exeunt.

Enter Turke, Salisbury, and Worwicke.

Turke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwicke,
Our simple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this clofe Walkte, to satistie my felle,
In crating your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible to Englands Crowne.
Selick. My Lord, I long to hear it as full, as
Warm. Sweet Turke beginnes, and if thy clyme be good,
The Nevills are thy Subjects to command,
Turke. Then thus:
Edward the third,my Lords,had feuen Sonnes:
The fift,Edward the Black-Prince,Prince of Wales;
The fectond,William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lancl,Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was lady of Gaunt, the Duke of Lanceter;
The fift, was Edmund Lawgler, Duke of Yorke;
The fift, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glofler;
William of Windsor was the feventh, and left.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him Richard, his only Sonne,
Who after Edward the third's death, raigned as King,
Till Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lanceter,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of lady of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depo'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence the came,
And
And him to Pumfret, where all as you know,
Harmleffe Richard was murdered traiterously.
Warre. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crown.
Tyrke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Ylue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.
Salib. But Williams of Hatfield dyed without a Heire.
Tyrke. The third Sonne Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clamey the Crown;
Hid Ilyue Phillip, a Daughter,
Whom married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmond had Ilyue, Roger, Earl of March;
Roger had Ilyue, Edmund, Anne, and Elisone.

Salib. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Buling brookes,
As I have read, layd clayne unto the Crown;
And but for Owen Glentane, had heene King;
Who kep him in Captaine, till he dyed,
But to the ref.
Tyrke. His eldest Sitter, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire unto the Crowne,
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmund Langley,
Edward the thirds filt Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clamey the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earl of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmund Mortimer,
Who married Phillip, folc Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Ilyue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warre. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clame the Crowne from John of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, Tyrke clamys it from the third.
Till Lionel Ilyue says, his shorre not reigny.
It ylayes not yet, but blousheth in thee,
And in thy Sonnes faire Hippes of such a Stock,
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot we be the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.
Bab. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.
Tyrke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till be Crownd,
And that my Sword be shaynd
With heare-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secracy,
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Wanke at the Duke of Suffolkes infolence,
At Beaumords Pride, at Somerfet Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue sett the Shepheard of the Flock,
That verruous Prince, the good Duke Hamfre:
Tie that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if Tyrke can prophetic.
Salib. My Lord, breste we off; we know your minde
at full.
Warre. My heart affurres me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
Tyrke. And Neatid, this I doe affurre my selle,
Richard of buller, the Earle of Warwick,
The greatest man in England, but the King.
Exeunt.
Gloft. Tenne is the hourte that was appointed me, to watch the comin of my pynifh Duchtffe: Vnneath may thee endure the Flinteke Sones. To taste them with her tender-feeling feete, Sweet Neft ill can thy Noble Minde abide. The abifft People, gazeing on thy face, With envious Lookes laughing at thy frame, That craf did follow thy proud Charlot-Whealles, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But foft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare My ears-fly'd eyes, to see her Miferies.

Enter the Dutchiffe in a white Sheet, and a Tiger burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Serc. So pleae your Grace, wee take her from the Sherife.

Gloft. No, Illrre not for your lues, let her passe by.

Eisemor. Comye you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou dost Peronace too, Lookes how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Glofter, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Clofet pent vp, ruz my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle Neft, forget this griefe.

Eisemor. Ah Glofter, teach me to forget my felle: For whilef I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou Prince, Protecor of this Land, Me thinke I should not thus be led along, May'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that renounce To see my tears, and hear my deepse-fet groanes. The rushelle FLinte doth cut my tender feet, And when I flart, the enious people laugh, And bid me be aduised how I trudge.

Ah Hanmerfy, can I beare this shamefull yoke? Trowell thou, that ere he looke upon the World, Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne? No: Darke sall be my Light, and Night my Day, To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humferft Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet fo he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he flood, while I, his fownde Duchtffe, Was made a wonder, and a pointing fleek To carry idle Raffall follower. But be thou mild, and blith not at my frame, Nor flirre at nothing till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will. For Sufale, he that can doe all in all With her, that hateh thee and hates vs all, And Rorke, and impious Beauford, that faile Priest, Have all lynn'd Baffes to betray thy Wings, And Bye thou how thou canfl, they're tangle thee, But feare not thou, wilt thy foot be faile d? Nor never feake prevention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah Neft, for beare thou symptell all awry, I must offend, before I be attained:

And had I twentie times fo many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All chefe could not procure me any fafe, So long as I am loyal, true, and eremelesse. Would it haue me refuge thee from this reproach?
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Why yet thy scandal were not wipe away, 
But in danger for the breach of Law, 
Thy greatest helper is quiet, gentle Neil: 
I pray thee set thy heart to patience, 
These few days wonder will be quickly worn. 

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summons your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament, 
Holden at Bury, the full of this next Moneth. 
Glof. And my contente we seek herein before? 
This is close dealing. We'llI will be there. 
My NEF, I take my leave; and Master Sheriff, 
Let not her Penance exceed the Kings Commission. 
Sh. And I prays your Grace, here my Commission layes: 
And Sir John Stanly is appointed now, 
To take her with him to the Ile of Man. 
Glof. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here? 
Stanly. So am I given in charge, may please your Grace. 
Glof. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray. 
You're her well: the world may laugh against, 
And I my selfe do you kindnesse, if you doe it her. 
And so Sir John, farewell.

Eleanor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell? 
Glof. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speake. 
Exit Glof. 

Eleanor. Art thou gone? to all comfort goe with thee, 
For none abide with me. my Lord is Death; 
Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afeard, 
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie. 
Stanley, I prays thee goe, and take me hence, 
I care not whither, for I begge no favour; 
Onely command me where thou art commanded. 
Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man, 
There to be vsd according to your State. 
Eleanor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach: 
And shall I then be us'd reproachfull? 
Stanley, Like to a Dutchess, and Duke Humphreyes Lady, 
According to that State you shall be usd. 
Eleanor. Sheriff farewell, and better then I fare, 
Although thou haft beene Conduct of my name, 
Sheriff. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me. 
Eleanor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd: 
Come Stanley, shall we goe? 
Stanley. Madame, your Penance done, 
Throw off this Shee. 
And goe to enjoy you for our Journey. 
Eleanor. My shame will not be lifted with my Sheet: 
No, it will hang upon my richett Robes, 
And I will dye, attyrme me how I can. 
Goe, lead the way, I long to see my Prison, 
Exeunt. 

Sound a Serue. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, 
York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, 
To the Parliament.

King. I made my Lord of Gloster is not come: 
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, 
What's e're occasion keepes him from vs now. 
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe 
The strangeness of his altered Countenance? 
With what a Maiestie he bears himselfe, 
How insolent of late he is become, 
How proud, how permeporative, and unlike himselfe. 
We know the time since he was mild and affable, 
And if we do but glance a fairest Locke, 
Immediately he was upon his Knee.

That all the Court admitt'd him for submission, 
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn. 
When every one will give the time of day, 
He knits his Brow, and shews an angry Eye, 
And paseth by with fliete vnbow'd Knee, 
Disdaining durie that to vs belongeth. 
Small Curries are not regarded when they gyrate, 
But great man tremble when the Lyon roares, 
And Dampsey is no little Man in England, 
First note, that he is nere you in different, 
And should you fall, he is the next with course. 
My serfthem then, it is no Politie, 
Respecting what a racconce minist he bestres, 
And his advantage following your decease. 
That he should come about your Royall Person, 
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Counsel, 
By dacierie hee wonne the Commons hearts; 
And when he pleas'd to make Commotion, 
'Tis to be feard they all will follow him. 
Now'tis thy spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted, 
Suffer them now, and they 's eve grow the Garden, 
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry. 
The reservate care I bestowe into my Lord, 
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke, 
If it be fonde, call it a Womans fene: 
Which fene, if better Reasons can supplant, 
I will subscrib, and say I wrong'd the Duke, 
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York, 
Reproye my allegation, if you can. 
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Swift. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke: 
And had I first beene put to speake my minde, I think I should have told you your Graces Tale. 
The Duchehe, by his subornation, 
Upon my Life began her dissilfull prattises: 
Or if he were not prais to those Faults, 
Yet by preterting of his high diffcure, 
As next the King, he was succeesfull Herie, 
And each high vaunts of his Nobilitie, 
Did inflagare the Bedlam braine-fick Duchehe, 
By wicked meanes to frame our Souresigns fall. 
Smooth runs the Water, where the Brooke is deep, 
And in his simple flame he Harbourd Tresalon. 
The Fox barres not, when he would relese the Lambe. 
No, no, my Souresigne, Glofier is a man 
Vindicated yet, and full of deep discerns: 
Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law, 
Desire strange deaths, for small offences done? 
York. And did he not in his Protectorship, 
Legie great summes of Money through the Realme, 
For Souldiers pay in France, and never sent it? 
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day resolved. 
Deak, That, these are petty faults to faults unkowne, 
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey. 
King. My Lords at once: the care you have of vs, 
To move downe Thrones that would annoy our Foot, 
Is worthy prysse: but shall I speake my confedence, 
Our Kingman Glofier is as innocent, 
From meaning Tresalon to our Royall Person, 
As is the fucking Lambe, or harmellefe Dose: 
The Duke is venous, milde, and too well given, 
To dreame on euill, or to workke my downefall. 
Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond alliance? 
Sear. Dose, hee's featheres are but borow'd, 
For hee's disposed and base bellyd. 
Is he a Lamb? his Skinne is surely leathen,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

For hee enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who can sete a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting shott that fraughtfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold News, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done,

Turke. Cold News for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Bloomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaves away:
But I will redeem this greece ere long,
Or fell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloft. All hapinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnleffe thou were more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Gloft. Well Suffelk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest
A Hezez vnposter'd, is not easilly daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleaste from Treson to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guileful?

Turke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That youe tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath loft France.
Gloft. Is it but thought so?
What are thy that think it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bripe from France.
So helpe me God, as I have watch the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Days that I receiued from the King,
Or any Great I hooered to my self,
Be bringt against me at my Tryall day.
No man, I say, may raine an honest flore,
Because I would not take the needle Commons,
Hauing lost my purs in the Garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Gloft. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Turke. In your Protectorship, you did desile
Strange Tottures for Offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Gloft. Why'tis well known, I assure you:
While I was Protector, Pitey was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offenders tears,
And lowly words were Ranfome for their faults;
Vnleffe it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or soule felonious Theefe, that fleed poor passengers,
I never gaued them condign punifhment.
Murther indeede, that bloody finne, I cou'dt
Above the Felon, or whatsoe Trefor else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easilie purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal,
To keepe, until your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, tis my speciall hope,
That you will clear your selfe from all fuppence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloft. Ah gracious Lord, these daies are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitee shal'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie vndid your Highnesse Land.
I know, his Complot is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannize,
I would expend it with all willingnesse,
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play.
For thousands more, that yet fufpeft no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Bemefied red sparking eyes blab his heartes mallice,
And Suffetted cloudie Brow his stormie hate.
Sharp Ecclewife vnburthen, with his tongue,
The ensiuous Load that eyes vpon his heart:
And dogged Turke, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arne I have pluckt back,
By false acceu dothe lowell at my Life,
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reft,
Gauleffe hauing lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavoure have first'd wp
My looke Lige to be mine Enemye:
I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
My felle had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want fale Witneffe, to condemne me,
Nor flore of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proberbe will be well effecte,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Lige, his raying is intollerable.
If those that care to keepes your Royall Person
From Treasons secret, Knife, and Traysors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayed, chid, and rased at,
And the Offendor grunted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not swit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clartely couht?
As if she had fuborned some to sweare
False allegations of murder of his flore.

Qu. But I can give the lofer lease to chide,
Gloft. Faire true, spoke then meant: I loveindeede,
Beswore the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well fuch losers may have lease to speake.

Burk. Hee'l wreath the fence, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinal, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sire, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloft. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Cuitch,
Before his Leagues be knowne, he his Body,
Thus is the Shepherd bearest from thy hide,
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall knowe the fact.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King Henry, chy decaye I feare.

Exit Gloster.

King. My Lords, what is our wildomes seemst beff,
Doc, or vndoc, as if our felle were here.

Quene. What will your Highnesse leave the Parliamet?

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round euyghts with miserie:
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Vnche Humphrey, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good Humphry, is the bower to come,
That ere I prou'd thee false, or feard thy faith.
What lowring Stare now enues thy false?
That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,
Doe seek the Subseruccion of thy harmless Life.
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house:
Even so remorselesse haue thou borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings lofse;
Even so my selfe bewayles good Gollerton cafe
With sad vnhelpfull cares, and with dimd'ye eyes:
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His qualities I will weep, and drench each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? Gollerton he is none, Exit.

Queen. Free Lords:
Cold Snow meltes with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
To do full of foolish pittie: and Gollerton shew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With forrow streses relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
With Malignant choler'd thought doth fling a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
This Gollerton should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue but now.
Card. That he should dye, is worthie policie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.
Suff. But in my minde, that were no policie:
The King will labour still to save his Life,
The Commons haply rife, to save his Life:
And yet we haue but trifull argument,
More then mistrust, that strewes him worthye death.

Turke. So that by this, you would not have him dye,
Suff. Ah Turke, no man alive, so faine as I.
Turke. 'Tis Turke that hath more reason for his death,
But yet, that's idle, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speakes it from your Soules:
Went't not all one, an emptie Eagle were fet,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke Humphrey for the Kings Protector, t
Queen. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.
Suff. Madame tis true: and weren't madnaffe then,
To make the Fox furious of the Fowl?
Who being aduent'ed with a Ballonger,
His Quillie should be but dily post'd over,
Because his purpose is not executed,
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By natur e proou'd an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be flay'd with Crimon blood,
As Humphrey proou'd by Reason to my Lige,
And doe not stand on Quillet how to slay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snare, by Subtiltie,
Sleeping, or Waking 'tis no mater how,
So he be dead; for that is good decet,
Which makes him lift, that first intends deceit.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Mike or Suffolke, within foureteen dayes
At Belfow I expect my Soldiours,
For there Ile shippem them all for Ireland.

Ile fee it truly done, my Lord of York.

Enter York.

York: Now Yorke, or never, thee thy fears full thoughts, and changes of doubt to resolution;
Be that thou liggest to be, or what thou art;
Respigne to death, it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-face's fear keep with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harb'r in a Royall heart.
Faster the Spring-time shov'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitate.
My Braye, more bulk theu the laboring Spider,
Weares tedious Snakes to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well, 'tis politely done,
To fend me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warme the flarred Snake,
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will gue them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well adv'd,
You put shallow Weapons in a mad-men hands.
Whilest I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
I will strive vp in England some black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thousand Souls to Heauen, or Hell;
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minister of my intent,
I haue seduced a head-drong Kentishman,
John Cadde of Aisford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland haue I seen this flabbotte Cadde
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kerns,
And fought so long till that his thighs with Darts
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being refused, I have sense
Him capte vnpight, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full ofte, like a shag-hair'd d'atrice Kerne,
Hath he confeced with the Enemie,
And wide-scouer'd, come to me againe,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This Desiell here shall be my subtilitie;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they afect the House and Clayne of Yorks.
Say he be taken, taked, and torront;
I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say, I must him to those Armes.
Say he that thriste, as his great like he will,
Why then from Irelan come I with my strength,
And repare the Hauell which that Raffell bow'd.
For Humfrey; being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart: the next for me.

Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
Marther of Duke Elsmyre.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue dispathch the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to do: what have we done?
Didst euer hear a man so penetrant?

Enter Suffolke.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Siths, have you dispathch this thing?
2. I may good Lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said: Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Have you laden the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets.
Enter the King, the Queene,
Cardinal, Suffolke, Somerett, with
Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnkle to our prentice straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as we published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord.

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter: gainst our Vnkle Glesfer,
Then from true evidence, of good citizen,
He be approu'd in prattile culpable.

Queen. God forbid any Malice should preasure,
That faultiefe may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of infpicion.

King. I thank thee Neill, these words content me much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vnkle? what's the matter, Suffolke?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: Glesfer is dead.

Queen. Marry, Marry God forfend.

Cord. Gods secret Judgement; I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? & Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

Sam. Repe vp his Body, wring by the Nole,

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh Henry open thine eyes,

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madam be patient.

King. Oh Heauenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious Henry com-
forts.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to find a Raunets Nole,
Whose defmal timbe bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breitt,
Can chase away the first-conceived found?
Hide not thy poyfon with fuch fugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbesake I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents thing,
Thou balefull Meffenger, out of my sight:
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie,
Sits in grim Maffiette, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy fight:
For in the shade of death, I shall finde joy.
In life, but double death, now Glesfer's dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he mort Christi'an-like laments his death:
And for my selfe, Ic was he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming fighes recall his life.
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal! Beauforts meanes:  
The Commons like an angry Hive of Bees  
That want their Leader, feater vp and downe,  
And care not who they fling in his reuenge,  
My selfe have calme’d their spleenfull mutine,  
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,  
But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henry:  
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,  
And comment then upon his fofaine death.  
War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie  
With the rude multitude, till I returnes.

King. O thou that judgest all things, play my thoughts:  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soule,  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphries life:  
If my supfet be falle, forgive me God,  
For judgement onely doth belong to thee:  
Faine would I goe to chafe his pale lips,  
With twenty thousand kiffes, and to draine  
Upon his face an Ocean of fall tears,  
To tell my loue vnto his dume death-trunk,  
And with my fingers feel the his hand, vncleeling:  
But all in vaine are these meanes Obeties,  
Bed put forth,  
And to forsey his dead and earthy Image:  
What were it but to make my forrow greater?  
War. Come bither gracius Souraigne, view this bodie.

King. That is to see how deep me grace is made,  
For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:  
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to live  
With that dread King that tooke our flate vpon him,  
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curfe,  
I do beleue that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful Oath, fumome with a solemne tongue:  
What infance gues Lord Warwickke for his vow,  
War. See how the blood is fested in his face,  
Oft hate I feene a timely-pardoned Ghost,  
Of flattering emblyance, meares, pale, and bloodlesse,  
Being all defended to the labouring heart,  
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the fame for sydaence ‘gainst the enemy,  
Which with the heart there cooles, and he returneth,  
To blash and beautifie the Cheke againe,  
But fee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:  
His eye balles further out, than when he liued,  
Staring full gallily, like a strangled man:  
His hayre vprered, his nostrils fretcheth with strugling:  
His hands abroad display’d, as one that grafts  
And tugg’d for Life, and was by strength subdu’d,  
Look on the sheets his hair (you fee) is flicking,  
His well proporcion’d Beard, made ruffe and rugged,  
Like to the Summers Come by Tempeft lodg’d:  
It cannot be but he was murdered here.  
The leaff of all these signes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwickke, who should do the D. to death?  
My selfe and Beauford had him in protection,  
And we I hope far, are no murthersers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humphries foes,  
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keep:  
Tis like you would not forset him like a friend,  
And ’tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you beleeke suspeth these Noblemen,  
As guilty of Duke Humphries timelesse death.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

WOT. Who finds the Heyfor dead, and bleeding freth,  
And fees fall-by, a Butcher with an Axe,  
But will sufpe'd, twas he that made the slache?  
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocke Neft,  
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,  
Although the Kye chase with whom drudg'd Beake?  
Euen to suspe'tious is this Tragedy,  
Qu. Are you the Butcher, Saffolke? where's your Knife?  
Is Beauford seem'd a Kyte? where are his Talhons?  
Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,  
But there's a vengeful Sword, rusted with eafe,  
That shall be fowred in his rancorous heart,  
That faurers me with Murtheara Crimfon Badge.  
Say, if thou dairst, proof Lord of Warwick fhire,  
That I am faultie in Duke Humfrayes death.  
War. What daces not Warwick, if fales Saffolke dare him?  
Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,  
Nor caese to be an arrogante Controller,  
Though Saffolke dare him twentie thousand times.  
War. Madame be fyll: with reuerence may I fay,  
For every word you fpake in his behalfe,  
Is flander to your Royall Dignitie,  
Saff. Blind-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,  
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord fo much,  
My Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed  
Some ftrene vnwtur'd Churie; and Noble Stock  
Was graft with Crab-tree filippe, whose Fruit thouart,  
And neuer of the Neviles Noble Race.  
War. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,  
Quitting theetheby of ten thousand thames,  
And that my Soueraigne preffence makes me milde,  
I would, falle murtherous Coward, on thy Knee  
Make thee begge pardon for thy fpelled fafe,  
And fay, it was thy Mother that thou meant it,  
That thou thy felfe waft born in Baffardie;  
And after all this fearfull Homage done,  
Gue thee thy hyeare, and fend thy Soule to Hell,  
Pernicious blood-fucker of sleeping men.  
Saff. Thou shalt be waking, while I fend thy blood,  
If from this prefence thou daf't goe with me.  
War. Away even now, or I will drain thee hence:  
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,  
And doe fome fervice to Duke Humfrayes Gofti.  
Exeunt.  
King. What stronger Breeft-plate then a heart vitiated?  
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarell luft;  
And he but naked, though locks vp in Steele,  
Whoe Confidence with Inuifcie is corrupted.  
A nobles within.  
Queene. What noyse is this?  
Enter Saffolke and Warwick, with their Weapons drawn.  
King. Why how now Lords?  
Your wrathful Weapons drawn,  
Here in our prefence? Dare you be fo bold?  
Why what tumultuous clamor have we here?  
Saff. The traitourous Warwick, with the men of Bury,  
Set all amon ft, mightie Soueraigne.  
Enter Salisbury.  
Salub. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.
Queen. Eke Coward woman, and soft harted wretch, Hast thou not spirit to curfe thine enemy, 

Suf. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curfe them?

Would curfes kill, as doth the Mondsakes groane, I would inuent as bitter searching terms, As curf, as harfh, and horrible to heare, Deliter'd strongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many signes of deadly hate, As leer'd or cuny in her loathsome case.

My tongue should humble in mine earnef words, Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint; Mine haire be fixt at end as one diftraft;

I, every ioynt should feeme to curfe and ban, And euen now my butcher'd heart would breake Should I not curfe them. Poylon be their drinke.

Gall, wrofe then Gall, the dauntlef they taife: Their sweetefl fhade, a grone of Cyprefle Trees: Their cheefekef Prosperit, murde ring Ballifikes: Their fofter Touch, as fmar as Lyezards flings: Their Muifecke, rightfull as the Serpents biffes, And bould the streep}*Qho, what were thou efle, But like a pleafant flumber in thy lap ?

Qre. Enough sweet Suffolke, thon torment'd thy felife, And thofe dread curfes like the Sunne gainf glaffe, Or like an ouer-charg'd Gun, recoile, And turns the force of them upon thy felife.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave? Now by the ground that I am banith'd from, Well could I curfe away a Winners night, Though flanding naked on a Mountain top, Where byting cold would never let graffe grow, And thinke it but a minute spent in poffes.

Qre. Oh, let me intreat thee crafte, give me thy hand, That I may dew it with my mowfull teares: Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place, To wafh away my wofful Monuments, Oh, could this knife be printed in thy hand, That thou might'ft think upon thee by the Seale, Through whom a thoufand fighes are breath'd for thee. So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe, 'Tis but furmiz'd, whiles thou art flanding by, As one that flurft, thinking on a want: I will repeale thee, or be well afur'd, Adventure be banifhed my felife: And banifhed I am, if but from thee.

Go, speake not to me: euen now be gone. Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd, Embrace, and kiffe, and take ten thoufand leaues, Loathcr a hundred times to part then dy. Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolke ten times banifhed, Once by the King, and three times thirce by thee. 'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou thence, A Wildernefle is populous enough, So Suffolke had thy heauenly company: For where thou art, there is the World it felfe, With every fleuerall pleafure in the World: And where thou art not, Deflation, I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life: My felife no ioy in ought, but that thou liu'ft.

Enter Page.

Queen. Whether goes Page to foall? What newes I preth mee?
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

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Suf. Stay Whamore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole, Wha. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled vp in rages? Suf. I, but these rages are no part of the Duke. Lien. But Iowe was never flaine as thou shalt be, Obfine and lowife Swaine, King Henrys blood. Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster Mift not be fixed by such a iaded Grome: Haft thou not killed thy hand, and held my hirrop? Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule, And thought thee happy when I shooke my head. How often haft thou waited at my cup, Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the board, When I have feasted with Queen Margaret? Remember it, and let it make thee Creff-falne, I, and slay this thy abortive Pride: How in our voyding Lobby haft thou flood, And daly wayted for my comming forth? This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf, And therefore shall it chame thy riotous tongue. Whit. Speak Captaine, Shall I stab the forlorn Swain. Lien. Frst let my words flab him, as he hath me. Suf. Base fayle, thy words are blunt, and so art thou. Lien. Convey him hence, and on our long boats ride, Strike off his head. Suf. Thou darft not for thy owne. Lien. Poole, Six Poole, Lord, I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dirt Troubles the flower Spring, where England drinks: Now wili I dam vp this tigg, yawning mouth, For fo lollowing the Treatiche of the Idame. Thy lips that lift the Queene, flawe sweep the ground: And thou that smill'd at good Duke Hamefrice death, Against the feneffe windes flall flain in vaine, Who in contempt flall hifle at thee againe, And weyed be thou to the Hages of hell, For daring to affay a mighty Lord Vnto the daughter of a worthiflefe King, Haying neyther Subiec, Wealth, nor Diadem: By dueifh policy arc thou grownee great, And like ambitious Sylla outer-gord, With gobbers of thy Mother-bleding heart, By thee Anon and Maine were foid to France. The false reuolting Normans thorough thee, Dildaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardie Hath fhaine their Gournora, furpriz'd our Ports, And fent the faugl Souldiers wounded home. The Prince ftrongly Warricke, and the Neuill all, Whole deedful fwords were neuer drawn in vaine, As hating thee, and rising vp in armes, And now the House of York fhift from the Crowne, By fhauefull murther of a guileflefe King, And Joby proud inceaching tyranney, Bumes with reueang fire, whole hopefull colours Aduanse our halfe-faced Sunne, flinting to fhine; Vnder the which is writ, infmites ambidious The Commons here in Kent are vp in armes, And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie, Is crept into the Pallace of our King, And all by thee: away, convey him hence. Sus. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder Upon their palty, feruile, abfert Drudges: Small things make base men proud, This Villaine heere, Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more Then Berryprius the strong Illyrian Pyrates. Drones firk not Eagles blood, but rob Bees-hilles: It is impossible that I should dye.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

By such a slowly Vaffall as thy selfe.
Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I goe of Melliage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.
Lut. Water: W, Come Suffolk, I must waft thee
to thy death.
Suf. Pone giltius timer occupat orunt, it is thee I feare.
Wilt Thou that haue caufe to feare before I leave thee,
What, are ye dented now? Now will ye floope.
Suf. Suffolkes I impatilate tongue is ferene and rough:
Va'd to command, vnraught to please for favour.
Fair be it, we fhould honor fuch as thefe
With humble fines: no, rather let my head
Sprooe to the blocke, then thefe knees bow to any,
Sute to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And fooneer dance upon a bloody poie,
Then stand vncover'd to the Vultur Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, than you dare execute.
Lut. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Soldiers, thew what cruellie ye can.
Great men oft dye by wilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Baudetto Swae
Murder'd sweetly Tuffy. Brown Baffard hand
Stab'd Julius Caesar, Savage Inslande.
Pumpy the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrate.
Exit Water with Suffolk.
Lut. And as for thefe whole waftome we haue fet,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.
Exit Lieutenant, and the reft.

Mention the fift Gent. Enter Water with the body.
Wul. There let his head, and mistelefe bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Miftirs bury it. Enter Water.
1.Gen. O barbarous and bloody Spectacle,
His body will I beare unto the King:
If hereunto it not; yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that dinners, held him deere.

Enter Benoys, and John Holland.

Benoys. Come and gethe a wourd, though made of a
Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.
Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then.
Benoys. I tell thee, Jacke Cad the Cloathier, meannes to
dreffe the Common-wealth and turne it, and let a new
nap upon it.
Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thredbare. Well, I say,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.
Benoys. O miferable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.
Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scornes to goe in Leather
Aprons.
Benoys. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Worshippers.
Hol. True: but yezi is faild. Labour in thy Vocati-
on: which is as much to fay, as let the Magistrates be la-
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.
Benoys. Thou haft hit it: for there's no better signe of a
braue minde, then a hard hand.
Hol. I fee them, I fee them: There's Befts Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.
Benoys. Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to
make Dogges Leather of.
Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.
Benoys. Then is fin fracke downe like an Ox, and ini-
quitities throue cut like a Calfe.
Hol. And Smith the Weaver.
Benoys. Arpe, their thred of life is fun.
Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cadie, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cadie. Wee John Cadie, so term'd of our supposed Fa-
thers.
But. Or rather of festling a Cadie of Herings.
Cadie. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes,
Command silence.
But. Silence.
Cadie. My Father was a Mortimer,
But. He was an honell man, and a good Bricklayer.
Cadie. My mother a Plantagenet.
But. I bath her well, she was a Midwife.
Cadie. My wife descended of the Lasters.
But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & fold many
Laces.
Weauer. But now of late, not able to transuell with her
furt'd Packe, the wafhes buckes here at home.
Cadie. Therefore am I of an honorable houfe.
But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
was he borne, vnder a hedges: for his Father had never a
houfe but the Cage.
Cadie. Valiant I am.
Weauer. A mutt needs, for beggary is valiant.
Cadie. I am able to endure much.
But. No question of that: for I have feene him whips
three Market dayes together.
Cadie. I feare neither fword, nor fire.
We. Hee neede not feare the fword, for his Coate is of
proof.
But. But me thinkes he shold stand in feare of fire, be-
ing barns't hand for fleeting of Sheepe.
Cadie. Be braue then, for your Captain is Braue, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, stuen
halfe peny Loues fold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
shall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Feffony to drink
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Cheapide shall my Falfrey go to grage: and when I am
King, as King I will be.
All. God laue your Maiestie.
Cadie. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no
mony, all shall cafe and drinke on my score, and I will
apparel them all in one Linery, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.
But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.
Cadie. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe shoule
be made Parchment; that Parchment being feribled on,
shoule vndoe a man. Some fay the Bee flings, but I fay,
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but feale once to a thing, and
I was never mine owne man since.
How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clerke.
Weauer. The Clerke of Chasram: hee can write and
reade, and caft accompt.
Cadie. O monftrous.
Weauer. We tooke him letting of boyes Copies.
Cade. Here's a Villaine.

War. He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Conurer.

But, Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour; vnleathe I finde him guilty, he shal not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerke, Emanuell.

But, They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doft thou vse to write thy name? Or haft thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

Clerke. Sir I thanke God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confett: away with him he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clerke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our General?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, Fly, Fly, Sir Humfray Stafford and his brother arched by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand Villaine, stand, or lie fell thee downe: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is he?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my selfe a knight presently: \(\text{Rife vp Sir John Mortimer.} \) Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humfray Stafford, and his Brother, with Drumme and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and smear of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowses: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: for this Groome, The King is mercifull, if you reollect,

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these filken-coated clares I passe not, It is so you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne: For I am rightfull heyre unto the Crown.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playlterer, And thou fel'st a Shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staff. I know it.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's faiie.

Cade. I, there's the question: But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman borne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His name am I, deny if you can.

But, Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

War. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Father's house, & the brickes are alive at this day to tell if: therefore deny it not.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

And makes it fearfull and degenerate,
Thinkes therefore on reveinge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and looke on this.
Here may his head lye on my throbbing brest;
But where’s the body that I should imbrace?

But, what answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perishe by the Sword, and I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jacke Cade their Generall,
But flay, I leed it ouer once again.

Qu. Ah barbarous villains: Hath this lovely face,
Rul’d like a wandering Plaenter ouer me,
And could it not infame them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the fame.

King. Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworn to take thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his,
King. How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Lowe) if that I have beene dead,
Thou wouldst not have mou’d so much for me.

Qu. No my Lour, I should not mourne, but dye for the.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com’t thou in such haste?

Mef. The Rebels are in Southwark: Fly my Lord:
Jacke Cade proclaims himselfe Lord Mortimer,
Defended from the Duke of Clarence house,
And calls your Grace Vforper, openly,
And vows to Crowne himselfe in Wittminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindees and Peasants, rude and mercifull:
Six Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giv’n them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.

K. Oh gracefeele men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vnitill a power be rais’d to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now alие,
Theire Kentish Rebels would be foone appeard.

King. Lord Say, the Traitors hasthe the,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace perfone be in danger:
The fight of one is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Jacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The Ruffall people, thristing after prey.
Joyne with the Traitor, and they joyntly ware
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Bec. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is decease.

King. Farewell my Lord, truitt not the Kentish Rebels
Bec. Truitt no body for youe be betrayed.

Say. The truth I have, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Enter Lord Sayles upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.

Sayles. How now? Is Jacke Cade slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The L. Major craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Sayles. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them m’selfe,
The Rebels have slay’d to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Coffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,
And so farwells, for I must hence againe.

Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And heere setting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This first yere of our raigne.

But now henceforward it shall be Tresdon for any,
That calleth me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. They kil him.

Butl. If this Fellow be wife, he’le neuer call ye Cade.

Cade more, I think he hath a very faire warning.

Dick. My Lord, there’s an Army gathered together
In Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let’s goe fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let’s away.

Enter some.

Alarums. Mathew Coffe is Down, and all the rest,
The enter Jacke Cade with his Company.

Cade. So first: now goe some and pull downe the Sauey:
Others to’t hich lines of Cour, downe with them all.

Butl. I have a suite vnoe your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Londonship, thou shalt haue it for that word.

Butl. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth.

John. Mass he’ll be fore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Speare, and ’ts not whole yet.

Smitb. Nay John, it will be finning Law, for his breath
flinckes with eating tostted chesee.

Cade. I haue thought upon it, it shall bee so.
Away, bury all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be

John. Then we are like to haue biting Statues
Volflee his teeth be pull’d out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Comon:

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say,
Which fold the Townes in France.
He that made vs pay one and twenty Fittenes, and one willing to the pound,
the last Subsidie.

Enter
Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheading for it ten times: Alas thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Backam Lord, now at thou within point-blanke of our Justification Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maitly, for giving vp of Normandie unto Monsieur Baffme, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that must sweape the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou haft most traitorously corrupted the youth of the Realme, interfecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookses but the Score and the Tally, thou haft caus'd printing to be v'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown, and Dignity, thou haft built a Paper-Mill. It will be proven to thy Face, that thou haft men about thee, that vitally talkke of a Noune and a Verbe, and such abominable worsdes, as no Christian ear can endure to heare. Thou haft appointed Judiciles of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou haft put them in prifon, and because they could not reade, thou haft hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they have bene most worthy to live. Thou doft ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry thou ought'lt not to let thy horse wear a Cloake, when homelenter men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dike. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex ample, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dike. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: Tit boa terra, made gens.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speakes Lat ine.

Say. Hearre me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæfar writ, is tern’d the euell place of all this lile: Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches, The People Liberals, Valiant, Ablue, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty. I told not Maine, I lost not Normandie, Yet to reconsier them would looke my life: Jutish with favour haue I alwaies done, Prayers and Teares haue mou’d me, Gifts could never. When haue I ought exalted at your hands? Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you, Large gifts haue I belown’d on learned Clerkes, Because my Books prefer’d me to the King. And feeling Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen. Vnleefe ye be poiffit with dullish lips, You cannot but forbeare to murther me: This Tongue hath partied into Foraigne Kings For your behoove.

Cade. Ten, when strucker thou one blow in the field? Say. Great men have reaching hands not haue I struck Those that I neuer saw, and trucche them dead.

Gen. O monftrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. These cheeckes are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Givne him a box o'th'ear, and that will make'em red again.

Say. Long fittin to determine poore mens cause, Hath made me full of fecknestle and disfises.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dike. Why doft thou quieter man?

Say. The Paleife, and not faire prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who should say, Ile be even with you. I le fis his head will stand fludderd on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?

Hawe I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Cheffes fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparell funptuous to behold?

Whom haue I int'Red, that ye feake my death?

These hands are free from guilfleffe bloods vending.

This breast from habouring foule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feele remorse in my felle with his words: but I le breedle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleasing to well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Go, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir James Cramer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two pales hither.

All. I shall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your felves: How would it fare with your departed foules, And therefore yet relent, and faue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudef Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnleffe he pay me tribure: there shall not a maid be married, but the shall pay to me her Maypole head ere they haue it: Men shall hold of me in Capite.

And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can with, or tongue can tell.

Dike. My Lord.

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodit is vpon our billies?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer?

Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well When they were alie. Now part them again, Leave they consult about the giuing vp

Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers, Delayre the spoile of the Citty vnd're night:

For with their borne before vs, in field of Maces, Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner Hauce them kisse. Away.

Exit

Asum, and Retreat. Enter against Cade; and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fifth-streete, downe Saint Magnus corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I herez?

Dare any be bold to found Retreat or Parley

When I command them kill?
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter Buckingham, and Lord Clifford.

Bus. I heere they be, that daie and will disturb thee:

Kneel. Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King

Enter the Commons, whom thou hast misled,

And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will for sake thee, and go home in peace.

Cif. What say ye Courtrimen, will ye relent

And yield to mercy, while it is offered you,

Or let a rabbble leade you to your deaths.

Who loues the King, and will imperce his pardon,

Fling up his cap and say, God save his Maiestie.

Who hate him, and honors not his Father,

Henry the fift, that made all France to quake.

Shake he his wapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to brate?

And you base Peazants, do ye beleue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Paridons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwakte.

I thought ye would never have glum out these Armes till you had recoured your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Daftards, and delight to live in slauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with batthens, take your house out your heads, rauih your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Curfe light upon you all.

All. We'll follow Cade,

We'll follow Cade.

Cif. Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fift,

That thus you exclaim you'll go with him,

Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:

Nor knowes he how to live, but by the spoile.

Vaneffe by robbing of your friends, and vs.

Werd not a shame, that whilte you live at iarre,

The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished

Should make a flatter ore-less, and vanquish you?

Me thinkes alreadie in this crucil broyle,

I fee them Lording it in London streets,

Crying Villago vnto all they meete,

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,

Then you should fllope vnto a Frenchmans mercy,

To France, to France, and get what you have loft:

Spare England, for it is your Native Coalt:

Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:

God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,

We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightely blowne too & fro,

as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave mee disolate.

If thee lay their heads together to surprize me.

My sword make way for me, for here is no staying;

In dispight of the duds and hell, have through the verry middele of you, and heauen and honor be winnowes, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignomious treasants, makes me betake mee to my heele.

Exit.

Back. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,

And he that brings his head vnto the King,

Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exect. of them.

Follow me soldiers, wee'll desuire a meane,

To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Sound Trumpet. Enter King, Queen, and

Somerset on the Terras.

King. Was ene King that toy'd an earthly Throne,

And could command no more content then it?

No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,

But I was made a King, at nine moneths olde.

Was newe Subject long'to be a King,

As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Bus. Health and glad tydings to your Maiestie.

Kne. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Cif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,

And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,

Expect your Hightnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertaine my yowes of thantks and prase,

Soldiars, this day have you redeem'd your lieues,

And fweethow well you laue your Prince & Countrey:

Continue still in this to good a minde,

And Henry though he be infortunat,

Affure your felues will never be vnkinde:

And fo with thantks, and pardon to you all,

I do dismisse you to your feuerall Countreys.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Pleaue it your Grace to be aduentificd,

The Duke of Yorke is newely come from Ireland,

And with a puifant and a mighty power

Of Gallow glaftes and flour Khames,

Is marching hither ward in proud aray,

And fweetprifameth as he comes along,

His Armes are onely to remoue from thence.

The Duke of Someries, whom he termes a Traitor.

King. Thus standt my flate, 'twixte Cade and Yorke diffireth,

Like to a Ship, that hauing feared a Tempelt,

Is fraught wai calmie, and boorded with a Fryrate.

But now is Cade driven backe, his men dispier'd,

And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.

I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,

And ask him what's the reafon of these Armes:

Tell him, Ile fende Duke Edmonde to the Tower,

And Somerfte we will commit thee thether,

Vattill his Army be diuifit from him.

Somerfet. My Lord

He yeelded my felle to prifon willingly,

Or vnto death, to ferne Countrey good.

King. In any cafe, he not too rough in terms,

For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

But, I will my Lord, and doubt not to doe,

As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learn to gouern better,

For yet may England cufte my wrecthed raigne.

Flouris.

Exect. Enter.
Enter Cade.

Cade. Eye on Ambitions: be on my felloe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These flue days have I hid me in thee Woods, and durst not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I to hungry, that if I might have a Leafc of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Graffe, or pick a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans flomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to doe me good. For many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have bene dray, & bruitely Marching, it hath fere'd me in stead of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word Sallet must fere me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live untumyled in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as thefe? This inmall inheritance my Father left me, Contenfeth me, and worth a Monye: I feke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what empy: Sufficeth, that I have maintayned my fcape, And fends the poor well pleafed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the folcfe come to feize me for a fray, for enterin a Fec-simpfe without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betrayer me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but I make thee eate Iron like an Offridge, and fwallow my Sword like a great pin eere thou and I part.

Iden. Why flue Companion, whatforfe thou be'ft, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my Garden, And like a Thieve to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles in figh of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with thine favcie remes?

Cade. Braue thef' I by the beft blood that euer was broach'd, and heard thee to. Lookke on mee well, I haue eate no meate thisse flue days, yet come thou and thy fifie men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore nail, I pray God I may never eate graffe more.

Iden. Nay, it shall neere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Elquifte of Kent, Tookke ookes to compote a poore familys man. Oppofe thy flfeft gazin eyes to mine, See if thou canft out-face me with thy lookes: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leffe: Thy hand is but a finger to my f't, Thy legge a flike compared with this Truncheon, My ftoke shall fight with all the strength thou haue, And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whose greatestr effwer's words, Let this my sword report what speech forbeares. Cade. By my Valour: the molt compleat Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou toure the edge, or cut not out the butly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, erre thee flicke in thy Sheath, I befeech loye on my knees thou mayst be turnd to Hobnails.

Here they Fight,

O I am flaine, Famine and no other hath flaine me, let ten thousand diuiles come againft me, and give me but the ten meales I have loft, and I'd defte them all, Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houfe, because the unconquered foule of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue finall, that monftrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Ne're fhall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou fhal/we rave it as a Herals coste, To emblaze the Honor that thy Matter got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory; Tell Kent from me, the hath loft her loft man, and exhil all the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquift by Famine, nor by Valour.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen bemy judge; Die damned Wrench, the curfe of her that bare thee; And as I thrut thy body in with my sword, So with I, I might thrut thy foule to hell. Hence will I drawe thee headlong by the heedes Vno a dunghill, which fhall be thy grave, And there cut off thy mift ungracious head, Which I will bear in triumphe to the King, Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon.

Exit.

Enter York, and his Army of Irelfs, with Drum and Colour.

Tor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feble Henrys head. Ring Belles aloud, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To enteraine great England lawful King, Ah Santa, Master! who would not buy thee deere? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold, I cannot gue true action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it, A Scepter flall it haue, haue a foule, On which Ie toffe the Fleur-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we here? Buckingham to disturb me? The king hath fent him fure: I must difemble, Buc. Yorke, if thou meen well, I greet thee well. Tor. Humfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting, Art thou a Melfenger, or come of pleafure. Buc. A Melfenger from Henry, our dread Lige, To know the reafon of thefe Armes in peace. Or why, thou bring a Subiekt, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegence sworne, Should raffe fo great a power without his leaue? Or dare to bring thy Force to necre the Court? Tor. Scarfe can I speake, my Choller is fo great. Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am fo angry at thefe abiejte tearmes. And now like Anex Teleranion, Buc. As thy Valour in thefe cheepe or Oxen could I fpend my fuit, I am faire better borne then is the king, More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts. But I must make faire weather yea, while, Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I haue beene no anwer all this while: My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly. The care why I haue brought this Armie bither,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

To remove proud Somerset from the King, Seditious to his Grace, and to the State. 

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part: But if thy Armes be to no other end, The King hath yield'd into thy demand: The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Vnto. Upon thine Honor is he Priforer? 

Buc. Upon mine Honor he is Priforer. 

Vnto. Then Buckingham I do dismiss my Powres. Souldiers, I thank you all: disperse your files: Meet me to morrow in S. George Field. You shall have pay, and every thing you with. And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry, Command my eldely fonne, nay all my fonnors, As pledges of my Fealtie and Leue, He send them all as willing as I live: Landau, Goods, Horfe, Armer, anything I have Is his to vfe, fo Somerset may die. 

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kind Submiflion, We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendant.

King, Buckingham, dost Yorke intend to harms to vs That thus he may deal with thee in arms? 

Vnto. In all Submiflion and humility, Yorke doth proffent himselfe vnto your Highnesse. 

K. Then what intende these Forces thou doft bring? 

Vnto. To heeue the Traitor Somerset from hence, And fight againft that monstrous Rebell Cade, Who since I heard to be difcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one to rule, and of no mean condition May paffe into the presence of a King: 

Lor, I present your Grace a Traitors head, The head of Cade, whom I in combat flew. 

King. The head of Cade! Great God, how iuft art thou? Oh let me view his Vifage being dead, That liuing wrought me fuch exceeding trouble. 

Tell me my friend, art thou the man that flew him? 

Iden. I was, not like your Maiesty. 

King. How came thou call'd? And what is thy degree? 

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name, A poore Efqir of Kent, that lous his King. 

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse He were created Knight for his good Seruice. 

King. Iden, kneele downe, rife vp a Knight: We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes, And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs. 

Iden. May Iden lue to merit fuch a bountie, And neuer lue but true vnto his Lige.

Enter Quene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with cli Quene, Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke. 

Qu. For thousand Yorke he shall not hide his head, But boldly fland, and front him to his face. 

Tor. How nowe is Somerset at libertie? Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprison'd thoughts, And let thy tongue be equal with thy harts, Shall I endure the fight of Somerset? False King, why haft thou broken faith with me, Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse? King did I call thee? Not thou art not King: Nor fit to gourne and rule multitudes, Which dar'st not, nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne: Thy Hand is made to grape a Palmes flaffe, And not to grace an aweful Princeely Scepter. That Gold, must round enquire these brawes of mine, Whole Smile and Prowes, like to Achilles Speare Is able with the charming, to kill and cure. Here is a hand to hold a Scepter vp, And with the fame to afe controlling Lawes: Give place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler. 

Som. O monftrous Traitor! I arrefte thee Yorke Of Capitall Trefaun gainst the King and Crowne: Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace. 

Vnto. Would I haue me kneele! First let me ask of thee, If they can brooke I bow a knee to man: 

Sire, call in my fonne to be my bale: I know ere they will haue me go to Ward, They'll paven their fwords of my infranchifement. 

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine, To say, if that the Baffard boyes of Yorke Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father. 

Tor. O blood-begotted Ntopolitan, 

O'rcall of Naples, Englands bloody Scurge, The fonnors of York, thy better in their birth, Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thofe That for my Surety will refufe the Boyes. 

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, 'tis warrant they'll make it good. 

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile. 

Cliff. Health, and all happinete to my Lord the King. 

Tor. I thank thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee? Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke: We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe; For thy miftaking us, we pardon thee. 

Cliff. This is my King Yorke, I do not miffake, But thou miffakes me much to thinke I do, To Bedlem with him, is the man groome mwd. 

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor Makes him oppole himfelfe againft his King. 

Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower, And chop away thon foolish pate of his. 

Qu. He is arrefted, but will not obey: 

His fonnors (he fayes) shall giue their words for him, 

Tor. Will you not Sonnes? 

Edw. I Noble Father, if four words will fere. 

Rich. And if words will nor, then our Weapons fhall. 

Cliff. Why what a brood of Traitors have we heere? 

Tor. Lookke in a Glaffe, and call thy Image fo. 

I am thy King, and thou a faffe-heart Traitor: Call hither to the flake my two braue Beares, That with the very faking of their Chaines, They may aftenifie thefe fell-luking Curres, Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwick, and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are these thy Beares? We'le have thy Beares to death, And mautele the Beared in their Chaines, If thou dar'st bring them to the baying place. 

Rich. Oft haue I feeene a hot or-weening Curre, Run bace and bire, because he was with-held, Who being futter'd with the Beares fell paw, Hath clapt his talle, betweene his legges and crine, And fuch a pece of ferenue you will do,
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

If you oppose your felues to match Lord Warwicke,
Cliff. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpke,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.
Tor. Nay we shall heare you thorowly anon.
Cliff. Take heedle leaf by your heate you burne your felues.
King. Why Warwicke, hast thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shme to thy siluer hair,
Thou mad milleader of thy brain-sick fonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffiane
And feke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be bastonist from the fosse head,
Where shal it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And shme thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and wanne? experience?
Or wherefore doest abolfe it, if thou haft it?
For shame in destiny thine knee to me,
That bowes vnto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I have confered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my confence, do repue his grace
The rightfull heere to Englands Royall lease.
King. Haft thou not sworne Allegiance vnto me?
Sal. I haue. 
Ki. Canst thou dispence with heauen for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sinne, to waare vnto a sinne:
But greater sinne to keepe a finfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solene Vow
To do a mad'tousdeede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reue the Orphan of his Patrimone,
To wring the Widdow from her customd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solene Oath?
Qu. A subtle Traitor needes no Sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
Torke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolued for death and dignitie.
Old Cliff. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true
War. You were beft to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempett of the field.
Old Cliff. I am a poore Ierne, and in good odour
Then any thou canst conforme vp to day:
And that Ie write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houled Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Neville Creft,
The rampant Beare chand't to the ragged staffe,
This day Ie were aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar swyers,
That keepe his leaues insighte of any Iorne;
Euen to alright thee with the view thereof.
Old Cliff. And from thy Burgonet Ie rend thee Beare,
And treat it vnder foot with all contemt,
Defpight the Beareard, that protecteth the Beare.
To Clifford. And so to Armes victorius Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Chriftie for shame, speake not in tflight,
For you shall fip with Iefu Chrift to night.
To Clifford. Foulie flygmachte that's more then thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heauen, you fairely sip in hell. 
Exeunt Enter Warwicke.
War. Clifford of Cambreland, is't Warwicke calleth
And if thou doft not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aye,
Clifford I lay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, Clifford of Cambreland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to arms.
Enter Terke.
War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a foot.
Tor. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Seede.
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes.
Euen of the bonnie beaft he loued so well,
Enter Clifford.
War. Of one of both of vs the time is come.
Tor. Hold Warwicke: feck thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunte this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intendent Clifford to thynce to day.
It greues me my foule to leave thee vnassail'd. Exit War.
Cliff. What seest thou in my Yorke?
Why doft thou paue?
Torke. With thy braue bearing should I bee in loue,
But that thou art so fast mine enemie.
Cliff. Nor should thy proueswelle want praise & eterne,
But that 'tis theynew rogueably, and in Treason.
Torke. So let it helpe me now against thy Iword,
As I in Iustice, and true right expresse.
Cliff. My foule and bodie on the action both.
Tor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.
Cliff. La fia Corrons les enamenc.
Tor. Thus Warre hath gien thee peace,for I art still
Peace with his foule, heauen if it be thy will,
Enter young Clifford.
Cliff. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou soune of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their minifter,
Throw in the frozen bosome of our part,
Hor Coales of Vengeance, Let no Soullier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe looke: nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not effenially, but by circumfance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premied Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heauen together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast.
Particularitie, and pettie founds
To ceafe. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loose thy youth in peace, and to acheuie
The Silver Lituyre of aduised Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffiane battell? Euen at this fight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shal be flony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I fay, the once, yeares Virginnall,
Shall be to me, even as the Dev to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wilde Metastys y Ophir did.
In cruelty, will I fecthe out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of old Cliffsords house:
As did Aenacs old Aenacle bear:
So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then, Aenac bare a flingling loade;
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.


York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him, That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets Aged contusions, and all bruits of Time: And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth, Repairs him with Occasion. This happy day Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot, If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father;

Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,

Three times befried him: Thrice I led him off,

Perswaded him from any further spot:

But still where danger was, still there I met him,

And like rich hangings in a homely house,

So was his Will, in his old feeble body,

But Noble as he is, looke where he comest.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haft thou fought to day:

By th' Maffe so did we all. I thank you Richard.

God knowes how long its I haue to liue:

And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day

You have defended me from imminent death.

Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,

Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,

For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,

To call a present Court of Parliament:

Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.

What fayes Lord Warwick, shall we afer them?

War. After them: may before them if we can:

Now by my hand (Lords) twas a glorious day,

Saint Albons batall wonne by famous Yorke,

Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.

Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,

And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exeunt.
The third Part of Henry the Sixth, 
with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.


Warwick. Wonder how the King escap'd our hands? Pl. While we parted the Hosts fight of North, He fly'd haste away, and left his men; Whereas the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose Warlike cares could never brooke retreats, Chear'd vp the drooping Army, and himselfe, Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-breat Charg'd our maine Battalies front; and breaking in, We're by the Swords of common Souldiers flaine. Edin. Lord Stafford's Father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either flaine or wounded dangerous, I left his Beater witha down-right blow: That is true (Father) behold his blood, Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires Who, I encountred at the Battell to-day, (blood, Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did. Plan. Richard hath bett defend'd all my fonnes: But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerford? Nor. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt. Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henrie head, Warwick. And fo doe I, glorious Prince of Torke. Before I fee thee seated in that Throne, Which now the House of Lancaster warres, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall neuer weare. This is the Pallace of the fearless King, And this the Regall Seat: poifeitse it Torke, For this is thine, and not King Henrie Heires. Plant. Afflit me then, sweet interwe; and I will, For bither we have broke in by forces. Norf. We're all afflit you: he that flyes, shall dye. Plant. Thanke stinge gentle Norfolke, stay by me Lord, And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night. This goe vp. Warm. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, Vnleffe he feake to thrust you out for perfrec. Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, But little thinkes we shall be of her counseile, By words or blows here let vs winne our rights. Rich. Arm'd as we are, yet is't stay within this Henrie. Warm. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd, Vnleffe Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King, And basfull Henry depos'd, whose cowardize Hath made vs by-words to our enemies. Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolve, I mean to take possiflion of my Right. Warm. Neither the King, nor he that loves him well, The prouddefl hee that holds vp Lancaster, Dares flite a Wing, if Warwick, shake his Bells. He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares: Resolue thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Wolfterland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lord,sooke where the sturdie Rebell sits, Even in the Chairye of State: belike he means, Backit by the power of Warwick, that fals Peete, To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King, Earl of Northumberland, he flew thy Father, And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both have vow'd revenge On him, his fonnese, his favorites, and his friends. Northumberland. If I be not, Heauens be revenge on me. Clifford. The hope theerof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele. Westmor. What, shall we suffer this? let us plucke him down, My heart for tender burnes, I cannot brooke it. Henry. Be patient gentle Earl of Westmerland, Clifford, Patience is in Poultrones, such as he: He durft not sit there, had your Father liv'd. My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament Lex vs allayle the Family of Torke. North. Well saith thou spokne, Cousin be it so. Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them, And they have troops of Souldiers at their beck? Westmor. But when the Duke is flaine, they're quickly faye. Henry. Fare be the thought of this from Henrie heart, To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houfe, Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats, Shall be the Warre that Henry means to vie. Thou faules Duke of Yorke defende my Throne, And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet, I am thy Soueraigne. Torke. I am there. Exeter. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke. Torke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was. Exet. Thy
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

Ex. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.

War. Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne.
No: I know thee not, nor have I any regard to thee.

Cliff. Whom should hee follow, but his natural King?


He. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

York. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster.

And that the Lord of Wexford shall maintaine,

War. And Warwick shall dispute it. You forget,

That we are those which chas'd you from the field,

And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March through the City to the Palace Gates,

Northumb. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my griefs,

And by his Soule, thou and thy House shalt rue it,

Wes. Plantagenet, of thee and thine thy Sonnes,

Thy Kimmer and thy Friends, he have more lives

Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.

Cliff. Vrge it no more, left that in flead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a Messenguer,

As shall requite his death, before I retire.

War. Poor Cliff, how I feerne his worthlie Threats.

Plant. Will you we break our Title to the Crowne?

If my swords shall please it in the field.

He. What Title hath thou Traytor to the Crowne?

My Father was as thou art, Duke of York,

Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.

I am the Sonne of Henry the Fift,

Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe,

And feiz'd upon their Townes and Provinces.

War. Take not of France, fiue thou haft it all.

Henry. The Lord Protecor loft it, and nor I,

When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now,

And yet me thinkes you looke,

Father teare the Crowne from the Vipers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father do fo, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,

As thou loui'st and honor'ft Armes,

Let's fight it out, and not stand caulling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King with fire.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speake.

War. Plantagenet shall speake first. Hearc him Lords,

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

Henry. Think'lt thou, that I will leave my Kingsly Throne,

Wherein my Grandfathers and my Father fat?

Nominall shall Warre vppo'ceth this my Realme;

I, and their Colours often borne in France,

And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,

Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?

My Title's good, and better farre than his.

War. Praye it Henry, and thou shalt be King.

Henry. The Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

Henry. I know not what to lay, my Title weake:

Tell me may not a King adopt an Heire?

Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King.

For Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Reign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,

Whole Heire my Father was, and I am his,

Plant. He rofe against him, being his Soueraigne,

And made him to reign his Crowne perfore.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconscion'd,

Think ye were prejudiciall to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not to reign his Crowne,

But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne,

Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whysper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tellles me he is lawfull King.

Henry. All will revolt from me, and tune to him,

Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou lay'ft,

Think not, that Henry shall be of depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in defpight of all.

Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not of Southerne power

Of Effex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,

Which makes thee thus preumpitious and proud,

Can set the Duke vp in defpight of me.

Cliff. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gave, and swallow me alue,

Where I shall kneele to him that flew my Father.

Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reuince my heart,

Plant. Henry of Lancaster, reignge thy Crowne:

What mutter you, or what confpire you Lords?

War. Doe right unto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the House with armed men,

And out the Chayre of State, where now he sitts,

Write vp his Title with vsrping blood,

He seames with his foot, and the Souldiers flew themselves.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,

Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

Plant. Confirm me the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,

And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu't.

Henry. I am content, Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.

Cliff. What wrong is this vs the Prince, your Sonne?

War. What good is this to England, and himselfe?

Wes. But, take it down, and defpoying Henry.

Cliff. How haft thou intend'd both thy selfe and vs?

Wes. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Northumb. Nor I.

Cliff. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these Newses.

War. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,

In whose cold blood no spake of Honor bides.

Northumb. Be thou a prey vs the House of Yorke,

And dye in hands for this vnamely deed.

Cliff. In dreadful Warre may we be at ease,

Or live in peace abandon'd and depos't,

War. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.

Exeter. They fecke requenge, and therefore will not yeld.

Henry. Ah Exeter.

War. Why should you figh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my felle Lord Warwick, but my Sonne,

Whom I unnaturalllly shall dis-inherit.

But be it as it may, I here esteale

The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for ever,

Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,

To ceaze this Ciuiti Warre: and whilffe I live,
To honor me as thy King, and Sovereigne:  
And neather by Treson nor Hostilitie,  
To seke to purge me downe, and reign thy selfe.  
Came this Oath I willingly take, and will performe.  
Wor. Long live King Henry: Plantagenet embrace,  
Henry. And long liue thou, and thee thy forward  
Sones.

Enter. Here comes the Queene,  
Who lookest bewray her anger,  
Ile steele away.  
Henry. Enter so will I.  
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.  
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will sty.  
Queene. Who can be paient in such extremes?  
Ah wretched man, would I had dyde a Maid?  
And never seen thee, never borne thee Sonne,  
Seeing thou hast proud'd to vnraturall a Father,  
Hath he deserved't to loose his Birth-right thus?  
Hath thou but lost him halfe so well as I,  
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,  
Or nourished him, as I did with my blood;  
Thou wouldst haue left thy dearth blood-brothe there,  
Rather then haue made that sauge Duke thine Heire,  
And dif-inherited thine only Sonne.  
Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:  
If you be King, why should not I succeed?  
Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,  
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforte'me.  
Queene. Enforce thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forte'?  
I thame to hear thee speake: at thimorous Wretch,  
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,  
And giue'n vnto thee House of Tyre such head,  
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.  
To steale thy and his Heires vnto thee Crown,  
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,  
And creep into it faire before thy time?  
Warwickis Chancellour, and the Lord of Calice,  
Sternke Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,  
The Duke is made Protecor of the Realme,  
And yet shall thou be safe? Such faiete finds  
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolves.  
Had I bene there, which am a sily Woman,  
The Souldiers shoulde haue to'd me one of their Pikes,  
Before I would have granted to that AEt.  
But thou prefer'lt thy Life, before thine Honor.  
And feeing thou do it, I here divorce my selfe,  
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,  
Vntill that AEt of Parliament be repeale'd,  
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.  
The Northern Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:  
And spread they shall be, to thy soule disgrace,  
And vter ruine of the House of Tyre.  
Thus do I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,  
Our Army is ready; come, we'll alter them.

Enter the Queene.

Enter. Here comes the Queene,  
Who lookest bewray her anger,  
Ile steele away.  
Henry. Enter so will I.  
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.  
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will sty.  
Queene. Who can be paient in such extremes?  
Ah wretched man, would I had dyde a Maid?  
And never seen thee, never borne thee Sonne,  
Seeing thou hast proud'd to vnraturall a Father,  
Hath he deserved't to loose his Birth-right thus?  
Hath thou but lost him halfe so well as I,  
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,  
Or nourished him, as I did with my blood;  
Thou wouldst haue left thy dearth blood-brothe there,  
Rather then haue made that sauge Duke thine Heire,  
And dif-inherited thine only Sonne.  
Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:  
If you be King, why should not I succeed?  
Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,  
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforte'me.  
Queene. Enforce thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forte'?  
I thame to hear thee speake: at thimorous Wretch,  
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,  
And giue'n vnto thee House of Tyre such head,  
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.  
To steale thy and his Heires vnto thee Crown,  
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,  
And creep into it faire before thy time?  
Warwickis Chancellour, and the Lord of Calice,  
Sternke Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,  
The Duke is made Protecor of the Realme,  
And yet shall thou be safe? Such faiete finds  
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolves.  
Had I bene there, which am a sily Woman,  
The Souldiers shoulde haue to'd me one of their Pikes,  
Before I would have granted to that AEt.  
But thou prefer'lt thy Life, before thine Honor.  
And feeing thou do it, I here divorce my selfe,  
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,  
Vntill that AEt of Parliament be repeale'd,  
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.  
The Northern Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:  
And spread they shall be, to thy soule disgrace,  
And vter ruine of the House of Tyre.  
Thus do I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,  
Our Army is ready; come, we'll alter them.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolk, And tell him privily of our intent. You Edward shall into my Lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly die. In them I trust: for they are Souldiers, Witty, courteous, liberall, full of spirit. While you are thus employ'd, what retrench more? But that I seek occasion how to tife, And yet the King not prius to my Drift, Nor any of the House of Lancaster. Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what News? Why comm'th thou in such pose? Gabriel. The Queen, With all the Northerne Earles and Lords, Intend here to besiege you in your Castle. She is hard by, with twenty thousand men; And therefore forfie your Hold, my Lord. Tom. With my Sword. What think'lt thou, that we fare them? Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me, My Brother Montaigne shall pose to London. Let Noble Tarkins Cobham, and the rest, Whom we have left Protectors of the King, With powrfull Politie strengthen themselves, And trust not simple Henry, nor his Oathes. Manc. Brother, I goe: He winne them, fare it not. And thus most humbly I doe take my leave. Exit Montaigne. Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sis John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles, You are come to Sandall in a happy houre, The Army of the Queenes meane to besiege vs. John. Shee shall not neede, wee'le mette her in the field. Tom. What, with five thousand men? Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.

A Woman's general what should we fear? A March offere off. Edward. I hear their Drummes : Let's set our men in order, And ifue forth, and bid them Battle forlght. York. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great, I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie. Many a Battaille have I wonne in France, When as the Enemie hath beene ten to one: Why should I not now haue the like successe? 

Alarum. Exit. Enter Rutland, and his Tutor. Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands? Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford. Clifford. How nowe is he dead already? Ohrs is feare, that makes him close his eyes: He is on them. Rutland. So looks the pent vp Lyon o're the Wretch, That trembles under his decouring Paws: And do be walked, inflicting o're his Prey, And he comes, to rend his Limbs sundred. Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword, And not with such a cruel threatning Looke. Sweet Clifford hearing me speake, before I dye: I am too uneane a subiect for thy Wrath, Behoue reueng'd on men, and let me live. Clifford. In vaine thou speake'ft, poor Boy: My Fathers blood hath flopped the passage Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it again, He is a man, and Clifford cope with him. Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their furies and thine Were not avenge sufficient for me: Nay, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graves, And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynest, It could not make mine ire, nor ease my heart. The fight of any of the House of Yorks, Is as a furie to torment my Soule: And till I root out their secured Line, And leave not one alue, I live in Hell. Therefore Rutland, Oh let me pray, before I take my death: To thee I pray, sweet Clifford pity me. Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords. Rutland. I never did thee barmere: why wilt thou slay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath. Rutland. But twanes ere I was borne, Thou haft one Sonne, for his fake pitty me, Leaff in avenge thereof, fith God is just, He be as miserably blaine as I. Ah, let me live in Prision all my days, And when I glue occasion of offence, Then let me dye: for now haft not no caufe, Clifford. No caufe? thy Father flew my Fathertherefore dye. Rutland. Dje fiant fuldies sumner sit ife tua. Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet: And this thy Sonnes bloody cleasning to my Blade, Shall rust upon my Weapon, till thy blood Congeale'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. Exit. Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York. York. The Army of the Queen hath got the field: My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me, And all my followers, to the eager foe. Tume back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde, Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves, My Sonnes, God knowes what hath banchanced them: But this I know,they have demean'd themselves Like men born to Renounce, by Life or Death. Three times did Richard make a Lane to me, And thrive cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out: And as full as oft came Edward to my side, With Purple Fustichon, painted to the Hils, In blood of rheo that had encountered him: And when the hardyest Warriors did retrecr, Richard cry'de,Charge, and giue no foot of ground, And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,
Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Sandilands.

Come bloody Clifford, tough Northumberland, I dare your quenchless fire to more rage, I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Ye told to our mercy, proud Plantagenet, Clifford. I, to fence mercy, as his rustleth Arme With downe-right payment, thou'd vio my Father. Now Plantes had tumbled from his Care, And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick. Torke. My Alfe, as the Phoenix, may bring forth A Bird, that will reuenge upon you all: And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen, Scorning what ere you can affright me with. Why come you not? what, multitudes, and fear? Could. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further, So Doves doe peck the Paulicons piercing Talons, So desperate Theues, all hopelesse of their Lives, Breathe out Ineclues against the Officers. Torke. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe, And in thy thought ore-run my former time: And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face, And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice, Whose fowre hast made thee faint and flye ere this, Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word, But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes I would prolong a while the Traytors Life: Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, do not honor him so much, To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart, What valour were it, when a Curre doth grime, For one to shrift his Hand betweene his Teeth, When he might spurne him with his Foot away? Is it Warrres price, to take all Vantages, And tene to one, is no impeach of Valour. Clifford. I, I, to ftiirue the Woodcooke with the Gynne. Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.

Torke, So triumph Theues upon their conquer'd Booty, So true men yeeld with Robbers, so re-matech. Northumb. What would your Grace have done unto him now? Queen. Brave Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland, Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here, That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Armes, Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand. What, was it that you would that England's King? Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament, And made a Pretence of your high Defect? Where are your Mefe of Sinners, to back you now? The wanton Edward, and the luttie George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie, Duke, your boy, that with his grumbling voyce Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutilnes? Or with the reft, where is your Darling, Rutland? Looke Torke, I say'd this Napkin with the blood That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point, Made Stiffe from the Bosome of the Boy: And if thine eyes can water for his death, I glue thee this to driue thy Cheeckes withiall. Alas poor Torke, but that I hate thee deadly, I should lament thy miserable fate. I pray thee grieue, to make me merry, Torke. What, hast thy fictie heart to parche thine entrayles, That not a Tearre can fall, for Rutland's death? Why art thou patient, man? thou shoul'dst be mad; And, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus, Stamp, rauc, and fret, that I may sing and dance, Thou wouldst be fed'd, te, to make me sport: Torke cannot speake, while hee were a Crowne, A Crownes for Torke and Lords, bow lowe to him: Hold you his hands and prithee doe for it on, I marry Sir, now looke he like a King: I, this is he that tooke King Henryes Chaire, And this is he was his adopted Heire. But how is it, that great Plantagenet Is crown'd to foone, and broke his solemn Oath? As I bethinke me, you should not be King, Till our King Henry had booke hands with Death. And will you pate your head in Henryes Glory, And rob his Temples of the Diadem, Now in his Life, against your holy Oath? Oh 'tis a fault too unpardonable. Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne, his Head, And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead. Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake. Queen. Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.

Torke. Shee-Wolfe of Franches, But worste then Wolues of France, Whose Tongue more poyson then the Adders Tooth: Howwill-deftringing is it in thy Sex, To triumph like an Amazonian Trull, Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates ? But that thy Face is Vizard-like, yanching, Made impudens with thee of euel deeds, I would adifie, proue Queene, to make thee blash. To tell thee whence thou canst, of whom deriv'd, Were shame enough, to shame thee, Were thou not flamelle, Thy Father bears the type of King of Naples, Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem, Yet not to wealthie as an English Yeoman, Hath that poore Monarch taugh thee to infult? It needs not, nor it bootes thee not, proue Queene, Vnlike the Agee must be vestide. That bers moutures, and princes Hors to death. 'Tis beauty that doth oft make Women proue, But God he knowes, thy faire thereof is small. 'Tis Vrce, that doth make them most admir'd, The contrary, doth make thee wonderd at. 'Tis Government that makes them seeme Divine, The want thereof, makes thee abominable. Thou art as opposite to every good, As the Antespoles are worse. Or as the South to the Septemver. Oh Tygges Heart, weape in a Womans Hide,
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The reft fland all clofe, and barke at him,  
So far'd our Father with his Enemies  
So flid his Enemies my Watlike Fathers  
Me thinkes 'tis priz'e enough to be his Sonne.  
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,  
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sonne.  
How well reffembles it the priu'e of Youth,  
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?  
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or do I fee three Sunnes?  
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,  
Not severed with the racking Clouds,  
But feuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.  
See, see, they joyne, embrace, and feeme to kisse,  
As if they wou'd some League inuoable.  
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:  
In this, the Heauen figures some event.  
Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,  
The like yet never heard of.  
I think it cites ws (Brother) to the field,  
That wee, the Sonnes of Braue Plautus,  
Each one alreadie blozing by our meedes,  
Should notwithstanding joyne our Lights together,  
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.  
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare  
Vpon my Target three faire ffining Sunnes.  
Richard. Nay, bear three Daughters:  
By your leave, I speake it,  
You love the Breeder better then the Male,  

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavie Lookes fore-tell  
Some dreadful flory hanging on thy Tongue?  
Meff. Ah, one that was a woefull looker on,  
When as the Noble Duke of York was slaine,  
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.  
Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too much.  
Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will hear it all.  
Meff. Enuioned he was with many foec,  
And flood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeces, that have euered Troy,  
But Hereuis himselfe must yield to oddes:  
And many throakes, though with a little Ase,  
Have downe and falls the hardet-synderd Oake.  
By many hands your Father was subdu'd.  
But onely slaughtred by the infall Amne  
Of vn-releenting Clifford, and the Queene:  
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high defpight,  
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,  
The ruthleffe Queene gave him, to dry his Cheakes,  
A Napkin, steeped in the harmefle blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slaine:  
And after many comons, many foule taums,  
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke  
They fet the fame, and there it doth remaine,  
The faddett speculle that ere I view'd.  
Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leave upon,  
Now thou art gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay.  
Oh Clifford, boyft thou Clifford thou haft slaine  
The flower of Europe, for his Cheeseerie,  
And trecherously hast thou vanquit him,  
For here to hand he wou'd have vanquit thee.  
Now my Soules Palace is become a Prison,  
Ah, would the breeke from hence, that this my body
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
For never hencethis shall I joy againe:
Nor shall I henceforth sleep in the earth.

Rich. I cannot weep: for all my bodies mope or pierce:
Scarce terme to quench my Furnace-burning hart.
Nor can my tongue unloose my heartes great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leffe the depth of greatee:
Tears then for Elber, Blowers, and Reuenge for mee.

Rich. I weare thy name, I weare thy death,
Or dyre renouned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Duke dade, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princesse Eagles Bird,
Shew thy devety by gazeing gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedom, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that isthine, or else thine not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess Mountaine, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompete
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.

Edm. O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet
Which held thee hereby, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the shene Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I downd these newes in tearce,
And now to adde more mesure to your woes,
I came to tell you things fish then beale.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brauer Father breech'd his latest gaspe,
Neuer, or neuer shall we mooye:
In London, keeper of the King,
Mursted my Soldiers, gathered blakes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queenne
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouys, I was assured
That she was comynge with a full intent
To daile our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henrys Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, west S. Albons met,
Our Bastales joyed, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who lookd full genly on his warlike Queenne,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spaine,
Or whether twas report of her successe,
Or more then common fear of Cliftords Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Soldiers like the Night, Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Trusther with a Flinte.
Fell genly downe, as if they stucken their Friends,
I cheede them vp with inflake of our Caufe,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King into the Queenne,
Lord Gorge, your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunue Dutchesse of Burgundie,
Wishayde of Soldiers to this needfull Warre.
Rich. Twas ouldes beilefe, when valiant Warwick fled,
Of hauie I heard his praisies in Pursuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandal of Retire.
War. Nor now my Scandal Richard, doft thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the aswefull Spercher from his Fili,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayre.

Rich. I knowt it well Lord Warwick, blame not,
'His loue I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Costes of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacee mourning Gowenes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmes of our Foes
Tell our Devotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the left, say I, and to it Lords,

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seeke you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Montague:
Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the laught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many mee powe Birds,
Hauet wrought the enfe-melting King, like Wax.
He swore content to your SuceSSION,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster,
Their powre (I think) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my Selfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earl of March,
Amongst the hauing Weltmen can't procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why Visa, to London will we march,
And once againe, beftide our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge upon our Foes,
But never once againe runne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now one thinks I hear great Warwick speaks,
Ne're may he hug to see a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him play.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faile (as God forbid the hour)
Must Edward fall, which perill heaven foreseet.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shal he proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for joye,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head,
King Edward, valiant Richard Mountaigne:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Task.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haft shewne it by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, to oue the same.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.

War.
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news now?

Mef. The Duke of Norfolk fends you word by me, The Queen is coming with a poffitive Hoof, And cares you compny, for speedly counfelf. War. Why then it farts, brave Warriffes, let's away, Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northum- 
and Young Prince, with Drumme and 
Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yonder the head of that Arch-enemy, That fought to be incompaft with your Crowne. Doth not the obiedt cheere your heart, my Lord,

K. I, as the rookes cheere them that fear their wracl, To fee this flight, it iske my very foule: With bold recompence (deere God) 'tis not my fault, Not witfouly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much leignty And harrifum pityt must be leyf afide: To whom do Lyons caft their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beasts, that would vilipen their Den. Whofe hand is that the Forrest Beare doth like? Not his that i foesly her yong before her face. Who flapers the lurking Serpen's mortufl holl? Not be that fets his foot upon her backe.
The fmal]eft Worme will turn, being troden on, And Dues will peke in fadedge of their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou afmiling, while he knet his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And raife his fiuce like a looking Sire. Thou being a King, blef with a goodly fonne, Didst yeeld contempt to diifame him: Which argued thee a moft vnloving Father. Vareenable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearful to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not feme them eu'n with thofe wings, Which fometimes they have vis'd with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd into their nefts, Offering their owne lives in their yong's defence? For fhame, my Liege, make them your Prefident: Were it not pity that this goodly Boy Should looke his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long hereafter fly unto his childe, What my great Granfather, and Grandfife got, My carefull Father fondly gane away. Ah, what a fhame were this? Lookke on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promifeth Successfull Fortune fleelie thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him. Kind. Full well hath Cliftord plaied the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Cliftord tell me, did it thin thou earhe, That things ill got, had euer bad fucceffe. And happy alwaies was it for that Sonne, Whole Father for his hoarding went to hell: Ile leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behind, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the ref is held at fuch a Rate, As bring a thoufand foldiers care to keep, Then in perfufion any iace of pleafure. Ah Colin Yorke, would thy beft Friends did know,

How it doth greece me that thy head is here.

Qu. My Lord cheer vp your spirifes, your foes are nere, And this loft courage makes your Followers faint: You promife Kindlefhood to our forward fonne, Vinheath your sword, and dub him pretely.

King. Edward, kneel doone.

King. Edward, Plantagenet, arife a Knight, And leame this Leilion, Draw thy Sword in right. Prim. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leafe, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarell, vie it to the death. Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Royall Commanderes, be in readinesse, For with a Band of thirfe thouand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclame him King, and many fye to him. Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand. Clif. I would your Highnesse would depaft the field, The Queene hath beft fucceffe when you are abfent. Qu. I good my Lord, and leave vs to our Fortune, King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ie ftay. North. Be it withrefolution then to fight. Prim. My Royall Father, cheere thefe Noble Lords, And hearten thofe that fight in your defences: Vinheath your Sword, good Father. Cry S. George.


Edw. Now pertur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And let thy Diadem upon my head?

Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud infulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Souersigame, and thy lawfull King? 

Ed. I am his King, and he fhould bow his knee: I was adopted Heire by his confent.

Clif. Since when, his Oath is brokne: for as I hear, You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne, Have cauf'd him by new Act of Parliament, To boit out me, and put his owne Sonne in.


Clif. I Crooke-back, here I fand to anfwer thee, Or any he, the proudeft of thy forte. Rich. T was you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not? Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not fatisfi'd. Rich. For Gods fake Lords glue fignall to the fight. War. What fayl's thou Henry? Wilt thou yeld the Crowne? (you speake? 

Qu. Why now long-tongued Warwicke, dare When you and I, met at S. Albones, left, Your legges did better ferve then your hands, War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine: Clif. You faid fo much before, and yet you flied. War. 'Twas not your valor Cliftord drave me thence, Nor No, nor your manhood that durft make you fly. Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently, Breake off the paffy, for lerce I can reftraine The execution of my big-wole heart. Vpon that Cliftord, that cruel Child-killer. Clif. I lew thy Father, call'd thou him a Child?
Rich. I like a Daffard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunlet, he make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and hear me speake.

Q. Defie them then, or else hold cloke thy lips.

King. I prythee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and pruned'd to speake.

Cif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnfaith thy sword:
By him that made vs all, I am redu'd,
That Clifford's Manhood, lies upon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I haue my right, or no:
A thousand men haue broke his Falls to day,
That ne're shall dine, vntel she youeld the Crowne.

War. If thou deny their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iudice put's his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,
There is no vrvong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wote, thou haue thy Mothers tongue.

Q. But thou art neyer like thy Sire nor Damne,
But like a foule misshapn Strygmatice,
Mark'd by the Definities to be avoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards deadfull flings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gile,
Whole Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham it thou not, knowing whome thou art extrauagant,
To let thy tongue desege thy base-borne heart.

Ed. A wilde of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this flameless Callet know her selfe:

Helen of Greece was fayerer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be Menelaus;
And ne're was Agamemnon Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee,
His Father redu'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin floope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day,
But when he tooke a beggar to his bed,
And grace'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a fhowre for him,
That waft his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And haip'd fedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had it thou bene meeke, our Title still had rest,
And wein in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had flipt our Claine, vntil another Age.

Cia. But when we faw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,
We fet the Axe to thy usurping Rooter:
And though the edge hath something hit our felues,
Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,
We'll neuer leaue, till we haue hewn thee downe,
Or beth'd thy growing, with our heateful bloods.

Edm. And in this revolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deni'dst the gentle King to speake,
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours rise,
And either Victorie, or else a Graue.

Q. Stay Edward.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, weel no longer fly,
Their words will cot ten thousand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine.

Exeunt. Enter Richard and Clifford. Rich. Now Clifford, I have single thee alone, Suppose this armes is for the Duke of York, And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge, We'rt thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall, Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone, This is the hand that flabb'd thy Father York, And this the hand, that fly wythy Brother Rutland, And here's the hear, that triumphs in their death, And chearst these hands, that fly wyth Sir and Brother, To execute the like upon thy selfe, And so have at thee.

They Fight, Warwick comes, Clifford stic.

Rich. Nay Warwickke, fingle out some other Chace, For my selle will hunt this Wolfe to death. Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter King Harry alone.

Hon. This battell fares like to the morninges Warre, When dying clouds contred, with growing light, What time the Shephard blowing of his nailles, Can neither call it perfect day, nor night. Now swyes it this way, like a Mighty Sea, Fore'd by the Tide, to combat with the Wind: Now swyes it that way, like the selle-fame Sea, Fore'd to retyre by farte of the Winde. Sometime, the Flood preaulces, and then the Winde: Now, one the better to: another: both: Both tugging to be Victors, rent to rent: Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered. So is the equal poise of this fell Warre. Heere on this Mole-hill will I set me downe, To whom God will, there be the Victories: For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too. Hauie chide me from the Battell: Swearing both: They prosper better of all when I am thence. Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so: For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe. Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life, To be no better then a homely Swaine, To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To care out Dials quenity, point by point, Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne: How many makes the Houre full compleate, How many Houtes brings about the Day, How many Deyes will finnish vp the Yere, How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live, When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times: So many Hours, must I tend my Flecke: So many Hours, must I take my Rest: So many Hours, must I Contemplate: So many Hours, must I Sport my selfe: So many Deyes, my Eues haue bene with yong: So many weeke, ere the poore Fowles will Eate: So many yeres, ere I shall theere the Fleece: So Minutes, Hours, Deyes, Monthes, and Yeares, Past ouer to the end they were created, Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue. Ah! what a life were thine? How sweet howe lowe? Giues noe the Hawthorne buth a sweetere shade To Shepherds, looking on their filly Sheephe, Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie To Kings, that feare their Subjectes treacherie? Oh yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth. And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Mis-chinke the King, and not be satisﬁed?
Son. Was ever lonne, to rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was ever Father to bemoan'd his Sonne ?
Hen. Was ever King so gree'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your forrow, MINE, ten times so much.
For it is true, that where I may weep over my fill.
Th' these armes of mine shall be thy winding sheete:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breath, shall be thy Yune Fail bell;
And to obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the losse of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
He beare thee hence, and let them ﬁght that will,
For I have murthered where I should not kill.
Exit
Here. Sad-hearted, men, much overgone with Care;
Here sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excuisions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Pri. Fly Father, ﬂy : for all your Friends are fell,
And Warwickic rage as a chafed Bull : 
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuit.
Let. Mount you my Lord, towards Warwick post a-
maine:
Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fastfull ﬂying Hare in sight,
With ﬁery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody Steele graﬀt in their yeollow hands.
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exit. Away : for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expellate, make speed,
Or else come after, lie away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter : 
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. Exit.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Here he burns my Candle out; I heere it dies,
Whiles itt lau’d, gave King Henry light,
O Lancaster! I feare thou overhrow,
More then my Bodyes parting with my Soule.
My Loue and Fear, glee’d many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Conmixturets melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misprised Yorke;
And whether ye ﬂee the Gates, but to the Sunne ?
And who shanes now, but Henry Enemies?
O Phoeus! had’t thou never guen consent,
That Philoctetes should checkes thy shery Steele,
Thy burning Care never had forch’d the earth.
And Henry, had’t thou way’d as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Guing no ground into the house of Yorke,
They never then had sprung, like Somer Flyn’s:
1, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,
Had lef no mourning Widowes for our death,
And thou this day, hadst it kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds, but genele syre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are Plaunts, and Cureless are my Wounds:
No waye to ﬂye, nor strength to hold out ﬂight:
The Foe is mercillesse, and will not pity:
For at their hands I haue defer’d no pitty.
The syre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effaye of blood, doth make me faint:
Come York, and Richard, Warwickic and the reft,
I stab’d your Fathers bowseman; Split my breth.


Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pursue,
And smooth the forwates of War, with peaceful lookes:
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Salle, ﬁll’d with a fretting Guf.
Command an Argogie to remme the Waues,
But thinke you Lords, that Clifford seld with them?
War. No, tis impossible he should esce:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard markes him for the Grave,
And wherefore is he, he’s surely dead. Clifford groans
Rib. Whoe soule is that which takes his heavy leave?
A deadly groane, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battales ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vyd.
Rib. Reuoke that doome of mercy for tis Clifford,
Whoe not contented that he lopp’d the Branch,
In hewing Rutland, when his leases put forth,
But let his murthering knive unto the Roone.
From whence that tender frawy did sweetly spiring,
I meane our Princeely Father, Duke of Yorke,
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y’head,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In inder whereof, let thisupply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answer’d.
Ed. Bring forth that fastall Schrechowholwe to our house,
That nothing ring but death, to vs and ours.
Now death shall ﬂop his dimmall threatening sound,
And his ill-boothing tongue, no more shall speake.
War. I thinke is understandest is breefe:
Speake Clifford, doth thou know who speaks to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life.
And he nor sees, nor hearres vs, what we say.
Rib. O would he do, and so (perhapes he doth,
’Tis but his policy to counterfe: 
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts.
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If to thinke thift,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rib. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in boodlefe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we deuife fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rib. Thou didst not love Yorke, and I am fond to Yorke,
Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where’s Captaine Margery, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford,
Sware as thou was’nt wont.
Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go’s hard.
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he’s dead, and by my Soul.
If this right hand would buy two hours life,
That I (in all delight) might rasele at him,
This hand should chop it oﬀ; & with the ﬂowing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose enchancted thirte.
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisﬁe
War. I, but he’s dead, Of with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers stands,
And now to London with Triumphant march.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Tyger will be milde, whiles the doth loure; And Nero will be taint with remorse;
To hear and see her plaints, her Britifh Treses.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwick to give
She on his left side, crying syde for Henrie
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
Shee Weppe, and sayes, her Henrie is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his Edward is insatiale;
That the (poore Wretch) for greete can speake no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his Title, sminoth the Wrong,
Infeechth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promife of his Sifter, and what elle,
To strengenthe and support King Edward's place,
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore loule)
Art then foraken, as thou went itforborne.

Humph. Say, what att thou talk't of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I teeme, and leffe then I was born to:
A man at least, for leffe I should not be;
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Humph. I but thou talk't, as if thou wert's a King.
King. Why I am, (in Minde) and that's enough.
Humph. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Not to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that stilde some Kings enjoy.
Humph. Well, if you be a King crow'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You be the King, Edward hath depos'd:
And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemy.
King. But did you neuer swear, and break an Oath.
Humph. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K.of England?
Humph. Here in this Countrie, where we now remaine.
King. I was annoynted King at nine moneths old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subjects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?
Sin. No, for we were Subjects, but while you wer King.
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breast a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you (swear)
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face, And as the Ayre blows it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow, And yelding to another, when it blowes, Commanded always, by the greater gulf;
Such is the lightneffe of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My milde intreatye shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ie obey.
Sinke. We are true Subjects to the king.
King Edward. So would you be again to Henrie, Ife were streate as king Edward is.
Sinke. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will,that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

Enter K.Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Grey.
King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field
This Ladies Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was (hine, His Land then feiz'd on by the Conqueror, Her fuit is now, to repoffe his fho, Lands, Which wee in Juflice cannot well deny, Because in Quarrell of the House of Torky, The worthy Gentleman did lofe his Life.

Rich. Your Highneffe shall doe well to graunt her fuit:
It was difhonour to deny it her.

King. It were no lefle, but yet I make a paffe, Rich. Yes, it is fo
I fee the Lady hath a thing to graunt, Before the King will graunt her humble fuit.

Clarence. He knows the Game, how true hee keeps the wind.


King. Widow, we will confider of your fuit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

Rich. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highneffe to refolve menow,
And what your paffion, fhall fatisfie me.

Rich. I Widow then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleafes him, fhall paffion you:
Right clofe, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.

Clarence. I fear her not, vaffe the chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for I hee take vantages.

King. How many Children haft thou, Widow? I tell me.

Clarence. I think he means to begge, a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'ra rather glue her two.

Rich. Three, my most gracious Lord,
Rich. You fhall have four, if you're not fuml'd by him.

King. Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers Lands.

Rich. Be piftiull, dreed Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords graunt me, Ite trye this Widows wit.

Rich. I good leafe have you, for you will haue leafe,
Till Youth take leafe, and leafe you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love your Children?

Rich. I, full as d ee rily as I love my felfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Rich. To doe them good, I would fufaime some harms.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Rich. Therefore I came unto your Maifull.

King. Ite tell you how thef Lands are to be got.

Rich. So fhall you bind me to your Highneffe Seruice, King. What fervice wilt thou doe me, if I glue them?

Rich. What you command, I that refid in me to doe,

King. But, you will take exceptions to my Boone,

Rich. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

King. But thou canft not doe what I meanes to ask.

Rich. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marke.

Clarence. As red as fire? nay then, her waxe muft melt,

Rich. Why stops my Lord? fhall I not hear my Tafke?

King. An eafe Tafke, 'tis but to loove a King.

Rich. That's foon perfected, becaufe I am a Subieft.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.
The third Part of King Henry the Six.

Rich. That would be tenne days wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder.lasts.
Rich By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, jest on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Neb. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be convei'd into the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow goe you along: Lords vfe her honourable,

Exeunt.

Mons Richard,

Rich. 1, Edward will vfe Women honourably: Would he were waited,Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To croffe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betwixt my Soules desire,and me,
The luftfull Edward's Title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook'd-for lust of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes,ere I can place my selfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Souesightie,
Like one that standes upon a Promontorie,
And spyes a faire-off Shore, where bee would tread,
Withing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that funders him from thence,
Saying hee' lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being so faire-off,
And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And so (I say) Ie cut the Caufes off,
Fluttering me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart ore-weenes too much,
Vnfeile my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, fay there is no Kingdom then for Richard:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
Ie make my Heaven in Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Looke,
Oh mirifable Thoughts! and more vnlikely,
Then to accomplish fiftiie Golden Crownes.
Why loue forfii' me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I should not deale in her fott Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frape Nature with some Briebe,
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an emious Mountaine on my Back,
Where fift Desirifme to mocke my Body;
To flape my Legges of an vnqueall size,
To di-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carrie no imprefion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belof'd?
Oh monfhous fault, to harbours fuch a thought.
Then fince this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare fuch,
As are of better Perfon then my felfe:
Ie make my Heaven, to dreame upon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, account this World but Hell,
Vntill mymis-flap'd Trunk, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne,
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues fland betwixt me and home:
And I like one loft in a Thomne Wood,
That rents the Thomnes, and is rent with the Thomnes,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toying defperately to finde it out,
Torment my felfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my felfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe,
Why I can fine, and murther whiles I fine,
And cry,Content, to that which grieues my Heart.
And wet my Cheeks with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ie drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid fhall,
Ie flye more gazers then the Basilike,
Ie play the Orator as well as Nefer,
Decode more flyly then vijfer cou'd,
And like a Symon,take another Troy.
I can aade Colours to the Camelion,
Change fpaers with Proteus, for advantages,
And fett the nurthorous Machinell to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Siller Bowe, his Admiral, called a Bonbon: Prince Edward, discreet Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford.

Lewis, Hau his fires, and ref reins vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit downe with vs: it ill behoef thy State,
And Birth, that thou fhoufl fland, while Lewis doth flit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now Margaret
Muit Artike her fayle, and leame a while to feare,
Where Kings command. I was (I muft confedle)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now milftane hath trod my Title downe,
And with dif-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muft take like Sea into my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my felfe.

Lewis. Why fay's, faire Queene, whence springs this deepe defpair?

Marg. From fuch a caufe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And flops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in care.
Lewis. What e're it be, be then fill like thy felfe,
And fix thee by our fide.
Seates her by him,
Yee f, no thy necke to Fortune ysocle,
But let thy dauntleffe minde fill ride in triumph,
Over all milftane.
Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy greife,
It fhall be eaf'd, if France can yeeld reliefes.

Marg. Thole gracious words
Reuife my drooping thoughts,
And glue my tongue, ty'd doth force me to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,
That Henry, fole pofteritie of my Lour,
Is, of a King, become a banifht man,
And fole to live in Scotland a Poiterne;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of Yorke,
Vijperes the Regall Title, and the Sea
Of Englands true anoynted lawful King,
This is the caufe that I, poore Margaret,
With this my Sonne,Prince Edward,Henries Heire,
Am come to craue thy fuit and lawful aide:
And if that faine vs, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe.

Our
Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led, Our Treasure feit'd, our Souliours put to flight, And (as thou feest) our feules in heauie plight. Lewis. Renowned Queene, With patience calm the Storome, While we bothke a means to breake it off. Marg. The more wee fly, the stronger growes our Foxe. Lewis. The more I fly, the more I see to follow thee. Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow. And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence? Marg. Our Este of Warwick, Edwards greatest Friend. Lewis. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France? Thee defends, Sirs ariseth. Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise, For this is hee that moves both Wince and Tyde, Warwick. From worthy Edward, King of Albion, Most Lord and Soueraigne, and thy sworn Friend, I come in Kindness, and unvailed Love; First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person, And then to crave a League of Amity: And laftly, to confirm that Amity With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sifter, To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage. Marg. If that goe forward, Henrys hope is done. Warwick. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bona, To our Kings behalfe, I am commanded, with thy leave and favor, Humbly to kisse thy hand, and with my Tongue To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart; Where Fame, late entering at his heauful Eares, Hath place'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Verue. Lewis. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speake, Before you answer Warwick. His demand Springs not from Edwards well-meanet honest Love, But from Decteit, bred by Necessitie: For how can Tyrants safely governe home, Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allayce? To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice, That Henry liueth still: but were he dead, Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henrys Sonne. Lookre therefore Lewis, that by this League and Marlique Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor: For though Winsters fway the rule a while, Yet Heauus are lue, and Time suppreffeth Wrongs. Warwick. Inuiours Margaret, Edm. And why not Queene? Warwick. Because thy Father Henry did vntrepe, And thou no more art Prince, then the Queene is Queene. Oxf. Then Warwick disaffails great John of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine; And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth, Whose Wildome was a Mirror to the wifef; And after that wifhe Prince, Henry the Fift, Who by his Prowesse conquerte all France: From chefs, our Lewis lineally descends. Warwick. Oxford, how hap's it in this smooth discourse, You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath loft All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten: Me thinks these the Peers of France shoulde finde it at that, But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree Of threecore and two yeeres, a fility time To make prefection for a Kingdomes worth, Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speake against thy Liege, Whom thou obey'd till thirtie and his yeeres, And not bewray thy Trefon with a Bluffe? Warwick. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right, Now buckler Falshood with a Pedigree? For shame leane Henry, and call Edward King. Oxf. Call him my King, by whose inturius doome My elder Brother, the Lord Edmunds dive Was done to death? and more then fo,my Father, Even in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres, When Nature brought him to the doone of Death? No Warwick, no: while Life vpholds this Arme, This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster. Warwick. And I the House of York. Lewis, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside, While I we further conference with Warwick. They stand aside.

Marg. Heauens grant, that Warwicke words be with him not. Lewis. Now Warwick, tell me even upon thy conscience Is Edward your true King? for I were loth To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen. Warwick. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honor. Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye? Warwick. The more, that Henry was unfortunate. Lewis. Then further: all diffumbling fear aside, Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love Vnto our Sifter Bona. Warwick. Such it seemes, As may beforme a Monarch like himselfe, My felle have often heard him say, and sweare, That this his Love was an external Plant, Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground, The Leaues and Fruit maintaine'd with Beauties Sunne, Exempt from Emyn, but not from Difdaire, Vnlesse the Lady Bona quit his paine. Lewis. Now Sifter, let we have your firme resolue, Bona. Your grant, or your denyal, shall be mine. Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, Speakes to Warwick. When I have heard your Kings deferts recounted, Mine care hath tempesed judgement to desirfe. Lewis. Then Warwick, thus: Our Siffer shall be Edwards. And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne, Touching the Joynte that your King must make, Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poyd: Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnesse, That Bona shall be Wife to the English King. Pr. Edmund. To Edward, but not to the English King. Warwick. Deceitfull Warwick, it was thy deuite, By this allience to make void my fiate: Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend. Lewis. And this is fient to him, and Margaret. But if your Title to the Crowne be weake, As may appear by Edwards good succeffe: Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd From giuing ayde, which late I promis'd, Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand, That your Esteate requir'd, and mine can yeld. Warwick. Henry now lives in Scotland, as his estate:
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Where having nothing, nothing can be left.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a Father able to maintaine you,
And better twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelessse Warwicke,
Proud fitter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy fyle conuayance, and thy Lords false love,
To make a Burne within.

For both of you are Birds of felle-fame Feather.

Lewis. Warwicke, this is some poete to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poete.

Poete. My Lord Ambassador,
Theke Letters are for you.

Sent from your Brother Marquell Montague,
Theke from our King, into your Maiestie,
And Madam, theke for you:
From whom, I know not.

They all read their Letters.

Ost. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
Smiles at her newes, while Warwicke frownes at his.

Prince Ed. Nay mark how Lewis Ranshew as he was netted.

Lew. Warwicke, what are thy News?
And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine fuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and my selfe discontent.

Lew. What? has your King married the Lady Grev?
And now to ftooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he feakes with France?
Dare he presume to forne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maiestie as much before:
This prooueth Edwards Lone, and Warwicke honestly.

War. King Lewis, I heare you protest in fight of huenen,
And by the hope I hate of hevenely bliffe,
That I am cleere from this midled of Edwards;
No more my King, for he defhonors me,
But moft myfelfe, if he could fee his fhame,
Did I forget, that by the House of York
My Father came victorie to his death?
Did I let paufe th'abufe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put Henry from his Natue Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the left, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Defert is Honor,
And to repaire my Honor lofe for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges paft,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servicour:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replact Henry in his former state.

Mar. Warwicke,
These words have turn'd my Hate, to Louse,
And I forgive, and quite forgot old faules,
And lay that thou beholdest King Henrys Friend,
War. So much this Friend, I his unfained Friend,
That if King Lewis vouchefafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,
He vndertake to Land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his feate by Warre.

This not his new-made Bride shall fuccour him,
And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likly now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luft, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy helpe to this distrest Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poor Henry liue,
Vallfle thou refuge him from foule diapraine?

Bona. My quarel, and this English Queene, are one.

War. And mine faire Lady Bona, joynes with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margerrts.

Therefore, as laft, I firmly am refolu'd.
You shall haue eyde.

Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.

Lew. Then Englands Meffenger, returne in Poete,
And tell falle Edward, thy suppoide King,
That Lewis of France, is fending our Markers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou feest what's past, go fcare thy King withall,

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee prone a widower shortly,
I ware the Willow Garland for his fake.

Mar. Tell him, my mounting weeds are lay'd aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore leue-Crowne him, or be long.

There's thy reward, be gone.

Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fite thousand men
Shall croffe the Seas, and bid falle Edward battaile:
And as occasion serues, this Noble Queene
And Prince, shall follow with a fift Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but anfwere me one doubt;
What Pledge haue we of thy fime Loyalty?

War. This fhall affure my confiane Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile joyne mine eldelf daughter, and my Ioy
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Some Edward, this is faire and Vertuos.
Therefore deferit no, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreucable,
That onely Warwicke daughter shall be thine.

Prin.Ed. Yes, I accept her, for the well deseres it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand,

He giues his hand to Warre.

Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiours fhall be leued,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral
Shall waift them over with our Royall Fleece.
I long till Edward fall by Warses infhance,
For mocking Mariage with a Dame of France.

Exit.

Mar. I came from Edward's Ambassador,
But I returne his fwoome and mortall Foe:
Matter of Mariage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull Warre fhall anfwer his demand,
Had he none elce to make a fail but me?
Then none but I, fhall turne his Jeft to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pity Henrys miseries,
But feke Reuenge on Edwards mackery.

Exit.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Reb. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you
Of this new Mariage made with the Lady Grev?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cl. Alas, you know, its fate from hence to France,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

How could he stay till Warwick made returne?

Sect. My Lords, forbear this talke: here comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward. Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings; four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I minds to tell him plainly what I thinke.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,

Howlike you our Choice,

That you stand penfive, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France,

Or the Earle of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgement,

That they take no offence at our abuse.

King. Supposte they take offence without a cause:

They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,

Your King and Warwick, and must haue my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:

Yet halfe Marriage feldome proveth well.

King. Ye, Brothe Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should with them feuer'd,

Whom God hath loy'd together:

And were pitie, to fender them,

That youke to well together.

King. Setting your skorne, and your miflike aside,

Tell me some reafon, why the Lady Grey

Should not become my Wife, and England Queene,

And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

Speak freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:

That the King Lewis becomes your Enemy,

For mocking him about the Marriage

Of the Lady Bona.

Rich. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased:

By fuch invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have loyn'd with France in fuch alliance,

Would more have strength hed this our Commonwealth

Gainst foreign Rermes, then any home-born Marriage.

Hall. Why, knowes not Montague, that of it felle,

England is safe, if true within it felle?

Mont. But the fater, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hall. 'Tis better yfing France, then trufing France:

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which he hath giuen for fence impregnable,

And with their helpe, onely defend our felues:

In them, and in our felues, our fafticke eyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the Heire of the Lord Henry's.</p>

King. I, what of that? It was my will, and grant,

And for this once, my Will shall fand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinke, your Grace hath not done well,

To glue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Stokes

Vnto the Brother of your loyning Bride;

Shee better would have fisted mee, for Clarence:

But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have behalow'd the Heire

Of the Lord Bonna, one of the new Wines Sone,

And leave your Brothers to goe speedie elsewhere.

King. Alas, poor Clarence! Is it for a Wife

That you are malecontent? I will proide thee.

Clarence. In chuffing for your fely,

You fhou'd your judgement

Which being hallow, you fhal give me leave

To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;

And to that end, I shortly mind to leaue you.

King. Leave me, or carry, Edward will be Kings,

And not be ye'd into his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it please'd his Maleifie

To raife my State to Title of a Queene,

Doe me but right, and you muft all confefl,

That I was not ignoble of Descent,

And meaner then my felye haue had like fortune.

But as this Title honors me and mine,

So your diliffer, to whom I would be pleafing,

Doth cloud my loyes with danger, and with fowre.

King. My Love, forbear to fawe upon their frownes:

What danger, or what fowre can fettle thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true Soueraigne, whom they muft obey?

 Nay, whom they fhal obay, and loue thee too,

Vnfeffe they feeke for hasted at my hands:

Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,

And they fhall fee the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I hear, yet fay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poete.

Poete. Now Messinger, what Letters, or what Newes

from France?

Poete. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,

But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)

Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:

Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,

As neere as thou canst fuffe them.

What answere makes King Lewis unto our Letters?

Poete. At my depart, theye were his very words:

Goe tell falle Edward, the suppofted King,

That Lewis of France is sending our Maskers,

To rouell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is Lewis fo brave? belike he thinke me Henry,

But what faid Lady Bona to my Marriage?

Poete. Thefe were her words, yet with mild disdain:

Tell him, in hope hee'te prove a Widow shortly,

Ile weare the Willow Garlard for his fake.

King. I blame not her; the could fay little leffe:

She had the wrong. But what faid Henryes Queene?

For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Poete. Tell him, (quoth she)

My mourning Weedes are done,

And I am ready to put Armour on.

King. Belike the minds to play the Amazon.

But what faid Warwicke to thefe injuries?

Poete. He more increas'd against his Maleifie,

Then all the refl, discharged him with thefe words:

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vnderowe him, yet be long.

King. Had the Trasyor, breath ouf to proue words?

Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-ware'd;

They fhall haue Warres, and pay for their prefumption.

But fay, is Warwicke friends with Margarets?

Poete. I gracious Soueraigne,

They are for link'd in friendship,

That yong Prince Edward marryes Warwicke Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;

Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fast, For I will hence to Warwick other Daughter, That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage I may not prove inferior to your selfe. You that love me, and Warwick, follow me. Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Rich. Not 1: My thoughts syne at a further matter : I stay not for the loue of Edward, but the Crowne. King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick? Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen : And haste is needfull in this despe rate case, Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf Go to, and make prepare for Warre ; They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed. My selfe in person will straight follow you. Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, Halings and Montague Refole my doubt : you twaine of all the rest, Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance : Tell me, if you loue Warwick more then me; If it be so, then both depart to him ; I rather with you than, with hollow friends, But if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly Vow, That I may never have you in suspeet. Mount. So God helpe Montague, as hie proves true. Hal. And Halings, as hee sauors Edwards cause. King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by vs ? Rich. I, in defight of all that fail with hand you, King. Why to : then am I fure of Victorie. Now therefore let us hence, and lofe no howre, Till wee meet Warwick, with his ferrene power. Exeunt. Enter Warwick and Oxford in England, with French Soldiours.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hither goes well, The common people by numbers swarme to vs. Enter Clarence and Somerset.

Warw. But see where Somerset and Clarence comes : Speakes suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends? Clae. Fear at not, that my Lord, Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome vnto Warwick, And welcome Somerset, I hold it cowardize, To refit mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart Hath payned an open Hand, inigne of Loue ; Else might I thinkke, that Clarence, Edward Brothers, Were but a saied friend to our proceedings : But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine. And now, what refits? but in Nights Courterte, Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd, His Soldiours lurking in the Towne about, And but attended by a simple Guard, Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure, Our Scouts have found the aduerture very easie; That as Pheffes, and flour Demead, With height and manhood bold, and Refus Tent, And brought from thence the Thracian fatal Seeds; So wee, well couer'd with the Nighte black Mantle, At vnwares may beat downe Edwards Guard, And seize himselfe: I say not, slaughter his, For I intend but only to surprize him, You that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader. They all cry, Henry. Why then, let's on our way in silent fort, For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George. Exeunt. Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Master, each man take his stand, The King by this, is fet him downe to sleepe. 2. Watch. What, will he noto to Bed? 3. Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemnne Vow, Never to lye, and take his natural Reft, Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite suspiret. 2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day, If Warwick be so neere as men report. 3. Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that, That with the King here refeth in his Tent? 1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hafings, the Kings chiefest friend. 3. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King, That his chiefes followers lodge in Townes about him, While he himselfe keepes in the cold field? 2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous. 3. Watch. I truste your master, and quieten me, I like it better then a dangerous honor, If Warwick knew in what estate he handes, Tis to be doubted he would waken him. 1. Watch. Vnleefe out Halbers did thut vp his paffage. 2. Watch. Is wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent, But to defend his Person from Night格林is. Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Soldiours, silent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stant his Guard: Conrage my Master; Honor now, or never: But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 1. Watch. Who goes there? 2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyest. Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick, and fast upon the Guard, who flies, crying, Arme, Arme, Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding. Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Goole, sitting in a Chair: Richard and Hafings, flies over the Stage.

Sum. What are they that flye there? Warw. Richard and Hafings : let them goe, here is the Duke. K.Edw. The Duke? Why Warwick, when wee parted, Thou call'dst me King. Warw. I, but the cafe is alter'd, When you disgraced me in my Embassador, Then I disgraced you from being King, And come now to create you Duke of Yorke. Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome, That know not how to vie Embassadors, Nor how to be contented with one Wife, Nor how to vie your Brothers Brotherly, Nor how to study for the Peoples Welfare, Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies? 

K.Edw. Yes,
K. Edw. Yes, Brother of Clarence, Art thou here too? Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe. Yet Warwick in, in spite of all mischance, Of thy false, and all thy Complices, Edward will always bear himselfe as King: Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State, My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheel. 

Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King. 

Takes off his Crown. 

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne, And be true King indeed: thou but the shadow. 

My Lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd Ynto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke: When I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellows, Ile follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the Lady Bona send to him. 

Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke, 

They lead him out forcibly. 

K.Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide, It boots not to refit both winde and tide. 

Exeunt. 

Ofy. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do, But march to London with our Soldiers? 

Warw. I, that's the first thing that we haue to doe, Tofree King Henry from imprisonment, And fee him feated in the Regall Throne. 

Exeunt Rineres, and Lady Gray. 

Rim. Madam, what makes you in this Dobain change? 

Gray. Why Brother Rineres, are you yet to leave 

What late misfortune is befalne King Edward? 

Rim. What losse of some pitchs battell 

Against Warwickes? 

Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person. 

Rim. Then is my Soueraigne flaine? 

Gray. I almoft flaine, for he is taken prisoner, Either betray'd by falshood of his Guard, Or by his Foe forurrets de vnto, 

And as I further haue to understand, 

Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke, 

Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Fee. 

Rim. Thef Newes I must confesse are full of griefe, Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may, 

Warwicke may looke, that now hath wonne the day. 

Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder lines decay: 

And I the rather waie me from diuipare 

For loue of Edward: Offspring in my wombe: 

This is it that makes me bridle passion, 

And beare with Mildneffe my misfortunes croffe: 

I, I, for this I draw in many a teare, 

And flop the riuing of blood-luckie fiugres, 

Left with my fiugres or teares, I bleat or drowne 

King Edwards Frutie, true bye to th'English Crownw. 

Rim. But Madam, 

Where is Warwick then become? 

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London, 

To set the Crowne once more on Henry head. 

Guesse thou the reft. King Edwards Friends must downe. 

But to prevent the Tyrants violence, 

(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith) 

He hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary, 

To sue (at least) the heire of Edwards right: 

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud: 

Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye, 

If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye. 

Exeunt. 

Enter Richard Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley. 


Leaze off to wonder why I drew you hither, 

Into this cheefeft Thicke of the Parke. 

Thus (and the cafe) you know our King, my Brother, 

Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands 

He hath good wenge, and great liberty, 

And often but attended with weake guard, 

Come hunting this way to dispote him, 

I haue aduertis'd him by secret means, 

That if about this houre he make this way, 

Under the colour of his visuall game, 

He shall here finde his Friends with Horse and Men, 

To fet him free from his Captuissance. 

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him. 

Huntsman. This way my Lord, 

For this way lies the Game. 

King Edw. Nay this way man, 

See where the Huntsmen stand. 

Now Brother of Gloffer, Lord Hastings, and the reft, 

Stand you thus close to Velate the Bishopes Decree? 

Rich. Brother, the time and cafe requireth haft, Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner. 

King Ed. But whether shall we then? 

Holf. To Lyn my Lord, 

And ships from thence to Flanberg. 

Rich. Wel guesse beleue me, for that was my meaning, 

K.Ed. Stanley, I will require thy forwardnede. 

Rich. But wherefore sayes we? is no time to talke. 

K.Ed. Huntsman, what sayst thou? 

Wilt thou go along? 

Hunsf. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd. 

Rich. Come then away, lest he have more ado. 

K.Ed. Bishop farwell, 

Sheed thee from Warwickes Crowne, 

And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne. 

Exeunt. 

Flourish. Enter King Henry the first, Clarence, Warwick, Somerfet, young Henry, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant. 

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends 

Have faken Edward from the Regall fleare, 

And turn'd my captaine flate to libertie, 

My faire to hope, my forrowes vnto ioyes, 

At our enlargement what are thy due Fees? 

Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'ains 

But, if an humble prayer may preisale, 

I then crave pardon of your Maiestie. 

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well when me? 

Nay, by thou sure, Ile well require thy kindnese. 

For that it made my imprisonment, a pleaure: 

1, such a pleaure, as incaged Birds 

Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts, 

At 1st, by Notes of Houshould harmonie, 

They quite forget their losse of Libertie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Enter a Pote.

War. What newses, my friend?

Pote. That Edward is escaped from your Brother, and fled (as hee hears since) to Burgundie.

War. Vntrue newes: but how made he escape? Pote. He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Glofter, and the Lord Hastings, who attended him in secret ambush, on the Fortell side, and from the Bishops Huntmen rescu'd him:

For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

War. My Brother was too careless of his charge. But let vs hence, my Soueraine, to prouide A faire for any fhe, that may besides.

Exeunt.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards: For doubleffe, Burgundie will yield him helpe, and we shall haue more Warres before be long.

As Henrys late prefiguring Prophecie Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond: So doth my heart miſl-gue me, in these Conflicts:

What may befall him, to his harme and ours.

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worth, 

Forwith wee'le fend him hence to Britannie,

Till fortunes be paid of Guill Emettie.

Oef. 1. for it Edward re-potelle the Crowne, 'Tis like that Richmond, with the refh, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Britannie, Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exeunt.


Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest, Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amendes, And layes, that once more I shall enterchange My wained state, for Henrys Regall Crowne. Well haue we paft, and now re-paft the Seas, And brought desired helpe from Burgundie. What then remains, we being thus assist'd From Raenipurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke, But that we enter, as into our Dukedom? Rich. The Gates made fast? Brother, I like not this. For many men that flamble at the Threshold, Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Truth many, abodements must not now affright us: By faire or foule meanes we must enter in, For hither will our friends reparie to vs.

Hall. My Lyege, Ie knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Main of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords, We were fore-warned of your comming, And shat the Gates, for safetie of our felues; For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

Edw. But, Maior Maior, if Henry be your King, Yet Edward, at the leaft, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lefe.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom, As being well conuen with that alone.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got his Nfe, Hee'll foone finde means to make the Body folow. 
Hal. Why, Mafter Major, why fland you in a doubte? 
Open the Gates, we are King Henry's friends. 
Major. I, say you fo? the Gates fhall then be opened, 
He defends. 
Rich. A wife flout Captaine, and foone perfwaded. 
Hal. The good old man would faie that all were wel, So 'twere not long of him: but being entred, I doubt not 1, but we fhall perfwade perfwade 
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason. 

Enter the Major, and two Aldermen. 
Edw. So, Mafter Major: these Gates muftr not be shut, But in the Night, on the time of Warre. 
What, feare not man, but yeild me vp the Keyes, 
And all thofe friends, that deene to follow mee. 

March. Enter Montague, with Drumme and Soldiers. 
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montague, 
Our truitfull friend, whereof I be deceiued. 
Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Armes? 
Mont. To helpe King Edward in his time of florne, As every loyal Subiect ought to doe. 
Edw. Thankes good Montague: But we now forgets our Title to the Crowne, 
And onely clayme our Dukeedom, 
Till God pleafe to fend the ref. 
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe, I came to ferue a King, and not a Duke: 
Drummer strike vp, and let us march away. 

The Drums begins to march. 
Edw. Nay lay,Sir John, a while, and we'll debate 
By what fafe meanes the Crowne maye be recover'd. 
Mont. What take you of debating? in few words, 
If you're not here folicit your felle our King, 
He leaue you to your fortune, and be gone, 
To keepe them back, that come to fuccour you. 
Why fhall we fight, if you pretend no Title? 
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore fland you on nice points? 
Edw. When wee grow stronger, Then we'll make our Clayme: 
Till then, 'tis wildome to conceale our meaning. 
Hal. A way with fcarpulous Witt, now Armes must rule. 
Rich. And freaftleffe minds crye soonest vnto Crowns. 
Brother, we will proclame you out of hand, 
The brutt thereof will bring you many friends. 
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right, 
And Henry but virfures the Diademe. 
Mont. I now my Soueraigne speake th as himfelfe, 
And now will I be Edwards Champion. 
Hal. Sound Trumpets, Edward that be here proclain'd: 
Come, fellow Souderior, make thofe proclamation. 

Flourifh. Sound. 
Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of 
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c. 
Mont. And whofeoe're gainfayes King Edwards rights, 
By this I challege him to finge right. 
Theorem donne his Gannicles, 
All. Long live Edward the Fourth. 

Edw. Thankes brave Montague, 
And thankes unto you all. 
If fortune ferue me, I fee require this kindneffe. 
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke: 
And when the Morning Sunne fhall rayfe his Carre 
Aboute the Border of this Horizone, 
Wee'll forward towards Warwick, and his Mates; 
For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier. 
Ah froward Clarence, how euffit it become thee, 
To baffe Henry, and forfake thy Brother? 
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warwick, 
Come on brave Souardiers: doubt nor of the Day, 
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. 

Flourifh. Enter the King, Warwick, Montague, 
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset. 

War. What counsaille, Lords! Edward from Belgie, 
With hafte Germanes, and blunt Hollanders, 
Hath paft'd in fafetie through the Narrow Seas, 
And with his troupees doth march amaine to London, 
And many giddie people flock to him. 
King. Let's leue men, and best heeke backe againe, 
Clare. A lifte fire is quickly trodden out, 
Which being fuffer'd, Riuers cannot quench. 
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, 
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre, 
Those will I mufter vp: and thou Souane Clarence 
Shall fhare vp in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, 
The Knights and Gentlemens, to come with thee, 
Thou Brother Montague, in Buckingham, 
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, fhall find 
Men well enclined to heare what thou command'st. 
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well below'd, 
In Oxfordshire shalt mufter vp thy friends, 
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens, 
Like to his Iland, gynt in with the Ocean, 
Ormodelf Dyne, circled with her Nymphs, 
Shall reft in London, till we come to him: 
Faire Lords take leafe, and fland not to reply. 
Farewell my Soueraigne. 

King. Farewell my Hefi, and my Trooper true hope. 
Clar. In figne of trueth, I kiffe thy Highnesse Hand, 
King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate. 
Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and fo I take my leafe. 
Oxf. And thus I fea thy truth, and bid adieu. 
King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Montague, 
And all at once, once more a happy farewell. 
War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Countrie, 

Exeunt. 

King. Here at the Pallace will I reft a while. 
Coun fib Exeuter, what thinkes thy Lordship? 
Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field, 
Should not be able to encounter mine. 
Exe. The doube is, that he will fedece the reft. 
King. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame; 
I have not hope mine ears to their demands, 
Nor posted off their fakes with flow delays, 
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds, 
My mildnesse hath allure'd their dwelling griefes, 
My mercie dry'd their water, flowing teares, 
I have not beene defirous of their wealth, 
Nor much oppreft them with great Subsidies, 
Nor forward of reueunge, though they much ear'd. 
Then why should they lone Edward more then me? 
No Exeter these Graces challenge Grace: 

And
And when the Lyon sowne upon the Lambe,  
The Lambe will never cease to follow him,  
Rich. This is not so, Shew me, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.  
Exec. Heare, heare, my Lord, what shouts are these?  

Enter Edward, and his Souldiers.  

Edw. Seize on the flame face'd Henry, bear him hence,  
And once againe proclaime vs King of England,  
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
Now flows thy spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbes.  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speak.  

Exit with King Henry.  

And Lords, towards Country, bend we our course,  
Where peremptorie Warwick now remaines.  
The Sunne thines hot, and if we vse delay,  
Cold beating Winter marres our hop'd for Hay.  
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joyne'd,  
And take the great-grown Traytor vr'nawards.  
Braue Warrriors, march amaine towards Country,  

Enter Warwick, the Master of Cemetry, two  
Messengers, and others upon the Walls.  

War. Where is the Poet that came from valiant Oxford?  
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?  
Meaf. 1. By this at Dunmore, matching hitherward.  
War. How farre off is our Brother Montague?  
Where is the Poet that came from Montague?  
Meaf. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.  
Enter Montague.  
War. Say Montague, what fayes myouting Sonne?  
And by thy guide, how nigh is Clarence now?  
Somcr. At Southam I did leate him with his forces,  
And doe expect him here come two howres hence.  
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme.  
Somcr. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam yyes:  
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwick.  
War. Who shoulde that be?-belike vnlook'd for friends,  
Somcr. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.  

March. Flours, Enter Edward, Richard,  
and Souldiers.  

Edw. Go to, Trumpets, to the Walls, and found a Parle.  
Rich. See how the furious Warwick mains the Wall.  
War. Oh vnsaid sight, is Sportfull Edward come?  
Where slopest out Scoutes, or how are they seduc'd,  
That we could heare no newes of his payre.  
Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou open the City Gates,  
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,  
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,  
And he shall pardon thee oleagous.  
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confesse who fed thee vp, and plucke thee downe,  
Call Warwick Patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke,  
Rich. I thought at leaste he would have fad the King,  
Or did he make the Eafle against his will?  
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?  
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poor Earle to giue,  
Ie doe thee seruice for so good a gift.  
War. Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Bro- 
ther.  

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by Warwick's gifts.  

War. Thou art no Alia for so great a weight:  
And Wrenching, Warwick takes his gift againe,  
And Henry is my King, Warwick's Subject.  
Edw. But Warwick King is Edwards Prisoner:  
And gallant Warwick, do but ansuer this,  
What is the Body, when the Head is of?  
Rich. Alas, that Warwick had no more foresight,  
But whiles he thought to heale the fingle Ten,  
The King was flyly finger'd from the Deck:  
You left poore Henry at the Bishops Palace,  
And come to one youe meet him in the Tower,  
Edw. 'Tis eu'n so, yet you are Warwick's fill.  
Rich. Come Warwick,  
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:  
Nay when? (rike now, or elfe the Iron cooles,  
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow  
And with the other, fling it at thy face,  
Then beare so low a sable, to trite to thee.  
Edw. Sayle how thou canst,  
Have Winde and Tyde thy friend,  
This Hand, left wound about thy coale-black hayre,  
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,  
Write in the duft this Sentence with thy blood,  
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.  

Enter Oxford, with Drummes and Colours;  
War. Oh chearfullful Colours, see where Oxford comes.  
Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.  
Edw. So other foes may fet upon vs backs,  
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt  
Will illume out againe, and bid vs battaille;  
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rowze the Traitors in the fame.  
War. Oh welcome Oxford,for we want thy helpe.  

Enter Montague, with Drummes and Colours.  
Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.  
Rich. Thou and tyr Brothe both shall buy this Treasure  
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.  
Edw. The harder march't, the greater Victorie,  
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquest.  

Enter Somersets, with Drummes and Colours.  
Som. Somerfit, Somerfit, for Lancaster.  
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,  
Have fold their Lives vnto the House of York,  
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.  

Enter Clarence, with Drummes and Colours.  
War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweeps along,  
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battale:  
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, prevailes  
More then the nature of a Brothers Lye.  
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwick call,  
(Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?  
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:  
I will not ruinate my Fathers House,  
Who gave his blood to hyme the stone together,  
And let vp Lancaster. Why, rowze thou, Warwick,  
That Clarence is fo hard, fo blunt, vnnatural,  
To bend the fallall Instruments of Warre.
Against his Brother, and his Lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath, were more impitible,
Then Japheth, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am forry for my Trelpas made,
That to deftace well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclaime my selfe thy mortall foe:
With resolution, wherefoe I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou fitte abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And to,proud-hearted Warricke, I defeath thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, doe not trowne upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more enconant.

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.
Warre. Oh passing Traytor, perju'r'd and vntrust.

Edw. What Warricke:
Whil thou leaueth the Towne, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about this Eares?
Warre. Alas, I am not cooped here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee Battelorde, Edward if thou dar'ft.

Edw. Yes Warricke, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie. Exeunt. March. Warricke and his Companys follows.

Alarum, and Excursions, Enter Edward bringing forth Warricke wounded,

Edw. So, yee thow there: dye thow, and dye our feare,
For Warricke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.

Now Montague fit fall, I seeke for thee,
That Warricke Bones may keepe thine companie.

Exit.

Warre. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, or, or Warricke?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my wast of strength, my tike heart shewes,
That I must yeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe,
Thus yelds the Cedar to the Akes edge,
Whole Armes gave suteh to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,
Whole top-branch over-pear'd Itnes spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Thee Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veje,
Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To search the secret Tresoms of the World:
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned off to Kingly Sealehers:
For who amongst, who dyed his Graue?
And who dust calle, when Warricke bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in duft and blood,
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Manners that I had,
Euen now for sake me: and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duft?
And live we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerseft.

Some: Ah Warricke, Warricke, were thou so as we are,
We might recover all our Losse againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a prouient power.
Even now we heard the newes: ah, could it fall flye,
Warre. Why then I would not flye, Ah Montague,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my hand,
And with thy Lipes keep in my Soule a while.
Thou loud me not: but, Brother, if thou didst,
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glows my Lipes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly Montague, or I am dead.

SOM. Ah Warricke, Montague hath breath'd his left,
And to the laste gape, cry'd out for Warricke:
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguisht: but at last,
I well might heare, deliered with a groane,
Oh farewell Warricke.

Warres. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and faue your selues,
For Warricke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven.

Off. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they bear away his Body, Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with
Richard, Clarence, and the rest.

King. Thus faire our fortune keeps an upvward course,
And we are gread with thetaches of Victorie,
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a blacke fappicious threatenning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaines his easie Wetterne Bed:
I mean, my Lords, thoes powers that the Queene
Hath raps'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will foone dispere that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beanes will drye thoef Vapours vp,
For every Cloud engenders no Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thristle thousand strong,
And Somerseft, with Oxford, fled to her:
If the haue time to breathe, he well all'
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are adviseth d by our loving friends,
That they doe hold their couer toward Tewksbury,
We hauing now the beet at Barnet field,
Will thirther strait, for wittynge thetides way,
And as we marche, our strength will be augmented:
In every Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, crye courage, and away.

Exeunt.

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerseft, Oxford, and
Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wise men ne't fit and waille theire loste,
But chearely seeke how to redresse their harms.

What though the Maft be now blowne ouer-board,
The Cabe broke, the holding, Anchor loft,
And halfe our Salyors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lues our Pilots fillie: it's meet, that bee
Should leave the Helme, and like a fearfull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes addae Water to the Sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship flits on the Rocke,
Which Industrie and Courage might haue taid?
All what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say Warricke was our Anchor: what of that?

And
And Montague our Top-Mall: what of him?  
Our flaugb'tryd friends, the Tackles; what of these?  
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?  
And Somerset, another goodly Mast?  
The friends of France our Sirowds and Tacklings?  
And though vnskilfull, why not Ned and I?  
For once alow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?  
We will not from the Helm, to fit and wepe,  
But keepes our Courie (though the rough Winde say no)  
From Shelles and Rocks, that threaten vs with Whrack,  
As good to chide the Waves, as speake them faire.  
And what is Edward, but ruthless Sea?  
What Clarence, but a Quick-fand of Deceit?  
And Richard, but a raged fatal Rocke?  
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.  
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:  
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,  
Beftride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,  
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death,  
This speake I (Lords) to let you understand,  
If earse some one of you would flye from vs,  
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,  
More then with ruthless Waves, with Sands and Rocks.  
Why courage then, what cannot be auolded,  
'Twere childlish weakness to lament, or feare.  
Prince. Methinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit,  
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,  
Influe his Breast with Magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.  
I speake not this, as doubting any here:  
For did I but speake a satisfied man,  
He shou'd have leave to goe away betimes,  
Left in our need he might infet another,  
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.  
If any such be here, as God forbid,  
Let him depart, before we neede his helpes.  

Oxf. Women and Children of to high a courage,  
And Warriors faint, why were perpetuell Shame.  
Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather  
Doth live againe in thee; long may't thou live,  
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.  
Sed. And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,  
If he sinke, be mock'd and wondred at.  
Qu. Thanks gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes,  
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elle,  

Enter a Messenger.  

Meff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,  
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.  
Oxf. I thought no leffe: it is his Policie,  
To haue thus fail'd, to finde vs unprovid'd.  
Sed. But here's decius'd, we are in readiness.  
Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse,  
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budgie  

Flewryhand march, Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Scudriers.  

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what shou'd I say,  
My teares gain'd-say: for every word I speake,  
Ye fee, I drink the water of my eye.  
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne  
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his Starre vnlp'd,  
His Realm a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,  
His Statutes cancel'd, and his Treasure spent:  
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle,  
You fight in Justice: then in Gods Name, Lords,  
Be valiant, and give signall to the fight,  

Alarum. Retreat, Execute.  

Enter.  


Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyle.  
Away with Oxford to Hames Cattie straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guillette Head,  
Goe beare them hence, I will not hear them speake.  
Oxf. For my part, Ie not trouble thee with words,  
Sed. Not I, but spaupe with patience to thy Fortune.  

Ecout.  

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.  

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,  
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?  
Rich. It is, and loe where youthful Edward comes.  

Enter the Prince.  

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs hear him speake,  
What? can his young a Thome begin to prick?  
Edward, what satisfaction cant thou make,  
For bearing Armes, for flinging vp my Subjectes,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?  

Prince. Speake like a Subject, proud ambition Toke,  
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,  
Refign thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,  
Whil'st I propole the false-fame words to thee,  
Which (Traytor) thou wouldst have me answer to.  
Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolvd.  
Rich. That you might still haue worn the Petticoat,  
And ne're haue holme the Breech from Lancaster,  

Prince. Let it's fable in a Winters Night,  
His Curzil Riddles forts not with this place.  
Rich. By Heauen, Brat, He plague ye for that word.  
Qu. I haue witt borne to be a plate to men,  
Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold.  

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe, rather.  

Edw. Peace wifful Boy, or I will charme thy tongue,  
Clar. Vnto't lad, thou art too malapert.  

Prince. I know thy dutie, you are all vndutifull.  
Lacilicious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,  
And thou mil-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,  
I am your better, Traytours as ye are,  
And thou wip'st my Fathers right and mine.  

Qu. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.  

Stake him.  

Rich. Spraw'l thou? take that, to end thy agonite,  
Clar. stab him.  

Qu. But ther's for twisting me with perriure.  

Clar. stab him.  

Qu. Oh, kill me too.  

Offers to kill her.  

Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.  
Rich. Why
Thee doth feare each buff an Officer,
Hew. The Bird that bath bin limed in a buffet,
With trembling wings midly doubtech every buffet:
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,
Have now the fancful Object in my eye,
Where that so gentle young was kill'd, was taugh, and kill'd.
Rich. Why so a peecuch Fools was taugh, that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Fowle was drownd.'n.
Hen. I declin'd, my poore Boy leuar,
Thy Father Mines, that den'de our cause,
The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea
Whole enuious Gulfe did Iwallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, nor with words,
My best can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my ears that Tragicke History.
But wherefore doft thou come? Is't for my Life?
Rich. Think it thou I am an Executioner.
Hen. A Perforator I am sure thou art,
Ifmurthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.
Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption,
Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first I did presume,
Thou hadst not bin to kill a Sonne of mine;
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parell of my fear,
And many an old mans fight, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timelesse death,
Shall rue the houre that ever thou was borne.
The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill figne,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding tacheless time,
Dogs howl'd and hideous Tempest shook down Trees:
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimneys top,
And chant'ring Pies in dismall Dicordz sung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth Jefte then a Mothers hope,
To win, an indigelfed and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of fuch a goodly Tree.
Teeth had it thou in thy head, when thou was borne,
To signifie, thou can't to bite the world:
And if the refr be true, which I have heard,
Thou can't.
Rich. He heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy speech,
Stabbes him.
For this (amongitt the ref) I ordain'd.
Hen. I, and for much more flaughter after this,
O God forgive my fannes, and pardon thee.
Dyes. Rich. What will the aliring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted,
See how my fword weepes for the poore Kings death,
O may fuch purple teares be alway shed
From those that with the downfall of our house.
If any specke of Life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and fay I fent thee thither,
Stabbes him again.
I that have neyther pity, love, nor fear,
Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of:
For I have ofen heard my Mother fay,
I came into the world with my Legges forward,
Had I not reafon (thynke ye?) to make haft,
And fecke their Ruine, that vflup'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cried
O Jefus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should maske, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heades naue hap'd my Body to,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to anwer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Being resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone,
Clarente beware, thou keepe't me from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such Prophesies,
That Edward shall be bestfull of his life,
And then to purge his faine, Ile be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarente thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph Henry, thy day of Doome. Exit.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings,
Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Hauie we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, three fold Renowne,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two Clifford, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two braue men,
Ne're spurr'd their Courser at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two braue Beares Warwick & Montague,
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roared.

Thus haue we swept Subjection from our Seate,
And made our Footstool of Security,
Come hither Biffe, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Hauie in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoot in Summers fealding heart,
That thou might'st reposestle the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reap the gaine.

Rich. Ille blatt his Harueet, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd to thicke, to heauie,
And heauie it shall some weight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.
King. Clarence and Glesier, lose my louely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both,
Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Maiestye,
I Selle upon the lips of this sweet Babe,
Cla. Thanne Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree fro whence it sprang't:
Witneffe the louing kisse I glue the Fruite,
To say the truth, so Indue kilt his maister,
And cried all halie, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I drest as my soule delightes,
Having my Countires peace, and Brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace have done with Margaret,
Repayr'd her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawnd the Siciles and Jerusalem,
And hither haue they fent it for her ransom.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what reds, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, misthifull Comick showes,
Such as brefles the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell Lowre annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting toy. Exeunt omnes

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third:
with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the
Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Our is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that low'd vpon our house
In the deeps bofore of the Ocean buried,
Now are our brows bound with Vittorous Wreathes,
Our bruised arms hung vp for Monuments;
Our tenes Alarums charg'd to convey Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures,
Grim-vig'd Warre, hath smooth'd this wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearefull Adueraries,
He capers nimblly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lacinious plesing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want lous Maiesty,
To true before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by difembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, fent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that fo lamely and vn-fashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I falf by them,
Why I (in this weak pipping time of Peace)
Have no delight to paife away the time,
Vnleffe to fee my Shadow in the Sunne,
And defcent on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, fince I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine thefe faire well spoken days,
I am determined to proue a Villaine,
And have the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots have I lade, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreams,
To fet my Brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one againft the other:
And if King Edward be as true and faithful,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should Clarence cloefully be mov'd vp:
About a Prophecy, which fays that:
Of Edward's burnes the murtherer shall be.
Difc thoughts downe to my foule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, garded.

Brother, good day; What means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiesty tendering my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to the Tower.

Rich. Upon what caufe?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He fhould for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiesty hath fome intent,
That you fhould be new Chrifnifed in the Tower.
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Yes Richard, when I know; but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learn,
I hearke, after Prophecies and Dreams,
And from the Croffe-row plucks the letter G:
And fays, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His ifue difinherited fhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It foweth in his thought, that I am he.
Thefe (as I learn) and fuch like notions as thefe,
Hath mou'd his Hgneffe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rold by Women:
'Tis not the King that fends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his Wife, Clarence's fister.
That tempteth him to this harsh Extrement.
Was it not fife, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him fend Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this prefent day he is deliuered?
We are not fafe Clarence, we are not fafe.

Cla. By heauen, I think there is no man fecure
But the Queene Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Milifirs Stoves,
Heard you not what a humble Suiplicant
Lord Hastings was, for her deliuerie?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Itell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keepe in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wearre her Liure.
The jealous one-worne Widdow, and her felfe,
Since that our Brother dux'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Godsips in our Monarchy.

Bro. I defpatch your Grace both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath ftraightly given in charge,
That no man fhall have private Conference
(Of what degree ever) with your Brother.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say:

We speak no Treson man; We say the King Is wife and virtuous, and his Noble Queene Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not jealous.

We say, that Sorer Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paling pleasaunt tongue: And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.

How say you for? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to do.

Rich. Naught to do with Missiris Shore?

I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her (Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

Bra. I do befeech your Grace To pardon me, and withall forbear. Your Conference with the Noble Duke,

Clt. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey. Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King, And whatsoe'er you will imploy mein,

Were it to call King Edward Widdow, Sifter, I will performe it to infranchifie you.

Meane time, this deep disgrace in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine. Clt. I know it pleache neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, I will deliter you, or else lye for you:


Rich. Go tredye the path that thou shalt we return:

Simple plaines Clarence, I do loute thee fo,

That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,

If Heauen will take the present at out hands.

But who comes here? the new delitered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlain:

Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,

How hast thy Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must: But I shall lye (my Lord) to give them thankes

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,

For they that were your Enemies, are his,

And haue prais'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pitie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,

Whites Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:

The King is fickle, weak, and melancholy,

And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by St. John, that News is bad indeed.

O he hath kept an eull Diet long,

And out-much confud'd his Royall Person:

Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,

Till George be pack'd with post-horse vnto Heauen.

The life to vnge his hatred more to Clarence,

With Lyes well deel'd with weighty Arguments,

And if I falle not in my deeepe intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to battile.

For then, hee masty Warwicke youngell daughter,

What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,

They readilye maye to make the Wench amends,

Is to become her Husband, and her Father:

The which will I, not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her, which I must reach voto.

But yet I run before my horfe to Market:

Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and reignes,

When they are gone, then muff I count my gains. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the six with Holberds to guard it,
Ldy Anne being the Moster.

Ann. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be throwned in a Herie,

What f1 a while without obiously lamente.

Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaste.

Poor ye cold Figure of a holy King,

Ple Athes of the House of Lancaste:

Thow bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,

Be it lawful that I intacce thy Ghost,

To hear the Lamentations of poore Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,

Stab'd by the selfe famble hand that made thee wounds.

Lue, in these windowes that let forth thy life,

I powre the helpleffe Balme of my poore eyes,

O curf'd be the hand that made these holers:

Curfed the Hearn, that had the heart to do it:

Curfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:

More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch

That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,

Then I can with to Wolues, to Spiders,Toades,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues,

If ever he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,

Prodigous, and vntimely brought to light,

Whole vgy and unnatural Afeet

May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,

And that be Heyre to his whappinette.

If ever he haue Wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him,

Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.

Come now towards Chttley with your holy Lode,

Taken from Pauls, to be interred there.

And still as you are weary of this weight,

Reft you, whiles I lament King Henries Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Glosfer.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & fet it down.

An. What blaceke Magitian conjures vp this Fiend,

To flop devoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines fet downe the Coarse, or be S. Paul.

Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Gen. My Lord stand back, and let the Coffin passe.
Rieb. Vansanner’d Dogge,
Stand’t thou when I commanded:  
Aduance thy Halbert higher then thy brest,  
Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to thy Foote,  
And fume upon thee Bagger for thy boldnesse.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Morrall,  
And Morrall eyes cannot endure the Diuill.  
Amen thou dreadful minifter of Hell;  
Thou hadst but power out his Morrall body,  
His Soule thou canst not have: Therefore be gone.
Rieb. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.
An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods fake hencence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hadst made the happy earth thy Hell:  
Fill’d it with cursing cries, and deep exclamations:  
If thou delight to view thy heinously deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries,
Oh Gentlemen, See, See dead Henry’s wounds,  
Open their cong’d moulders, and bleed asseffeth,
Blunt, blunt, thou lumpes of fowle Deformities:
For thy sith presence that excites this blood  
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnatural,  
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad’st, reuenge his death:  
O Earth! which this Blood drink’st, reuenge his death.
Either Heaven do with Lighting strike the murder’d dead:
Or Earth gap open wide, and extas him quicke,
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,  
Which his Hell-gouern’d arm hath butchered.
Rieb. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,  
Which renders good for bad, Bleffings for Curfed.
An. Villain, thou know’st not law of God nor Man,  
No Beatt so fierce, but knowes some touch of pity.
Rieb. But I know none, and therefore am no Beatt.
An. O wonderfull, when diuells tell the truthe!  
Rieb. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry:  
Voucheffe (diuine perfecition of a Woman)  
Of these supposs’d Crimes, to give me lease  
By circumstance, but to acquit my felle.
An. Voucheffe (defus infection of man)  
Of these knowne eulls, but to give me lease  
By circumstance, to curfe thy cursed Selfe.
Rieb. Faifer then tongue can name thee, let me hauie  
Some patience lyerture to excuse my felle.
An. Fouler then heart can think thee,  
Thou canst not make no excuse curant,  
But to hang thy felle.
Rieb. By such disparre, I should acquit my felle.
An. And by dispairing that thou fland excufed,  
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy felle,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Rieb. Say that I flew them not.
An. Then lay they were not flaine:  
But dead they are, and dwelltills flaye by thee.
Rieb. I did not kill thy Husband.
An. Why then he is alive.
Rieb. Nay, he is dead, and flaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule thou slayd Lifyt.
Queen Margaret saw  
Thy murd’rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:  
The which, thou once didst bend against her brest,  
But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.
Rieb. I was provoked by her lanc’rous tongue,  
That laid their guils, upon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
An. Thou wert prouoked by thy bloody minde,  
That neuer dreamt on ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?  
Rieb. I graunte ye.
An. Do’st grant me Hedge-hogge,  
Then God graunt me too
Thou may’st be damned for that wicked deed;
O he was gentle, milde, and verruous.
Rieb. The better for the King of heaven that hath him,  
An. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Rieb. Let him thank me, that holpe to send him shiuer:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vaunt for any place, but hell.
Rieb. Yes one place else, if you will hestre me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rieb. Your Bed-chamber.
An. I’ll rest beside the chamber where thou lyest.
Rieb. So will I Madam, till I flye with you.
An. I hope so.
Rieb. I know fo. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leashe this keen encounter of our wittes,  
And fall something into a flower method.
Is not the cauer of the tireless deaths  
Of thefe Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,  
As blamfull as the Executioner.
An. Thou wert the caufe, and most accurst effect.
Rieb. Your beauty, that didst haunt me in my deepes,  
To undersake the death of all the world.
So I might live one houre in your sweet bosome.
Rieb. An, If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide.
These Nailses should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rieb. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;  
As all the world is cheerrd by the Sunne,  
So by this: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.
Rieb. Curst not thy selfe faire Creature,  
Thou art both.
An. I would were, to be reueng’d on thee.
Rieb. It is a quarrrell most vnnatural,  
To be reueng’d on him that louche thee.
An. It is a quarrrell laft and reasonable,  
To be reueng’d on him that kill’d my Husband.
Rieb. He that beare the Lady of thy Husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.
An. His better beath not breath upon the earth.
Rieb. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rieb. Plantagenet.
An. Why that was he.
Rieb. The selfe same name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rieb. Here.

Why doft thou spit at me.
An, Would it were mortall poison, for thy fake.
Rieb. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Rieb. Neuer hung poison on a fowler Toade.
An. Would they be Bafflers, to strike thee dead.
Rieb. I would they were, that I might dye at ones.
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoes eye of thine, from mine have drawne salt Teares;

Spit at him.
Sham’d their Apects with store of childish drops: Those eyes, which never fled remembrance, No, when my Father York, and Edward wept, To hear the pitifur moans that Rutland made. When black-faced Clifford throok his sword at him. No, when they warlike Father like a Child, Told the sad story of my Father’s death, And twenty times, made pause to sob and weep. That all the flowers by had wet their cheeks. Like Trees bedaft’d with rain. In that sad time, My manly eyes did smart an humble tear: And what these sorrowed could not transmute, Thy Beauty bath, and made them blinde with weeping. I never fled to Friend, nor Enemy: My Tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word. But now thy Beauty is propos’d my Fee, My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speake, She looks fondly upon him, Teach not thy lip such Store; for it was made For kissing, Lady, not for such comtent. If thy renownful heart cannot forgive, Lo thee I lend thee this shape-pointed Sword, Which if thou please to hide in this true breft, And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee, I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, And humbly begge the death vpon my knee, He lays his breft open for others at his sword. Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie, But was thy Beauty that procouk’d me. Nay now dispatch: Twas I that flabb’d yong Edward, But was thy Heavenly face that fre’d me on. She feld the Sword. Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me. An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death, I will not be thy Executioner. Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it. An. I have already. Rich. That was in thy rage: Speake it againe, and even with the word, This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thou Loue, Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue. To both their deaths that thou be accessory. An. I would I knew thy heart. Rich. ‘Tis figur’d in my tongue. An. I fear me, both are false. Rich. Then never Man was true, An. Well, well, put vp your Sword. Rich. Say then my Peace is made. An. That make thou know hereafter. Rich. But shall I live in hope. An. All men I hope live fo. Vouchsafe to weare this Ring. Rich. Look how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger, Even so thy Breft inelofeth my poore heart: Weeze both of them, for both of them are thine, And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand, Thou dost confirm his happiness for euer. An. What is it? Rich. That it may please you leave the chefe fad designer, To him that hath most caufe to be a Mourners, And prefently repaire to Crosbie House: Where (after I have feemingly inter’d At Chertsey Monaf’try this Noble King, And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares) I will with all expedient duty fies you, For duest vnknowne Reasons, I befeech you, Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too, To fee you are become fo pietifal. Treffol and Barkley go along with me. Rich. Bid me farwell. An. Tis more then you deferve: But since you teach me how to flatter you, Imagine I have faide farwell already.

Exit two with Ann.

Gent. Towards Chertley, Noble Lord’s Rich. Not to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Curtesy.

Was euer woman in this humour woe’d? Was euer woman in this humour wone? Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long. What I that kill’d her Husband, and his Father, To take her in her hearts extreme flete, With curfes in her mouth, Tears in her eyes, The bleeding wintleffe of my hatred by, Having God, her Confidence, and those bars against me, And I, no Friends to backe my faire withall, But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling looke’s: And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing. Hah! Hath the forgot alreadie that brave Prince, Edward,her Lord, whom I (some three months since) Stab’d in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury: A Swooner, and a louier Gentleman, Fram’d in the prodigality of Nature: Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt) right Royal, The Spacius World cannot againe affoord: And yet the yet abafe her eyes on me, That erop the Golden prime of this sweet Prince, And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed? On me, whole All not equals Edward Moytice? On me, that halts, and am mishavep thus? My Dukedom, to a Beggerly denier! I do mislike my person all this while; Vpon my life the finds (although I cannot) My selfe to be a maru’lous proper man, Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glaffe, And entertaine a score or two of Taylors, To studie fashions to adorn his body: Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe, I will maintaine it with some little coft. But finifl Ite turne you Fellow in his Graue, And then resume lamenting to my Loue, Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glaffe, That I may se my Shadow as I passe.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Have patience Madam, there’s no doubt his Maistery Will soon recover his accustum’d health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes me worfe, Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort, And cheer his Grace with quickke and merry eyes

Qy. If he were dead, what would bestide on me?
Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gras. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby. 
Buck. Good time of day unto your Royall Grace. 
Derr. God make your Majesty joyful, as you have bin. 
Qu. The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord of Derby. 
To your good prayer, will falsely say, Amen. 
Yet Derby, notwithstanding thee's your wife, 
And loves not me, be you good Lord affir'd, 
I hate not you for your proud arrogation. 
Derr. I do beleeve you, either not beleue 
The emious flanders of her falfe Accusers: 
Or if the be accustome, as true report: 
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceed 
From wayward fickness, and no grounded malicie. 
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby. 
Derr. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I, 
Are come from visiting his Majesty. 
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendement Lords. 
Buck. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully. 
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him? 
Buck. I Madam, he desires to make atonement 
Between the Duke of Gloucester, and your Brothers, 
And between them, and my Lord Chamberlaine, 
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence. 
Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be, 
I hear out happiness is at the height. 

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not induce it, 
Who is it that complains vnto the King, 
That I (forsooth) smire, and love them not? 
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly, 
That fill his ears with such diffentious Rumors. 
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire, 
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceit, and cogge, 
Ducke with French nodd, and Aspith curste, 
I must be held a rancorous Enemy. 
Cannot a plaine man live, and think no harme, 
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd, 
With sike, sly, insinuating Jackes? 
Gras. To who in all this preface speaks your Grace? 
Rich. To thee, that haft not Honesty, nor Grace: 
When haue I inuer'd thee? When done thee wrong? 
Or thee? or thee or any of your faction? 
A plaguyon you all, His Royall Grace. 
(Whom God preferre better then you would wifh) 
Cannot be quiete feares a breathing while, 
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints. 
Qu. Brother of Gloufter, you mustake the matter: 
The King on his owne Royall disposition, 
(And not prouct'd by any Susor else) 
Ayming (beleeke) at your intierous hatred, 
That in your outward action shewes is false 
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe, 
Makes him to fend, that he may learen the ground. 
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad, 
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not peach. 
Since curier Jacke became a Gentleman, 
There's many a vomit of a true report, 
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother 
You say my advancement, and my friends: (Gloster) 
God grant we neuer may have need of you. 
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you. 
Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes, 
My felle disgrace, and the Nobilitie 
Held in contempt, while great Promotions 
Are daily given to enoble those 
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble. 
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this careful height, 
From that contented hap which I inloyst, 
I never did incense his Maiestie 
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin 
An earnest advocate to plead for him. 
My Lord you do me shamefull injurie, 
Falsey to draw me in thes vile fusts. 
Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane 
Of my Lord Holland's late imprisonment. 
Qu. She may my Lord for. 
Rich. She may Lord Riner's, why who knowes not fo? 
She may do more fit then denying that. 
She may helps you to many faire preferments, 
And then deny her sayding hand therein, 
And lay those Honors on your high deffer. 
What may the not, the may, I marry may the. 
Qu. What marry may the? 
Rich. What marrie may the? Marrie with a King, 
A Batcheller, and a handesome stripling too, 
I wis your Grandam had a worfer match. 
Qu. My Lord of Gloufter, I haue too longe borne 
Your blunts vpbraedings, and your bitter scoffes: 
By heavuen, I will acquaint his Maiestie 
Of those groffe raunts that off I haue endur'd. 
I had rather be a Courrier servants maide 
Then a great Queene, with this condition, 
To be fo bairned, scorned, and flameed as, 
Small joy have I in being Englands Queene. 

Enter old Queene Margaret. 

Marc. And defined be that small, God I beseech him, 
Thy honor, haste, and fear, is due to me. 
Rich. What thee yume with telling of the King? 
I will inuer't in presence of the King: 
I dare adventure to be sent to th Towe. 
Tis time to speake, 
My paines are quite forgot. 
Margaret. Out Dieu, 
I do remember them too well: 
Thou kill'dt my Husband Henry in the Tower, 
And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesbury, 
Rich. Ere you were Queene, 
I, or your Husband King: 
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires: 
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries, 
A liberal rewarde of his Friends, 
To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne. 
Margaret. I and much better blood 
Then his, or thine.
Rich. In all which time, t'you and your Husband Grey
Were factions, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In Margaret's Battle, at Saint Albans, slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murderous Villainage, as so still thou art.
Rich. Poore Clarences did forfake his Father Warwicks,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.

Q. M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp;
I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards,
Or Edwards loot, and pitifull, like mine?
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for Sinne, & leave this World
Thou Canadene, there thy Kingdome is.

Rich. My Lord of Glofter; in those bufie days,
Which here you vrg, to prove vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So hould we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be, I had rather be a Pedder:
Farre be not from my heart, the thought thereof.

Q. M. As little joy (my Lord,) as you supposse.
You should thinke, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may supposse in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am free, and altogether loyalle:
I cannot no longer hold my patience.

Rich. Hear me, you raging Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you hauepill'd from me:
Which all you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjectes;
Yet that by you depo'sd you quakke like Rebels.

Ah gentle Villaine, doe not taine away: (fight)
Rich. Foulle wrinkleck Witch, what makest thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marst'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
The death can wound me here, by my good booke:
A Husband and a Sonne thou owst to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you subire, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Browes with Paper,
And with thy scarsow drew it Rivers from thy eyes,
And then to drye them, guift thee the Duke a Crown,
Steep'd in the walties blood of pitifull England:
His Curtes then, from bitternesse of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all false upon thee;
And God, and we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. M. So Iffit is God, to right the innocent.

Haff. Of was the soule full deed to lay that Babe,
And the most meruellous, that ere was heard of,
Rich. Tyrants themselfes wept when it was reported.

Q. M. No man but prophesi'd revenge for it.

Rich. Northumber'land, then preferf, wept to fee it.

Q. M. What were you forlorn all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throats,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?

Did Yorks dread Curfe preuail so much with Heuens,
That Henrys death, my lovely Edwards death,
Their Kingdomes loffe, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but anwer for that peevish Brat?
Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauens?
Then why grace you diall Clouds to my quick Curfes,
Though not by Warre, by Surfe drie your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in thy youth, by like untimely violence.

Sorfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-like thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long mayst thou live, to walshe thy Childrens death,
And fee another, as I fete thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art full'd in mine,
Long dyed thy lappie days, before thy death,
And after many length ned howres of griefe,
Dyed neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Rich. And verfe, you were standers by,
And so waft thou, Lord Hauing, when my Sonne
Was stab'd with bloody Daggers, God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by fame volack'd accident cut off.

Rich. Have done thy Charme, I hatefull witcher Haggie.

Q. M. And leaue out thee? (I say Dog, for Iblent heard me.
If Heauen hate any grievous plague in store,
Excepting enjoy, were you with thy cruell,
O let them keep it, till thy finnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace,
The Worne of Confind all begnaw your Soule,
Thy Friends suspect for Traysors while thou liu'st;
And take deep Traysors for thy dearst Friends:
No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Volefe it be while some tormenting Dreame
Affright thee with a Hell of ougely Devilus.
Thou elusif mark'd, abortive rooting Haggie,
Thou that waft feel'd in thy Natiuice
The flame of Nature, and the Soule of Hell;
Thou franger of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou losted Iffie of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragene of Honor, thou desrecess--

Rich. Margaret,

Q. M. I call thee not,
Rich. I trye thee mercie then: for I did think,
That thou hadd call'd me all these bitter names,

Q. M. Why did I do, but look'd for no reply,
Oh let me make the Period to my Curfe.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret,

Q. M. Thus have you breath'd your Curfe against your self.

Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain Bours of my fortune,
Why shouldst thou Suffer on that Borell'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enwreathed thee about?

Foole,foole, thou wretches Knife to kill thy selve:--
The day will come, that thou shalt with for me,
To helpe thee cure this poysifonous Bunch-back Toade.

Foulc, Foulc boding Woman, end thy franticke Curfe,
Least to thy hame, thou moue our patience,

Q. M. Foole frame upon you, you have all moidre.

Rich. Were you well fend, you would be taught your duty,
And taking shade that was Prince of Wales,
Or fure me well, you all should doe mine duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subject.

Q. M. Or fure me well, and teach thee thy duties once more.

Rich. Dispute not with her, she is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Matter Marqueff, you are malaper, your fire-now Flampe of Honor is feate currant.
O that your yong Nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high, have many blaffs to shake them,
And if they fall, they daff themselves to pieces.
Rich. Good counfaile marry, learn it, learne it Mar-
quesse.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more; but I was borne to high:
Our ayery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallyes with the winde, and forrene the Sunne.
Mar. And turns the Susan to shudge: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whoof bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neft:
O God! that feelst it, do not suffer it,
As it is written with blood, lost be it so.
But. Peace,peace,for shame: I suft, for Charity.
Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:
Vanhartly with me you have dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
And in that shame, still live my forrowest rage.
But. Have done, have done,
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiffe thy hand,
Inigne of League and smity with thee.
Now faire bethall thee, and thy Noble house;
Thy Garments are not spolt with our blood:
Nor thou within the compass of my curfe.
But. Nor no one heere: for Curfes never passe
The lips of thole that breath them in the yeare.
Mar. I will not think but they alced the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dagge;
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rake to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sine, death, and hell have fet their markes on him,
And all their Minifters attend on him.
Rich. What doth the fay, my Lord of Buckingham.
But. Nothing that I repled my gracious Lord,
Mar. What doft thou fome me
For my gentle counfell?
And fouth the diuell that I wanne from.
O but remember this another day:
When he shall lift thy very heart with frowow:
And fay (poore Margaret) was a Prophetiffe:
Liffe each of you the subiecc to his hate,
And lie to yours, and all of you to Gods.
Exit. But. My hair doth stand an end to heare her curfes.
But. And so doth mine, I male why she's as libertie.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part therof, that I have done to her.
Mar. I never did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed:
He is stark'd vp to faining for his pines,
God pardon them, that are the cufe thereof.
Rich. A vertuous, and a Chriftian-like conclusion
To pray for them that have done fathc to vs.
Rich. So do I fure, being well admisd.
Spakes to himfelfe.
For had I curft now, I had curft my felle.

Enter Cæsars.

Enter Cæsars.

Cæs. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
But. Cæsar I come, Lordds will you go with me.
Row. We wait upon your Grace.

Exit all but Giffor.

Rich. I do the wrong and first begin to brawle.
The secret Milchcfees that I fet abroad,
I lay onto the greccous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indecede have caft in darknesse,
I do bewepe to many fimple Guiles,
Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queenne, and her Allies,
That fright the King against the Duke my Brother,
Now they beleue it, and withall what I
To be reueng'd on Riuers, Darft, Grey.
But then I figh, and with a pecece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill,
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, (fleine forth of holy Writ,
And feme a Saint, when mort I play the devil.

Enter two marthovers.

But fof, here come my Executioners,
How now my hardy flout refolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Rich. Well thought upon, I haue it hearde about me:
When you have done, repayze to Crasby place;
But firs be foadine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity; if you mark me.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not fland to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be affur'd:
We go to vie our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-flones, when Fooles eyes
fall Teares:
I like you Lady, about your business al along.
Go, go, dispatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Cæsar and Keep.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heavily to day.
Cæ. O, I have past a miferable night,
So full of fearefull Dreams, of ogly fighes,
That as I am a Chriftian faithfull man,
I would not spend another fuch a night
Though they were to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of difmal terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me
Cæ. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloucester,
Who from my Cabin temptd me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand hardy times,

During...
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had beene vs. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hazches,
Me thought that Glouster flumled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to flay him) in the boord.
Into the tumbling billores of the maine,
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadful noize of water in mine ears,
What sight of gly glade death within mine eyes
Me thought, I saw a thousand fearfull wackes
A thousand men that Fishes swaw'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineffable Stones, unwaved Jewels,
All scattered in the bottome of the Sea.
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As 'twe're in forme of eyes' reflecting Gemmes,
That wo'd the flimby bottome of the deepes,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay feattred by.
Kept. Had you luch yeure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deepes
Gent. Me thought I had, and often did it frisse
To yeeld the Ghob; but fill the enious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, raft, and wand'ring styre:
But finnester in within my panting bulke,
Who almoost burst, to belch it in the Sea.
Keep. A whatd you not in this fore Agony?
Clar. No, no, my Dreme was lengthned d after life,
O then, began the Tempell to my Soule.
I past (me thought) the Melancholy Flood,
With that fewe Petee-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuell Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake slowe: What scourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanisht. Then came wand ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright bayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he fliet'd ou't soule
Clarence is come, falle, flet, eting, perire' d Clarence,
That tabb'd me in the field by Tweskesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of soule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hiddicous cries that with the very Noize,
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impetions made my Dreme.
Keep. No manuell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinke) to heare you tell it.
Claro. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now giue evidence against my Soule)
For Edwards sake, and feke how he requites mee.
O God! if my deepse prayres cannot appeale thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my meedles,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltyfe Wife, and my poore children,
Keeper, I prythee fit by me a while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.
Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good reft.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breaks Seasons, and reposeing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-side night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honors, for an inward Toyle,
And for unselt Imaginations
They often feele a world of refleffe Cares:
So that between their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differt, but the outward fame.

Enter two Ministers.

1. Mar. Ho, who's here?
Bra. What would it thou Fellow? And how can'nt thou hither.
2. Mar. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges,
Bra. What so breaste?
1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commision, and take no more. Reads
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reafon what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guildeffe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke alleape, and there the Keyes:
Let to the King, and signifie to him
That thus I have refign'd to you my charge.
1. You may sit, 'tis a point of wifedome:
Far you well.
2. What, shall we flab him as he fleepes.
1. No: hee'l fay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes
2. Why he fiall never wake, vntill the great judgement day.
1. Why then hee'l fay, we flab'd him fleeping.
2. The verging of that word judgement, hath bred a kind of remoreffe in me.
1. What! art thou afraid?
2. No, I prythee flay a little:
I hope this paffionate humour of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty,
1. How doft thou feele thy felle now?
2. Some certaine dregges of confidence are yet with me,
1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
1. Where's thy confidence now.
1. When he opens his purfe to giue vs our Reward, thy Conference flies out.
2. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.
1. What if it come to thee againe?
2. Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot fleele, but it accufeth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checks him: A man cannot liye with his Neighbours Wife, but it derechts him. 'Tis a blushing shameful fpirit, that muttieth in a man bofore: Itifles a man full of Obfciuse. It made me once restore a Puffe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities, for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavoures to trufl to himfelfe, and live without it.

1. Tis
For in that sinne, heis as deepe as I.
If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publikly,
Take not the quarell from his powerfull armes:
He needs no indirec't, or lawlesse course,
To cut off chose that have offended him.

Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spiring brave Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouse was strucke dead by thee?

My Brothers love, the Diuell, and my Rage.

Thy Brothers love, our Dasy, and thy Faults,
Prouoke vs hither now, to slaunder thee,

If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well,
If you are hy'd for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Gloufter:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for ydinges of my death.

You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother Gloufter hates you.

Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deare:
Go you to him from me.

I do we will.

Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Bleth his three Sons with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this divided Friendship:
Bid Gloufter thinke on this, and he will wepe,

I Milfones, as he lefoned vs to wepe.

Do not flander him, for he is kind:
Right, as Snow in Haruerct.

Come, you deceive your selues,
Tishe that tends vs to deluyr you here.

It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And bugg'd me in his armes, and made with fobs,
That he would labour my deluyry.

Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earths thralldome, to the loyes of heauen.

Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Hate you that holy feeling in your foules,
To coumalle me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne foules so blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murthering me.

O first confeder, they that let you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deede,

What shall we do?

Relev, and face your foules:
Which of you, if you were a Prince Sonne,
Being sent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murdereres as your felues came to you,
Would not intrest for life, as you would begge
Were you in my defire.

Relat not; Tis courously and womanish.

Not so releve, it is basely, saucy, diuellishe,
My Friend, I syp some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for me,
A Begging Prince, what beggar pitties not.

Looke behinde you, my Lord.

Take that, and that, I sall this will not do, Stab him.
He drowne you in the Malnefey-But within.

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht,
How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greedy nurer.

Enter s, Murderer

How now? what mean'th thou that thou helpe't me not?
By Heauen the Duke shall know how flack ye have beene.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Bache, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Perers, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.

Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enemy, faire lous e&c.

Betwene their swelling wrong incensed Peres.

Rich. A bleded labour my moft Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any here
By fale intelligence, or wrong furmise
Hold me a Foe. If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I define
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace :
'Tis death to me to be at enmity,
I hate it, and defire all good mens love,
First Madam, I Intrete true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.

Of you my Noble Cofin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betwene vs.
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without defect haue flour'd on me:
Of you Lord Woundhill, and Lord Scalp of you,
Dukes, Bables, Lords, Gentlemen,indeed of all.
I do not know that Englandman aliue.
With whom my foule is any iot at oddes,
More than the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humilitie.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace,

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred louse for this,
To be so flour'd in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?

They. You do him inuriye to scorne his Coate.

King. Who knowes not he is dead?

Qu. Who knowes he is?

Buc. All seeing heauen, what is this?

Bac. Looke I foule Lord Dorset, as the reft.

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the preffence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

Rich. I Clarence dead & The Order was rebeyfed.

Bac. But he (poore man) by your fift order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermaerd,
That came too lagge to fee him buried.

God grant, that some lefte Noble, and lefte Leyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Defere not worfe then wretched Clarence died,
And yet go currant from Sufpicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

King. A boone my Soueraigne for my servake done.

Der. I preth my peace, my foule is full of sorrow.

King. I will not rife, vneffe your Highnesse heare mee.

Der. Then say at once, what is it thou request?

King. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my sersants life,
Who flew to day a Rioutous Gentleman,
Lately attendante on the Duke of Norfolk.

King. Have I tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And that this tongue give pardon to a faule?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who
Who fixed me for him? Who (in my wrath) 
Knelt I and my feet, and bid me be sad? 
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of lone? 
Who told me how the poor soul did forfake 
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury, 
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me: 
And said dear Brother line, and be a King? 
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, 
Frozen(almo^)to death, how he did lap me 
Even in his Garments, and did give himselfe 
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night? 
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath 
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you 
Had so much grace to put it in my minde. 
But when your Carriers, or your wayting Vaiffsals 
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and detac'd 
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer, 
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon, 
And I (vniutiuIy too) must grant it you. 
But for my Brother, not a man would speakes, 
Not I (vngracious) speakes unto my felle 
For him poore Soule. The proudeft of you all, 
Have bin beholding to his in his life: 
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life. 
O God! I feare thy iutice will take hold 
On me, and you sad mine, and yours for this. 
Come Help to helpe me to my Clover. 
Ah poore Clarence. Exeunt famis with X. &, Queen. 
Rich. This is the fruites of rashnes: Marke you not, 
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene 
Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death. 
Oh! did they yerg it till into the King, 
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go, 
To comfort Edward with our company. 
Exit. We wait upon your Grace. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Duke of York, with the two 
children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead? 
Duke. No Boy. 
Duchess. Why do weep he off? And bear your Breifs? 
And cry, O Clarence, my unhappy Sonne. 
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head, 
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Cristwaves, 
If that our Noble Father were alive? 
Duchess. My pretty Covins, you mistake me both, 
I do lament the lkiehee of the King, 
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death 
It was lest forrow to waile one that’s lost. 
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead: 
The King mine Vnkle is too blame for it. 
God will revenge it, whom I will impurrte 
With earnest prayers, all to that effect. 
Duchess. And so will I. 
Duchess. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel, 
Inceapeable, and fhallown innocents, 
You cannot gueffe who caus’d your Fathers death. 
Boy. Grandam we can, for my good Vnkle Glofier 
Told me, the King proued’d to rote by the Queene, 
Deuis’d impeachments to imprison him; 
And when my Vnkle told me so, he wept, 
And pittied me, and kindly lift my checkes; 
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father, 
And he would love me dearly as a childle. 
Duchess. Ah! that Deceit should fleale such gentle shape, 
And with a veruous Vizor hide deepe vice, 
He is my soune, I, and therein my shame, 
Yet from my daggles, he drew not this deceit. 
Boy. Think you my Vnkle did dissemble Grandam? 
Duchess. I Boy. 
Boy. I cannot think it. Heske, what noise is this? 
Enter the Queene with her hair about her ears, 
Riuer & Dorfet after her.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to weale and weepes? 
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe. 
Ie ionye with blanke dispaires against my Soule, 
And to my felfe, become an enemie. 
Duchess. What means this Scene of rude impatience? 
Qu. To make an act of Tragick violence, 
Edward my Lord, thy Soune, our King is dead. 
Why grow the Branches, when the Rootte is gone? 
Why wisher not the leaues that want their fip? 
If you will live, lament: If dye, be breefe, 
That our swift-winged Soules may reach the King, 
Or like obedient Subiects follow him. 
To his new Kingdome of mare-changing night, 
Duchess. Ah so much interell haue in thy sorrow, 
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband: 
I haue bewepe a worthy Husbandes death, 
And liu’d with looking on his Images: 
But now two Miroirs of his Princely semblance, 
Are crack’d in pieces, by malignant death, 
And I for confor, have but one falie Glaffe, 
That greeuens me, when I see my finne in him. 
Thou art a Widdow; yet thou art a Mother, 
And haft the comfort of thy Children left, 
But death hath hirach’d my Husband from mine Armes, 
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands, 
Clarence, and Edward. O, what caufe have I, 
(Thine being but a moity of my moane) 
To our- go thy woor, and drowne thy cries, 
Boy. Ah Aunt! you were not for our Fathers deathes: 
How can we syde you with our Kindred resapes? 
Duchess. Our fatherlesse difference was left unmoorr’d, 
Your widdow-dolour, likewe bee wanvas. 
Qu. Glue men helpe in Lamentation, 
I am not barren to bring forth complaints: 
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, 
That I being governed by the waterie Moore, 
May lend forth pleasant teasers to drawne the World. 
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward. 
Chiel. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence. 
Duchess. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence. 
Qu. What lay had I but Edward, and hee’s gone? 
Chiel. What lay had we but Clarence and he’s gone 
Duchess. What layes had I, but they? and they are gone. 
Qu. Was never widdow had so deere a soffe. 
Chiel. Were never Orphans had so deere a soffe. 
Duchess. Was never Mornser had so deere a soffe. 
Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefers. 
Their woes are parcel’d, mine is generall. 
She for an Edward weepes, and to do I:
I for a Clarence weep, do not thee: Thrice Babes for Clarence weep, do so they. Alas! you three, on the threefold difficult: Power all your tears, I am your fortowes Nurse, And I will pamper it with Lamentation. 

**Dor.** Comfort dear Mother, God is much displeased, That you take with velyunkliness his doing. In common worldly things, his call'd ungrateful, With dull unwillingness to repay a debt, Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent: Much more to be thus opposite with heaven, For it requires the Royal debt it lends you. 

**Riners.** Madam, be thinke you like a carefull Mother Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him, Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lyes, Drowne desperate sorrow in dead Edwards grave, And plant your toys in living Edwards Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Doris, Ha- fling, and Ratcliff.

**Rich.** Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue caufe To waile the dimming of our shining Starre: But none can helpe our hauers by waiving them. Madam, my Mother, do I cry you merite, I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee, I crave your Blessing. 

**Dut.** God bless thee, and put meeker in thy breeth, Love Charity, and true Dutie. 

**Rich.** Amen, and make me die a good old man, That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing; I mostuell that her Grace did leave it out.

**Ent.** You clowd-Princes, and hart-forowing-Princes, That bear this huecse mutuell loads of Moane, Now cheere each other, in each others Loue: Though we have spent our Harueft of this King, We are to respe the Harueft of his Sonne, The broken ranour of your high-swolne hates, But lately splinter'd, knit, and joyn'd together, Much gently be prefer'd,cherisf and kept: Me feemeth good, that with some little Traine, Forwirth from Ludlow, the young Prince be fent Hither to London to be crown'd our King. 

**Riners.** Why with some little Traine, My Lord of Buckingham? 

**Bunc.** Marrie my Lord, lest by a multitude, The new-heel'd wound of Malice shoul breake out, Which would be so much the more dangerous, By how much the effate is greene, and yet vnconquered. Where every Horse bears his commanding Reine, And may direct his course as please himfelfe, As well the feare of harne, as harne apparent, In my opinion, ought to be prevented. 

**Rich.** I hope the King made peace with all of vs, And the compaie is fime, and true in me. 

**Ent.** And fo in me, and fo (I thinke) in all, Yet sinceit is but greene, it shoul be put To no apparant likely-hood of breach, Which haply by much company might be vrg'd: Therefore I fay with Noble Buckingham, That it is meete to few shoul fetch the Prince. 

**Ent.** And fo fay I. 

**Rich.** Then be it fo, and goe we to determine Who they shall be that strait shall poffe to London. Madam, and you my Sifter, will you go While to glue your cenures in this buxenfe. 

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**Mans Buckingham, and Richard.** 

**Duc.** My Lord, who euer iournyes to the Prince, For God fake let not vs two fly at home: For by the way, lie for occasion, As I Under the story we late talk'd of, To part the Queens proud kindred from the Prince. 

**Rich.** My other felfs, my Countfieds Coofifiary, My Oracle, My Prophine, my dear Confine, Last a child, will go by thy direcftion, Toward London then, for we'll not fly behind. 

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**Scena Tertia.**

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1. Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so falt? 

2. Cit. I promife you, I scarce know my life: Hear ye the newes abroad? 

1. Yes, that the King is dead. 

2. Ill newes byplady, feldome comes the better: I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world. 

3. Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed, 

1. Give you good morrow firs. 

3. Doth the newes hold of good King Edwards death? 

1. Sir, it is too true, God helpe the while. 

3. Then Matters looke to fee a troublous world. 

1. Noo, noo, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne. 

3. We are to that Land this go'den'd by a Child, 

2. In him there is a hope of Government, 

Which in his nanage, counsell under him, 

And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe 

No doubt shall then, and till then governe well. 

1. So ffood the State, when Henry the fxt 

Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old. 

3. Stood the State fo? No, no, good friends, God was 

For then this Land was famously enrich'd 

With politike grate Counfely; then the King 

Had vertuous Vnlkes to proceft his Gracce. 

1. Why fo hath this, both by his Father and Mother, 

2. Better it were they all came by his Father: Or by his Father there were none at all: 

For emulation, wholl now be neerft, 

Will touch vs all too neerfe, if God present not. 

O fall of danger is the Duke of Gloouer, 

And the Queenes Son, and Brothers, haught and proud: 

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule, 

This fickly Land, might falce as before. 

3. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well. 

2. When Clouds are seen, wifmen put on their cloakes, 

When great issues fall, then Winter is at hand; 

When the Sun fets, who doth not looke for might? 

Vntimely stormes, makes men expeet a Dearth: 

All may be well; but if God forft is fo, 

'Tis more then we defere, or I expeet. 

3. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare: 

You cannot razon (almoft) with a man, 

That looks not on beauty, and full of dread. 

3. Before the days of Change, still is it fo, 

By a diuine infifted, mens minds misftrut
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Puruing danger: as by prose we see
The Water swell before a boyfultrous storme:
But leave it all to God. Whether way?
Marry we were sent for to the Lunders.
And so was I: I beare your company. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop Young York, the Queene,
and the Dutchesse.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night;
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dar. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Qu. But I hear he, they say my some of York.
He's almost outstate him in his growth.
Yorke. I, Mother, but I would not have it so.
Dar. Why my good Cousin, it is good to grow.
Ter. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnkle River's talk'd how I did grow.
More then my Brother. I quoth my Vnkle Glosifter,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace,
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowers are flow, and Weeds make haft.
Dar. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did obse the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so fleytly,
That if his rule were true, he shoule be gracious.
Ter. And for no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dar. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Ter. Now by my tooth, if I had heene remembred,
I could haue gien my Vnkle Grace, a flor,
To touch his growth, neerer then he touht mine.
Dar. How my yong Yorke,
I prystee let me hear it.
Ter. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could graue a crut at two hours old,
Twas full two yereere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this haue bene a byting left.
Dar. I prystee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Ter. Grandam, his Nussite.
Dar. His Nussite? why the was dead, ere I was borne.
Ter. If I were not the, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy, go too, you are too shrew'd.
Dar. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
Ter. Pitchers hauke eas.

Enter a Meffenger.

Arch. Here comes a Meffenger: What News?
Meff. Such news my Lord, as greets me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Meff. Well Madam, and in health.
Dar. What is thys News?
Meff. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomeroy, and with them,
Sir Thomas Daunha, Prisoners.
Dar. Who hath committed them?
Meff. The mightly Dukes, Glosifter and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?
Meff. The fumme: all I can, I have dierc'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
Dar. Aye me! I see the ruine of my Houfe:
The Tyger now hath feiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Infulling Tiranny begins to Jutt
Upon the innocent and owelle Throne:
Welcome Deprufition, Blood, and Maffacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dar. Accurled, and vnyuet wrangling dayes,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My Husband left his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my Sonnes were taft
For me to fy, and wepe, their gains and lesse.
And being feated, and Domesticke broyles
Cleanse over-blowne, themselfes the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themselfes, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, felle against felle: o propetous
And frantice outrageous, end thy dammed spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.
Dar. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.
Dar. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You have no caufe.
Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, I leave you into your Grace.
The Seale I keepe, and do betide to me,
As well I tented you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trampers sound.
Enter Young Prince, the Dukes of Glosifter, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinal, with others.

Dar. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Cousin, my thoughts Soutesign
The wearie way hath made you Melauncholy.
Prim. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it redious, weighsome, and haetic.
I want more Vnkle heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the unattendt vertye of your yeetes
Hath not yett diu'd into the Worlds decei
No more can you difguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never rumpeht with the heart.
Those Vnklc which you want, were dangerous;
Your Grace attend to these Suggred words,
But look'd not on the poynct of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from fuch falle Friends.
Prim. God keepe me from falle Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.
Prim. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would long ere this, have met vs on the way.
Yet, what a Slag! is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating
Lord,
Prince, Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knows, not I;
The Queen, your Mother, and your Brother York,
Haste taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and unfeit course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perfide the Queen, to send the Duke of York
Vnto his Princely Brother preferly?
If the deme, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from her jealous Arms pluck him perforce,
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if he be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priviledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a fame.

Buck. You are too fencelie obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional.
Weigh it but with the groffeness of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuary, in fixing him:
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those, whose dealings have defended the place,
And those who have the wit to clyme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor defended it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Of late I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, were't till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for one.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie halt you may.
Say, Vnckle Gloucester, if our Brother come,
Where shall we Sojourn, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think't be best into your Royall selfe:
If I may confaine you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your beath health, and recreacion.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Inigo Cesar build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, and build that place,
Which fines, fatueting Ages have re-codi'd.
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he build it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord,
Prince. But say, my Lord, it was not registred,
Me thinkes the truth shoule live from age to age,
As were retayld to all posterity,
Even to the generall ending day,
Glo. So wife, so young, they say doe never liue long.
Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.
Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings to one word,
Prince. That Inigo Cesar was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wirt,
His Wirt set downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
He tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prince. And if I live untill I be a man,
He win our ancient Righ in France againe,
Or dye a Soullidier, as I lind a King.
Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorks, Hastings, and Cardinal.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brothe?

Tork. Well, my deare Lord, I must I call you now.
Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Maifie.
Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?
Tork. I thank you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fall in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me faire.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.
Tork. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.
Tork. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.
Glo. He may command me as my Sueraigne,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinman.
Tork. I pray you, Vnckle, give me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A Begger, Brother?
Tork. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will guie,
And being but a Toy, which is no grieve to give.
Glo. A greater gift then that, He gie my Cousin,
Tork. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.
Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.
Tork. O then I se, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.
Tork. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.
Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?
Tork. I would that I might thank you, as, as, you call me.
Glo. How?
Tork. Little.
Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be croffe in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to bear with him.
Tork. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Apo.
He thinkes that you should bear me on your shoulders,
Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reason?
To mitipate the feorne he gives his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and fo young, is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lord, wilt pleade you pacie along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Towe, and welcome you.

Tork. What,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter a Messenger to the Doors of Haflings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hafl. Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hafl. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Upon the Stroke of four.

Enter Lord Haflings.

Hafl. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious Nights?

Mess. So it appears, by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe,

Hafl. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreams, the Bore had rafed off his Helme:
Besides, he fayes there are two Councells kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he fends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horfie with him,
And with all Speed post with him toward the North,
To fhun the danger that his Soule diuines.

Hafl. Go to fellow, go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the feperated Councell:
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can procede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I fhall not have intelligence:
Tell him his Fears are shallow, without infance.
And for his Dreams, I wonder he's fo fimple,
To truft the mock'r y of vnquiet flumberers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursuets,
Were to incenc the Bore to follow vs,
And make pursuets, where he did meane no chafe.
Goe, bid thy Maftier rife, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he fhall fee the Bore will vse vs kindly.

Mess. Ite goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord,

Hafl. Good morrow Catesby, you are early flattering:
What news, what newes, in this our tow'ring State?

Cates. It is a reflecting World indeed, my Lord:
And I believe will never hand upright,
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hafl. How weare the Garland?

Cates. Docth thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord,

Hafl. He have this Crowne of mine ext from my shoulders,
Before I le fe the Crown to foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth asyme it at?

Cates. 3.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Cates.  Ten my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he fends you this good neues,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, fall dye at Pomfret.
Haft.  Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beene still my adheraries:
But, that I cleave my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Defent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.
Cates.  God keep your Lordshipp in that gracious
mind.
Haft.  But I shall laugh at this a twelwe-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to leoke upon thier Tagement.
Well Cates, is a fort-night make me older,
I leed some packing, that yet thinke not on't.
Cates.  'Tis a vilething to dye,my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haft.  O monitoures,monithonous! and so falls it out
With Kirkes,Dean,Sir,Eyland,Grey: and so will doe
With some men else, that thinke themselfes as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou knowest) are deere
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cates.  The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.
Haft.  I know they doe, and I have well defend'd it.
Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speere man?
Fear you the Bore, and goe so vnprovok'd?
Stan.  My Lord good morrow,good morrow Catesby:
You may iaft on it, but by the holy Roold,
I doe not like these several Councils, I.
Haft.  My Lord, I hold my Life as deere as yours,
And never in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so proceduous to me, as tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state seoure,
I would be fo triumphat as I am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, who ride from London,
Were incoud, and suppo'd their States were faire,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-craft.
This sudden flab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlelesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Haft.  Come, come, haue with you,
Wor your what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talk of are beleaued,
Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accused them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Persuasit.

Haft.  Goon before, I leke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

Haft.  How now, Sirtho? how goes the World with thee?
Pers.  The better,that your Lordship please to ask.
Haft.  I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met't me lffe, where now we meet:
Then I was going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggeffion of the Queenes Allyes,
But now I tell thee (keep it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then e'er I was.
Pers.  God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Haft.  Gramercie fellow: there,drink that for me,
Tories him his Puff.
Pers.  I thank your Honor.
Exit Persuasit.

Enter a Prieff.

Prieff.  Well me, my Lord, I am glad to see your Hon.
Haft.  I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
Prieff.  I haue vpon your Lordship.
Enter Buckingham.

Que.  What, talking with a Prieff, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret,they doe need the Prieff,
Your Honor hath no shuffling worke in hand.
Haft.  Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The man you talk of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?
Que.  I doe,my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship,thence.
Haft.  Nay like enough, for I shall Dinner there.
Que.  And Supper too, although thou knowest it not.
Come, will you doe?
Haft.  Hee vpon your Lordship.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe,with Halberds,carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riners.  Sir Richard Ratcliffe,let me tell thee this,
To day thiat thou behould a Subiect d'I.
For Truth,for Dutie, and for Loyale.
Greg.  God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are,of damned Blood-suckers.
Dang.  You live, that shall cry woe for this here.
Rat.  Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.
Riners.  O Pomfret,Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Forsaken and ominous to Noble Percy,
Within the guilty Closure of thy Wails,
Richard the Second here was hacks to death:
And for more flender to thy dismall Seats,
Were gie to thee our guiltye blood to drinke.
Greg.  Now Margaret Curtze is false vpon our Heads,
When we exclam'd on Haltings,you, and I,
For standing by, when Richard lab'd her Sonne.
Riners.  Then curb'd thee Richard,
Then curb'd thee Buckingham,
Then curb'd thee Haltings.
Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sifter,and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfied,deare God, with our true blood,
Which,as thou know'st, vnitfully must be spilt.
Rat.  Make haft, the hour of death is expiate.
Riners.  Come Greg,come Vaughan,let vs here embrase,
Farewell,vntil we meet againe in Heauen.
Exeunt.
There's some conceit or other like him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit,
I think there's never a man in Christendom
can utter hide his bouses, hate, then he,
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dark. What is his heart, let you in his face,
By any livelihood he should't to day?

Ely. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had flowne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deliberate,
That doe confine my death with duellish plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have presuil'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charms.

Haft. The tender loue I bear the your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princeuely presence,
To doome the Offenders, whose'te're they be:
I say, my Lord, they have defuered death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill,
Looke how I am bewitchd; behold, mine Arme
Is like a blased Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is Edward's Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Confronrd with that Harlot, Strumpet, Shore
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haft. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If thou Protecter of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'thou to me of Ihs: thou art a Traytor
Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare,
I will not dine, untill I see the same.

Lowell and Ratcliff, looke that it be done:
Exeunt.
The reit that loue me, rife, and follow me.

Enter Philip, and Ratcliff, with the
Lord Hastings.

Haft. Woe, woe for England, not a whitt for me,
For I, too fond, might have presented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowe our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdain'd to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloath-Horse did stumble,
And flarted, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house,
O now I need the Priefl, that spake to me
I now repent I told the Purfuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodyly were butch'd,
And I my felle feare, in grace and fauour.
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy basie Curfe
Is lighten'd on poore Hastings wretched Head.

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner,
Makes a short Shirft, he longs to see your Head.

Haft. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Liltes like a drinnen Sayler on a Mift,
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fmall Bowels of the Deep.

Low. Come, come, dispatch, 'twas bootleffe to exclaine.

Haft. O bloody Richard, miserable England,
I trapp'd the fearles Heart time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd vp,
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head,
They smite at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, 
beaten by ill-favoured.

Richard. Come, Cauth.
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour, 
Murther thy breath in middle of a word, 
And then again begin, and drop again, 
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror? 
Buck. Tur, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian, 
Speak, and looke backe, and prie on every side, 
Tremble and flie at wagging of a Straw: 
Intending deepsfulpition, glibly Looke 
Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles; 
And both are readie in their Offices, 
At any time to grace my Stratagemes, 
But what, is Catsby gone? 
Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catsby.

Buck. Lord Maior.
Rich. Look to the Draw-Bridge there.
Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.
Rich. Catsby, o're-looke the Walls.
Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.
Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.
Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Lowell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliffe, and Lowell.
Lowell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor, 
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muft wepe:
I took him for the plainſt harmeſſe Creature, 
That breath'd vp on the Earth, a Chriftian. 
Made him my booke, wherein my Soule recorded 
The Hiftorie of all her secret thoughts. 
So smooth he daw'd his Vice with fhew of Vertue, 
That his apparen open Guilt omitted, 
I meanes, his Conversacion with Shores Wife, 
He liv'd from all attander of vffecţs. 
Buck. Well, well, he was the coverſſit sherted Traytor 
That ever liv'd. 
Would you imagine, or almost beleue, 
Wert not, that by great prefervation 
We line to tell it, that the fubill Traytor 
This day had plotted, in the Counsell-Houfe, 
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloufter. 
Maior. Had he done fo? 
Rich. What thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the forme of Law, 
Proceed this raſſily in the Villaines death, 
But that the extreme perill of the cafe, 
The Peace of England, and our Perfons faſtie, 
Enforc'd vs to this Execution. 
Maior. Now laſte befal thee, he deferu'd his death, 
And your good Graves both haue well proceeded, 
To warne falie Traytors from the like Attempts. 
Buck. I never look'd fo better at his hands, 
After he once fell in with Mifteffe Shore; 
Yet had we not determīnd he should dye, 
Vntill your Lordſhip came to fee his end, 
Which now the louing halfe of theſe our friends, 
Something againſt our meanings, haue prevented; 
Becaufe, my Lord. I would have haue had you heard 
The Traytor speake, and cimbrously confesse 
The manner and the purpose of his Treafions:

That you might well haue signifie'd the fame 
Vnto the Citizens, who haſpe may 
Murther him, and waie his death. 
Ma", But, my good Lord, your Grace's words (al feueere, 
As well as I haue seen, and haue heard speake: 
And do not obtrude, right Noble Princes both, 
But let acqaint our dutious Citizens 
With all you iuft proceedings in this cafe. 
Rich. And to that end we would the Lordſhip here, 
To avoid the Centuries of the carping World, 
Buck. Which if once you come too late of our intent, 
Yet witness what you haue we diſtend: 
And fo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell. 

Exeunt Maior.

The Maior towards Guild-Hall lies him in all polle:
There, at your meettelf vantage of the time, 
Interfe the Baffardie of Edwards Children: 
Tell them,how Edward put to death a Citizen, 
Onely for faying, he would make his Sonne 
Here to the Crown, meaning indeed his Houfe, 
Which, by the Signetherof, was examin'd fo; 
Moreouer, vrged his hatefull Luxurie, 
And beaſtfull appetite in change of Luft, 
Which freight unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives, 
Even where his raging eye, or fanguine heart, 
Without controll, jufted to make a prey, 
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person: 
Tell them, that when that my Mother went with Child 
Of that inſtriable Edwards; Noble Turks, 
My Princeſſe Father, then had Warres in France, 
And by true computation of the time, 
Found,that the Ilue was not his beget: 
Which well appeared in his Lineaments, 
Being nothing like the Noble Duke,my Father: 
Yet touch this sparingly, as twere farre off, 
Becaufe, my Lord,you know my Mother lines. 
Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator, 
Aſf if the Golden Fee, for which I plea'd, 
Were for my felfe: and fo, my Lord, adue. 
Rich. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards Castle, 
Where you hall finde me well accompanied 
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bifhops. 
Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke 
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Lowell with all speed to Doctor Show, 
Goe thou to Fryer Penke, bid them both 
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. 
Now will I goe to take some priuate order, 
To draw the Brass of Clarence out of flight, 
And to give order, that no manner perfon 
Hauue any time recourse vnto the Princes. 

Exeunt.

Enter a Servant.

Sir. Here is the Intelligence of this good Lord Hastings, 
Which in a fent Hand fairesly is engraill'd, 
That it may be to day read o're in Pauile, 
And marke how well the feuell hangs together: 
Eleuent houres I haue spent to write it ouer, 
For yefter-night by Catsby was it fent me, 
The Precedent was full as long a doing, 
And yet within thefe five houres Hastings liued, 
Untainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.

Here's a good World the while, 
Who is to groffe, that cannot fee this palpable deute?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Yet who so bold, but sates he fees is not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When fuch ill dealing must be fteem in thought. Exit.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, at general Dores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?<
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, fay not a word.
Rich. Touche you the Baflardie of Edwards Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Depoite in France,
Th'infantifie greedineffe of his defire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wives,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Baflardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his reftance, being not like the Duke.
Wifhall, I did ferve your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Nobleneffe of Minde:
Laid open all your Victories in England,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wildome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Virtue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Vntouch'd, or flightly handled in difcourfe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Country good.
Cry, God faue Richard, Englant's Royall King.
Rich. And did they fay?
Buck. No, God help me, they fpeak not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
When which I faw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Major, what meant this wilfull silence?
His anfwer was, the people were not viftd
To be fpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was wig'd to tell my Tale againe;
Thus fayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke infted,
But nothing fpoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, fome followers of mine owne,
at lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps.
And fome tenne voyces cry'd, God faue King Richard:
And thus I took the vantage of thofe few.
Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause, and chearefull fhow,
Argues your wildome, and your loue to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-leafle Blockes were they,
Would they not fpake?
Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Major is here at hand; intend some fcare,
Be not you fpoke with, but by mightie fuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And fend betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground It make a holy Defeat:
And be not eafily wonne to our requets,
Play the Maidens part, fill anfwer nay, and take it.
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can fay nay to thee for my felfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happy iflate.
Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Major knockes.

Enter the Major, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be fpoke withall.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. Now Cately, what fayes your Lord to my requent?
Cately. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,
Diunely bent to Meditations;
And in no Worldly futter would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercife.
Buck. Returne, good Cately, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my felfe, the Major and Aldermen,
In depe defignes, in matter of great moment,
No leffe importing then our generall good,
Are come to have fome conference with his Grace.
Cately. He signifie to much unto him {lright.
Exit.
Buck. Ah, ha, my Lord; this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not bulling on a lewed Lowe-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace or Corfians,
But meditating with two deep Diynes,
Not sleeping, to engroffe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this veruous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignant thereof,
But fute I feare we shall not winne him to it.
Major. Martyr God defend his Grace {hould fay vs
may.
Buck. I fear he will be: here Cately comes againe.

Enter Cately.

Now Cately, what fayes his Grace?
Cately. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you make no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Counin should
Subiect me, that I make no good to him:
By Haueau, we come to him in perfic loue,
And fo once more returne, and tell his Grace.
Exit.
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, between two Bishops.
Major. See where his Grace stands; weene two Clerge men;
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To fay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And fee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man,
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable care to our requets,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord, there needs no fuch Apologie:
I doe bafeely your Grace to pardon me,
Who everly in the firvice of my God,
Defier'd the vifitation of my friends,
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?
Buck. Even that (I hope) which pleafeth God above,
And all good men, of this vn gouern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe subjeft I have done fome offence,
That feme Apparelis in the Cities eye,
And that you may re reprehend my ignorance,

Back. You
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Buck. You have, my Lord: Would it might please your Grace, On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else, wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land. Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you refuse The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majesticall, The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth, The lineall Glory of your Royall Hauft, To the corruption of a blemishfull Stock; Whiles in the midneffe of your sleepie thoughts, Which here we waken to our Countries good, The Noble Ie doth want his proper Limmes: His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie, His Royall Stock graffe with ignoble Plants, And almost flowered in the swelling Glofe Of daure Forfeuteninge, and deepe Obligation. Which to secure, we heartily sollicite Your gracious felfe to take on you the charge And Kingly Government of this your Land: Not as Protecor, Steward, Substitute, Or lowly Factor,for another's gain; But as succeffively,from Blood to Blood, Your Right of Birth,your Empryie,your owne. For this,confonnted with the Citizens, Your very Worshipful and loving friends, And by their vehement Inflation, In thisraft Cause come I to move your Grace. Rich. I cannot tell, if it to depart in fentence, Or bitterly to speake in your reproofs, Belt fitten my Degree,or your Condition. If not to answer, you might happily thinke, Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying,yeelded To beare the Golden Yoke of Souerainitie, Which fondly you would here impofe on me. If to reprooue you for this fuit of yours, So fennon'd with your faithfull love to me, Then on the other fide I check'd my friends. Therefore to speake, and to avoid the firft, And then in speaking,not to incur the laft, Definituilly thus I answear you, Your louse deferues my thanks, but my defert Unmeritall, fluences your high requit, First,if all Obftacles were cut away, And that my Path were even to the Crown, As the ripe Reuence, and due of Birth: Yet so much is my poueritie of spirit, So mightie, and so manie my defects, That I would rather hide me from my Greatneffe, Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea; Then in my Greatneffe couet to be hidd, And in the vapour of my Glory another'd, But God be thank'd, there is no need of me, And much I need to help you, were there need: The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit, Which mellow'd by the fealing howres of time, Will well become the Seat of Maietie, And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne. On him I lay that, you would lay on me, The Right and Fortune of his happie Stares, Which God defend that I should wring from him, Buck. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace, But the replyes thereof are nice, and trivilall, All circumstances well confidered.

You fay, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, So fay we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For first was he controul'd to Lady Lucie, Your Mother liues a Witneffe to his Vow; And afterward by Substituie betroth'd To Bella, Sifter to the King of France. These both put off, a poore Petitioner, A Care-cross'd Mother to a many Sonnes, A Beautie-waining, and diftrefled Widow, Even in the after-mome of her beet days, Made prize and purchafe of his weaten Eye, Seduce'd the pitch, and height of his degree, To base defcendion, and loath'd Bigamie. By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince, More bitterly could I expofulate, Sate that for reuerence to fome alone, I gue a fparing limit to my Tongue. Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall felfe This proffer'd Benefit of Maietie: If not to bleffe vs and the Land withall, Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceftrie From the corruption of abusing tyme, Ynto a Lineall true deriv'd coufe.

Mair. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you. Buck. Refuе not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd love, Caste. O make them joyfull, grace their lawfull fuit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me? I am wifht for State, and Maietie; I do befeech you take it not amisse, I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you. Buck. If you refufe it,as in love and xcele, Loth to depoite the Child,your Brothers Sonne, As well we know your tenderneffe of heart, And gentle, kinde,effeminare remorse, Which we have noted in you to your Kindred, And equally indeede to all Estates: Yet know, where you accept our fuit, or no, Your Brothers Sonne shall never reign our King, But we will plant some other in the Throne, To the disgrace and downe-fall of your Haufe: And in this refolution here we leave you. Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. Exeunt.

Caste. Call him againe,sweet Prince, accept their fuit, If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares, Call them againe, I am not made of Stones, But penetrable to your kinde entreaties, Albeit against my Conffience and my Soule. Enter Buckingham, and the ref.

Coffin of Buckingham, and fage grave men, Since you will buckle fortune on my back, To bear her burthen, where I will or no, I muft have patience to endure the Load: But if black Scandal, or foule-fac'd Reproach, Attend the sequel of your Impoſition, Your meere enforcement shall acquaintance me From all the impure blots and daynes thereof For God doth know, and you may partly fee, How farre I am from the defire of this.

Mair. God bleffe your Grace, wee fee it, and will say it.

Rich. In saying fo, you shall but fay the truth.

Buck. Then I fore you with this Royall Title, LongLuc King Richard, Englands worthie King. All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it pleafe you to be Crown'd, Rich. Even when you please,for you will have it fo.
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Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace;
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Rich. Come, lets to our holy Workes againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. 

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Margaretta Dorset.

Duch. York. Who meetes vs heere?
My Nece Pageant, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wending to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Gracees both, a happie
And a joyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sifter: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guess,
Upon the like deuotion as your felues.
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sifter thanks, we'll enter all together.

Exit the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Mater Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave.
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke?
Lou. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not fuller you to visit them,
The King hath strikely chand the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lou. Meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their Ioue, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bars me from them?
Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother.
Then bringing me to their fittes, I cleare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lou. No, Madame, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therfore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ie falute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And receiue looker on of two faire Queenses.
Come Madame, you must straight to Wellminder,
There to be crowned Richard Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace sunder,
That my pest heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I loose with this deadly killing news.
Anne. Defightfull tidings, O unpleasing news.
Dor. Be of good cheere: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee as thy heels,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt our-ship Death, goe troffe the Seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell.
Goe by thee, bye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou enercafe the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curze,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your counsail, Madame: 
Take all the twifl advantage of the howres:
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not at pace tardie by vnwise delay.
Duch. York. O ill dispersing Windes of Militarie,
On ye accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice haft thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vnavoided Eye is morterious,
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all ravvillingnesse will goe,
O would to God, that the inclinfull Verge
Of Golden Merrat, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to lerne me to the Braines,
Annonsted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene,
Qu. Goe, Goe, poore Soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy selle no harme.
Anne. Not why? When that he is my Husband now,
Came to me, I follow'd Henri Corfe,
When scarce the blood was well wafted from his hands,
Which isued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saine, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on Richard's Face,
This was my Wifh: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed't, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any so be mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou haft made me, by my deare Lords death,
Loe, and I can repeat this Curze againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grosefly grew captive to his honey words,
And proud the subiect of mine owne Soules Curze,
Which hithe to hast held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreams was stille awake,
Besides, he hates me for my Fathers Verricks,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pitie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my soule I moure for yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou wofull welcomeer of glory,
Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak't thy leave of it.

Du. 7. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanquharts, and good thoughts possess thee,
To my Graue, where peace and rest lie with me.
Eightie odd yeares of sorrow haue I seen,
And each howres joy wrackt with a weake of scene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nursfe, old fulllen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vie my Babes well;
So footilsh Sorrows bid your Stones farewell.

Exit.
Scena Secunda.

Sound a Senet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratscliffe, Lan. -

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand, Sound.

Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,
That King Richard teach'd:—
But shall we weare those glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now do I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young Edward liues, thine now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my lusty Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.


Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter conference!

That Edward full should liue true Noble Prince.

Counf thou wait not wont to be fo dull,
Shall I be pleaine? I with the Baffards dead,
And I would have it suddenly performed.

What say'ft thou now? speake suddely, be briefes.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tur,tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindneffe freezes.

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pawfe, deare Lord.

Before I polittie speake in this:
I will refere you herein prettily,

Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gaues his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerfe with iron-witted Foollet.

And yerrespective Blouys: none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham grows cummeincept.


Rich. Know'ft thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whole humble meanez match not his haughtie spirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.

Rich. I parly know the man: goe call him hither,

Boy. Exit.

The deepe resoluuing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailers.
Hath he fo long held out with me, vntyl'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newest?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquessse Dorset

As I hear, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad.

That Anne my Wife is very greevous fierce,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry strait to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look how thou dream'ft: I say againe, geue out,
That Anne, my Queene, is fickle, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me,

I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:—
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vencertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that finne will pluck on finne,

Tears-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou refoule to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou haft it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Reft, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deale vpon:

Tyrrel, I mean thefe Baffardes in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone let rid you from the fear of them,

Tyr. Thou fing'ft sweet Mufique:

Hearke, come hither Tyrel,

Goe by this token: rife, and lend thine Eare, Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that reft: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke vnto it.

Boy. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promis,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pown'd,

Th'Earledomme of Hersford, and the mowable,

Which you have promis'd I shall possess.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she comye,

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it,

Buck. What yaves your Highnesse to my lust request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt

Did prophesie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peecull Boy,

A King perhaps.

Buck. May pleasure you to refoule me in my full,

Rich. Thou troubllest me, I am not in the vaine,

Exit.

Buck. And is it thus repays he my deepse seruice

With such contempt? made him King for this?

O let me think on Hassings, and be gone

To Brecon, while my fearfull Head is on.

Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,

The most arch deed of pistitious masacre
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:

Dighton and Roscell, who did fuborne
To do this piece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fheep Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderfelle, and mildfe compaffion,
Welt like to Children, in their deaths (as Story
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Rabe:
Thus,thus (quoth Roscell) girdling one another
Within their Alabaster Innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Rose on a flake,
And in their Summer Beauty kift each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth Roscell) almost chang'd my minde:
But oh the Duiel, there the Villaine flipt:
When Dighton thus told on, we finothered
The moft reftor'd sweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation efe the framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speake, and fo I left them both,
To bear this tyding to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And here he comes. All health my Soveraigne Lord.
Ter. If it have done the thing you gave in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
For it is done. Rich. But did'th thou see them dead,
Ter. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle Terrell.
Ter. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to fay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me Terrell gone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the proceffe of their death,
Meane time, but thinkke how I may do the good,
And be inheiror of thy defire.

Farewell till then.

Ter. I humbly take my leave.
Rich. The Sonne of Clarence have I pent vp close,
His daughtar meaneely hate I matcbt in marriage,
The Sonne of Edward kept at Richmond Solome,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aymes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a joyfully thriving woore.

Enter Ratsiffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rat. Good or bad newes, that thou can't in so
blundy?
Rat. Bad newes my Lord, (Monetton) is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham back with the hardy Wiltfham
in the field, and all his power encreafeh,
Rich. Eliy with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his ruth leaved Strength.
Come, I have leane'd it, that fastfull commenting
Is leade with fortior to dull delay.
Delay leas impotent and Snake-pac'd Beggery:
Then ftoic expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go mutter men: My counfelie is my Shield,
We must be breede, when Traitors braue the Field.
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Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her: Drie-fellow with others gone.

Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:
God winselfe with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Bear me with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloye me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that is it Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my lost.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that flab'd my Edward,
And the beholders of this tincte play
Thadulterate Haslings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.

Richard yet lines, Hels blacke Intelligencers,
Onely refer'd their Factor, to buy foules,
And lend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Infues his pitions and vainpitied end.

Earth gaps, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him sodainly conrey'd from hence:

Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qn. O thou didst prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse.
That I might well, that soule bunch-bak'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, poyne flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poyne shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was.

The flattering Index of a durefull Peopel;
One head'd, to be hur'd downe belowe:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou waft, a garish Flagge
To be the syme of every dangerous Shot;
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queene in her, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doth thou Joy?
Who fues, and kneelees, and fayes, God fate the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy Wife, a most diffireted Widdow:
For ioyfull Mother, one that name:
For saucy, for honesty, for claremei:
For Queene, a very Careffe, crown'd with care;
For the that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For the being feared of, now fearing one:
For the commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of Justice whirld about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but Thought of what thou waft.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didn't ympire my place, and doft thou not
Varpe the lit proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burchen'd yoke,
From which, even here I lift my wearied head,
And leave the burchen of it all, on thee.

Farwel Yorkeis wife, and Queene of sad mifeance,
These English woes, shall make me smite in France.

Qn. O thou well skill'd in Confes, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forthwart to flepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with living woes:

Thynke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that flew them Fowler then he is:
Best'ring thy loss, makes the bad cauter worse,

Revaluing this, will teach thee how to Curie.

Qn. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine.

Qn. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qn. WIndy Atunnes to their Clients Woes,
Ayry succeeders of inconstance in:
Poore breathing Orators of miferies,
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Help nothing els, yet do they safe the hart.

Dut. If to be, do not Tongue sty'do with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother.
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclamis.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who interpretes me in my Expedition?

Dut. O the, that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters(Wretch)that thou haft done.

Qn. Hid't thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poor Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-cleue, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?

Qn. Where is the gentle Rivers,Vaughan,Gray?

Dut. Where is kinde Haslings?

Rich. A floutrous Trumpers,strike Alarum Drumes:
Let not the Heautens heare thefe Tell-tale women,
Raille on the Lords Annointed, Strike I say,
Flourish.

Alarums,
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous reports of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. I, I thank God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut. Then patientely heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofs.

Dut. O let us,

Rich. Do then, but Ie not heare.

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my wordes.

Rich. And breede (good Mother?)for I am in haft.

Dut. Art thou so haftly? I haue fluid for thee

(God knowes)in torment and in ageny.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know it well,
Thou can"t on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancies.
Thy School-dais frightfult, desp'tare,wide, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous.
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtile, Slye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harfull; Kind in hatred:
What comfortable houres canst thou name,
That ever grace'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but Hungry Hear.

That call'd thy Grace
To Bewak't it once, forth of my company.
If be so digresious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike vp the Drumme.

Dut. I prytche hear me speake.

Rich.
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Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dor. Heare me a word:

For I shall never speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Dor. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iuft ordinance

Ere from this warre thou turnes a Conqueror:

Or I will giue thee to thyselfe, and

Neuer more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curse,

Which in the day of Barcetl tyre thee more

Then all the compleat Armour that thou weare.

My Prayers on the aduere party fight,

And therewith the little foules of Edward's Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will thy end be:

Shame forst thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.

Rich. Though far more caufe, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Rich. Stay Madam, I must take a word with you.

Qu. I have no more fommes of the Royall Blood

For thee to flaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)

There shall be prying Nunner, not weeping Queens:

And therefore let us not to hit their liues.

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must the dye for this? O let her liue,

And Ile corrupt her Manners, faine her Beauty,

Slander my Selle, as falle to Edward's bed:

Throw out her the valle of Infamy,

So she may live vnscarr'd of bleeding flaughter,

I will confede the was not Edward's daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrch, she is a Royall Princesse.

Qu. To fave her life, I lefe the is not to.

Rich. Her life is faffed onely in her byrch.

Qu. And onely in that fafety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Lo(e fuch their Birth, good starres were opposite.

Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

Rich. All vanoyded is the doome of Deftiny.

Qu. True: when awyded grace makes Deftiny,

My Babes were defir'd to a faiuer death,

If grace had bleft thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had blame my Cosines?

Qu. Cosines indeed, and by their Vnkle couzend,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedom, Life,

Whose hand foone lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head( all indireely) gaine direction.

No doubt the murtherous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy Fume-hard heart,

To treate in the Intralles of my Lames.

But that till vfe of greece, makes wilde greece came,

My tongue fhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And I in such a deplor of Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of fables and tacking refls,

Ruth all to pieces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, fo thriue't I in my enterprize

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heaven,

To be discoverd, that can do me good.

Rich. Th' advancement of your childef, gentle Lady

Qu. Vp to some Seafeaft, therole to lose their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory,

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,

Canst thou deme to any childe of mine.

Rich. Euen all I have; I, and my felle and all;

Will I wishall indows a childe of thine:

So in the Lethe of thy angry foute,

Thou drown the fad remembrance of thofe wrongs,

Which thou fuppofeft I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be breve, leaf't that the proccife of thy kindneffe

Laff longer telling then thy kindneffe date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her foule.

Rich. What do you think?

Qu. That thou doft loue my daughter from thy foule

So from thy Soules love diff't thou love her Brothers,

And from my hearts love, I do thake thee for it.

Rich. Be not fo haftily to confound my meaning:

I meant that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,

And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well, then, who doft thou like her King.

Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:

Who else than thy Prince?

Qu. What? thou?

Rich. Euen for: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,

As one being belt acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And will thou learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,

A pairte of bleeding hearts: thereon intrue

Edward and York, then haply will the wepe:

Therefore prefent to her, as sometime Margret

Did to thy Father, steep in Rutlands blood,

A hand-kercheife, which fay to her did dreyne

The purple fappe from her fweet Brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy Noble deeds:

Tell her, thou mad'ft away her Vnkle Clarence,

Her Vnkle Rivers, (I and for her fake)

Mad'ft quicke conuenance with her good Aunt Anne.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Vnlefe thou could'st put on some other shape,

And not be Richard, that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed the cannot choole but hate the,

Having bouthe love, with such a bloody poyse.

Rich. Look what is done, cannot be now amended.

Men shall deal vnduaisely sometymes,

Which after-houres glues leffure to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,

To make amends, Ile glue it to your daughter:

If I have kill'd the issue of your wombe,

To quicken your enemie, I will beget

Mine yiffe of your blood, upon your Daughter.

A Grandams name is little leffe in love,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother,

They are as Children but one steppe below,

Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:

Of all one paine, faine for a night of groaners

Endur'd of her, for whom your bid like forrow.

Your Children were verification to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The loss he have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that loss, your Daughter is made Queene,
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Darst thou this Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steps in Fornaine foyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Darst, Brother.

Again shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of difficultfull Times,
Repay'd with double Riches of Content,
What we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of Tears that you have shed,
Shall come a gain, transform'd to Orient Pearl
Advantaging their Louse, with intereff,
Often-times double gaine of happiness.

Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bathfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her cares to hearre a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, that'spiring Flame
Of Golden Souerie: Acquitain the Princesse
With the sweet silent hours of Marriage joyses:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastified
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd Buckingham
Bound with Triumpht Garlands will I come,
And leads thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retale my Conquest wonne,
And the flatlbe folle Vicquire, Cesars Cesars.

Qu. What were I left to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that flew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make some pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inhere faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which shall I purchase with fil flattin warre.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intrests.
Qu. That as her hands, which the kings King forbids,
Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will love her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?
Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her faire lives end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and Richand likes of it.
Rich. Say, I her Souerie, can I her Soucie low.
Qu. But the you Soucie,lothes such Souerie.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a flye.
Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deep, and dead,
Too deep and dead (poore Infants in) their gravest.
Haply on it shall I, till heart'snings breake.

Rich. Harpe nor on that fliring Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, diffonor'd, and the third vurpt,

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath left his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blotted, paund his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vurpt'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou wouldst sweare to be beleev'd,
Sware then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
Rich. Then by my Selle.
Qu. Thy Selle, is felse-mifs'd.
Rich. Now by the World,
Qu. Tis full of thy foules wrongs.
Rich. My Fathers death,
Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heaven.
Qu. Heaven wrong is most of all:
If thou didst't feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst't not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst't feared to breake an oath by him,
Thy Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child.
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for duft,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can't thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
For I my felle have many teares to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slau'd,
Vgouen'td youth, to waile it with their age;
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butched,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sware not by time to come, for that thou hast
Mifs'd ore vs'd, by times ill-vs'd reput.

Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
So thence I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hoftile Armes: My felle, my felle confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy hours:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy reft.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princeuely daughter.

In her, confin'st my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my felle, and thee:
Her felle, the Land, and many a Christian foule,
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoyded, but by this:
That not to be avoyded, but by this,
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Attorne to my love to her:
Please what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my defects, but what I will defend:

Vrge the Necessity and flate of times,
And be not penuish found, in great Dignes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
Rich. If of the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my felle, to be my felle.
Rich. If your felles remembrance wrong your felle.
Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Neft of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themelues, to your recomfort.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, to write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

Qu. Rich. Bear her true loues kiife, and so farewell.
Relenting Fools, and shallow-changing Woman.
<table>
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**The Life and Death of Richard the Third.**

How now, what news?

**Enter Ratscliff.**

Rat. Moft mighty Soueraigne, on the Wetterne Coast
Rideft a purfuit Naute: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends
Vnratt'd, and vntrefoul'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought,that Richard is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expecte but the side
Of Buckingham, towelcome them fhore.
Rich. Some light-foot friends post to Duke of Norfolk:
Ratscliff yfe fette, or Cately, where is he?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haffe.
Rich. Cately come hither,poste to Salisbury:
When thou can'st it thinner: Dulf vnmindfull Villaine,
Why flay it thou here, and go'ft not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneffe pleasure,
What from your Grace I fhall deliver him.
Rich. O true, good Cately, bid him leaque fhright
The greatest fhrength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe, Exit.
Rich. Why, what would'ft thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your Highneffe told me I should poffe before,
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

**Enter Lord Stanley.**

Stanley, what newes with you?

Str. None, good my Liege,to pleafe you with fying hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hayday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'ft thou runne fo many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neareft way?
Once more, what news?

**Stan. Richmond is on the Seas,**

Rich. There let him finke, and be the Seas on him,
White-lieuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mylie Soueraigne, but by gueffe.
Rich. Well, as you gueffe.
Stan. Sir, he is vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Merton,
He makes for England, here to choyce the Crowne.

Is this the Chayre empie? is this the Sword vnway'd?
Is the King dead? or the Empire vnposell?
What Heire of York is there alive, but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorks Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vp the Seas?
Stan. Vnlieue for that, my Liege, I cannot gueffe.
Rich. Vnlieue for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueffe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt resolue, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the Wetterne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me; what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Soueraigne in the West?

**Stan. They have not been commanded,mighty King:**

Pleafeith your Maiestie to give me leave,
Ie muste vp my friends, and meett your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall pleffe.
Rich. I, thou would'ft be gone, to loyne with Richmond:
But Ie not truft thee.
Stan. Moft mighty Soueraigne,
You haue no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false,
Rich. Goe then, and multher men; but leave behind
Your Sonne George Stanley: locke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads afferdance is but fraile.
Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.
Exit Stanley.

**Enter a Messenger.**

Meff. My gracious Soueraigne,now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well adverifie,
Sir Edward Courteny, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates, are in Armes,

**Enter another Messenger.**

Meff. In Kent,my Liege, the Guilford are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong,

**Enter another Messenger.**

Meff. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham.
Rich. Out on ye,Owles,nothing but Songs of Death,
He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

**Meff. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,**
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himfelfe wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.
Rich. I try thee mercie:
There is my Purfe,to cure that Blow of shine,
Hath any well-advised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

**Meff. Such Proclamation hath been made,my Lord.**

**Enter another Messenger.**

Meff. Sir Thomas Lovell, and Lord Marquess Dorset,
'Tis said my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Hoigne:
The Britaine Naute is dispers'd by Tempell.
Richmond in Dorsethire fene out a Boat
Vnto the thore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Affilants, yea, or no?
Who anfwer'd him, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partie: he mistroubling them,
Hoy's fayne, and made his course againe for Brittaine.
Rich. March on,march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe thofe Rebels here at home.

**Enter Cately.**

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the belte newes: that the Earle of Richmond
200

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder News, but yet they must be told,

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall barret might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the reft march on with me.  

Floris. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the flye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I relate, off goes young Georges head,
The fear of that, holds off my present saye,
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily confented
He should espouse Elizabeth his daughter.
But tell me, where is Principel Richmond now?

Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hereford Well in Wales.

Der. What men of Name refer to him.

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubtled Pembroke, Sir Lewis Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hie thee to thy Lord: Kifhe his hand,
My Letter will relieve him of my minde.

Farewell.  

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberd, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hathings, and Edwards children; Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edwards,
Daughter, and all that have miscarried
By vnder-hand corruptd soule intilltice,
If that your moydly discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this prentent houre,
Euen for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?

Sher. It is.

Buc. Why then All-soules day is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edward's time
I wip't might fall on me, when I was found
Fall to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wip't to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my trustfull Soule,
Is the determined reft of my wrongs:
That high All-soule, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my minded Prayer on my head,
And given in countenance, what I begg'd in reft.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosome.
Thus Margaries curfe fallles heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth he) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margarie was a Prophetege:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of flame,
Wrong bath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others with drums and colours.

Rich. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Frens,
Bruts'd vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny:
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Hau we marcht on without impediment;
And here receive we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and viluping Boare,
(That frow'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swill'd your warm blood like wafhe, & mak's his trough
In your embowell'd boosome: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Ile,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learme;
From Tamworth thither, as one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerly on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harueft of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warrs,
Or. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homiede.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will runne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feat,
Which in his decreet neede will flye from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt Ommas.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolkke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Sertrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Sertrey, why lookes you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my looket,

Rich. My Lord of Norfolkke.

Nor. Heere most gracious Lige,

Rich. Norfolkke, we must have knokkes:

Ha.무식 we not?

Nor. We must both gaine and take my lounge Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, alls one for that,
Who hath defered the number of the Trattors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their vnuml power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account?

Befides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the aduerse Faction want.

Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruere the vantage of the ground,
Call for some men of found direction.
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay, For Lords, to morrow is a buffe day.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox- ford, and Darby.

Richm. The wearey Sunne, hath made a Golden far, And by the bright Trackt of his fiery Carre, Giveth token of a goodly day to morrow, Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard: Give me some Inke and Paper in my Tent: He draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile, Limit each Leader to his several Charge, And part in Ift proportion our small Power. My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon, And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me: The Earle of Pembroke keeps his Regiment; Good Captain Blunt, bear my goodnight to him, And by the second hour in the morning, Defire the Earle to see me in my Tent: Yet one thing more (good Captain) do for me: Where is Lord Stanhope? answer'd, so you know? Blunt. Vnleefe I haue mitane his Colours much, (Which well I am affir'd I haue not done) His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least South, from the mighty Power of the King. Richm. If without peril it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him And give him from me, this most needfull Note. Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, Ie undertake it, And so God give you quiet rest to night.

Richm. Good night good Captain Blunt: Come Gentlemen, Let vs confult upon to morrowes Businesse; Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold. They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratclife, Norfolk, & Catesby.

Rich. What's a Clocke? Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, 'tis nine a Clocke. King. I will not sup to night, Give me some Inke and Paper: What, is my Beazer easter then it was? And all my Armour laid into my Tent? Cat. It's my Liage: and all things are in Readinesse.


Rich. Ratcl. Rat. My Lord, Rich. Send out a Purtuliant at Armes To Stanley Regiment: bid him bring his power Before Sun-rising, leafe him Sonne George fall Into the blindt Cane of quarted, do you know? Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch, Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow: Look that my Staues be found, & no too heay Ratcliff. Rat. My Lord, Rich. Saw'lt the melancholy Lord Northumberland? Rat. Thomas the Exile of Surrey, and himselfe, Much about Cock-fut time, from Troope to Troope Went through the Army, cherishing up the Solider. King. So, I am fain'd: Give me a Bowle of Wine, I have not that Alacrity of Spirit, Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to have, Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready? Rat. It is my Lord. Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff. about the mid of night come to my Tent And help to arm me. Leave me I say. Exit Ratcliff.

Enter Derby in Richmond in his Tent.

Dor. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helme. Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford, Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law. Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother? Dor. I by Actounrey, blesse thee from thy Mother, Who prays continually for Richmonds good: So much for that. The silent houres fleaste on, And flakie darkenesse breaks within the East. In breefe, for so the season bids vs be, Prepare thy Battel early in the Morning, And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement Of bloody fluds and mortall flaming: Warre: I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot, With beft deswayne will deceale thet ime, And syde thee in this dumb full flocke of Armes. But on thy side I may not be too forward, Left being leene, thy Brother, tender George Be executed in his Fathers fight. Farewell thee faire, and the fearfull time Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Love, And ample enterchange of sweete Discaurse. Which so long fundred Friends should dwell vpon: God die vs leyfure for these rites of Love. Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speeded well. Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment: Hele friue with troubled noisfe, to take a Nap, Left leadeumber prizze me downe to morrow, When I should mount with wings of Victory: Once more, good night kind Lords and Gentlemen. Exeunt. Attends: Attends Richmond.

Othou, whole Captain I account my felle, Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye: Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath, That they may cruue downe with a heavy fall, Thy furping Helmetts of our Adversaries: Make vs thy miniwer of Chastishment, That we may prasfe thee in thy victory: To thee I do commend my watchfull Soule, Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes: Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still. Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the first,

Ch. to Ri. Let me sit heauy on thy Soule to morrow: Thince how thou lab'rt me in my prime of youth At Tewkesbury: Dispare therefore, and dye. Ghost to Richmond. Be cherefull Richmond, For the wronged Scalres Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe: King Henrie islee Richmond comteeth thee. Enter the Ghost of Henry the first,

Ghost. Ghost. When I was mortall, my Anointed body By thee was punched full of holes; Thince in the Tower, and me: Dispare, and dye, Harry the first, bids thee dispare, and dye. Enter: Richmond, Verous and holy be thou Conqueror: Harry that prophesied thou shouldst be King, Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Live, and flourish.
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghoft. Let me fit heavy in thy foule to morrow.
1 that was wash'd to death with Fullsome Wine :
Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death :
That morrow in the battell think ye on me,
And fall thy edgelette Sword, dispaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou ow'ring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.
Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vngkne.
Riu. Let me fit heavy in thy foule to morrow,
Rivers that dy'd at Pomfret: dispaire and dye,
Gray. Thynke upon Gray, and let thy foule dispaire.
Vngkne. Thynke upon Vngkne, and with guilty lease
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.
All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke upon our wrongs in Richd's Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.
Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gbs. Bloody and guile: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy days.
Think on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.
Hst. to Rich. Quiet. Quiet troublous sole,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.
Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghofts. Dreame on thy Coughs
Smothened in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richd,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes foule bids thee dispaire and dye.
Ghoft to Richm. Sleepe Richmond, Sleepe in Peace,
and wake in Joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghoft to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fifts thy Sleep with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battalle, think on me,
And fall thy edgelette Sword, dispaire and dye:
Ghoft to Richm. Thou quiet sole,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe :
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduerteries Wife doth pray for thee.
Enter the Ghost of Buckingham,

Ghoft to Rich. The first was I,
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny,
O, in the Battalle think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guilty selfe.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispaireing yeild thy breath.
Ghoft to Richm. I dyed for hope
Er I could lead thee Ayre
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard parts one of his dreame.
Rich. Gite me another Horfe, bind vp my Wounds:
Hauce mercy I sue. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how daft thou affliet me!
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold feastfull drops stand on my trembling Cheke.
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Preaches of holy Saints and wronged foules,
Like high rea'd Bulwarks, and before our Faces, (Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather have vs win, than him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen, A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide: One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath, And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him: A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy, Then if you fight against Gods Enemy, God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers. If you do once to put a Tyrant downe, You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being blin'd: If you do fight against your Countries Foes, Your Countries Feal shall pay your paines the lyre. If you do fight in safeguard of your wives, Your wifes shall welcome home the Conquerors. If you do free your Children from the Sword, Your Childrens Children quites it in your Age. Then in the name of God and all these rights, Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords. For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt, Shall be this cold Corpses on the earth's cold face. But if I think, the gaine of my attempts, The leak of you shall haue my part thereof. Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully, God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Vi'gory.

Enter King Richard, Ralecliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond? Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then? Rat. He said, and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is, Tell the clocke there. Clocke strikes. Give me a Calendar: Who saw the Sunne to day? Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he dissaines to shine: for by the Bookie He should haue brunt the Eath an hour agoe. A blacke day will be to somebody. Ralecliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seen to day, The sky doth frowne, and lowre upon our Army. I would see weare tears were from the ground. Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me More then to Richmond? For the self-same Heaven That frowns on me, looks sadly vp on him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buffle, buffle. Capitain my horse.

Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battall shall be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Confilling equally of Horfe and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'it;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrer, Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horfe.
They thus directed, we will fly.

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side Shall be well-winged with our cheekest Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boote.

What think't thou Norfolkke.
Ner. A good direction warlike Souereigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

Racket of Norfolkke, be not so bold, For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing devised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreams affright our foules:
For Conscience is a word that Cowards vfe,
Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyns bravely, let vs not pell melli,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I haue infers?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A fort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-aways,
A Cumm of Britaines, and base Lackey Peasants,
Whom their o'te-cloyled Country vomits forth
To desperate Aduentures, and affurd Dejection.
You sleeping tame, they bring you to vneat:
You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restraine the one, dissaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coif,
A Milke-top, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over-shoes in Snow:
Let's whip these straglers o'te the Seas againe
Laf them hence over-wearing Raggies of France.
These famish'd Beggars, weary of their lues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rat's) had hang'd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these baseftr Britaines, whom our Fathers Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobbd, and thump'd,
And on Record, let them the heeres of shame.
Shall these enjoy our Land's lye with our Wives?
Rash our daughters?

Drum of war.

Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spare your proud Horfes hard, and ride inblov,
Amaze the welkin with your broken fates.

Enter a Steffenger.

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Maj. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne George head.
Ner. My Lord, the Enemy is paff the Marsh:
After the battle, let George Stanley dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our Standards, let vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George.
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons:
Vpon them, Victoria fits on our helpers.

Alarms, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cats. Rescue my Lord of Norfolkke,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoisite to every danger:
His horfe is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or Else the clay is luff.

Alarms.
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ie helpe you to a Horse.

Rich. Slaue, I haue let my life vpon a call,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think there be five Richmonds in the field,
Flie haue I slaine to day, in head of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alasum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the
Crown, with divers other Lords.

Riche. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Dor. Courageous Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee: Lo'e,
Heere thefe long vfurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of thif bloody Wretch,
Hauce I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weace it, and make much of it.

Riche. Great God of Heavenly, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong George Stanley living?

Dor. He is my Lord, and fafe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Riche. What men of name are slaine on either fide?

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now, That bear a Weighty and a Serious brow, Sad, high, and working, full of State and woe: Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eyes to flow We now present. Those that can Pity hear May (if they think it well) set fall a Tear, The Subject of these Truths too. Such as give Their Money out of hope they may believe, May hear the Truths too. Those that come to see Only a flaw or two, and so a greet, The Play may passe: If they be still and willing, He undertake may see away their biling
Richly in two short hours. Only they That come to hear a Merry, Beautye Play, A moyle of Target: Or to see a Fellow In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearers, know To rank our chosen Truth with such a show As Fool, and Eight is, be side for sooting Our owne Brains, and the Opinion that we bring To make that only true, we new intend, Will leave us newer an understanding Friend. Therefore, for Goodness sake, and as you are knowne The First and Happiest Bearer of the Towne, Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see The very Persons of our Noble Story, As they were Laughing: Think ye see them Great, And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat Of thousand and Friends: Then, in a moment, see How some of this Kindliness, meets History: And if you can be merry then, let say, A Man may wepe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aborgainy.

Buckingham.

O good morrow, and well met, How have ye done Since last we saw in France?

Nor. Since then your Grace: Healthfull, and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely Ague

Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when Tho. Sunnes of Glory, that two Lights of Men Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twain Gunnes and Aide, I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke, Beheld them when they lighted, how they stung In their Embracende, as they grew together, Which had they, What foure Thron'd ones could issue weigh'd Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my Chambers Prisoner.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Beyond thoughts Compshe, that former fabulous Storie
Being now scarce, possible enough, got credit
That Spain was beleaguer'd.

Buc. Oh you go forre.

Nor. As I belong to worship and assist
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of everything,
Would by a good Diffuser loose some life,
Which Actions false, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royal.

To the dispoising of a sought rebel'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Difinitely his full Function; who did guide,
I mean who set the Body, and the Limbs
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guess:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of York.

Buc. The diuell speed him; No mans Pye is freed
From his Amibitions. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Reech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th beneffiall Sun,
And keep it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in himuffle, that put's him to these ends:
For being not properly Annecefity, whole grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high Feats done to th'Gowne; neither Allied
To eminent Alificants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O gliues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen gliues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath gliuen him: let some Grauter eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard.
Or ha's gliuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himfelfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Upon this French going out, I tooke him upon him
(Without the pruity o'th King) c'appoint
Who should attend on him. He makes vp the File
Of all the Genery; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Counsell, out
Muff fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinfmen of mine, three at the leaf, that have
By this, fo ficken'd their Eftates, that neuer
They fhall bound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Hau broke their backes with laying Mannors on'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A moft poore issue.

Nor. Greciously I think,
The Peace between the French and vs, not valeves
The Coit that did conclude it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous florme that follow'd was
A thing inspir'd, and not consulting,broke
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempelt
Difhing the Garment of this Peace, aboided
The fodore breach of.

Nor. Which is badded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Amabassador is silence'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Buiness
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduie you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plentiful safety) that you read
The Cardinals Mafles, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hered would effect, wants not
A Minifter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and may be faide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bofome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholefome. Loce,where comes that Rock
That I aduise your cunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purfe borne before him, certains of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buckhams, and Buckingham on him, both full of difdain.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham Surveyor? Is he?
Where's his Examination?
Stor. Heere to please you.

Car. Is he in perfon, ready?
Stor. I, pleae your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more; & Buckingham shall leffen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Trainee.

Buc. This Butchers Curte is vzon'd,mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore bell
Not wake him in his fumer, A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temprance, that's his appaince onely
Which your dietse requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reuell'd
Me as his abiciet obiect, at this instant
He borres me with fome tricke; He's gone to th'King:
He folow, and out-fare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And lea your Reason with your Choller question
What'tis you go about toclime steepelhilles
Requires flow pace at fiftt. Anger is like
A full hot Horfe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduie me like you; Be to your felle,
As you would to your Friend,

Buc. 11e to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite crye downe

This
Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.
Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I Arreste thee of High Treason, in the name Of our most Souveraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord, The net has falleth upon me, I shall perish.

Vnder deuice, and prachte:
Bran. I am merry.
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on The bulines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me Which makes my whit'part black'. The will of Heau'n Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord Abergavnie: Fare you well.

Bra. Nay, he must hear you company. The King Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know How he determines further.

Abs. As the Duke said, The will of Heau'n be done, and the Kings pleasure By me ob bey'd.

Bra. Here is a warrant from The King, thatcattac Lord Montacute, and the Bodies Of the Dukes Confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Pecke, his Counsellour,

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o' th' Chafenate.

Buck. O Michael Hopkins?

Bra. He.

Buck. My Suytor or is false: The ore-great Cardinal Hath shew'd him gold; my life is stand already:
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham,
Whole Figure even this infinite Cloud puts on,
By Dauuing my cleare Sunne,My Lords farewell. Ext.

Scena Secunda.

Cornells. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Loneb: the Cardinal places himselfe under the Kings feate on his right side.

King. My life it felle, and the best heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I stand it's health
Of a full-charg'd confidence, and give thanks To you that choake'd it. Let be calfe before vs That Gentleman of Buckingham, in person, Ile hear him his contentions justifie.
And pointe by pointe the Treasons of his Master, He shall againe relate.

A noys within crying voices for the Queene, after'd by the Duke of Norfolk. Enter the Queene, Norfolk and Saffolkshe kneels. King rhyth from his State, takes her up, kisser and placest her by him.

Queene. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

King. Aitte, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit Never name two; you have halfe our power:

The
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

The other moity ere you ask is given, 
Repeat your will, and take it, 
Queen. Thank your Maietie, 
That you would love your selfe, and in that loue 
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor 
The dignity of your Office, is the poyn't 
Of my Petition. 
Kim. Lady mine proceed. 
Queen. I am sollicit not by a few, 
And those of true condition; That your Subjectes 
Are in great grievance: There have beene Commissions 
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart 
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although 
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproches 
Moff bitterly on yous, as putter on 
Of these excasions: yet the King, our Maiester 
( not 
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soleit, when he escapes 
Language vnnecessarily, yet, which breaks 
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears 
In lowd Rebellion. 
Nor. Not almost appears, 
It doth appear; for, upon those Taxations, 
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine 
The many to them longing, have put off 
TheSplitters, Carders, Fullers, Weaver's, who 
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger 
And lack of other mesnes, in desperate manner 
Daring the event too th' teeth, are all in sprore, 
And danger ferues among them. 
Kim. Taxation? 
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal, 
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs, 
Know you of this Taxation? 
Card. Please you Sir, 
I know but of a single part in ought 
Pertaines to th' State; and front but in that file 
Where others tell steps with me. 
Queen. No, my Lord? 
You know no more then others? But you frame 
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome 
To those which would not know them, and yet must 
Perforce be their acquaintance. These excations 
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue knowne) they are 
Moff perfitient to th' hearing, and to bear 'em, 
The Backe it Sacrifice to th' blood; They say 
They are devils'd by you, or else you suffer 
Too hard an exclamation. 
Kim. Still Excation? 
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know, 
Is this Excation? 
Queen. I am much too venturous 
In tempiting of your patience; I am boldned 
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subject's griefe 
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each 
The first part of his Subsistence, to be lesid 
Without delay; and the pretence for this 
Is nam'd, your warres in France;this makes bold mouths, 
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze 
Allegiance in them; their lusts now 
Luste where their prayers did; and it's come to passe, 
This rebellable obedience is a Slave. 
To each incensed Will I would your Highnesse 
Would give it quickre consideration; for 
There is no primer balsam. 
Kim. By my life, 
This is against our pleasur. 
Card. And for me, 
I have no further gone in this, then by 
A single voice, and that not palt me, but 
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am 
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know 
My faculties nor perfom,yet will be 
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say, 
'Tis but the face of Place, and the rough Brave 
That Venture must go through: we must not flinte 
Our necessary actions, in the face, 
To cope malicious Cenfurers, which euer, 
As rauous Fitches do a Vesflle follow 
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further 
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe befall, 
By sille Interpreters (onces weake ones) is 
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worthless oft 
Hiring a grouter quality, is eride up 
For our bell Aet: if we shall stand still, 
In faire our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at, 
We should take roote here, where we fis; 
Or fit State Statues only. 
Kim. Things done well, 
And with a care, exemplify the felicities from faire: 
Things done without example, in their illue 
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President 
Of this Commission? I believe, not any, 
We must not send our Subjectes from our Lawes, 
And flocke them in our Will. Six parts of each? 
A trembling Contributions, why we take 
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th Timber. 
And though we leave it with a roote thus hacket, 
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every Country 
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with 
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd 
The force of this Commission pray look not; 
I put it to your care. 
Card. A word with you. 
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire, 
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greued Commons 
Hardly concieve of me. I let it benoisd, 
That through our Intercension, this Reuokement 
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you 
Further in the proceeding. Excis Secret, 
Enter Surveyor. 
Queen. I am forry, that the Duke of Buckinghun 
Is run in your displeasure. 
Kim. It grieves many: 
The Gentleman is Learnd, and a molt rare Speaker, 
To Nature none more bound; his traying fuch, 
That he may furnish and inftruct great Teachers, 
And never seek after any out of himselfe: yet see, 
When these so Noble benefits shall prose 
Not well dispoy'sd, the minde growing once corrupt, 
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more ugly 
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat, 
Who was enrold monfift wondres; and when we 
Almoist with rauish'd lusting, could not finde 
His house of speech, a minute: Ho! (my Lady) 
Hath into monitrous habits put the Graces 
That once were his, and is become as blacke, 
As if beame'd in hell. Sit by Vs,you shall heare 
(This was his Gentlemens in truft) of him 
Things to flocke Honour sas. Bid him recount 
The faire-recited praties, whereof 
We cannot fee too little, heart too much,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Moft like a careful Subiekt have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingharn.

Kin. Speake freely,

Sur. First, it was vifuall with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue die; hee' should carry it to
To make the Scepter his. Thiel very words
The heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Morlow, to whom by oth he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Card. Please your Highness note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not fren'ded by his with to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with Charity.

Kin. Speake on;
How ground you his Title to the Crowne
Upon our fallace: to this poynst haft thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophetie of Nicholas Henton.

Kin. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Charterre Fryer,
His Confeffor, who fed him every minute
With words of Soueraignty.

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rofe, within the Parifh
Saint Lawrence Poulingey, did of me demand
What was the Speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replie, Men fear the French would proue perifhous
To the Kings danger: prefently, the Duke
Said, twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that off, fayes he,
Hath fent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Carr, my Chaplaine, a choycehowre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commiffions Seale,
He follemly had vforne, what hee spake
My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but
To me, fothdt writ, with demene Confidence,
This puauously end'ed; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him ftrive
To the lofe o' th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe the State.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke Surveyor, and loft your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenancy; take good heed
You charge not in your Splee a Noble perfon,
And spoye your nobler Soule; I fay, take heed;
Yet, heartily befor thee,

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diencs illusions
The Monke might be deceiued, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this fo farre, until
It forge'd him fome deligne, which being beleev'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his left Sickneffe fallyd,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Wolsey heads
Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, fo ranke? Ah, ha,
There's mistrichie in this man; canst thou fay further?
Sur. I can my Lidge.

Kin. Proceed,

Sur. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir William Blumer.

fuant.

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn fer-
The Duke relea'd him his, But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committ'd,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaide
The Patc my Father meant to act upon
Th'Vfurer Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made fuit to come in's prefence, which if granted,
(As he made femeblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyantr Traytor.
Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes live in freedome,
And this man out of Prifon.

Queen. God mend all.

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ftrech't him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breaf, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose renour
Was, were he culi v'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irefolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To feath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him so prefent tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.
L. Cham. What is't for?

Low. The reformation of our true'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad tis there;
Now I would pray our Monfieurs
To think an English Courtier may be wife,
And never fee the Lowards.

Low. They must euer either
(For to run the Conditions) lease those remnants
Of Poole and Feather, that they goe in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining therunto; as Fights and Fire-workers,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wife home, renowning clean
The faith they hau'e in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blifled Breeches, and those types of Truwell;
And understand againe like honest men,
Or pack't to their old Playfellows; there, I take it,
They may Cum Fratulens, wee away
The lag end of their living, and be laug'd at.

L. San. Tis time to give'em Physicke, their distastes
Are grown to cacheting.

L. Cham. What a loffe our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?
Lowll. I namry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the flye whoresons
Haue got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L. San. The Dowell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no concerting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, heauen
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by't Lady
Held currant Musick too.

L. Cham. Well said Lord Sands,
Your Coys tooth is not cast yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I haue a rumpe.

L. Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Low. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guech too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile affaire you.

Low. That Churchman
Bear's a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall every where.
L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would fliew a worke fine, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberal,
They are fet here for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give goe great ones.

My Bargge flayres;
Your Lordship shall along; Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be last elf, which I would not be,
For I was spoke ro, with Sir Henry Guilford
This night to be Comptrollers.

The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Scena Quarta.

Hobbeys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.
Card Y'are wel come my faire Guest, that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue such a Bowlie may hold my thanks,
And free me so much talking.
Card. My Lord Sands,

Hobbeys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.
Card Y'are wel come my faire Guest, that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue such a Bowlie may hold my thanks,
And free me so much talking.
Card. My Lord Sands,

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lovell.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to my mind,

Cham. You are young Sir Henry Guilford.
San. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they refled,
I thinke would better please'em, by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Low. O that your Lordship were but new Confeffor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie penuance.

Low. Faith how easie?
San. As easie as a downe bed would affoord it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you fisr; Sir Henry
Place you that fide, he take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe'em walking:
Pray fit betweene these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thank ye your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wide, forfuge me:
I had it from my Father.

Am. But. Was he mad Sir?
San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, lutf as I do now,
He would Kiffe you't wenry with a breath.

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are falsely feated: Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you; if these faire Ladies
Paffe away frowning.

San. Formy little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hobbeys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.
Card Y'are wel come my faire Guest, that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue such a Bowlie may hold my thanks,
And free me so much talking.
Card. My Lord Sands,
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours: Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen, Whose fault is this? 
Sun. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheeks my Lord, then we shall have'em, Talk it to silence.
An. B. You are a merry Gunstler
My Lord Sands.
Sun. Yes, if I make my play;
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it Madam:
For to fish a thing.
An. B. You cannot throw me.
Drum and Trumpets, Chambers discharged.
Sun. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out here, some of ye.
Card. What will you have, to my mind.
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not :
By all the laws of Warre y'are proueleg'd.

Enter a Servant.
Cham. How now, what is't?
Sera. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they feeme; th'have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From foraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give'em welcome, you may speake the French tongue
And pray receive'em Nobly, and conduce'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
All rise, and Tables removed.
You have now a broken Banket, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shew you a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hoisters. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, after'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They pass direcly before the Cardinal, and gracefully faunter him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
to tell your Grace: That having heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire Assembly,
This night to meet here they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty.)
But leave their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Grace leave to view these Ladies, and entertain
An hour of Reuels with'em.
Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They haue done my poore houfe grace:
For which I prai'em a thousand thankes,
And pray'em take their pleasures.
Choose Ladies, King and An Bulten.
King The fairest hand I ever touch'd; O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.
Murfie, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell'em thus much from me:
There should be one among'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To shew him how he was come to his face;
At which he spake against him, his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peeke his Chancellour, and John Car,
Conceifor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2. That was he
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The fame,
All these acc'd him strongly, which he saine
Would have flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And fo his Peers vpon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spake, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he bear himselfe?
1. When he was brought apon th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his judgement, he was fit't d
With such an Agony, he wept extreamly,
And famishing spake in choller, ill, and husily:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the reft shew'd a most Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.
1. Sure he does not.
He never was fo womanish, the caufe
He play a little grieue at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. Till likely,
By all coni'tures: First Kidderet Attendee,
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle Surrey, was fent thither, and in haft too,
Least he shou'd help his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enioys one.
1. At this reurne,
No doubt he will requite it: this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King favours,
The Cardinall infantly will finde employment,
And farre enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Consciencce
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They love and doare on call him bonetous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all countreys.
Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement, Tofdayes before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each
side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lowll, Sir Nicholas
Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.
1. Stay there Sir,
And fee the noble riu'nd man you speake of.
2. Let's stand clofe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre have come to pitty me;
Hear me: I say, and then goe home and lose me,
I have this day receiv'd a Traitors judgement,
And by that name muft dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Consciencce, let it fincke me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull,
The Law I bear no mallice for my death,
This done vpon the premisses, but justice:
But thofe that fought it, I could with more Christians:
(De what they will) I hearely forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefes;
Not build their eul's on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltiefe blood muft cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I rue, although the King have mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You fee that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heaven.
Lead on a Gods name.
Lowell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lowell, I doe free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all,
There cannot be tho' numberlefe offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue,
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forfaile,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he, fill vp one Monument.
Low. To th' water side I muft conduct you Grace,
Then give my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Dame,
Who vndertakes you to your end.
Vause. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barre be ready,
And fit with such furniture as salltes
The Greatnesse of his Perfon,
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham: now poore Edward Bohun;
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now feele it;
And wish that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against Visping Richard,
Flying for fuccour to his Servant Stuarts,
Being diftreft; was by that wretch betray'd,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seuenth succeeding, truly pitying
My Fathers loffe; like a moath Royall Prince
Refor'd me to my Honour: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke he's taken
For euer from the World I had my Tryall,
And muft needs fay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus faire we are one in Fortune; both
Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lou'd moft:
A moft unmartial and faithlefe Service.
Heaven ha's an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receu'd as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loues and Counsell,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
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And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again.
But where they mean to finkey ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye, the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell, and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.

Enter Duke and Trainees.

1. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it was
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltele.
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inciting
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
1. Good Angels keep it from vs:
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is so weighty, will require
A strong faith to coneeale it.
1. Let me have it:
I do not talk much.
2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a Separation
Between the King and Katherine?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command in the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues
This dull dispence.
2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows a gen
Fiercer then it ere it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it.
Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him neare, hau out of malice
To the good Queenne, paffed him with a trepulce
That will enoee her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campion is attid'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines,
1. Tis the Cardinal;
And meerely to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not beoffowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishops pricke of Toledo, this is purpof'd,
2. I thinke
You have hit the marke; but is not cruel;
That she should feel the limt of this: the Cardinal
Will have his weil, and the melte fall.
1. Tis wofull.
We are too open breere to argue this:
Let's thinke in private more:

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Harfs for your Lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well cloven, ridden, and furnish'd.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of
my Lord Cardinals, by Commission, and some power take
'tem from me, with this resonable instrur would bee sent be-

for a Subtilty, if not before the King, which stop'd our monnts
Sir.
1. I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; he
will hauie all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folk and Suffolk.

Nef. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.
Cham. Good day to both your Grace.

Suff. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles,
Nef. What's the cause?
Cham. It feemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
His creet too neere his Conscience.

Suff. No, his Conscience
He's creet too neere another Ladie.

Nef. Tis fo;
This is the Cardinals doing; the King-Cardinal,
That blinde Prieft, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he lid. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,
He'll neuer know himselfe eile.

Nef. How bodily he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crack the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there eaters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conference,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to reftore the King,
He counsells a Diuorce, a Knife of her
That like a Jewell, he's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustr:
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with; Euen of her,
That when the greest froake of Fortune falls
Will bleffe the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heauen keep me from such councell: this is most true
These newes are euery where, euery tongue speaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for'.
All that da re
Looke into these affairs, fee this maine end,
The French Kings Sifter, Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his flauey,
Nef. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this impertious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all men honours
ие like one whom before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loose him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, fo lie fland,
If the King please: his Curfes and his blessings
Touch me alike; that breath I not beleue in.
I know him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud: the Pope.

Nef. Let's in;
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'll finde a most wise time to disturb him:
Health to your Lordships.
Notdoo; Thanks my good Lord Chamberlaine.  
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine and fits reading penfully.  

\textit{Suff.} How fad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.  
\textit{Kin.} Who's there? Ha?  

\textit{Neff.} Pray God he be not angry. (siles)  
\textit{Kin.} Who's there if I say? How dare you thrue your Into my private Meditations?  
Who am I? Ha?  

\textit{Neff.} Agonious King, that pardons all offences.  
Malcite ne'rement: Our breach of Duty this way,  
Is businesse of Eftate; in which, we come  
To know your Royal all pleature,  
\textit{Kin.} Ye are too bold.  

\textit{Garoo;} He make ye know your times of businesse:  
Is this an howre for temporall affairs? Ha?  
\textit{Enter Wolsey and Campene with a commission.}  
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? Oh my walfe;  
The queis of my wounded Confession;  
Thou art a cure fit for a King,you're welcome  
Most learned Reuerend Sir,unto our Kingdome,  
We vs, and it,my good Lord, have great care,  
I be not found a Talker.  
\textit{Wol.} Sir, you cannot;  
I would your Grace would give vs but an houre  
Of priviite conference.  
\textit{Kin.} We are busie goe,  
\textit{Neff.} This Priests ha's no pride in him?  
\textit{Suff.} Not to speake of:  
I would not be so fike though for his place:  
But this cannot continue.  
\textit{Neff.} If it doe, He venture one; have at him.  
\textit{Suff.} I another.  

\textit{Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolke.}  
\textit{Wol.} Your Grace ha's given a Preident of wifedome  
About all Princes, in committing freely  
Your repuile to the voyce of Christendome:  
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?  
The Spianardi tide by blood and faviour to her,  
Mift of now confede, if they have any goodneffe,  
The Triall,just and Noble. All the Clerkes,  
(Imeane the learned ones in Chriftian Kingdome)  
Huate their free voyces. Rome (the Nure of Judgement)  
Insidet by your Noble felle, hath fent  
One general Tongue vnto vs. This good man,  
This fuff and learned Priefl, Cardinall, Campene,  
Whom once more, I prefent vnto your Highneffe.  
\textit{Kin.} And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,  
And thankke the holy Conclufe for their loues,  
They have fent me fuch a Man, I would have with'd for;  
\textit{Cam.} Your Grace muff needs defeue all strangers loues,  
You are fo Noble: To your Highneffe hand  
I tender my Commifion; by whose vertue,  
The Court of paie commiffioning. You my Lord  
Cardinall of Turke, are foyn'd with me their Servants,  
In the vnparcialjudging of this Buineffe.  
\textit{Kin.} By two equall men; The Queenes (hall be acquain-  
Forth with for what you come. Where's Gardiner?  
\textit{Wol.} I know your Maiefly, he's always lou'd her  
So deare in heart, not to deny her that  
A Woman of leffe Place might aske by Law;  
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.  
\textit{Kin.} 1, and the beft he shall have; and my favour  
To him that does beft, God forbid els: Cardinall,  
Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.  
I find him a fit fellow.  

\textit{Exeunt Gardiner.}  

\textit{Wol.} Give me your hand: much joy & favoure to you;  
You are the Kings now.  
\textit{Gard.} But to be commanded  
For ever by your Grace, whom hand ha's rais'd me.  
\textit{Kin.} Come hither Gardiner.  
\textit{Wolfe} and whoffets.  
\textit{Camp.} My Lord of Turke, was not one Doctes Pace  
In this mans place before him?  
\textit{Wol.} Yes,he was.  
\textit{Camp.} Was he not held a learned man?  
\textit{Wol.} Yes surely.  
\textit{Camp.} Beleeve me, there's an ill opinion spread then,  
Even of your felie Lord Cardinall.  
\textit{Wol.} How? of me?  
\textit{Camp.} They will not flicke to say, you entide him;  
And fearing he would rife (he was so vertuous)  
Kept him a forrageine man full, which so greed'd him,  
That he ran mad, and diete.  
\textit{Wol.} Heas'this peace be with him:  
That's Chriftian care enough: for Juizing Mirmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foolie;  
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,  
If I command him follows my appointment,  
I will have none fo meer els. Learn this Brother,  
We live not to be grib'd by meaner perfons.  
\textit{Kin.} Deliver this with modesty to the Queene.  

\textit{Exeunt.}  

\textit{Scena Tertia.}  

\textit{Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.}  
\textit{An.} Not for that eitherthere's the pang that pinches.  
His Highneffe, hauing liut's fo long with her, and the  
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever  
Pronounce difhonour of her; by my life;  
She never knew barne-doing: Oh,now after  
So many courfes of the Sun enthroned,  
Still growing in a Maiefly and pome, the which  
To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then  
'Tis sweet at fuit it acquire. After this Proceffe.  
To give her the amaut, it is a pitty  
Would make a Moniter.  
\textit{Old La.} Hearts of moft hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.  
\textit{An.} Oh Gods will, much better  
She ne're had knowne pompe; thought he be temperall,  
Yecif that quarrell. Fortune, do disrove  
It from the bearer, 'tis a suffurance, paunging  
As foule and bodyes feuering.  
\textit{Old L.} Alas poore Lady,  
She's a stranger now again.  
\textit{An.} So much the more  
Muff pity drop vpon her; verily  
I fware, 'tis better to be lowly borne,
And range with humble lovers in Content, 
Then to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grieve, 
And wear a golden sorrow.  
Old L. Our content 
Is our best busy. 
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead, 
I would not be a Queene.  
Old L. Behold me, I would, 
And venture Maidenhead for, and so would you 
For all this spice of your Hypocrite: 
You that have so faire parts of Woman on you, 
Have (too) a Woman's heart which ever yet 
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty, 
Which, to say both, are Blessings: and which gifts 
(Saving your mincing) the capacity 
Of your soft, Chietrell Confidence, would receive, 
If you might please to fetch it.  
Anne. Nay, good troth. 
Old L. Ye troth, & troth! you would not be a Queen? 
Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heauen. 
Old L. It's strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me 
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you, 
What think you of a Dutchess? Have you limbs 
To bear that load of Title?  
Ann. No, in truth. 
Old L. Then you are weakly made; plickle off a little, 
I would not be a young Count in your way, 
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe 
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake 
Euer to get a Boy.  
Ann. How do you doe talk? 
I swease againe, I would not be a Queene, 
For all the world: 
Old L. In faith, for little England 
You venture an emballing: I my selfe 
Would for Carnarwofore, although there long'd 
No more to th' Crown but this: Lo, who comes here?  
Entered Lord Chamberlain, 
(know  
L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wen't worth to 
The service of your conference?  
Ann. My good Lord, 
Not your demand; it values not your asking: 
Our Misfirs Sorrowes we were pittyng. 
Cham. It was a gentle buisinesse, and becoming 
The action of good women, there is hope 
All will be well.  
Cham. You bee a gentle minde, & heauenly blessings 
Follow such Creatures That you may, faire Lady 
Perceive I spake sincerely, and high notes 
Tane of your many ventures; the Kings Mostiy 
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and 
Doe's purpose honour to you no leffe flowing, 
Then Marchionelle of Pembroke, to which Title, 
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuell support, 
Out of his Grace, he adds.  
Ann. I doe not know. 
What kind of my obedience, I should tender; 
More then my All is Nothing: Not my Prayers 
Are not words duley hallowed; nor my Wishes 
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes 
Are all we can returne. 'Befeech your Lordship, 
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience, 
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highness; 
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.  
Cham. Lady; 
I shall not faile t' approve the faire conceit 
The King bath of you. I haue perus'd her well, 
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled, 
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet, 
But from this Lady, may proceed a femme, 
To hallow all this Ill. I 'lie to the King, 
And say I spoke with you.  
Exit Lord Chamberlaine. 
Ann. My honour'd Lord. 
Old L. Why this it is: See, see, 
I haue beene haggling sixeene yeares in Court 
(And yet a Courier beggarly) nor could; 
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late 
For any fuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate) 
A very fresh Fifth here; fye, fye, fye upon 
This compell'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp, 
Before you open it.  
Ann. This is strange to me. 
There was a Lady once (is an old Story) 
That would not be a Queene, that would fie not 
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?  
Ann. Come you are pleasant. 
Old L. With your Theane, I could 
One-mount the Larks: The Marchionelle of Pembroke? 
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect? 
No other obligation? by my Life, 
That promisses no thousand: Honours traine 
Is longer then his face-skirt; by this time 
I know your backe will bear a Dutchess. Say, 
Are you not stranger then you were?  
Ann. Good Lady, 
Make your felse mirth with your particular fancy, 
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being 
If this falute my blood a jot; it fintes me 
To thinkke what follows. 
The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull 
In our long abstinence: pray doe not deliuer, 
What here ye haue heard to her.  
Old L. What do you thinkke me — Exeunt. 

Scena Quarta.  
Trumpers, Squires, and Gentlemen. 
Enter two Venetians, with fourt bannered: next them two 
Stehes in the habits of Dollar's: after them, the Bishop 
of Canterbury alone: after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, 
Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small 
distance, follow a Gentleman bearing the Parde, with the 
great Scales, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bear- 
ing each a Siluer Croze: Then a Gentleman Piller bore- 
heded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a 
Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great 
Siluer Pillers: After them, file by file, the two Cardinals, 
two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes 
place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals fit 
under him at Judges. The Queene takes place some dis- 
fance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on 
each side the Court in manner of a Conventry: Below them 
the Scribes. The Lords fit next the Bishops. The Reft of the 
Attendance stand in convenient order about the Stage. 

Card.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Car. Will it our Commission from Rome is read, let silence be commanded.

King. What's need? It hath already publiquely been read, and on all sides th'Authority allow'd. You may then spare that time.

Car. Be't fo, proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.


King. Heere.

Scri. Say, Katherine Queene of England, come into the Court.


The Queene makes no answer, sets out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet. Then speakes.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice, and to bellow your pitty on me; for I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger, borne out of your Dominions: having heere no Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Also Sir: In what shape have I offended you? What have I done to you? What is the cause? My behaviour given to your displeasure, that thus you should proceed to put me off, and take your good Grace from me? Heaven winneffe, I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife, at all times to your will conformable: Euer in feare to kindle your Diflike, Yea, faie &c, to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry, as I saw it inclin'd? when was the hour I ever contradicted your Defire? Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends have I not fitte to love, although I knew he was mine Enemy? What Friend of mine, that had to him deri'd your Anger, did I Continue in my Liking? Nay, gauze notice he was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde, that I have bene your Wife, in this Obedience, upward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest with many Children by you. If in the courts and proceede of this time, you can report, and proue it too, against mine Honor, aught; my bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dute Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name tumne me away: and let the foul'ft Contempt shut doore upon me, and fio give me vp to the hamp'ft kindes of Justice. Please you, Sir, the King your Father, was reputed for a Prince most Prudent; of an excellent and vnumarch'd Wit, and Judgement. Ferdinard my Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one the wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many a yeare before. It is not to be question'd, that they had gather'd a wife Counsellor to them of every Realm, that did debate this Buftifelle, who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may be by my friends in Spaine, advis'd; whose Counsaille will imprisone. If not, th' name of God your pleasure be fullfill'd.

Wel. You have here Lady, (And of your choice) these Renowned Fathers, men of singular Integrity, and Learning; Yea, the elect of th' Land, who are assemable to pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootefull, that longer you defire the Courts, as well. For your owne quiet, as to rectifie what is vnet'd in the King.

Camp. His Grace hath spoken well, and truly: Therefore Madam, 'tis fit this Royall Seiffion do proceed, and that (without delay) their Arguments be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardmall, to you I speake.

Wel. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that We are a Queene (or long have dream'd so) certaine the daughter of a King: my drops of teares, i' turne to speakes of fire.

Wel. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before, or God will punish me. I do beleue (Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that you are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge. You shall not my Judge. For it's you haue blowne this Coale, between my Lord, and me; (Which Gods may) therefore, I say againe, I writely abhorre you. From my Soule Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more I hold my most malicious Roe, and thinke not at all a Friend to truth.

Wel. I do professe you speake not like your selfe: who euer yet haue stood to Charity, and displayed the effects of diufsingleton gentle, and of wisedome. One topping woman as power. Madam, you do me wrong I have no Spleene against you, nor iniquiety for you, or any, how farre I have proceeded, or how farre further (Shall) is warranted by a Commission from the Consillorie. Yes, the whole Consillorie of Rome. You charge me, that I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it, the King is present: if it be knowne to him, that I gaines my Deed, how may he wound, and worthily my Fall, yes, as much as you have done my Truth, if the knowe that I am free of your Report, he knowes I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to Remove these Thoughts from you. The which before his Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech Your (gracious Madam) to vthinke your speaking, and to say fo no more.

Queen. My Father, my Lord, I am a simple woman, much too weake Toppse of your cunning, Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd You figne your Place, and Calling, in full feeming, With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart is cram'd with Arrogance, Spelene, and Pride. You haue by fortune, and his Highnesse fauors, Gone sligetly o'th' lowe steppes, and now are mounted Where your powers are your Retainers, and your words (Doomefickes to you) fere your will, as' pleafe. Your felse pronounce their Office. I must tell you, You tender more your persons Honor, then your high profefion Spirituall. That aen I do refuse you for my Judge, and heree Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope. To bring my whole Cause for his Holinesse, and to be judg'd by him.

Sue Conferrers to the King, and offers to depart.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Camp. The Queen is obstinate,
Subborne to Julius, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be trie by tis; tis not well.
She's going away.

Kin. Call her again.

Crier. Katherine Q. of England, come into the Court,
Gent. Uf. Madam, you are call bache.

Qnest. What need you note, sir, pray you keep your way,
Where you are call returne. Now by the Lord help,
They vxe me pat my patience, prs you paffe on;
I will not tarry, no, ever more ever
Vpon this businisse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queen, and her Attendants.

Kin. Go thy wayes Kate,
That man i'th world, who shall report he's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking falle in that; those are alone
(If they rare qualities, sweet gentleness;
Thy meeknes Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Souveraigne and Pious, could (speake thee out).

The earthy of Queenes Earthly: She's Nobile birth;
And like her true Nobility, she's
Carried her fesse towards me,
Wid. Most gracious Sir,
I humble myself I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muft I be vnoo'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfie) whether euer I
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
Laid anyceries in your way which might
Induce you to the question on't nor ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, speakone, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinal,
I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I see you from't: You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like to Village Gutter,
But when they are call returne. By some of thefe
The Queene is put in anger; are excus'd:
But will you be more Infitl'd? You euer
Have with'd the sleepeing of this busines, neverd fet't
It to be fitt'd; but off hau'd hindred,oft
The paffages made toward set on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him,
Now, what must me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: 
(too's:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; gude heede
My Conscienc fift receiued a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vster'd
By th'Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador,
Who had beene hither sent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orinlace,
And Our Daughter Mary: It'll Progreffe of this busines,
Here a demine refolutio, he
(I meant the Bishop) did require a repirte,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertife,
Whether our Daughter were legitime,
Reprieving this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This repirte Brooke

The bose of my Conscienc, enter'd me;
Yea, with a fittting power, and made to treble
The region of my Breast, which for'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings, did throng
And preift in with this Caution. First, me thought
I flood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If concei'd a male-child by me, should
Do no more Offices of life too'; then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Iffue,
Or dide where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ay'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgemen on me, that my Kingdom
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th World) should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
I weight'd the danger which my Realnes fell in
By this my Iffues falled, and that guae to me
Many a groaning throw; thus bulling in
The wild Sea of my Conscienc, I did feeere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here togethet' that's to say,
I meant to rectifie my Conscienc, which
I then did feele full fickle, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
With you my Lord of Liskenwe; you remember
How under my oppreffe I did rekee.
When I first mou'd you,

B. Lin. Very well my Ledge,
Kin. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your felse to say
How farre you fatisifie me.

Lin. So please your Highnes,
The question did at first to stager me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in,
And conquegne of dread, that I committted
The daring! Countrile which I had to doubts;
And did encrease your Highnes to this course,
Which you are running here.

Kin. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present Summons vnfolicted.
I left no Reuerend Perfon in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and Seals, therefore goe on,
For no dislike i'th world against the perchon
Of the good Queen; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my allledged reasons, drive this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contenneed,
To weare our morsall State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queen) before the primet Creature
That's Paragon'd o'th World
Camp. Seeing your Highnes,
The Queene being abente, 's a needfull finenesse,
That we adionoure this Court till further day;
Meene while, must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Applasse
She intende to his Holinesse.

Kin. I may perceiue
These Cardinals tripe with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
Me land'd and wellbeloved Servant Cranmer,
Prethre returne, with thy approche: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I stay, let on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.
Enter Queen and her Women as at works.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench, My Soule growes fad with troubles, Sing, and dispersed 'em if thou canst, leaue working;

SONG,
O Rhew with his Lute made Treat, And the Mountains tops that freeze, Raw themselves when he did sing. To his Musick, Plants and Flowers Ever sprung; as Snows and Showers, There had made a lazing Spring. Every thing that heard him play, Even the Billowes of the Sea, Hung their heads, & then lay by, In sweet Musick is such Art, Killing care, & griefs of heart, Fall asleep, or bearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.
Queen. How now? Gent. And pleaseth your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the presence. Queen. Would they speake with me? Gent. They will'd me say to Madam. Queen. Pray their Grace To come here: what can he his busines? With me, a poor weak woman, false from fav'our? I do not like their comming; now I think on't, They shou'd be good men, their affaires as righteous: But all Hoods, make not Monks. Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolfe & Campbell. Wolf. Peace to your Highneffe. Queen. Your Grace find me heere part of a Housewife, (I would be all) against the world may happen: What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords? Well, may it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw Into your proute Chamber; we shall give you The full caufe of our comming. Queen. Speake it here. There's nothing I have done yet o'my Conscience Deferves a Corner; would all other Women Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe. My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy About a number) if my actions Were tri'd by every tongue, every eye saw'em, Enuy and base opinion set against'em, I know my life to euen. If your busines Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in; Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing. Card. Tenet s'erga renar matria integritas Regina femina. Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin; I am not such a Truant since my comming, As not to know the Language I have li'd in: (Cous: A Strange Tongue makes my caufe more strange, full of Pray speake in English; here be sorne will thank you, If you speake truth, for their poor Mistres fakes; Believe me the ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall, The willing't time I euer yet committ'd, May be abfolu'd in English. Card. Noble Lady,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

I have more Charity. But say I warrant ye; Take heed, for heavens take heed, least at once The burden of thy sorrow, fall upon ye. Car. Madam, this is a mere distraction, You turn the good we offer, into envy. Quo. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye, And all thy false Professors, would you have me (If you have any Justice, any Pity, If ye be any thing but Churchmen's habits) Put my fickle care into his hands, that hates me? Alas, he's banish'd me his Bed already, His Love, too long ago. I am old my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is only my Obedience. What can happen To me, about this wretchedness? All your Studies Make me a Curses, like this. Camp. Your fears are worse.

Quo. Have I not thus long (let me speake my selfe, Since Vertue finds no friends) a Wife a true one? A Woman (I dare say without Vain glory) Neuer yet branded with Sufpition? Have I, with all my full Affections Still met the King? Lord'd him next Heau'n?Obey'd him? Bin (out of fondthiefe) superflitious to him? Almost forgot my Prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? Tis not well Lords, Bring me a constant woman to her Husband, One that she's dream'd a Toy, beyond his pleasure; And to that Woman (when she has done moft) Yet will I add an Honor; a great Patience. Car. Madam, you wander from the good We syne at.

Quo. My Lord, I dare not make my selfe so guiltie, To give vp willingly that Noble Title Your Matter wed me to: nothing but death Shall e're divorce my Dignities. Car. Pray hear me.

Quo. Would I had never trod this English Earth, Or felt the Flisteries that grow up in it: Ye have Angels Faces; but Heauen knows your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched Lady? I am the mos unhappy Woman living. Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes? Shipwreck'd upon a Kingdom, where no Pity, No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred wepe for me? Almost no Grace allowd me? Like the Lilly That once was Mistrie of the Field, and flourished, He hang my head, and perish. Car. If your Grace Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest, You'd feel more comfort. Why shold we(good Lady) Upon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places, The way of our Profession is against it; We are to Cure such forsworn, not to fowe 'em. For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do, How you may hurt your selfe; I, vterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes kiffe Obedience, So much they love it. But to Hubborne Spirits, They swell and grow, as terrible as forms. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper, A Soule as even as a Calme: Pray think vs, Those we profess, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants. Camp. Madam, you'll finde it to: You wrong your Vertues

With these weak Women's fears. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, euer casts Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you, Beware you looke it not: Fox vs (if you please) To trut vs in your businesse we are ready To live our vmtoft Studies, in your service. Quo. Do what so will, my Lords: And pray forgive me; If I have vs'd my selfe unmannerly, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a feemely answer to such persons, Pray do my feruice to his Maiestie, He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers While I shall haue my life. Come reverent Fathers, Bellow your Counsels on me. She now begges That little thought when the fett footin here, She should have bought her Dignitie f o deere. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.


Nof. If you will now write in your Complaints, And force them with a Confinacy, the Cardinal Cannot stand under them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall fuffaine noe newe disgraces, With thefe you bear alreadie. Suf. I am joyfull To meete the least occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, To be resueng'd on him. Suf. Which of the Peares Have uncontent'd gone by him, or at leaft Strangely neglected? When did he regard The flame of Noblenesse in any person Out of himselfe? Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures: What he declares of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Givens way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot Barre his access to th' King, neuer attempt Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft Over the King in's Tongue. Nor. Of feare him not, His spell in that is out: the King hath found Matter against him, that for ever marres The Hony of his Language. No, he's fealed (Not to come off) in his displeasure. Suf. Sir, I should be glad to heare such Newes as this Ever suche hour. Nor. Believethis, it is true. In the Diuorce, his contrario proceedings Are all vnfolded: when eie he appears, As I would wish mine Enemy. Suf. How came His prathes to light? Suf. Moll strangely. Suf. O how? how? Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope misconnect,

And
And came to th' eye of th' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did treat his Holiness
To stay the Judgement o'th' Diuorse; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection.
A Creature of the Queene, Lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Sur. Believe it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coales
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his tricks fond, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Has married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Sur. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I profess ye have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trans the Comiunication.
Nor. All mens.
Sur. There's order guen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To some cares unaccounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King,
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Sur. No no:
There be noe Waspes that buzz about his Nose,
Will make this thing the sooner. Cardinal Campeius,
Is flowne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Ha's left the cause o'th' King unhanded, and
Is posseted of the Agent of our Cardinal,
To feend all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Hajowder,
Nor. But my Lord
When returns Cranmer?
Sur. He is return'd in his Opinion, which
Have satisfied the King for his Diuorse,
Together with all famous Colleges
Almost in Christendom, shortly (I believe)
His second Marriages shall be publick'd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princefille Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This fame Cranmer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.
Sur. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-byshop.
Nor. So I hear.
Sur. Tis so.
Enter Wolsef and Cromwell.
The Cardinal.
Nor. Observe, obverse, he's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gaut ye the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Car. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplation were about the earth, And first on Spirituall obiections, he should still Owe the Moone, not worth Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid The Housings are below the Moone, not worth His serious confederings.

King takes his Seat and whispers Lonell, who goes to the Cardinal.

Car. Heaven forgive me, Ever God bless your Highness.

King. Good my Lord.

You are full of Heavenly suffice, and bear the Inquest Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which You were now running o're; you have scarce time To steal from Spirituall levity, a briefe span To keep your earthly Audit, sure in that I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,

For Holy Offices I have a time; a time To think of the part of businesse, which I beare'th State; and Nature does require Her times of preparation, which perforce I her fraile sonne, amongst my Brethren mortal, Muff give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Car. And euery may your Highness yeake together, (As I will lend you canke) my doing well, With my well saying.

King. 'Tis so well said aken, And 'tis a kind of good deede to say well, And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you, He faile he did, and with his deed did Crowne His word upon you. Since I had my Office, I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone Employ'd you where high Profits might come home, But past my prefent Hauntings, to bellow My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increaseth this businesse.

King. Have I not made you The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me, If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And if you can confesse it, say withall.

If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you? Can. My Sovereigne, I confesse your Royall graces Shou'd en me daily, have bene more then could My studied purpose requite, which went Beyond all mans endeavours. My endeavours, Have euery come too short of my Desires, Yet fill'd with my Abilities: mine owne ends Have beene mine no, that euermore they pointed To th'good of your most Sacred Perfon, and The profit of the State. For your great Graces Hear'd vpon me (poore Vilefellow) I Can nothing render but Allie giant shanks, My Prayers to heaven for you; my Loyalties Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing, Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd: A Loyall, and obedient Subject is Therein illustrated, the Honor of it Does pay the Ail of it, as it is contrary The fowlness is the punishment. I presume, That this my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you, My heart dropp'd & loue, my powre eaid't Honor, more On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and every Function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As 'tver in Loues particular, be more To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do profess,

That for your Highness good, I euer labour'd More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be (Though all the world should crake their duty to you, And throw it from their Soulce, though perils did Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty, As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood, Should the approach of this wilde Winter breake, And hand vishaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breaf, For you have teene him open't. Read o'th this, And after this, and then to Breakfast with What appetite you haue.

Exit King, crowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles throng after him joyful, and waftuering.

Car. What should this mean?

What fadinse Anger's this? How haue I reape'd it? He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine Leapt from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him: Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper: I feate the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:

This paper ha's vndone me: Tis'th Accompent Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome, And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Neglpigence! Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croffe Diuell Made me put this ma迄e Secret in the Packet I tett the King I is there no way to cure this? None newe deuice to baste this from his Braines? I know I will tryre him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope? The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse I wriate too Houlinese. Nay then, farewell:
I have tou'd the highest point of all my Greatness, And from that full Meridian of my Glory, I insteep now to my Setting. I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the Evening, And no man see me more.

Enter toWalsly, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Ner. Hear the Kings pleasure Cardinal, Who commands you To render up the Great Seal prefently Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe To Ather-houfe, my Lord of Wincheister, Till you hearre further from his Highness.

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carry Authority to weighty.

Suf. Who dare croffe 'em, Bearing the Kings vill from his mouth expressely?

Car. Till I finde more then will,or words to do it, (I mean your malice) know, Officious Lords, I dare, and must daie it. Now I tell you,

Of what course Mistlete ye are molded, Emuy, How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine;
Follow your envious course, men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You ask with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Mafter) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to conforme his Goodness,
'Tis done by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Surr. The King that gave it. Car.

It must be himselfe then.
Surr. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:
Within these forte hours, Surerely durft better
Hawe burn'd that Tongue, then faisd fo.

Surr. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet finne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy selft parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policie,
You fent me Deputie for Ireland,
Fare from his fucceour; from the King, from all
That might have mericie on the fault, thou gaft him:
Will't your great Goodness, out of holy pity,
Abfurd him with an Axe. Wel. This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is moft fallae. The Duke by Law
Found his deferts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Jurtie, and foulle Cathie can witneffe.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I fhould tell you,
You have as little Honellie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyallie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master,
Dare make a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follicie.

Surr. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Priest) protefts you,
Thou fhould'ft feele
My Sword, that liveth blood of thee elfe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this Harangue?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peace of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Lakkes.
Card. All Goodneffe
Is payson to thy Stomacke.
Surr. Yes, that goodneffe
Of gleaning all the Lads wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Exortation:
The goodneffe of your intercepted Packets
You write too, Pope, a gainst the King; your goodneffe
Since you prouoke me, fhall be moft notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,
As you refpect the common good, the State
Of our defpis'd Nobilitie, our ifues,
(Whom if he fline, will fearle be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand fame of his finnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. He flarte you
Whereafter Leaning Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kifing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could defpife this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie againft it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule once.
Wol. So much faireer
And spotlefs, tall mine Innocence wife,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Surr. This cannot faue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they fall.
Now, if you can blufh, and erie guiltie Cardinall,
You'll have a little Honellie.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worst Objections: If I blufh,
It is to fee a Nobleman want manners.
Surr. I had rather want thofe, then my head;
Hauet at you.
Furf, that without the Kings affent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maintaine the Jurifdiction of all Bishops.
Nor. Then, That in all you write to Rome, or elfe
To Forraigne Princes, Ege or Rex men
Was till infcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaffador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale,
This Item, You fent a large Commission
To Gregory de Cauffado, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneffe, and Ferrara.
Suf. That of more Ambition, you haue caud
Your holy Hat to be flapt on the Kings Coine.
Surr. Then, That you haue fent innumerable Subfance,
(Who you meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)
To furnifh Rome, and to prepare the ways
You haue for Dignities, to the moare endoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which if they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Chew. O my Lord,
Prefle not a falling man too faire: this Vertue:
His faults yce open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to fee him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Surr. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings furer pleafure is,
Because all those things you haue done of late
By your power Legatue within this Kingdom,
Fall into the compaffe of a Premiuire:
That therefore fuch a Writ be fued againft you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caffles, and waftouer, and to be
Out of the Kings rule and protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And to be not leafe you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your fubborne answer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King fhall know it, and (no doubt) fhall thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell! A long farewell to all my Greatneffe.
Wol. Let the fate of Man, to day he purfe forth
The tender Leavening Bell, to morrow Blufhoues,
And beares his blufhing Honors thicke upon him:
The third day. comes a Froft, a killing Froft,
And when he thinkes, good esie man, full surely
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Greatness is a ripening, ripens his roote,
And then he falls as I do. Those ventures
Like little Jhonston Bowes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But fare beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
As length broke under me, and now he’s left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude streme, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feel my heart new open’d. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspèt of Princes, and their thunde,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope agane.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.
Why how now Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.
Crom. What, amazed?
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirtit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am faine indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace.
Card. Why well:
Neuer fo truly happy, my good Cromwell,
I know my felle now, and I feel within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A Hill, and quiet Confidence, The King ha’s cur’d me,
I humbly thankke his Grace; and from these Shoulders
These ruin’d Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A load, would sinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)
O’tis a burden Cromwel’, it’s a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.
Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha’s made that right vile oft.
Card. I hope I have;
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soul, I feele)
To endure more Miferies, and greater farte
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newses abroad?
Crom. The heauieft, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King,
Card. God blefe him.
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Card. That’s somewhat fadain,
But he’s a learned Man. May he continue
Long in his Highneffe fature, and do Justice
For Truths-fake, and his Confidence; that his bones,
When he ha’s run his course, and fleepes in Bleffings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That Cromwel is retured with welcome;
Infall’d Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.
Card. That’s Newses indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in fecrecte long married,
This day was view’d in open, as his Queen,
Going to Chappell: and the voide is now
Onely about her Coronation.
Card. There was the weight that pull’d me downe.
O Cromwell,
The King ha’s gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue loft for ever.
No Sun, shall ever light for me mine Honors,
Or glide against the Noble Troopes that weighted
Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwel’,
I am a poore faine man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer fee) I have tald him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will flire thine
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy holpfull Seruice pierth too. Good Cromwell
Negled him not; make vife now, and prouide
For thine owne future safety.
Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then cleave you? Must I needes forge
So good, fo Noble, and fo true a Master?
Beare winceffe, all that haue not hearts of ftron,
With what a sorrow Cromwel’ leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my fentence: but my prayers
For euuer, and for ever shall be yours.
Card. Cromwel, I did not thinkke to flied a tearre
In all my Miferies; But thou haft forcke’d me
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman,
Let’s dry our eyes: And thus faire here me Cromwel,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And fleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And founded all the Depthes, and Shoales of Honor,
Found there a way (out of his wacke) to life in:
A pure, and fale one, though thy Master miift it.
Marke but my fall, and that Buid’d me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that fanne felle the Angels fhould can man then
(The Image of his Maker,) hope to win by it?
Love thy felle left, cherish thofe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honestly,
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To flience emious Tongues. Be inf, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou annoyest, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fallit (O Cromwel)
Thou fallit a blessed Martyr.
Sere the King; and prythee lead me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the leaft peny, ’tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne, O Cromwel, Cromwel,
Had I but fere’d my God, with halfe the Zeale
I fere’d my king: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.
Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y’are well met once again.
2 So are you.
3 You come to take your hand here, and behold
The Lady Anne, pale from her Coronation.

Enter.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

A Royal Train believe me: These I know: Who's that that bears the Spear?  
Marqueell Dorset,  
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod,  
A bold brave Gentleman, That should be:  
The Duke of Suffolk,  
'Tis the same: high Steward  
And that my Lord of Norfolk?  
Yes.  
Heaven blest thee,  
Though half the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
Sir, as I have a Soul: he is an Angel:  
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Arms,  
And more, and richer, when he strained that Lady,  
I cannot blame his Confidence.  
They that bear  
The Oath of Honour over her, are four Barons  
Of the Cinque Ports.  
Two of men are happy,  
And fo are all, and more her.  
I take it, they carry up the Train:  
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchess of Norfolk.  
It is, and all the rest are Countess.  
Their Coronets say so. These are Staves indeed,  
And sometimes falling ones.  
No more of that.  
Enter a third Gentleman.  
God save you Sir, Where have you bin brailing?  
Among the crowd th' n'Abbey, where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in: more I am fill'd  
With the more ranknike of their joy.  
You saw the Cerimony?  
That I did.  
How was it?  
Well worth the seeing,  
Good Sir, speake it Ivs?  
As well as I am able. The rich frame  
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queen  
To a preap'd place in the Quire, fell off  
A distance from her, while her Grace face downe  
To rest a while, some halfe an hour, or so,  
In a rich Chaire of State, oppo(ing) freely  
The Beauty of her Person to the People.  
Believe me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman  
That euer lay by man: which when the people  
Had full the view of, such a noyse arose,  
As the throwodes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempast,  
As low'd, and to as many Tunes. Hatts, Cloakes,  
( Doubled, I think) blew vp, and had their Faces  
Bin loofe, this day they had been loft. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,  
That had not half a weeke to goe, like Rammes  
In the old time of Warre, would flake the prease  
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man living  
Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen  
So strangely in one piece.  
But what follow'd?  
At length, her Grace rofe, and with modest paces  
Came to the Altar, where the kneell'd, and Saint-like  
Cait her fates eye's to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rofe againe, and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the Arch-byshop of Canterbury,  
She had all the Royall making of a Queen:  
As holy Oyle, Edward Confectors Crowne,  
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblesmes  
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

The Order of the Coronation.

A Lucily Flourish of Trumpets.  
Two, two Lentges.  
Lord Chancellour, with France and Stace before him.  
Quireflits sing: Müscke.  
Major of London, bearing the Mace.  
Then Garret, to his Contre of Armes, and on his head he wore a Cilt Copper Crown.  
Marqueell Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,  
a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey,  
bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dose, Coronewd with an  
Earles Coronet, Collars of Effes.  
Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estrate, his Coronet on his  
head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With  
him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallsip,  
a Coronet on his head. Collars of Effes.  
A Canopy, borne by force of the Cinque-Ports, under it  
the Queenes in her Robe, in her hair, richly adorned with  
Peales, Crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London,  
and Wincheller.  
The Old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a Coronall of Gold,  
strewd with Flowers bearing the Queenes Train.  
Ceriane Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of  
Gold,without Flowers.  
Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, a great Flourish of Trumpets.  

With
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Counsell, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
Gibe him a littleearth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the house of eight, which he himselfe
Foresaw shou'd be his last, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Tears, and Sorrowes,
He gave his Honors to the world agen,
His blessed part to Heauen, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he reft,
His Faults all gently on him;
Yet thus faire Griffith, guile me leau't to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded Thomacke, ever ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by fuggiflion
Ty'd all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire pla y,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I' th'prefence
He would say ynturths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was newer
(But where he meant to Ruine, &c.)
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.
Griff. Noble Madam:
Mens euill manners live in Bratfe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it pleafe your Highnefe
To heare me speake his good now?
Kath. Yes good Griffith,
I were malicious elfe.
Griff. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly
Was fathion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fayrly spoken, and perfuading:
Lofy, and fowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to thofe men that fought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were vnfatisfied in getting,
(Which was a finne) yet in beifying Madam,
He was moft Princeful: Euer witnefe for him
Thofe twinnes of Learning, which he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwillin to out-lyue the good that did it.
The other (though vnfinful) yet fo Fowmous,
So excellent in Art, and ftil loifing,
That Christenfdome fhall euer speake his Vertue.
His Overthrown, he'd Happinefe upon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himfelfe,
And found the Bleffedfnde of being little.
And to addle greater Honors to his Age
Then man could glue him: he dy'de, leaing God,
Kath. After my death, I with no other Herald,
No other speaker of my living Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But fuch an honeft Chronicer as Griffith.
Whom I moft hated Living, thou halfe made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modelltie,
(Now in his Age) Honors: Peace be with him,
Patience, he neere me flill, and feare me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the Musiftians play me that fad note
I nam'd my Knell, whilft I fit meditating
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

On that Celestiall Harmony I go too.
Sad andsolemne Muses give.
Griff. She is a sleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.
Enter a solemnly trippling one on the other, the fece Personages,
clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of
Bayes, and golden Piets upon their faces. Branches of Bayes
or Palmes in their hands. Then first Counge unto her, then
Dancing: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a garland
Garland over her Head, at which the other faire make re-
Inward Chastifies. Then the two that held the Garland, deli-
ver the same to the other next two, who obserue the same or-
der in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her
head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the
last two: who likewise observe the same Order. At which
(as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleep) signes of
rejoicing, and bouldeth up her hands to heavan. And so in
their Dancing vanally, carrying the Garland with them.

The Muses continue.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness, behind ye?
Griff. Madam, we are heere.
Kath. Is it not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Griff. None Madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not even now a blessed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whole bright faces
Call thousand and beames upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me everall Happiness;
And brought me Garlands (Griffith which I seele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall abrayled.
Griff. I am most joyfully Madam, such good dreames
Poffesse your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Muses keepe leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

Musiees cease.

Parl. Do you not
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale the lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?
Griff. She is going Wench. Pray pray.
Parl. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And's like your Grace—
Kath. Yours a favoy Fellow,
Defer we no more Reuence?
Griff. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not looie her wonded Greatness
To we rude behauiour. Go, too, kneele.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haft made me vnmanerlie. There is flattering
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you;
Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow
Let me not see again.
Exit Miffsenger.

Enter Lord Capuchini.

If my fate fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchini.
Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Tides now are sted at strangely
With me, since full you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne feruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings requet, that I would visit you,
Who greettes much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
For you are a good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phylckie givne in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormer, and my poore name
Bafith'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter
I can't you write, yet went away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbley pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Moll willing Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues this yong daughter,
The dews of Heaven fall thickke in Blessings on her,
Reching him to glue her ver转入s beholding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope the will deserve well; and a little
To love her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knows how deeuely.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittle
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare sue
(And now I should not bye) but will deserve
For Vertue, and true Beasle of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And fure those men are happy that shall have'em.
The lat is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid'em,
And being nothing to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able menanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By what you lose the dearest in this world,
As you with Christian peace to foules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.
Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loose the fasion of a man.
Kath. I thank ye honest Lord. Remember me
In all humiliaty to his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world, Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor, fiew me over
With Maidens Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Grace; Embalse me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterme me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.
Enter Gardiner Bishop of Wincheseter, a Page with a Torch before him, put by Sir Thomas Lowell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, 'tis not.
Boy. It hath throoke.
Gard. Their should be houres for necesseities,
Not for delights: Times to repaye our Nature
With comfortting repose, and not for vs
To waale these times. Good hour of night Sir Thomas:
Whether I sate?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and lef him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lou. I maung to him too.
Before he go to bed. He take my leave.
Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lowell: what's the matter?
It sences you are in halfe: and if there be
No great offence belongs too, gie your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affairs that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, hau'e
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That sakes dispart by day.
Lou. My Lord, I loue you;
And durst commend a feeter to your ears
Much weightier then this worke. The Queenes in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and feard
She'ld with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruite the goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I will it grub'd vp now.
Lou. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience syes
She's a good Creature, and Sweet-Ladie do's
Defere our better wishes.
Gard. But Sir, Sirs,
Heare me Sir Thomas y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne waye. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne'ere be well,
'Twill not Sir Thomas Lowell, tak't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and flee.
Sleepe in their Graves.
Lou. Now Sir, you spake of twou.
The moat rematk'd I'd Kingsome 245 for Cromwell,
Befide that of the Jewell-House, is made Mafter
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Futhert Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will load him. Th'Archbyshop
Is the kings hand, and tongue, and who dare spake
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas.
There are that Dare, and I my selfe have ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sis (I may tell you it) I think I haue
Incent the Lords of'th'Council, that heis
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A moat Arch-Heretique, a Pellicence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moud
Have broken with the King, who hath so farre
Given rare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischeifes,
Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councill Board
He be contented. He's a ranke wreed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lou. Many good nightes, my Lord, I leff you yettant.
Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My minde not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little Charles, Nor still not when my Fancies on my play,
Now Loue, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lou. I could not personally delivier to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thankes
In the great Rule humblesse, and deu't your Highnesse
Moot heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'th thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What is the crying out?
Lou. So sayled her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suff. God saftely quire her of her Burchen, and
With gentle Traualie, to the gladding of
Your Highnesse with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight Charles.
Praythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'offare of my poor Queene. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suff. I with your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Milfris will
Remember in my Prayres.
King. Charles good night.

Exit Suffolk.
Well Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Wenny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Archbyshop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury,
Den. I my good Lord,
King. 'Tis true: where is th'Den
Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.
King. Bring him to Vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Deny.

King. Aueoyd the Gallery.
What?

Enter Loue and Deny.

Cran. I am fearfull: Wherefore frome he thus?
'Tis his Aspet of Terror. Allis not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.
Cran. It is my dutie
'T'attend your Highnesse pleasure,
King. Pray you arife
My good and gracieus Lord of Canterbury:
Come, you and I must waake a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, give me your hand.
Ahh my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
And am right forse to repeat what follows.
I haue, and most unwillingly of late
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Heard many grievous. I do say my Lord
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Hast mou'd Vs, and our Council, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your felse,
But that till further Trial, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contained.
To make your house our Tower; you, a Brother of vs
If fits we thus proceed, or else no winnefe
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank you your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know
There's none flands vnder more ponderous tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.
King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rootted
In vs thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand vp,
Pryshe let's wakke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have sent some pane, to bring together
Your felle, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without interuption farther.
Cran. Moft dread Liege,
The good I fland on, is my Truth and Honestye:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.
King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their praetifs
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer
The Juflice and the Truth o'th'question caries
The dew o'th'Verdit with it; at what ease
Might corrupt minde proced, Knave as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things have bene done,
You are Posently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke.
I meane in perill'd Wintime, then your Mafter,
Whose Minister you are, while he cou'd not
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go tooo, go tooo,
You take a Precept for no lespe of danger,
And woe your owne destruction,
Cran. God, and your Majesty
Presert mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.
King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more preaule, then we give way too
Keep commerce to you, and this forenoon fee
You do appearre before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The beft peruaus to the contrary
Falle not to vfe, and with what vehemenzie
Th'occasion shall infrue you, if intrests
Will render you no remoyde, this Ring
Delier them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods bles Mother,
I except he is true-hearted, and a foule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.
Exit Cranemer.
He has strangled his Language in his tears.

Enter Olds Lady.
Gent. within. Come backe: what means you?
Lady. I e not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners.
New good Angel
Fly o're thy Rovall head, and shade thye person
Vnder their blessed wings.
King. Now by thy looks
I grife thy Maffage. Is the Queens deliver'd?
Say, Land of a boy.
Lady. I, my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleffe her: 'Tis a Gyrl
Promises Boyes hereafter Sir, your Queen
Defires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.
King. Lowell.
Low. Sir,
King. Glue her an hundred Markes.
Ie to the Queene.
Exit King.
Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ie ha more.
An ordinary Gromme is for such payment,
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrl was like to him? Ie
Have more, or else vifsay: and now,while'tis hot,
It be put to the issue,
Exit Lady.

Scena Seconda.

Enter Cranemer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.
Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Council, praye'd me
To make great hast. All fall? What means this? How?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?
Exit Cranemer.
Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must waite till you be call'd for.
Exit Doctor Butts.
Cran. So.
Buts. This is a Peeper of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so hapily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently.
Exit Butts.
Cran. 'Tis Butts.
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he call'd his eyes upo'n me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never fought their malice
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait els at doore: a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyers.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Butts, at a Window
above.
Butts. He faw your Grace the strangest light.
King. What's that Butts?
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Buts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.
K. My body a me: what is it?
Buts. There my Lord;
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at home among all Pursuivants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
K. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one about 'em, I had thought
They had parted to much honestly amongst 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so necer our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the door too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy Mary (Buts) there's knavery,
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
We shall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chayres, and Stoolers, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A State being left void about him, as for Canterbury's State.
Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, feast themselves in Order on each side.
Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.
Cham. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary:
Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Please your Honours,
The chiefe caufe concerns his Grace of Canterbury,
D. He's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archibishop:
And he's done halfe an hour to know your pleasures.
Cham. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Cromer: Approaches the Council Table.
Cham. My good Lord Archibishop, I'm very fortty
To sit heare at this prent, and behold
That Chayre fland empty: But we all are men
In our owne nature frail, and capable
Of our fleth, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that well should teach vs,
Hauie mistisdeymes your selfe, and more a little;
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For let we are informed) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous: which are Heresiies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
D. Which Reformation must be sodain too
My Noble Lords; for those that tamed wild Horaces,
Pace 'em not in their handes to make 'em gentle;
But flop their mouthes with flubborn Bits & spottre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer
Out of our cattel and childish pitty
To one mans Honour, this consious ficknesse;
Farewell all Phychicks: and what follows then?
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole Sare; as of late dayes our neighboures,
The upper Germaine can dearely witnesse:
Yet frethyly pinsted in our memories.

Crom. My good Lords; Hither, in all the Progresse
Both of my Life and Office, I have a bourn;
And with no little flindy, that my teaching
And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and falsely and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteles, more flures against,
Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With leffe Allegiance in it. Men that make
Enay, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the beet'. I doe beehee your Lordships,
That in this case of Injuries, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely yrge against me.

Sub. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. (men,
Gard. My Lord, because we have busines of more
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
And our content, for better tryall of you,
From hence you space committed to the Tower,
Where being but a priuate man againe,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.
Crom. Ah my good Lord of Wincheffer I thank you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, judge and Iutor,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my vordering. Lone and没kendef Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition;
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Call none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Seafarr
That's the plaine truth; your painted glossie difcuers
To men that understand you, words and weaknesse.
Crom. My Lord of Wincheffer, ye are a little,
By your good favour, too strange; Men fo Noble,
How euer faltily, yet should finde respect
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man,
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie, you may work
Of all this Table say so.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Does not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Seet? ye are not found.
Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found I say.
Crom. Would you were halfe so honest
Mens prayers then would feeke you, not their fears,
Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doc.
Remember your bold life too:
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame my Lords.
Gard. I haue done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthe with
You be conuagent to th' Tower a Prisoner:
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords,

All
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords? Gard. What other, Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome: Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.
Cran. For me.
Muff goe like a Traytor or thither?
Gard. Receive him, And see him safe th'o'th' Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords, I have a little yet to say. Look there my Lords, By vertue of that Ring, I take my caufe Out of the gripes of cruel men, and glue it To a steele Noble Judge, the King my Majest, Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Surf. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous Flame a rowling, 'T would fall upon our felues.
Norf. Doe you think my Lords, The King will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis too now too certaine, How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were freely out on't.
Cran. My mind gave me, In seeking tales and Informations Against this man, whole honestly the Diuell And his Difpelles onely enuye at, Ye blew the faire that burns ye: now have sat ye.

Enter King frowning on them; takes his Seate.
Gard. Dread Soneraigne,
How much we, we bound to Heauen, In dayly thankest; that gawe vs such a Prince; Not onely good and wife, but mortifligious: One that in all obedienc, makes the Church The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strenthen That holy duty out of dear respect, His Royall felle in Judgement comes to heare The caufe betwixt her, and this great offender,
Kin. You were euer good at fodore Commendations, Bishop of Wincheffer. But know I come not To heare fuch flattery now, and in my presence They are too thin, and fabe to hide ofences, To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, And thinke with wragging of your tongue to win me: But whatfoere thou tak'st me for, I'm fure Thou haft a cruel Nature and a bloody, Good man fit downe: Now let me fee the proudeft Here, that dares moft, but wag his finger at thee, By all that's holy, he had better fware, Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your Grace;--
Kin. No Sir, it do's not please me, I had thoughts, I had had me of some understanding, And wifedom of my Counsell; but I finde none: Was it differection Lords, to let this man, This good man (few of you dextre that Title) This honest man, wait like a lowe Footh-boy At Chamber door? and one, as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commiffion Bid ye to farte forget your felues? I gaue ye Power, as he was a Counfelliour to try him,

Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I fee, More out of Malevice then Integrity, Would trye him to the vmoft, 'twas ye meant, Which ye shall never have while I live.
Cham. Thus faire
My most dread Soneraigne, may it like your Grace, To let my tongue excuse all, What was purpord Concerning his Imprifonment, was rather (If her be faith in men) meant for his Tryall, And faire purgation to the world them maleice, I'm sure in me.
Kin. Well, well my Lords repect him, Take him, and vfe him well; he's worthy of it, I will lay thus much for him, if a Prince May be beholding to a Subiect; 
Am for his loue and feruite, for so him, Make me no more aue, but all embrace him;
Be friends for Shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury I have a Suite which you must not deny mee. That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme, You must be Godfather, and anfwere for her.
Cran. The greatest Monarch now alue may glory In fuch an honour: how may I defend it, That is a poor and humble Subiecte to you?
Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd fpake your founeres; You thall haue two noble Partners with you: the old Ducheffe of Norffeld, and Lady Marquelle Darfit? will thefe please you?
Once more my Lord of Wincheffer, I charge you Embrace, and loue this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother, loue I do it.
Cran. And let Heauen
Witneffe how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts, Kin. Good Man, those joyfull tears fhew thy true The common voyce I fee is verified Of thee, which fayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury A fwoond turne, and hee's your friend for ever: Come Lords, we trifie time away: I long I hauze this young one made a Chiffian. As I have made ye one Lords,one remaine: So I growe stronger, you more Honour gaine.

Scena Tertia.

Noyfe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.
Port. You'll leave your noyfe anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parith Garden: ye rude Stares, leave your gaping:
Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Lander.
Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree Haues, and throng ones: there are but switches to them! Ile scratch your heads, ye must be feing Chriftiennes? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes here, ye rude Raskalls?
Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible, Vnleefe wee swepe'em from the dore with Cannons, To fetter 'em, as 'tis to make'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will never be:
We may as well pufh against Powles as thirre'em.
For, How got they in, and be hang'd?
By th'heales, and sodainly:and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpet sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the presse, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe fairly; or Ile finde
A Marshallely, shall hold ye playe these two Moneths.

For, Make way there, for the Princeff.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand clofe vp, or Ile make your head ake.
For, You Ith Chamblet, get vp o th'raile,
He preake you o're the pales life.

---

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets: soundling: They two Aldermen, L. Mayor.
Carter, Carriers, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshalls.
Staffe, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing great
standing Bowses for the Christening Giufpe: Then foure
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchifh of
Norfolk, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a
Manife, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then folowes
the Marchioniffe Dafel, the other Godmother, and
Ladiers. The Troope passe once about the Scene, and Gar-
tier speake.

Gart, Heaven
From thy endleffe goodnesse, fend prosperus life,
Long and ever happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeff of England Elizabeth.

Howif. Enter King and Guard.
Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my felle thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May houfly fall vppon ye.

Kim. Thank you good Lord Archbifhop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth,
Kim. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kiffe, take my Blessing; God proteft thee,
Into whofe hand, I give thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
Kim. My Noble Giufpe, y'have bene too Prodigall;
I thank ye heartly: So bin this Lady,
When she ha's no much English.
Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me, and the words I utter,
Let none think Flatterie; for they finde'em Truth,
This Royall Infant, Heauen full mowe about her
Thought in her Cradle, yet now promis
Upon this Land a thoufand thoufand Blessings,
Which Time fhall bring to ripenift: She fhall be,
(But fewe now luing can behold that goodnesse)
A Paternone to all Princes living with her,
And all that fhall succeed: Sule was never
More couetous of Wifeforme, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule fhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp fuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall fli be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,
Holy

---

The Life of King Henry the Eight.
Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsell her:
She shall be loud and fear'd, Her owne shall bleffe her;
Her Foes make like a Field of beatne Corn, 
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good growes with her.

In her dayes, Every Man shall ease in safety,
Under his owne Vine what he plants, and tinge,
The mery Songs of Peace to all his Neighbors.

God shall be truly knowne, and thowe about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by thowe claimie their greatnesse not by Blood.

Not shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dykes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Athes new creat another Feere,
As great in admiration as her fee.

So shall the lease her Bleffedness to One,
(When Heaven shall call her from this clowd of darkness)
Who, from the sacred Athes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rife, as great in fame as she was,
And fo Rand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruantes to this choyen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where over the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourishe,

And like a Mountains Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and bleffe Heaven.

Fin. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged Princesse: many dayes shall sheer,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,
A most unspottéd Lily shall the paffe
To th' ground, and all the World shall moute her.

Fin. O Lord Archbishop

Thou haft made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing,
This Oracle of comfort, she's fo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all, To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiued much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall finde me thankfully. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and the trusty ye,
She will be fickle els. This day, no man thinke
'Has beastesse at his house; for all shall say:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

The Epilogue.

To ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleepe an All or two: but those we faire
Whose freighted with our Trumpets: fo'st cleare,
They lov not naught. Others to here the City
About extremely, and to cry that's wity,
Which we have not done neither, that I faire

All the expect'd, good w're like to here.
For this Play at this time, is only in
The mercifull confruction of good womes,
For such as are to be embrac'd: If they finall,
And fast shall doe, I know within a while,
All the best men are ours; for it's all hop,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.
The Prologue.

INTroy there lies the Scence: From Isles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crowns' Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their course is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The ruish'd Helen, Menelaus Queen,
With wanton Paris sleepees, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-draughting Barke do there discharge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plains
The fresh and yet unbruised GREEKES do pitch
Their brave Pauillions.Priams fix-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with mofie Staples
And coresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirts,
On one and other side, Troyan and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument:
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes o're the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde faults, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.
**THE TRAGFDEIE OF**

**Troylus and Creflida.**

**Actus Primus.**

**Scena Prima.**

Enter Pandarum and Troylus.

**Troylus.**

All here my Varlet, Ie vnaarme againe. Why should I wærre without the walls of Troy? That finde such cruel batail here within? Each Trojan that is matter of his heart, Let him to field, Troylus slas hath none.

**Pan.** Will this geese nere be mended?

**Troylus.** The Greeks are strong & skilful to their strenght, Fierc to their skill, and to their fierceesse Valiant:

But I am weaker then a woman's use;

Tamer then speece, tender then ignorance;

Leffe valiant then the Virgin in the night,

And skilless as vopraetis'd Infancia.

**Pan.** Well, I have told you enouogh of this: For my part, Ie not meddle nor make no father. Hee that will have a Cake out of the Whetstone, must needs take the grinding.

**Troylus.** Haue I not caried?

**Pan.** I the grinding; but you must carry the bolting.

**Troylus.** I haue not caried.

**Pan.** I the bolting; but you must carry the leaung.

**Troylus.** Still haue I caried.

**Pan.** To the leauening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking: may, you must flay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

**Troylus.** Patience her felte, what Goddesesse ete the be,

Doth leffer blench as sufferance, then do I:

At Priams Royall Table doe I fit;

And when faire Crefcide comes into my thoughts,

So (Tracto) then she comes, when she is thence.

**Pan.** Well:

She look'd yeartnight faire, then ever I saw her looke,

Of any womans els.

**Troylus.** I was about to tell thee, when my heart,

As wedged with a figh, would rie in twain,

Least Hector or my Father should perceiue me:

I laue (as when the Sunne doth light a storme)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile;

But sorow, that is cause'd in seeming gladness;

I like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden fadness.

**Pan.** And her haire were not somewhat darkest then

Helens; well go too, there were no more comparison betweene the women. But for my past fife is my Kinswoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praffe it, but I would some-body had heard her talke yesteray as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Caffandros wit, but—

**Troylus.** O Pandarum! I tell thee Pandarum;

When I doe tell thee, there my hope lyes down'd: Reply not in how many Fadomes deep:

They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In Crefcide love. Thou art wel the she is faire,

Powe r in the open Vicer of my heart,

Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,

Handed in thy discourse. O that her Hand

(Ins whom collection, all whites are lute)

Writing their owne reproach; so whole sof feateur,

The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sene

Hard as the palmes of Plough-man. This thou tellt me;

As true thou tellt me, when I say I love her:

But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balmes,

Theu laiz't in every gat that love hath giuen me,

The Knife that made it.

**Pan.** I speake no more then trueth.

**Troylus.** Thou do'lt not speake so much.

**Pan.** Faith, Ie not meddle in'ts: Let her be as she is,

if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she's the mends in her owne hands.

**Troylus.** Good Pandarum: How now Pandarum?

**Pan.** I have had my Labour for my trussell,ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and betweene, but small thanks for my labous.

**Troylus.** What art thou angry Pandarum? what with me?

**Pan.** Because she's Kinde to me, therefore she's not so faire as Helen, and the were not kin to me, she would be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and she were a Black-A-Moor, 'tis all one to me.

**Troylus.** Say I she is not faire?

**Troylus.** I do not care whether you doe or no. She's a Fool to play behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and for Ie tell the next time I see her: for my part, Ie meddle nor make no more it's matter.

**Troylus.** Pandarum? **Pan.** Not I.

**Troylus.** Sweete Pandarum.

**Pan.** Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there to end.

**Exit Pand.**

Sound Alarm.

**Troylus.** Peace you vagrous Clamors, peace rude sounds,

Foolish on both sidees, Helen must needs he faire,

When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this Argumente:
The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida.

Hesten fars a fubjed for my Sword.
But Pandarum: O Gods! How do you pleafe me?
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar.
And he's as teachy to be woud to woe.
As she isStubborne, chat, against all suite.
Tell me Apollo for thyDaphne ioue.
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our Limon, and where fiue reside.
Let it be cold and withered fandion man.
Our felfe the Merchant, and stil faying Pandar.
Our doubtfull hope, our conouy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Alarum.

Act. How now Prince Troilus?
Wherefore not a field?

Troj. Because nothere; this woman answer fots.

For womanfhip it is to be from thence:

What newes? Exeunt from the field to day?

Act. That Paris is returned home, and hurt,
Troj. By whom, Alarum?

Act. Trojus by Menelaus.

Troj. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a fear to feorne,
Paris is gone with Menelaus home. Alarum.

Alarum. Have what you prefer out of Towne to day.

Troj. Better at home, if I would I might were may:
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

Act. In all fwit haft.

Troj. Come goe we then together.

Exeunt. Paris and Cressid from her maw.

Act. Who were thofe went by?

Men. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Act. And whether go they?

Men. Vp to the Eattern Towere.

Whofe height commands as fubjed all the valle,
To fee the battell: Helles whole patience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, fow day was mould.
He chides Andromache and ftooke his Armor, 
And like as there were husbandry in Ware 
Before the Sunne rofe, hee was barefied lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet wepe what it forfaw,
In Hellors wrath.

Act. What was his caufe of anger?

Men. The noise goe's this;

There are amongst the Greekes,
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Helles,
They call him Ajax.

Act. Good; and what of him?
Men. They fay he is a very manfer fte and fands alone.

Cres. So do all men, valleye they are drunke, fike, or have no legges.

Men. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beas of their particular adornions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, cruelifh as the Beare, low as the Elephant; a man into whom nature hath fo crowded humors, that his valour is cruft into folly, his folly fraught with diffention: there is no man hath a verucry, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint, but he carrie fome fame of it. He is melancholy without caufe, and merry againft the haires, hee hath the joynes of every thing, but every thing fo out of joynes, that hee is a grovifare Brute, many hands and no voice; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no fight.

Act. But how shou'd this man that makes me feife, make Helles angry?

Men. They faie he yesterday came with Helles in the battell and stroke him downe, the disfaimd & shame where

Of, hath euer fince kept Helles fainting and waking,

Enter Pandarum.

Men. Who comes here?

Men. Madam your Vncle Pandarum.

Men. Helles a gallant man.

Men. As may be in the world Lady.

Men. What's that what's that?

Men. Good morrow Vncle Pandarum.

Men. Good morrow Cozen Cressid, what do you talke of? good morrow Alexander: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illion?

Men. This morrow Vncle.

Men. What were you talkeing of when I came? Was Cressid arm'd and gone eye yea came to Illion? Helen was not vp? was the?

Men. Helles was gone but Helen was not vp?

Men. Even fo, Helles was thinking early.

Men. That were we talkeing of, and of his ange.

Men. Was he angry?

Men. So he fakes here.

Men. True he was fo; I know the caufe too, hecket lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Trojus will not come farre behind him, let them take heed of Trojus; I can tell them that too.

Men. What is he angry too?

Men. Who Trojus?

Helles is the better man of the two,

Men. Oh, I know there's no comparifion.

Men. What not between Trojus and Helles? do you know a man if you fee him?

Men. If I ever fee him before and knew him.

Men. Well I fay Trojus is Helles.

Men. Then you fay as I fay,

For I am sure he is not Helles.

Men. No not Helles is not Trojus in fome degrees.

Men. Tis flill, to each of them he is himfelfe.

Men. Himfelfe! alas poor Trojus I would he were.

Men. So he is.

Men. Condition I had gone bare-foot to Indis.

Men. He is not Helles.

Men. Himfelfe? or a hee's not himfelfe, would a were himfelfe: well, the Gods are above, time moft friend or endew well Trojus well, I would my heart were in her body: no, Helles is not a better man then Trojus.

Men. Excufe me.

Men. He is elder.

Men. Pardon me, pardon me.

Men. Tho' others not come too, you fhall tell me another tale when the others come to: Helles shall not have his will this yeare.

Men. Hee fhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Men. Nor his qualities.

Men. No matter.

Men. Nor his beautie.

Men. 'Tould not become him, his own's better.

Men. You have no judgement Neece; Helles her felle

Men. The other day that Trojus for a browne face (for to his I muft confede) not browne neither.

Men. No, but brown.

Men. Fafh to fay truth, browne and not browne.

Men. To fay the truth, true and not true.

Men. She praid his complexion aboue Paris.

Men. Why Paris hath colour enough.

Men. So he has.

Men. Then Trojus should haue too much, if she praid him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having colour.
I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pand. He be sworn 'tis true, he will weep you an'twere a man born in April.

sound a retreat.

Cres. And Ile spring up in his teares, an'twere a nestle against May.

Pand. Hark they are comming from the field, that we stand up here and see them, as they pass to toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pand. Here, heere, heere, here's an excellent place, here we may see moff bruall, he tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but mark Troslius about the reft.

Enter Aeneas.

Cres. Speake not so loud.

Pand. That's Aeneas, is not that a braue man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but mark Troslius, you shal fee anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pand. That's Antenor, he have a throw'd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th'found judgement in Troy wondering, and a proper man of person: when comes Troslius? He know you Troslius anon, if hee fee you, you shall fee him now at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pand. You shal fee.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Enter Hellc.

Pand. That's Hellc, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way Hellc, there's a braue man Neece, O brave Hellc! Look he hee lookes there's a contende;jift not a braue man?

Cres. O brave man!

Pand. Is it not? It doees man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helme, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's noiselling, layning on, tak's off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

Cres. Be thole with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pand. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the distell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it doees one heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris; looke yee yonder Neece, sit not a gallant man to, sit not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will do Hellus heart good now, ha? Would I could see Troslius now, you shal Troslius anon.

Cres. Whole that?

Enter Helenus.

Pand. That's Helenus, I maruell where Troslius is, that's Helenus, I think he went not forth to day: that's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight truth?

Pand. Helenus no; yee hee fight indifferent, well, I maruell where Troslius is; hakee, do you not haee the people crie Troslius & Helenus is a Priest.

Cres. What breaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troslius.


Cres. Peace for shame peace.

Pand. Mark him, nor him, O brave Troslius: looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blon-, and his Helme more hack then Hellc, and how he lookes,

Cres. Indeed a Taplets Arithmetique may some bring his particular therein, to soatall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound hit's as much as his brother Hellc.

Cres. Is he so yong a man, and so old a sister?

Pand. But to prooue to you that Helen loves him, she came and put her white hand to his clouten chin.

Cres. Two have mercy, how came she clouten?

Pand. Why, you know tis dimpl'd, I think his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrygia.


Cres. Oh yes, and were a cloud in Autume.

Pand. Why go to then, but to prooue to you that Helen loves Troslius.

Cres. Troslius will stand to thee Proof, if you prooue it fo.

Pand. Troslius why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egg.

Cres. If you louse an addle egg as well as you louse an idle head, you would eate chickens it thick.

Pand. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how the tickled his chin; indeed hee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confeffe.

Cres. Without the rakes.

Pand. And thee take upon her to spee a white hair on his chinne.

Cres. Alas poor chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene Hecuba laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cres. With Milstones.

Pand. And Cafandra laughs.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pand. And Hellc laughs.

Cres. At what was this laughing?

Pand. Mastie at the white hair that Helen spied on Troslius chin.

Cres. And had beene a greene hair, I should have laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the hair, as at his pretty anfwere.

Cres. What was his anfwere?

Pand. Quoth thee, here's but two and fiftie haires on your chinne, and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her quefion.

Pand. That's true, make no quefion of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white; white haire is my Father, and all the reft are his Sonnes. Impeir quoth he, which of these haires is Paris my husband? For he forked one quoth hee, pluck out and give it him: there was such laughing, and Helen so blushing, and Paris so chaff, and all the reft so laught, that it past.

Cres. So be it now.

For is beene a great while going by.

Pand. Well Cozen,
Troylus and Cressida.

Enter common Sailors.

Cres. Haste come more.

Pan. Affairs, foole, dotes, challenge, bragge and bran, challenge and bran; porridge after meat. I could liue and dye the eyes of Troylus. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes; I had rather be such a man as Troylus, then Agamemnon, and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man then Troylus.

Pan. Achilles, a Drag-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any discretion have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spire, and soul that seates a man?

Cres. Is a mind's man and then to be buck'd with no Date in the eye, for then the man dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cres. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wits; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all thefe: and at these wardes I lye as at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay I lye watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefe of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it fell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would infantly speake with you.


Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.

Fare well good Neece.


Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cres. To bring Neeke.

Pan. I, a token from Troylus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pand.

Words, vows, giftes, tears, & loues full facciies, he offers in another entrprise: But more in Troylus thousand fold I see, Then in the glasse of Pandar's praise may be; Yet hold it off. Women are Angels woman, Things won are done, lyes foule lyes in the doing: That the belou'd, knows nought, that knows not this; Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is. That she was never yet, that ever knew Loue got to forget, as when desire did fue: Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;

"Attachment, in command; vngain'd, desir'd,

That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth brare,

Nothing of that ball from mine eyes appear. Exit.
Troylus and Cressida.

And thou most renuered for thy freethee, out of life,
I give to both your speeches which were such,
As Agenemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold with high in Brache, and such againe
As venerable Nefir (batt'chin' in Silver)
Should wish a bond of aye, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heavens ride, knitt all Greece exces
to his experience'd tongue; yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wife) to hear Vifher speake.

Age. Speak Prince of Illyra, and be of yeles expect:
That matter needleffe of important burthen
Doubt thy lips; then weare confident
When ranke Thenire as his Maftrice iaws,
We shall heare Mufick, Wit, and Oracie.

Vif. Troy yet upon his basis had bene downe,
And the great Heliers word had lack'd a Mafter
But for these influences,
The speciell of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plaine, to many hollow Factions.
When that the General is not like the Fire,
To whom the Farriers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expect'ed? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthie flues as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themelfes, the Planets, and this Center,
Obfere degree, priority, and place,
Influte, course, proportion, fession, forme,
Office, and office, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, embrond' and sphere'd
Amidst the other, whoe meditable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euil,
And pofters like the Command'ment of a King,
Sant check's, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euil mixture to disorder wand'r,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? fhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Dives, and cratke, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixture? Or, when Degree is flak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high defignes)
The enterprize is fickle. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawres,
(But by Degree) hand in Authentique place
Take but Degree away, vntune that thing,
And heare what Discord followes: each thing meetes
In meerse oppugnante. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boromes higher then the Shores.
And make a topfe of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endless faire, justice recieth)
Should loofe her names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes it fell in Powre,
Power into Will, Will into Apparite,
And Apparite (an vnoverfall Wolfe),
So doubly seconced with Will, and Powre
Mull make perfors an vnoverfall pray,
And Iaff' erase himfelfe.

Great Agenemnon:
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocates,
Followes the choking:
And this negligence of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The General's disin'd
By him one ftep below; he, by the ftep,
That next, by him breareth: fo euery ftep
Exemplified by the fift pace that is ficke
Of'tis this Feater that keeps Troy on foote,
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneiftelles, not in her strength.
Neft, Most worthy hath Vifher heard discourse'd
The Featers, whereas all our power is ficke.

Age. The Nature of the sickeneffe found (Uffifer)
What is the remedie?

Vif. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,
The fine, and the fore-hand of our Hote,
Having his ear full of his ayery Fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our defignes. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazie Bed, the fite-long day
Breakes furriff fife,
And with ridiculous and awkward afion,
(Which Sanderer, he imitation call'd)
He Pages vs. Sometimes great Agenemnon,
Thy topleffe depletion he post on,
And like a hurting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-ftrine, and doth think it rich
To hear the woodden Dialogue and found
'Twixt his ftrechting fotting, and the Scareflage,
Such to be pitted, and one called teeming
He afs this Greasiness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vifquit'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fufy stuffe,
The large Achilles (on his pref-ted bed lounging),
Of his deephe Cheef, laughes out a loud applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis Agenemnon luff.
Now play me Neffor: hum, and stroke thye Beard
As he, being dreft to some Oration;
That's done, as near as the extremeift ends
Of parallels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife,
Yet god Achilles still cries excellent,
'Tis Neffor right. Now play him (me) Patroclus,
Arming to anfwer in a night-Alarne,
And then (forfooth) the faint defects of Age
Mull be the Scene of mythy, to cough, and spit,
And with a paffe fuddling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Breathe; and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough Patroclus,
Or, give me rifs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleafure of my Spleene. And in this fathion,
All our abilities, gifts, nature, shapes,
Seuerals and generalls of grace excelt,
Aschicements, plots, orders, preceutiones,
Exetemns to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or loffe, what's, or is not, feuenes
As fufse for these two, to make paradoxes.

Neft, And in the imitation of thefe twaine,
Who (as Viffers fayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infekte:
Ajax is grownefe felie-will'd, and beares his head
In fuch a cyme, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes fathions Feasts, railes on our flate of Warre
Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and lets Theorites
A flave, whoe Galle coiners flanders like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken and dircidest our exporture,
How taker focuer rounded in with danger.

PfIII. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Court Whilesome as another member of the Warre,
Fore-gall preference, and afficme no ase
But that of hand : the filll and mutilant parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall frike
When sinettle call them on, and know by measure
Of their obferrant coyte, the Enemies wages,
Whyt this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-woke, Mapply, Clofsets-Warre:
So that the Ramme that barres downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudemente of his poizze,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finette of their soules,
By Resfon guide his execution.

Nef. Let this be grained, and Achilles horse
Makes many thetis tonsnes.

Tstkes

AgA. What Trumpet? Lookke Mereleans.

Nef. From Troy. 

AgA. Enter Eneas.

Nef. What would you fore our Tent?

AgA. Is this great Agenomenon Tent, I pray you?

Enea. Even this.

Nef. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Doo faire meffage to his Kingly ears?

AgA. With furtey stronger then Achilles armes,
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agenomenon Head and General.

Enea. Faire leave, and large security. How may
A franger to thofe most Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mottals?

AgA. How? 

Ent. 1: I take, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the checke be ready with a blath
Mocklet as morning, when the coldly eyes
The youthfull Phobus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agenomenon?

AgA. This Troian forest vs, or the men of Troy
Are cromenious Courtiers.

Ent. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vsnord,'d
As bending Angels that's their Fame, in peace
But when they would fceeme Souldiers, they have galles,
Good armes, strong yeonts, true swords, & Louis accord,
Nothing lo full of heart. But peace

Ent. Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thiy lips,
The worthinfle of prattice inflames his worth:
If he pratt chickefife, brung the prattife forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that prate folc pure cranfeeds.

AgA. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe Agenomenon?

Ent. 1 Greeke,that is my name.

AgA. What's your safyref I pray you?

Ent. Sir pardon, visfor Agenomenon cares.

AgA. He beares nourth priuitly
That comes from Troy.

Ent. No not from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his care,
To set his fence on the attentive beat,
And then to speake.

AgA. Speake tranquly as the winds,
It is not Agenomenon sleeping hour,
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,
He telleth to him selfe.

AgA. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braffe voyce through all these lazy Tents,
And every Greece of mytte, let him now,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke slowly,
The Trumpet sound.

We have great Agenomenon here, and King
A Prince callled Hefter, Prince is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continewd Truce
Is ruffly growne. He bad metake a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If here be one among It the faies It of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his safe;
That feakes his praffe, more then he fears his peril,
That knows his Vaulour, and knowes not his feast,
That lothes his Milifir more then in conficion,
(With truant voyces to her owne lip he loues)
And dare owew her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers to him this Challenge.

Hefter, in view of Troyans, and of Greecees,
Shall make it good, or do his beft to do it.
He hath a Lady, wifer, fairer, truer,
Then ever Greek did compasse in his armes,
And will no more with his Trumpet call,
Midway becween your Tents, and walls of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, Hefter shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in Troy when he cryes,
The Grecian Dames are fun-burnt, and not worth
The splenit of a Lance: Even so much.

AgA. This shall be told our Louers Lord Emest,
If none of them have foule in such a kinde.
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a more rencant proue,
That means not hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hefter if none else, Ile be he.

Nef. Tell him of Nefter, one that was a man
When Heles Grandire stuckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Silver, brest in a Gold Beauers,
And in my Vantracce put this winther'd brawne,
And meeting him, will tel him, that my Lady
Was fayer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: /his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blodd.

AgA. Now heans forbid such cartie of youth.

PfIII. Amen.

AgA. Faire Lord Emest,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Paullion shall I leade you first:
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall feast with vs before you goe,
And hide the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Ent. Amen.

Nef. What says Pfifter?

PfIII. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nef. What is it?

Pfifter. This is:
Blynde wedges true hard knoas; the feded Pride
That hath to this maturitie blowne vp

Troylus and Cressida.
In ranke Achilles, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like eul
To outer-balke's all.

Nefth. Wel, and how?

Ulys. This challenge that the gantall Helen sends,
Homer lets it fired in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nefth. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose gressfente little characters summe vp,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that Achilles, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (Apostol knows)'
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speepe of judgement,
I, with certenly, finde Helen's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nefth. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else opposte
That can from Helen bring his Honore off,
If not Achilles; thought 'tis a sport wholesome,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwells.
For here be the Troyans taile our deer'll repute
With their finit Pallate: and truth to me Ulysses,
Our impuitation shall be oddly poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the tucetelc
(Although particular) shall glue a scarling
Of good or bad, ynto the General:
And in such Indexes, although small pricke
To their subsequente Volumes, there is feene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maffe
Of things to come at large. It is suppo'd,
He that meets Helen, iflues from our choylie;
And choife being mutuell aede of all our foultis,
Maketh Meriton her election, and doth Boyle
As 't were, from forth vs all: a man dissil'd
Out of our Vertues; who misconstruing,
What heart from hence receyveth the conjuring part
To fecle a strong opinion to themselfes,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no leffe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directe by the Limbes.

Ulys. GIVE pardon to my speecch:
There fore 'tis mee: Achilles meett not Helen:
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our sowlefull Waters,
And thinkne perchance they'll fell: If not,
The loiter of the better yet to fiew,
Shall shew the better. Do not contest,
That euen Helen and Achilles meece:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nefth. I fee them not with my old eies: what are they?

Ulys. What glory our Achilles darres from Helen,
(Were he not praud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too inflent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and fatercome of his eyes
Should he feape Helen faire. If he were foyle,
Why then we did our maine opinion craft
In taint of our bell man, No, make a Losty,
And by desire let blackfifi Ascan draw
The fort to fight with Helen: Among our false
give him allowance as the worther man,
For that shall pfichfe the great Myrmidon
Who brayles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Creft, that prouder then blew Iris's bands.
If the dull brainififf Ascan come fafe off,
We'd dresse him vp in voyces if he faileth,

Yet go we vnder our opinion full,
That we laue better men. But hit or misse,
Our projectes life this shape of fence affumes,
Aias implo'ed, plucks downe Achilles Plumer.
Nefth. Now Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice,
And to Achilles' fame of it forUIth
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight:
Two Curres shall tame each other, Pridie alone
Muute tare the Maistiffes on, as were their bone. Exeunt
Enter Ajax, and Thersites.

THER. Thersites?

THER. Agamemnon, how if he had Bites (full) all over
generally.

THER. Thersites?

THER. And those Byles did runne, say fo; did not the General run, were not that a borthy core?

THER. Dogge.

THER. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

THER. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not hear?

Feele then.

Stikes him.

THER. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel beast-witted Lord.

THER. Speake then you whanid't heauen speake, I will beare thee into hand sommene.

THER. I fliall sooner rase thee into wit and bollifne:
But I thinkne thy Horse will soone con an Oration, then
learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'th thy fades tricke.

THER. Toads foole, learne me the Proclamation.

THER. Doect thou thinkne I have no fencen thou thirk't
Aia. The Proclamation, (me thus)

THER. Thou art proclaimed a foole, I thinke,

THER. Do not norrporne, do not; my fingers itch.

THER. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothom'st feab in Greece.

THER. I say the Proclamation.

THER. Thou gumblest & railest euyre on hone
Achilles, and thou art as full of emu as his greatness, as Ceres is at Proserpinas beauty. I, that thou barkeft at him.

THER. Mistrefli Thersites?

THER. Thou shoul'dt strike him.

THER. Cobole.

THER. He would pun thee into fluiers with his fis, as a Sailor breaks a bisker.

THER. You horcon Curre.

THER. Do,do.

THER. Thou floole for a Witch.

THER. I, do, do; thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbowes: An Affisio may tute thee. Thou frayre valiant Ascan, thou art heere but to thefeh Troyans, and thou art bounge and solde a-mong thoufe of any wit, like a Barbisan slave. If thou woue to be me, I will begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

THER. You dogge.

THER. You scarray Lord.

THER. You Curee.

THER. Marty his deed: do rudenes, do Cunell, do,do.

THER. Enter Achilles, and Paretius.

Achil. Why how now Ajax? wherefore do you this?

THER. How now Therites what's the master man?

THER. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the master.

THER. Nay looke upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the master?
Heknew his man.

Aiax. O meaning you, I will go learn more of it. Exit.

Enter Priam, Helen, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, Jullies, speeches spent,
Thus once again say Nefor from the Greeks,
Deliver Helen, and all damage else
(A honour, loss of time, trouble, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else decor is confum'd
In her digestoin of this comorant Warre)
Shall be stopt off. Helen, what say you to't.

Heli. Though no man leale fresas the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular; yet dreed Priam.
There is no Lady of more feter bowels,
More fpange, to fitke in the fenfe of Fate,
More ready to cry ou, who knowes what follows
Then Helen is the wound of peace is furity,
Surely fure: but modelf Doubt is cail'd
The Beacon of the wits thatten that fearches
To'th'bottoms of the world. Let Helen go,
Since the Sift fword was drawne about this queftion,
Every tyche foule 'mongft many thousand difmifs,
Hath bin as deere as Helen I meanes of ours:
If we have loft fo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Has it our name) the vale of one ten;
What merit's in that reafon which denies
The yeilding of her y.}

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dreed Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters fumme
The paft proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waste most fathomleffe,
With fpaunes and inches fo diminutive,
As fears and reafons? Fie for godly fhape?
Hel. No man ought though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are fo empty of them, should not our Father
Bear the great weight of his affynes with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him fo.

Troy. You are for dreams & flumber brothe Prief
You furn your gloues with reafon here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a sword implo'd is perillous,
And reafon, flye the boidic of all harme.
Who nomersl then when Helenus beholds
A Greecian and his fword, if he do ftep
The very wing of reafon to his heele:
Or like a Starre dito'd. Nay, if we take of Reafon,
And flye like chidden Mercurie from Jove,
Let's fhut our gates and Ieepc; Manhood and Honor
Should have hard hearts, wold they but fte their thoughts
With this cramp'd reafon; reafon and reafon,
Makes Livers pale, and lutfyhood delect.

Heil. Brother, she is not worth
What the doth conf the holding.

Troy. What's sought, but as'tis valew'd

Heil. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his effimate and dignifie
As well, wherein 's precious of it selfe,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the feruire greater then the God,
And the will doeth that is inclinable
To what infidiously it felfe afficts,
Without some image of that affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is left in the conduit of my Will;
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded Pylota 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I soyde
(Although my will dictate what it elected)
The Will of fate, there can be no evasion
To blush from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant
When we haue spoyle'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnspective sake,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full conieft boyled his Saleis,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
And did him seruice; he toucht the Ports defird,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greeks held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & frethine
Wrinkles Apollon, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Greeks keepe our Aunt?
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Peare,
Whole price hath launch'd aboue a Thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crowne'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'll auouch, 'twas wifedome Paris wrong'd,
(As you muft needs, for you all elide, Go, go.)
If you'ls confede, he brought home Noble prize,
(As youmuft needs) for you all clasp your hands,
And eride infeftimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wife domes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Begger the emifion which you pride:'d
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft moft bafe!
That we have fliome what we doe fear to keep.
But Theues unworthy of a thing so fliome,
That in their Country did them that difgrace,
We fcarce to warrant in our native place.

Enter Caffandra with her faire about her ears.
Caf. Cry Troyans, cry.
Prium. What noyse? what theeke is this?
Troy. 'Tis our mad fitter, I do know her voice.
Caf. Cry Troyans.
Hel. It is Caffandra.
Caf. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophecie teares.
Hel. Peace fitter, peace.
Caf. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Self infaicine, that nothing can but cry,
Addeto my clamour; let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maffe of moans and groans?
Cry Troyans cry, practive your eyes with teares,
Troy muft not be, nor goodly illion fland,
Our fire-brand Brothers Paris burns vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe; 
Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen goe.
Ext. Hel. Now youthful Trojan, do not theeke his teares
Of diuination in our Siffer, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reafon,
Nor fear of bad fuicce in a bad caufe,
Can quaffe the fame?
Troy. Why Brother Hector,
We may not think the influence of each aide
Such, and no other then event doth frame it,
Not once defeat the courage of our minde:
Because Caffandra's mad, her brainchke raptures
Cannot diftuffe the goodnice of a quarrell,
Which hath our feueral Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd, then all Priams sons,
And yousse for God that should be done amongst
Such things as might offend the weakes ftile,
To fight for, and maintaine.
Par. Elfe might the world conuince of leuuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:
But I affeft the gods, your full cointent
Gave wings to my propenfion, and cut off
All feares attending on fo dire a projeyt.
For what ( alas) can thefe my fingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To flandr the push and enmy of thoef.
This quarrel would excite? Yet I proteft,
Were I alone to paffe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris should neere retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.

Pri. Paris, you speake
Like one befto'd on your sweet delights;
You have the Holy Hill, but thee the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no prattice at all.
Par. Sir, I propofo not mearely to my felfe,
The pleasures fuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the foyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Trafon were it to the ranflack'd Queene,
Difgrace to your great worths, and fame to me,
Now to deliver her posifion vp
On termes of baile compiffion? Can it be,
That fo degenerate a ftraine as this,
Should once fett footing in your generous bonomes?
There's not the meaneft spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or fword to draw,
When Helen is defended: nor none fo Noble,
Where all the flye, would beftow'd,
When Helen's the subiect, Then (I fay)
Well may we fight for, whom we know well,
The worlds large fpaces cannot parallhel.
Hel. Paris and Troyus, you haue both faid well:
And on the caufe and qutation now in hand,
Hau'e gloz'd, but superiourly; not much
Unlike young men, whom Arifotle thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophie.
The Reafons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paffion of diſtemp'd blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
What goes good or ill; For plefure, and reueenge,
Hau'e ears more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature caues
All dies be rendre to their Owners: now
What neerer dcht in all humanity, 
Then Wife is to the Husband? Ifthis law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minde of partial indulgence,
To their benummed wills refift the fame,
There is a Law in each well-orderd Nation,
To curbe thefe raging appetites that are
Most diſobedient and refrudact.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne the is) then Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, fpeake alowed
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perfit
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heautie. Helo's opinion.
**Troylus and Cressida.**

Is this in way of truth: yet neere the lefte, My fristly bretheren, I propend to you In resolution to keep Helin Hill; For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependence, Upon your joynts and several dignities. 

Troy! Why then you lough the life of our designe: Were it not glory that we more affected, Then the performance of our heaung splenues, I would not with a drop of Troyan blood, Spent more in her defence. But worthy Helor, She is a theame of honour and renowne, A spurce to valiant and magnanmous deeds, Whose present courage may bee downe our foes, And fame in time to come canonize vs. For I prsume brave Helor would not loole So rich advantage of a promis'd glory, As smiles upon the fore-head of this action, For the wide worlds reueneu.

Hel. I am yours, You valiant off-spring of great Priamus, I have a roisting challenge fent among it The dull and factious nobles of the Grecques, Will strike amazement in the most drowse spirits, I was adueritz'd, Iheer Great generall slop? Whil? emulation in the armie crept: This I prsume will wake him.

Enter Thersites fole. How now Thersites? what toil in the Labyrinth of thy fature? shall the Elephant Ajax carrie it thus? he beats me, and I raiue at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could bear him, whilst he raiue at me: Sfoote, Ie learn to conuict and raife Diues, but Ile see some issue of my spiete full excations. Then thers' Achilles, arase Engineer. If Troy ne be not taken till these two undermine it, the wall will stand till they fall of themselues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jone the King of gods: and Mercury, looke all the Serpent crust of thy Caducet, if thou take not that little little lefte the little wit from them that they haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it forke knowes, is to abundant scarcity, it will not in circumuention deluer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the masse Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curfe dependant on those that warre for a plaquette. I haue said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord, Achilles? 

Enter Patroclus. Patr. Who's there? Thersites, Good Thersites come in and raile. 

Troy. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeitt, thou would not haue flipp'd out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy felle vpon thy felle. The common curfe of mankinde, folie and ignorance bee thine in great reueneu; heauen bliffe thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not near thee. Let thy bloud bee thy direcction till thy death, then if the that laies thee out fayer thou at a faire coaste, Ile be suffoone and sworne vpon't not thenever throned any but Lazars, Amen. Where's Achilles? 

Patr. What art thou deuout? wait thou in a prayer? 

Thers. I, the heauens hear me. 

Enter Achiuues. 

Achiu. Who's there? 

Patr. Thersites, my Lord. 

Achiu. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe, my digetion, why hast thou not seid thy felle into my Table, as so mannerly? Come, what's Agamemnon? 

Troy. Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Patroclus, what's Thersites? 

Patr. Thou maift tell that knowle. 

Achiu. O tell, tell. 

Thers. He declimate the whole question; Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus knowle, and Patroclus is a foole. 

Patr. You rascall. 

Thers. Peace foole, I have not done. 

Achiu. He is a pruitledg'd man, procede Thersites. 

Thers. Agamemnon is a foole, Achilles is a foole, Thersites is a foole, and store-faid, Patroclus is a foole. 

Achiu. Derue this? come? 

Thers. Agamemnon's a foole to offer to command Achilles, Achilles is a foole to bee commanded of Agamemnon, Thersites is a foole to serve such a foole: and Patroclus is a foole poftume. 

Patr. Why am I a foole? 

Enter Agamemnon, Plietes, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chryses.

Thers. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffiseth me thou art. Looke you, who comes here? 

Achiu. Patroclus, Ile speake with no body: come in with me Thersites. 

Exeunt. 

Thers. Here is such patcherie, such flagging, and such knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and breede to death upon; Now the dry Suppago on the Subiciet, and Warre and Lecherie confound all. 

Agam. Where is Achilles? 

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd of my Lord. 

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here: He sent our Megengers, and we lay by our appettetions, vitiling of him; Let him be told of, so perchaunc he thinke We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are. 

Patr. I shall so say to him. 

Ufij. We saw him at the opening of his Tent, He is not sick. 

Aia. Yes, Lyon fickes, fickes of proud heart; you may call it. Melancholyly if will favour the man, but by my head, it is pride: but why, why, let him show vs the cause? A word my Lord. 

Nes. What moves Aiax thus to bay at him? 

Pliet. Achilles hath inuigled his Foole from him. 

Nes. Who, Thersites? 

Pliet. He. 

Nes. Then will Aiax lacke matter, if he haue lost his Argument. 

Pliet. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument Achilles. 

Nes. All the better; their fracion is more our with then their faction: but it was a strong couneill that a Foole could difunite. 

Pliet. The amite that wisedome knits, not folly may easly vnce. 

Enter Patroclus. Here
Troylus and Criseyde.

Here comes Patriceus.

Nef. No Achilles with him?

Vlf. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curtetic; this legge are legs for necessitate, not for flight.

Pat. Achilles bids me say he is much forry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure, Did move your greatness, and this noble State, To call upon him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digestion sake; And after Dinners breath.

Aga. Hear ye Patrecus?

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his caution winged thus with feorne, Cannot outlye our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason, Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his ventures, Not verulyly of his owne part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glesse; Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vaholdsome dith, Are like to rot vnailed: gone and tell him, We came to speake with him; and you shall not finne, If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud, And under his untye in felle-assertion greater Then in the note of judgement; & worthier than himselfe Here tends the sauge Frangeneffe he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command: And under write in an obfurring kind.

His humorous predominance, yes watch His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if The paffage and whole carriage of this action Roide on his tyde. Doe tell him this, and add, That if he ouerhold his price too much, Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin Not portable, lye under this report. Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre: A flitring Dwarfe, we doe allowance give, Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I stall, and bring his answere presently.

Aga. In second voyce weele not be satistied, We come to speake with him. Vlisses enter you. Exit Vlisses.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinke he is.

Aiax. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinke himselfe a better man then I am?

Aga. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No. Noble Aiax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wife, no leffe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more trableable.

Aiax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the clerest Aiax, and your vertues the fairest; he that is proud, esteas vp himselfe; Pride is his owne Glàffe, his owne trumpeter, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praifies it selfe but in the deede, destoyes the deede in the praife.

Enter Vlisses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toulad.

Nef. Yet he looves him self: is't not strange? Vliss. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excue?

Vliss. He doth relye on none, But carries on the firman of his disposition, Without obstruction or respect of any, in will peculiar, and in felle admission.

Aga. Why, will he not upon our faire request, Venent his perfon, and share the ayre with vs?

Vliss. Things small as nothing, for requells fake only He makes important; possteth he it with greatness; And praifies not to himselfe, but with a pride That quarrels at felle-breath. Imagin'd wroth Holds in his blood such svolue and hot discoue, That twist his mentall and his aëtre parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters gainst it felle; what should I say? He is to plaige prouy, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let Alxes goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and geme he in his Tent; Tin said he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from himselfe.

Vliss. O Agamenon, let it be not so.

Weele confrerate the steps that Alxes makes, When they goe from Achilles; shall the proud Lord, That bafles his arrogance with his owne faeme, And rather suffers matter of the word, Who his thoughts false fach as doe resolue, And extasifie himselfe. Shall he be worthips, Of that we hold an Ioll, more then hee?

No, this thricr worthy and right valiant Lord, Muff not so faule his Palme, nobly acquird, Nor by my will affubgiate his merits, As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles, That were to enlarg his faed already,pride, And add more Coles to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hiperus. This L. goe to him. Jupiter forbid,

And fay in thunber, Achilles goe to him.

Nef. O this is well, he trubs the veline of him.

Dia. And how his fience drinks vp this applauce. Aiax. If I goe to him, with my armed fit, Ile pash him ore the face.

Aga. O no,you shall not goe.

Vliss. And a be proud with me, ile phese his pride: let me goe to him.

Vliss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Aiax. A poultry infeolent fellow.

Nef. How he describes himselfe.

Aiax. Can he not be sociable?

Vliss. The Rauen chides blackneffe.

Aiax. He let his humours blood.

Aga. He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.

Aiax. And all men were a my minde.

Vliss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aiax. A should not bear it fo, a should sate Swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nef. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vliss. A would haue ten shares.

Aiax. I will kneade him, ile make him supple, he's not yet through warme.

Nef. Force him with praifies, pourre in, pourre in his ambition is dry.

Vliss. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nef. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Dia. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Vliss. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be flent.

Nef. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Vis. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aias. A horison dog, that will not suffer thus with vs, would he were a Trojan.

Neft. What a vice were it in Aias now —

Vis. If he were proud, Dis. Or courteous of praise.

Vis. I, or surly borne.

Dis. Or strange, or selie affected.

Pl. Thank the heavens, Lathou art of sweet composure; Praise him that got thee, the that gave thee sucke. Fame be thy Titor, and thy parts of nature Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition; But he that disprin'd thy arms to fight, Let Mars destide Eternity in twaine, And give him halfe, and for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Styx: his addition yeeld

To finmowtie Aias: I will not praise thy wifdom, Which like a bongne, a pale, a shore confines Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Neftor.

Instmcted by the Antiquary times: He mucl, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father Neftor, were your days

As greene as Aias, and your braine fo temper'd, You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Aias.

Aias. Shall I call you Father?

Vis. I, my good Sonne.

Dis. Betwixt him Lord Aias.

Vis. There is not tarrying here, the Hart Achilles

Keeps thicker: please it our General,

to call together all his flate of warre.

Fifenth Kings are come to Troy to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast: And here's a Lord, come Knights from Easl to Weft, And all their flower, Aias shall cope the best.

Ag. Goes she to Counfaile, let Achilles sleepe;

Lights Botes may faile swift, though greater bulkes draw deeper. Exeunt. Musick found within.

Enter Pandarus and a Sermantine.

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtely, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too's indeed for: marry sit, at the request of Paris my L. who's there in person: with him the moraltall Venus, the heart blood of beauty, loses unlike soule.


Ser. No sit, Helena, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. I should seene the fellow, that thou haft not seen the Lady Crefida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troylus I will make a complemtall assault upon you, for my businesse stheeth.

Ser. Sodden businesse, there's a fleuwed phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire devises in all faire measure fairely guide: them, especally to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure faire Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Pan. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. Neit, best full of harmony.

Pan. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sit.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Par. Well said my Lord: well, you say it in fits.

Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hidge vs out, weeke heare you ling, certainly.

Pan. Well faire Queene you are pleasaunt with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Queene, and most empeeved friend your brother Troylus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony faire Queene,

Pan. Go too faire Queene, goe to.

Commends himfelfe most affectionally to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vaunt of our melody: If you doe, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, faire Queene, that's a faire Queene I was born —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady lad, a soower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not ferue your tune, that shall it not in truth be. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he deserees you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus?

Pan. What fies my faire Queene, my very, very faire Queene?

Pan. What exploit's in hand, where fups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What fies my faire Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not where he fups.

Pan. With my diposer Creffida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your diposer is tiche.

Pan. Well, Ile make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Creffida? no, your poor diposer's sick.

Pan. You
Troylus and Cressida.

Pan. You spie, what do you spie: come, give me an inffrument now sweete Queene.
Hel. Why is this kindely done?
Pan. My niece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweete Queene.
Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.
Pan. Here? no, shee none of him, they two are twaine.
Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.
Pan. Come, come, I heare no more of this, I le fing you a song now.
Hel. I, I, prethre now: by my truth sweete Lord thou half a fine fore-head.
Pan. You may, you may.
Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will vndoe vs all.
Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.
Pan. Love? I that (ll shal yafth.
Par. I good now love, love, no thing but love.
Pan. In good truth it begins so.
Love love, nothing but love, still more:
For O loves, Bow.
Shoatas Bucce and Doe:
The shafts confound not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore:
These lovers cry, oh how they dye:
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Dost tharme oh, to ha ha ha:
So dying love lines still,
O he a while, but ha ha ha,
O groans out for ha ha ha----hey ho.

Hel. In love yafth to the very tip of the nose.
Par. He eares nothing but doves loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begetts hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is loue.
Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, why are they Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord whole a field to day?
Par. Helot, Deiphobus, Helenium, Antiomar, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would faine have am'd so day, but my Nei would not have it so.
How chance my brother Troylus went not?
Hec. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord Pandarus?
Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:
Youe remember your brothers excurse?
Par. To a haye.
Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.
Hel. Command me to your niece,
Pan. I will sweete Queene.
Sound a retreat.
Par. They're come from fieldes: let us to Priamus Hall
to greate the Warriors. Sweete Helen, I must ware you,
To hepe vnname our Helot: his stubborne Bickles,
With chefe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Grece's finewes: you shal do more
Then all the Iland Kings, di嵇re great Helot.
Hel. Twill make vs proud to be his errant Paris:
Yes what he shall receiue of vs in dueitie,
Gives vs more palme in beatitue then we have:
Yes ourfines our felle,
Sweete about thought I love thee.
Troilus and Cressida.

Cres. More drops then water, if my teares have eyes. 
Troy. Fears make dieues of Cherusins, they never see truly.
Cres. Blind as feare, as seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare, to feere the worst, oft cares the worste.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, 
In all Capides Pageant there is pretended no monster.
Cres. Not nothing monstros neithers.
Troy. Nothing but our vnderstandings, when we vowe to weep fces, true in fire, eate rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Milifire to desire imposition unary, then for us to vndergo any difficultie impioed. This is the monftroftie in lowe Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd, that the defires boundleff, and the act a line to limit.
Cres. They say all Lovers swear more performance then they are able, and yet refcrive an abilitie that they never perform; vowing more then the perfection of ten, anddisharcing leffe then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not Monsters?
Troy. Are there such? such are not we. Praise vs as we are taile, lowe us as we proue; our head shall goe bare till merit crownes it; no perfection in teuerfon shall have a praise in pretence: wee will not name defect before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire fatha. Troyxul shall be fuch to Cressif, as what enuie can fay wrong, shall be a mocke for his truth: and what truth can fpeak true, not true then Troyb.
Cres. Will you walk in my Lord? 
Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?
Cres. Well Vuckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youe give him me: be true to my Lord, if the flinch, chide me for it.
You know now you haveing your Vnkle's word and my ferne faith.
Pan. Nay, I geve my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are woode, they are con- fiant being wonne: they are Barres I can tell you, they lie flake where they are throwne.
Cres. Boldneffe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troile. I have lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.
Troy. Why was my Cressid then so fair to win? 
Cres. Hard to fame won; but I was won my Lord With the fift glances that ever parden me, If I confide much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now too much But I might matter it: in faith I lie: 
My thoughts were like vnbridled children grow Too head-strong for their mother: fee we foole, Why have I labb'd: who shall be true to us When we are so unsecret to our felues? But though I lou'd you well, I want you not, And yet good faith I willift my felle a man; Or that we women had men privilede Of speaking fift, Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this capture I shall furely speake The thing I shall repent: fee, fee, your silence Coming in dumbeffe, from my weakenefl drawes My foule of counfell from me. Stop my mouth. 
Troy. And shall, albswe sweetes Morifles:yttes thence. 
Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Cres. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me, 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a knife: I am ashamed; O Heavenes, what have I done! For this time will I take my leaue my Lord. 
Troy. Your leaue swete Cressid? 
Pan. Leave and you take leaue till to morrow morning.
Cres. Pray you content you. 
Troy. What offends you Ladie? 
Cres. Sir, mine owne company. 
Troy. You cannot thin your felle, 
Cres. Let me goe and try: I have a kind of felloe recives with you: But an vnkinde felle, that it felle will leaue, To be anothers foole. Where is my wife? I would be gone: I speake I know not what, 
Troy. Well know they they speake, that speakes so wildly.
Cres. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then lowe, And fell to roundly to a large confecion, To Angles for your thoughts: but you are wife, Or else you lowe not: for to be wife and lowe, Exceeds mens might, that dwells with gods above. 
Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman: As it can, I will preume in you, To feeke for aye her lampes and flames of lowe, To keepe her confianc in plight and y outh, Out-living beauties outward, with a minde That doth renew winifher then blood deezes: Or that perifhion could but thus commence you, That my incorrigible and truth to you, Might be afronted with the match and weight Of such a winnowed puriritie in thou: How were I then vp-lifted! but alas, I am as true, as truths simplicite, And imperfect then the infauice of truth. 
Cres. In that I cleare with you. 
Troy. O vertuous fight, 
When eight with right wayes who shall be molt right: True swaines in lowe, shall in the world to come Approe their truths by Troylus, when their times, Full of proffet, of oath and big compare; Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration, As true as fleec, as plantege to the Moone: As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate: As Iron to Aadamant: as Earth to th Center: Yet after all comparisons of truth, (As striths authentic: author to be cited) As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verfe, And fanifie the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be: 
If I be false, or swerve a haire from truth, When time is old and hash for got it felfe: When water drops have wonne the Stones of Troy; And blinde obliuion (sallow 2 Cites vp) And mightie States characterife are graded To duffe nothing: yet let memory, From false to false, among false Maids in lowe, Vpbraied my falsehood, when they're said as false, As Aire, as Water, as Wonde, as randle earth; As Froxe to Lambe; as Wolf to Heifers Culfe; Parsd to the Hinde, or Sepdme to her Sonne; Yes, let them say, to flike the heart of falsehood,
Troylus and Cressida.

As false as Cressid.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, lie be the witness here I hold your hand; here my Cousins, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, lest all pitiful gores betweene be called to the world end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troyflfers, all false women Cressids, and all brokers betweene, Panders:—


Enter Pylus, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chabas. Florb.

Cal. Now Princes for the feruice I have done you, This advantage of the time promis me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the sight I bear in things to lose, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a Traitors name, expot'd my selfe, From certaine and poiffant consequences, To doubtraile fortunes, quieruding from me all. That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familliar to my nature: And here to doe you service am become, As new into the world, strange, unacquainted. I doe beseech you, as in way of tale, To giue me now a little benefite: Out of those many registred in promisse, Which you May, lye to come in my behalfe. Again. What wouldst thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, est'd Antenor, Yesterday tooke; Troy holds him very deere. Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore) Defir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this Antenor, I know is such a wreath in their affaires, That their negotiations all must flake, Wanting his managing: and they will almoft, Guie vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all service I have done, In most accepted paine.

Agam. Let Diomed beare him, And bring vs Cressid hisher: Calcas shall haue What he requells of vs; good Diomed Furnish you fairely for this enterchange; Withall bring word, if Hector will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge, Aixis is ready. Dio. This shall I vnderstak, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to bear. Exit. Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Pyl. Achilles stands at the entrance of his Tent; Please it our General to passe straigly by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him; I will come last, 'tis like hee question me,

Why such unpleasaunt eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I haue defirion medicinable, To vie betweene your strangeness and his pride, Which his owne will shall have defir to drink; It is not good, pride hath no other glasse To shew it felie, but pride: for supple knees, Feede arrogence, and are the proud mans fees, Again. Wele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangeness as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shew him more, Then if not lookout, I will lead the way.


Pars. They passe by strangely; they were vs to bend To send their imiles before them to Achilles: To come as humbly as they vs't to creese to holy Altars. Achil. What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatnesse once false out with fortune, Mulf fall out with mentoo: what the declin'd is, He shall as foone reade in the eyes of others, As ftele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their metal wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being finely man, Hath any honoure: but honoure for those honours That are without him; as place, riches, and favor, Prizes of accident, as oft as merite; Which when they fall, as being flippery stumblers; The love that leand on them as flippery too, Dost one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy At ample point, all that I did possesse, Saue these mens lockes: who do me thinkes finde out Nothing so worth in me such rich beholding, As they have often gien. Here is Ulysses, Ile interpret his reading: how now Ulysses?

Uly. Now great Thesius Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Uly. A strange fellow here Writes me, that man, how dearly ever pasted, How much in hauing, or without, or in, Cannot make boast to have that which he hath; Nor ffeates what he owes, but by reflection: As when his verrues shinning upon others, Haste them, and they returnt that haste againe To the firft place.

Achil. This is not strange Ulysses: The beautie that is borne he in the face, The beater knowes not, but assembles it selfe, Not going from it selfe: but ye to eye oppos'd,
Troilus and Cressida.

Salutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turns not to it selfe,
Till it hath travaill'd, and is married there
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

If I do not staine it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expressly protests
That no may say the Lord is the sinster.
(Though likely and of him there is much conflicting,
Till he communicat his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
Till he behold them form'd in th'applause,
Where they are extended: who like an arch tenebr'aste
The voyce against; or like a gate of theele,
Fronting the Sunne, receivess and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:

The unknowne Ajax;
Heacuses what a man is there? a very Horfe,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there
Meth abice in regard, and desire in vife.
What things against most deere in the efteme,
And poore in worth: now shall we fee to morrow,
An acht that very chance doth throw vp on him?
Ajax renoun'd? O heacuses, what some men doe,
While some men leaue to doe!
How some men crepe in skittish fortunator hall,
While others play the Ieas in her eyes:
How one man eate into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonneffe
To fee thef Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As If his foes were on brawe Hellors bide,
And great Troy thinking.

Achill. I doe beleue it:
For they paff by me, as myfiers doe by beggars,
Neither gueze to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forget?

If I. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his baclke,
Wherein he puts almes for oblations:
A very fide'd moniter of ingratitude:
Thofe craps are good deedes paff,
Which are decreau'd as fad as they are made,
Forgot as foon as done: perfervance,deere my Lord,
Keeps honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a ruftie male,
In monumental mockrie: take the infaint way,
For honour cruells in a straight to narroiw,
Where one but goes a break,keepes then the path
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursufe; if you gueze way,
O hedge aside from the directe forth right,
Like to an entred Tyde, they all runh by,
And leaue you hindmoft:
Or like a gallant Horfe falne in first ranke,
Lye there for punishment to the abici'e, neere
One run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,
Though lefte then yours in paff,mutt ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashioned Hafle,
The flieste flakes his parting Guift by th'hond;
And with his armes out-fretch,as he would flye,
Grapes in the commer: she welcomeuer smiles,
And farewells go out fighing: O let not vertue fecke
Remuneration for the thing it was for beaten, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, defect in feticue,
Louve, friendship, charity, are subiects all

To enious and calamitizing time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one contempt praise new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paff,
And goe to dust,that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt overdufted.
The prefent eye praiies the prefent obiect?
That madnifh and cold art great and compleat man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not flitt: the cry went out on thee,
And fillIs it might, and yet it may againe,
I fhould not entomb my felfe alioe,
And cafe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoe glorious deeds, but in their fields of late,
Made emoulsion miffions ofght the gods themfelfe,
And drafte great Mars to fation.

Achill. Of this my priuacie,
I have strong reasons.

If I. But gainst your priuacie
The reasons are more potent and heroicall:
'Tis knowne Achill, that you are in loue
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achill. Ha?knowne?

If I. Is that a wonder?

The prouinice that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoft every graine of Plauces gold;
Finds bottome in uncomprehensifh deepes;
Keeps place with thought; and almoft like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myfterie (with whom relation
Durf not meddle) in the foule of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can give expreffion to:
All the commerces that you have had with Troy,
As perfequi is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it if Achill much,
To throw downe Helles then Ptolmea.
But it must griefe yong Turhan now at home,
When fame fhall in her land found her trumpe;
And all the Greekifh Gitlees fhall tripping finge,
Great Hellors fitter did Achill winne;
But our great, Aias bravioufly beat he downe him,
Farewell my Lord: I as your louter speake;
The foole flidres ore the Iece that you should brake.

Patr. To this effecl Achill have I mou'd you;
A woman impudence and mannifh growne,
Is not more lou'd, then an efhmine man,
In time of acation: I stand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little Romacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, refaines you thus:
Sweeete soule your felfe, and the weake wanton Lagid
Shall from your necke vnloafe his amourous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be fhouke to ayrie ayre.

Achill. Shall Aias fight with Helles?

Patr. I, and perhaps receive much honor by him,
Achill. I fee my reputation is at flake,
My fame is thrown by you.

Patr. O then beware:
Thofe wounds heale ill,that men doe giue themselves:
Omission to doe what is neceffary,
Seales a commiffion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an auge subtle and faints
Even then when we firidely in the fumite.

Achill. Goe call Thoifes hicher sweet Patroclus,
I he fende the foole to Ajax, and defire him
To teate the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To fee vs here vnarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am fickle withall,
To fee great Hector in his worde's of peace; Enter Trefius,
To talke with him, and to behold his vifage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour faid.
Ther. A wonder.
Achill. What?
Ther. Ajax goes vp and downe the field, asking for
himfelfe.
Achill. How fo? Ther. Hee must fight fingly to morrow with Hector,
and is foproporly proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he raues in faying nothing.
Achill. How can that be? Ther. Why he flakkes vp and downe like a Peacock,a
fride and a fand; ruminates like an hoftelfe; that hath no
Arithmate but her braine to fete downe her reacon-
ning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should
fay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and fo
the other. You it is, as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not newt without knocking. The mans
vnde for euer;for if Hector breakes not his necks i'th'com-
bat, hee breake himfelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes
not meee: I faid, good morrow Ajax; And he replies,
thanks Agamemnon. What thinkes you of this man,
that takes me for the General? Hee's grovne a very
land-fifth, languageleffe, a monfier: a plague of o-
pinion, a man may weare it on both fides like a leather
jacket.
Achill. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Therfies.
Ther. Who? I why, heele anfwer no body: he pro-
feffes not anfwerling; speaking is for buggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: I will put on his preference; let Pa-
trocles make his demands to me, you shall fee the Page-
ant of Ajax.
Achill. To him Patrocles; tell him, I humbly defire the valiant
Ajax, to invite the moft valourous Hector, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
felfe, of the magnanimous and moft illustrious, fixe or
feaven times honour'd Captain, Generall of the Grecian
Armie Agamemnon, &c. doe this.
Patro. Ione bleffe great Ajax.
Ther. Hum.
Patro. Come from the worthy Achill.
Ther. Ha?
Patro. Who much humbly defires you to invite Hector
to his Tent.
Ther. Hum.
Patro. And to procure safe confedt from Agamemnon.
Ther. Agamemnon?
Patro. I my Lord.
Ther. Ha?
Patro. What fay you too't.
Ther. Good boy with all my heart.
Patro. Your anfwer fir.
Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he fhall pay for
me ere he has me.
Patro. Your anfwer fir.
Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.
Achill. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muftcke will
be in him when Hector has knocked out his brames, I know
not: but I am sure none, vnleffe the Fidler Apollo get his
fines to make catlings on.
Achill. Come, thou fhalt beare a Letter to him
straight.
Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse;for that's the
moft capable creature.
Achill. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine fli'd,
and I my felfe not the bottome of it.
Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were elee-
egane, that I might waver an Aife at it: I had rather be a
Ticke in a Sheep, then fuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Eneas with a Torch, as another
Paris, Diomed, Achill, Diomed the Grecian with Troyer.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?
Dyph. It is the Lord Eneas.
Eneas. Is the Prince there in perfon?
Par. Had I fo good occasion to lye long
As you Prince Paris,nothing but heavenly bufineffe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Eneas. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Eneas.
Par. A valiant Greekke Emeter, take his hand,
Witness the proceedle of your speech within;
You told how Diomed in a whole wecke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.
Eneas. Health to you valiant fir, During all quefion of the gentle trucre;
But when I meete you arm'd, as blache defiance,
As hea. t can thinkes,or courage execute.
Dyom. The one and other Diomed embraces,
Our blouds are now in calmnes,and fo long health:
But when contention, and occasiion meetes,
By Ione, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, puruite and pollicy.
Eneas. And thou shalt haue a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleness;
Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life,
Welcome indeede: by Ione hand I swears,
No man alwayes can loure in such a fort.
The thing he means to kill, more excellently,
Dyom. We fimpamitate. Ione let Eneas lye.
(If to my word his fate be not the glory.)
A thousand compleat courles of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye :
With every loft a wound, and that to morrow.
Eneas. We know each other well.
Dyom. We doe, and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the moft, desightfull gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hopefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What bufineffe Lord fo early?
Eneas. I was fent for to the King but why, I know not,
Par. His purpofe meets you yet was to bring this Greek
To Celaus' house; and there to render him,
For the enriched Anchises, the faire Crefidius.
Les have you your company; or if you please,
Haffe there before vs. I constantly doe thinkes
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother Troylus lodged there to night.
Roufe him, and glue him note of our approach,
With the whole quefion whereof, I fcare
We fhall be much vneloome.
Dyom. That I alfoe you;
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then Crefidius borne from Troy.
Troylus and Cressida.

You bring me to dog — and then you floute me too.  
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what?  
What haste I brought you to do?  
Cresf. Come, come, beftrrew your hearts: you are nere be  
good, nor fuffer others.  
Pan. Hya, alas poor wretch; a poore Chippolin, haft  
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let  
sleepea bugbear take him.  
One knock  
Cresf. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt  
her head.  
What's that at door? good Vnckle goo and fee.  
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:  
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtly.  
Troy. Ha, ha.  
Cresf. Come you are decu'd, I think of no fuch thing.  
How careffly they knocke; pray you come in.  
Knock. I would not for halfe Troye have you here nece.  
Exeunt  
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you bee  
downe the door? How now, what's the matter?  
Gen. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.  
Pan. Who's there my Lord? by my troth I  
knew you no: what newes with you so early?  
Gen. Is not Prince Troye here?  
Pan. Here? what should he doe here?  
Gen. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:  
It doth import him much to speake with me.  
Pan. Is he here say you? its more then I know, Ille be  
wasome: For my owne part I came in late: what should  
he doe here?  
Gen. Who, say then: Come, come, youlde doe him  
wrong,  
ete y'are ware: youlde be so true to him, to be  
falce to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe  
fetch him bither, goe.  

Enter Troylus.  
Troy. How now, what's the matter?  
Gen. My Lord, I fearce have leifore to salute you,  
My matter is for a fraft: there is at hand,  
Parie your brother, and Draphbus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Anthemoe  
Detier'd to vs, and for him forthwith,  
Ere the fift sacrifice, within this house,  
We must give up to Diomed hand  
The Lady Cressida.  
Troy. Is it concluded fo?  
Gen. By Prion, and the general slate of Troy,  
Thy are at hand, and ready to effect it.  
Troy. How my arriuements mocke me;  
I will goe mete them: and my Lord Gen.  
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.  
Gen. Good,good,my Lord, the secrets of nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnitie.  

Enter Pandarvs and Cressid.  
Pan. I't possible? no sooner got but loft: the diuell  
take Anthemoe: the yong Prince will goe nead it: a plague  
upon Anthemoe: I would they had brok't his necke.  
Cresf. How now? what's the matter? who was here?  
Pan. Ah, ha!  
Cresf. Why figh you so profoundly? what's my Lord's  
gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?  
Pan. Would I were as depeuer under the earth as I am  
aboe,  
Cresf. 0 the gods! what's the matter?  
Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been  
borne: I know not you would he be his death: 0 poore Gente  
leman: a plague upon Anthemoe.  

Cresf. Good
Troilus and Cressida.

Cres. Good Vncke I befeech you, on my knees, I be-
feech you what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone;
Thou art charg'd for Ambassad'rs: thou must to thy Father,
And be gone from Troylus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be
his bane; he cannot bear it.
Cres. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not Vnckle I have forgot my Father:
I know no touch of consoluation.
No kin, no loute, no blyoud, no foule, so noore me.
As the sweet Troylus: O you gods divine!
Make Cresida name the very crowne of falshood
If ever the leave Troylus: time, orce and death,
Do to this body what extremity you can;
But the strong safe and building of my love,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and woepe.
Pan. Doe, doe.
Cres. Teaze my bright heare, and scratch my praiyed
checkes,
Cracke my cletre voyce with fobs, and breake my heart
With founding Troylus, I will not goe from Troy.Excuns.

Enter Paris, Troylus, Aeneas, Deiphbus, An-
theor and Diomedes.

Pan. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Grecque
Comes fast upon: good my brother Troylus,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haft her to the purpose.
Troy. Walk into her house:
Jte bring her to the Grecian prefently;
And to his hand, when I deliver her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus
A Priest, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords.

Excunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cresida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grife is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no leffe in a fene as strong
As that which caufeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could tempefrate with my affection,
Or brewe it to a weaker and colder pallaer,
The like alaiment could I give my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying crosse,
Cres. Of Troylus, Troylus!
Pan. What a pair of spectaclees is here? Let me em-
brace too; oh heart, as the godly faying is; O heart, hes-
tie heart, why fighet thou without breaking? where he
anwers againe; because thou canst not easily fmate by
friendship, nor by speaking; there was never a truer rime;
let vs call away nothing, for we may lue to have neede
of such a Verse; we fee it, we fee it: how now Lambs?
Troy. Cresida: I love thee in to stragne a purtie
That the blef gods, as angry with my fencfe,
More bright in zeal, then the devotion which
Gold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.
Cres. Have the gods enuie?

Pan. I, i, i, 'tis too plaine a cafe.
Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?
Troy. A hatfull truth.
Cres. What, and from Troylus too?
Troy. From Troy, and Troylus, and Troylus.
Cres. If possible?
Troy. And fouldainly, where injuriue of chance
Puts backe leave-taking, influles roughly by
All time of paufe; rudeely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure: forebays prevent
Our lockt embrasures; ftraggles our desiree,
Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We twos, that with fo many thousand fighes
Did buy each other, muft poorly fleer our felues,
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our
Injurious time; now with a robbers farte
Crams his rich theueries vp, he knows not how.
As many farwells as be far in heaven,
With difflint breath, and confign'd kifses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adieue;
And feants vs with a fingle famifh'd kiffe,
Disfaffing with the falt of broken teares. Enter Aeneas.
Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some fay the genius fo
Cries, come to him that infinitely muft eye.
Bid them have patience: the fhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,
or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.
Cres. I muft then to the Grecians?
Troy. No remedy.
Cres. A wofull Cryfildis mongt it the merry Grecke.
Troy. When fhall we fee againe?
Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.
Cres. I true? how now? what wicked decee is this?
Troy. Nay, we muft ve expollulation kindly,
For is it parting from vs:
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himfelfe,
That there's no macleuation in thy heart:
But be thou true, fay I, to fashion in
My queftion preffation: be thou true,
And I will fee thee.
Pan. If you shall be expof'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.
Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleave.
Cres. And you this Gloue.
When fhall I see you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly vizitation.
But yet be true.
Cres. O heauen: be true againe?
Troy. Heare why I speake it: Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing and dwelling ore with Arts and exercife:
How noneftes may moue, and parts with person.
Alas, a kinde of godly leaueloue;
Which I befeech you call a vertuous finte:
Makes me affraid.
Cres. O heauen, you loue me not!
Troy. Dye I will aijlaine them:
In this I do not call your faith in queftion
So mainely as my merit: I cannot finge,
Nor heele the high Laould; nor fweeten talkes;
Nor play at fullblown games: faire vertues all;
Troylus and Cressida.

To which the Greeks are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theirs,
There lurks a still and dumb-difficult wise,
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cref. Do you think I will?
Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are diuets to our felues,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Prefuming on their changeful potent,
\[\text{\textit{Aeneas within.}}\]

Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come hikke, and let us part.
Paris within. Brother Troylus?
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.
Cref. My Lord, will you be true?
Troy. Who I prit as it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fift with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere impudent;
Whil'l I come with cunning build their copper crownes,
With truth and plainesse I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Grecians.

Fear not my truth; the morall of my wit
Is plaine and true, there's all the reach of it,
Welcome for Diamed, here is the Lady
Which for Aeneas, we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) I gie her to thy hand,
And by the way potelle shee what she siths.
Entreate her fayre; and by my soule faire Grecke,
I here thee hand at mercy of my Sword,
Name Creight, and thy life shall be as safe
As Primis in Iliion.

Diom. Faire Lady Creight,
So please you saute the thankes this Prince expeceth:
The luftrein your eyes, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to Diamed
You shall be mitreffe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou doest not vse me courteous,
To thame the fesse of my petition towads,
I praizing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
She is as faire high forsing of thy praifes,
As thou unworthy to be called her servant:
I charge thee vse her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadfull Piso, if thou doest not,
(Though the great bulke a Achilles be thy guard)
I cle cut by thy throse.

Diom. Oh benenour'd Prince Troylus;
Let me be privileng'd by my place and message,
To be a speeker free? when I am hence,
He answer to my lutf: and know my Lord;
I nothing doe on charge to: her owne worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, bet so;
I speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port, I tell thee Diomed,
This braue, shall off make thee to hide thy head;
Lady give me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne felues, hence we our needfull talke.

Sound Trumpets.
Par. Harke, Hellars Trumpet.
Aene. How haue we spent this morning
The Prince must think me tardy and remisse,
That twere to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troylus faults; come, come, to field with him.

\[\text{\textit{Exeunt.}}\]

Diom. Let vs make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a Bridgroomes fresh alacritie

Let vs address to tend on Hellars heelles:
The glory of our Troy doth this day bye
On his faire worth, and single Chisularie.

Enter Aixx armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Villiers, Nieter, Calcas, &c.

Ag. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With hafting courage,
Glue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull Aixx, that the appaueld are
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Aixx. Thou, Trumpeter, thys my purse;
Now cracke thy lungs, and splitt thy braen pipe;
Blow villain, till thy phiferd Biss cheeke
Our-swell the collick of puft Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy cheef, and let thy eyes spout bloud;
Then blow well for Hellor.

\[\text{\textit{Vilf.}}\]

No Trumpet answeres.

Achilt. 'Tis but early dayes.

Ag. Is not yong Diomed with Calcas даughter?
\[\text{\textit{Vilf.}}\]

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait,
He riles on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lift's him from the earth.

Ag. Is this the Lady Creight?

Dio. Even she.

Ag. Most dearly welcome to the Grecakes, sweete
Lady.

\[\text{\textit{Nef.}}\]

Our Gentelall dost faire you with a kiffe.

Ulf. Yet is the kindenease but particular; were beter
the were kiff in general.

\[\text{\textit{Nef.}}\]

And very courtly counsell: Ile begin, So much
for Nefors.

Achilt. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiffing once.
Par. But that's no argument for kiffing now;
For thus pop't Paris in his hardment.

\[\text{\textit{Vilf.}}\]

Oh deadly gaill, and theame of all our fornes,
For which we looofe our heads, to gild his horns.

Par. The first was Menelaus kiffe, this mine:
Patroclus kiffes you.

Ment. Oh this is trim.

Par. Paris and I kiffe euermore for him.
Men. I haue my kiffe for: Lady by your leave.
Cref. In kiffing doe you render, or receive.
Par. Both take and giv.
Cref. Ile make my match to live,
The kiffe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiffe.

Men. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.
Cref. You are an odd man, giue euern, or giue none.
Men. An odd man Lady, every man is odd.
Cref. No, Paris is not, you know his true,
That you are odd, and he is euern with you.
Men. You filip me a 'th head.
Cref. No, Ile be sworne,

\[\text{\textit{Vilf.}}\]

It were no match, your nose against his horse:
May I sweete Lady beg a kiffe of you?
Cref. You may.

\[\text{\textit{Ulf.}}\]

I doe define it.

Cref. Why begge then?

\[\text{\textit{Vilf.}}\]

Why then for Freewake, giue me a kiffe:
When Hellas is a miscle againe, and his,
Cref. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

\[\text{\textit{Vilf. Neuer's}}\]
Troylus and Cressida.

Dooms. Neuer's my day, and then a knife of you.

Doom. Lady a word, I bring you to your Father.

Nest. A woman of quicke sense.

Vifs. Fie, fie, upon her:

There's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote spoakes, her wanton spirites lookes out
At every toynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh these encountering so glib of tongue,
That guse a conning welcome etc it comes;
And wide vnsleape the tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling reader: set them downe,
For flutish spoyles of opportunity;
And daughters of the game.


All. The Troians Trumpet.

Age. Yonder comes the troope.

Age. Halie all you flave of Greece: what that be done
To him that victory commandt? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purifie each other: or shall be divided
By any voyce, or order of the field: Hector bad ask?
Age. Which way would Hector have it?

Age. He cares not; heele obey conditions.

Age. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal displeasing
The Knight oppos'd.

Age. If not Achilles fir, what is your name?

Age. If not Achilles nothing.

Age. Therefore Achilles but what ere know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well
And that which looks like pride, is curtie;
This Aias is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector's faies at home;
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe Hector, comes to seeke
This blinded Knight, halfe Trojan, and halfe Greece.

Achill. A maiden battle then? O I perceiue you,
Aga. Here is fie, Diomed: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our Aias: as you and Lord Aneas
Confent upon the order of their fight,
So in either to the watermills.
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe flints their fire, before their strokes begin.
Vifs. They are oppos'd already.

Age. What Troian is that name that lookes so heavy?
Vifs. The yongest Sonne of Priam;
A true Knight; they call him Troylus,
Not yet mature, yet mast-classe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedeles, and deedelesse in his tongue,
Not fooner provok't, nor being provok't, fooner calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giveth: what thinks, he fhesews;
Yet giveth he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subserves
To tender obiects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindecative then iealous love.
They call him Troylus; and on him erect
A funde of one, as lately built as Hector.
Thus faies Exuie, one that knowes the youth,
Even to his inches: and with private soule,
Did in great illion thus translate him to me.

Ares. They are in action.

Nest. Now Aias hold thine owne.

Troy. Hector, thou sleepe'st, awake thee.

Age. His blows are well disposed there Aias, trumps
Doom. You must no more.

Age. Princes enough, I prays you.

Age. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

Doom. As Hector pleases.

Hell. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great, Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;
A coufen germen to great Priamus seede:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gorie emulation twixt vs twaine:
Were they commision, Grecke and Trojan fo,
That thou couldst say, this hand is Greckian all,
And this is Trojan: the finewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood
Run on the dexter cheeke, and this smifter
Bonds in my fathers: by true multiplote,
Thou shouldst not beare from me a Greckish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our ranke feau: but the ieul gods gainsey,
That any drop thou bowst'd from thy mother,
My fated Aunt, thoyt be my 모르ल Sword
Be drain'd: let me embrace thee Aias:
By him that thunes, the thou half fittle Armes;
Hector would have them fall upon vs, him,
Cozen, all honor to thee.

Age. I thank thee Hector:

Age. Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and bear hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.

Hell. Not Neoptolomeo to mirable,
On whose bright croud, fame with her lowd't (O yet)
Cries, This is he; couldst I prome to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, tornne from Hector.

Age. There is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will doe?

Hec. Weele answere it.

The issue is embracement: Aias, farewell.

Age. If I might in enteraties finde fiecess,
As feld I have the chance: I would defire
My fames Cousin to our Grecian Tent.

Doom. The time of the commennes, and great Achilles
Doth long to fee vna and the valiant Hector.

Hell. Aneas, call my brother Troylus to me:
And ifignifie this louing interview
To the expetes of our Trojan part,
Defire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin
I will goe ease with thee, and fee your Knights.

Enter Agamemmone and the rest.

Age. Great Agamemmone comes to inrere vs here.

Hell. The worthie of them, call me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine owne fethching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and poittie eye.

Age. Worthy of Armes; as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome: ynderland more cleere
What's past, and what's to come, is flewed with huskes,
And formelee ruine of obliution:
But in this extant moment, faith and truth,
Shall be purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee wear my mift dioine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome.

Hec. I thank thee most impertious Agamemmone.

Age. My
Agam. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leas to you.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Agam. Let me confirm my Princely brothers greeting,
Achil. Thou art to breafe, I will the second time,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
As I would thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Tell me you Haue, in which part of his body
Stand haue foretold I will the befeech me ore:
There's more in me then thou vnderstand'th.
Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Haue, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may glue the locall round a name,
And make distinct the very breake, where-out
Heuer's great spirit flew. Answer me haues.
Achil. It would differ the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again;
Think'th thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to pronominize in nice conicature
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Agam. Wett thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ie not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that flyghted Mars his helm,
Ie kill thee every where, ye are and ore.
You wilfit Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His infolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ie endeourow deed tosoe match thes words,
Or may I never—
Agam. Do not chafe thee Cofin:
And you Achilis, let these threats alone
Till accident, or bring you too's.
You may every day enough of Helas,
If you have flomacke. The generall (iae I feare,
Can carese intres you to be odde with him.
Achil. I prey you let vs see you in the field,
We haue nowe pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians caufe.
Achil. Doist thou intres me Helas?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends,
Achil. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you Peetes of Greece go to any Tent,
There in the full consiue you: Afterwards,
As Helas yeurefy, and your bounties shall
Conurce together, feuerely intrest him,
Beat lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. Exeunt
Troy. My Lord Vffes, tell me I befeech you,
In what place of the Field doth Caledus kepe's?
Vffes. At Messaleus Tent, most Princely Troynas,
There Doomed doth feast with him to night,
Whome therfore looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire Crefid.
Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vffes. You shal command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This Crefid in Troy, had she no Louer there
That wailes her absence?
Troy. Of sir, to such as beathing shew their faces,
A moche is due: will you walk on my Lord?
She was belon'd, she lou'd, she is, and dooth;
But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth.
Achil. Ile heat his blood with Grecian wine to night,
Which
Troylus and Crefreda.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:

Patroclus, let vs feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes Therfites. Enter Therfites. 

Achill. How now, thou corne of Enei? 

Thou cruely batch of Nature, what's the newest? 

Ther. Why thou pictur of what thou seest? & I doll of Idecto-worshipers, here's a Letter for thee: 

Achill. From whence, Fragment? 

Ther. Why thou full diiff of Foole, from Troy. 

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now? 

Ther. The Surgeous box, or the Patientis wound, 

Pat. Well saif aduertifly, and what need these tricks? 

Ther. Pyrthee be filen boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be Achill: male Valior. 

Patro. Male Varlots you Rogue? What's that? 

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseafe of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarrhes, Loads a gauwel 'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palifes, and the like, take and take againe, such prepossessione, 

Pat. Why thou damnable box of eny thou, what meanst thou to accuse thee? 

Ther. Do I accuse thee? 

Pat. Why, you ruinous But, you whofion indif-

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, 

Immaterial skiene of Sleyd fike; thou greene Sarcenct 

flop for a fore eye, thou fatelf of a Prodigals purfe thou: 

Ah how the poore world is pofled with such water-flies, 

diminuties of Nature. 

Pat. Out gall. 

Ther. Finch Egge. 

Achill. My sweet Patroclus, I am threatned quite 

From my great purpose in to morrowes bastell: 

Heere is a Letter from Queene Euculys, 

A token from her daughter, my faire Loe, 

Both taling me, and gaging me to keepe 

An Oath that I have sworn. I will not break it, 

Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go,or flay, 

My maeviow yses here; this Ile obey: 

Come,come Therfites, helpe to trim my Tent, 

This night in banquetting muft all be spent. 

Away Patroclus. 

Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, thes 

two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too 

little blood, they do, Ile be a cure of madmen. Heere's 

Agamenyon, an honett fellow enough, and one that loues 

Pialles, but he has not so much Braine as ear-waxe: and the 

goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, 

the Bull, the primeate Statue, and oblique memoriall of 

Cuckolds, a thirsty fhooning-hone in a chaine, hanging 

at his Brothers legge, so what forone but that he is, 

shold ut landed with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne 

him too: to an Affe were nothing; he is both Affe 

and Ox: to an Ox were nothing, he is both Oxe and Affe: 

to a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Pitchew, a Toade, a Li-

zard, an Owle, a Purtocke, or a Herriing without a Roe, 

I would not care: but to be Menelaws, I would confpire 

against Deiliny. Ask me not what I would if I were not 

Therfites: for I care not to bee the lawle of a Laxar, 

so I were not Menelaws. Holy-day, spirits and fires. 

Enter Helser, Anax. Agamenyon,Pyffer, Ne-

flor, Diomed,with Lights. 

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong. 

Anax. No yonder'is,there where we fee the light. 

Hel. Why troubles.
Troylus and Cressida.

Dis. Good night.
Troy. Hold patience.
Wlf. How now Trojan?
Cref. Dianed.
Dis. No, no, good night: I be your fool no more.
Troy. Thy better must.
Cref. Heret one word in your ear.
Dis. O plague and madriffes!
Wlf. You are mowed Prince, let us depart I pray you.
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wrathfull remars: this place is dangerous;
The time the night deadly: I bezech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Wlf. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You now to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee say?
Cref. You have not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you say' by hell and hell tormentes,
I will not speake a word.
Dis. And so good night.
Cref. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!
Wlf. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By Jove I will be patient.
Cref. Guardian? why Greece?
Dis. Fof, fof, adew, you purler.
Cref. In faith I do not: come hither once againe.
Wlf. You flake my Lord at something; will you goe?
you will brake out.
Troy. She strokes his checke.
Wlf. Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by Jove I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my weene, and all offences,
A guard of patience; stay a little while.
Troy. How the duell Luxury with his fat rumpe
and potato finger, tickles thefe together: fuye lechery, fuye.
Dis. But will you then?
Cref. In faith I will: yet never trust me else.
Dis. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cref. He fetch you one. Exit.
Wlf. You have sworne patience.
Troy. Farewell men not sweete Lord.
I will not be my felfe, nor have cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. I will be patient, ouwardsly I will.
Cref. You looke upon this Sleeue? behold it well;
He lou'd me: O false wench! giue me againe.
Dis. Whose was it?
Cref. It is no matter now I have againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee Dianed visit me no more.

Cref. Now the sharpenes: well laid Whetsone.
Dis. I shall have it.
Cref. What, this?
Dis. I that.
Cref. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
 Thy MaifTer now he's thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and fighes, and takes my Glease.
And giues memoriall daintie kiffes to it;
As I kiffe thee.
Dis. Nay, doet not snatch it from me.
Cref. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dis. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troy. I did sweete patience.
Cref. You shall not have it Dianed; faith you shall not:
I giue you something else.
Dis. I will have this: whose was it?
Cref. It is no matter.
Dis. Come tell me what it was?
Cref. I was one that lound me better then you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dis. What was it?
Cref. By all Dianes waiting women yond:
And by her felfe, I will not tell you whofe.
Dis. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his fpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wrote thou the duell, and wrot'it on thy borne,
It should be chal leng'd.
Cref. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dis. Why then farewel, Thou neuer fhal moke Dianed againe.
Cref. You fhall not goe I one cannot speake a word,
But it ftraight Hants you.
Dis. I doe not like this foiling,
Troy. Nor I by Pius: but that that likes not me, pleases me best.
Dis. What fhall I come? the heare.
Cref. I, come: O Jove! doe, come! I shall be plagi'd.
Dis. Farewell till then. Exit.

Cref. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewel one eye yet looke on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth fee,
Ah poore our feyes! this fault in vs I finde:
The error of our eye, direcTs our minde,
What error leads, muff eere, O then conclude,
Mindes fowld by eyes, are full of turpitude,
Troy. A proofe of strength she could not publish more;
Voleffe the fay, my minde is now turn'd wheare.
Wlf. Al's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Wlf. Why fay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my foule
Of every syllable that here was spoke;
But if I tell the tale, two did coate;
Shall I not fely, in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heare:
An esperance so obfimantely strong,
That doth inuerse that left of eyes and eares;
As if thofe organs had deceiptus functions,
Creased onely to calumniate.
Was Crefed here?
Wlf. I cannot conteue Trojan.
Troy. She was not fure.
Wlf. Mofl fure fhe was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no tale of madness?
Wlf. Nor mine my Lord: Crefid was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleued for womanhood:
Think we had mothers; doe not glue advantage
To ftabborne Critics,apt without a threate.
For depreffion, to fquere the general lexe
By Crefid's rule. Rather thinke this not Crefid.
Wlf. What hath the done Prince, that can foyle our
mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, voleffe that this were fte.
Troy. Will he twagger himfelfe oue on's owne eues?
Troy. This fe? no, this is Dianed Crefida:
If beauteous have a foule, this is not the.
If foules guide vowels, if vowels are fanétiononic;
If fanétiononic be the gods delight:
If ther be rule in vinitie it selfe,
This is not the: O madneffe of discourse!
That caufe lets vp, with, and against thy selfe
By foule authoritie: where reason can resolu;
Without pedition, and iffe assume all reason,
Without resolut. This is, and is not Croised:
Within my foule, there doth conduct a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inferes,
Duides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the fraticel breath of this diuision,
Admits no Orixt for a point as subtle,
As Artiano broken woode to enter:
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluton gates:
Croised is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance O instance, strong as heaven is selfe:
The bonds of heaven are flip, difficul'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot flue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orres of her louse:
The fragmentis, strapa, the bits, and grexzie reliques,
Of her ore'-eaten faith, are bound to Dismal
Visit. May worthy Troylus be helfe attached
With that which here his passion doth express:
Troy, I Greece: and that shall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as Mart's heart
Inflamm'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fixt a foule.
Harke Greek as much I use Croised I louse,
So much by weights, hate her Dismal,
That Sleeve is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Cosse compos'd by Vulcans skill,
My Sword shoulde bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricane call,
Confrig'd in maile by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more malonour Neptune rare
In his dicient; then shall my promis'd fword,
Falling on Dismal.
Then. Hecle tickle it for his conceale,
Troy, O Croised! O false Croised! false, false, false:
Let all untruths stand by thy staine named,
And theye seenne glorious.
Visit. O contain your selfe:
Your passion drawes, eares better.
Enter Entence.
Entence. I have beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Heller by this is shewing him in Troy.
After you Guard, stales to conduct you home:
Troy. Haue with you Princce: my courteseous Lord adew:
Farewel resolted faire: and Dismal,
Stand fast and wear a Caffle on thy head.
N. He bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept diffused thankes.
Entence. Troylus Entence, and Oliffe.
Then. Would I could meete that roguish Dismal, I
would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:
Patrocclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
his hoole: The Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,
then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still
wastes and lechery, nothing else holds fashion, A burning
duell take them.
Enter Heller and Andromache.
And when was my Lord so much vangently temper'd,
To flapse his ears against admiration?
Vnrame, vnrame, and doe not fight to day.
Heller. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the overflaing gods, Ile goo,
And. My dreames will fure proue ominous to the day.
Heller. No more I say.
Enter Caffandra.
Caff. Where is my brother Heller?
And. Here stille, arm'd, and boldly in intent:
Confort with me in loud and deere petition;
Kurse who er he on knees: for I have dreampt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night:
Hath nothing beene but shape, and forms of slaughter.
Caff. O', its true,
Heller. Ho! bid my Trumpet found.
Caff. No notes of fallie, for the heaucns, sweet brother.
Heller. Begn I say: the gods have heard me sweare.
Caff. The gods are deafe to hot and pucioue vowels:
They are pollatted offings, more abhord
Then spottet Liners in the saccent.
And. Obe perswade, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuif; it is as lawful:
For we would count gue mucho co as violent thefs,
And rob in the behave of charitie.
Caff. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;
But vowe to every purpose must not hold:
Vrname sweete Heller,
Heller. Hold you still I say;
May honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor faire more precious, deere, then life.
Enter Troylus.
How now yong man? meant'thou to fight to day:
And. Caffandra, call my father to perswade,
Exit Caffandra.
Heller. No faith yong Troylus; doff thy barren youth:
I am to day I'wine of Chiaurie.
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
And temp't not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnrame thee, goe; and doubt not brave boy.
He fland to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you have a vice of inecency in you;
Which better fies a Lyon then a man.
Heller. What vice is that? good Troylus chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captaine Grecian faias,
Even in the fame and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them rife, and hine.
Heller. O' this faire play.
Troy. Fooles play, by heauen Helör.
Heller. How now? how now?
Troy. Forthloue of all the gods
Let's tesse the Hermit Pity with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reigne them from ruth.
Heller. Tye lunge, fie.
Troy. Heller, then 'gis warres.
Heller. Troylus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troy. Who shoulde with-hold me?
Not face, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckning with ferie trunchion my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourfe of reaze.
Nor you my brother, with your true sword draws
Oppof'd to hinder me, should flop my wy.
But by my ruine.
Enter Priam and Caffandra.
Caff. Lay hold upon him Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy play,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come Hector, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath vision;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enwrapped,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hec. Amias is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Grecians,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. 1, but thou shalt not goe,
Hec. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deere sir,
Let me not flame refpect; but glue me leave
I o take this course by your content and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me. Royall Priam.

Coff. O Priam, yeeld not to him.

And, Doe not deere father,
Hec. Andromache I am offended with you:
Vpon the louse you bearre me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Coff. O farewell, deere Hector:
Look how thou dieft; look how thy eye turns pale;
Look how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents;
Harke how Troy roares: how Hector cries out;
How poor Andromache thrills her doles forth;
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like wildiffe Antickes one another meece;
And all cry Hector, Hector! dead: O Hector!

Troy. Away, away.

Coff. Farewell: yeeld, soft: Hector! take my issue;
Thou dost thy selfe, and all our Troy decease.

Exit. Hec. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclamme:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, wele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praisse, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with fatestie stand about thee.

Alarum.

Troy. They are at it, harke! proud Diomed, beleue
I come to loose my time, or winne my fleue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you hearre my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorson tittle, a whorson rashely tittle,
so troubled me: and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall lease you one
oth's dayes; and I have a rume in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones too; and that vittelle a man were curst, I cannot tell what to thinke on. What fayres fye there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;
Th's effect doth operate another way.
Go to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors fill the feeders;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lacke; ignomine and shame
Purifie thy life, and live eye with thy name.

A Lurum. Exeunt.

Enter Hector in extremity.

Ther. Now they are clapper-chawing one another, He
goe looke on: that deflaiming abominable varlet Diomede, has got that fame fature, doing a foolish young
knave: Sute of Troy, there in his Helm: I would taine
see them meeteth, that fame yong: I roaine saith, that foues
the whore there, might send that Grecish with matter-
musty willane, with the Sute, backe to the deflaiming
luxurious drabbe, of a fleeceloffrent, O'th other side,
the politice of those craftie sweating cteals; that flole
old Moune-eaten dry cheefe, Nefor: and that fame dog-
foxe Piffier is not proud'vth a Black-berry. They let me
up in politice, that mungill cure Aias, against that
dogge of a bad a kinde, Achilles. And now is the cure
Aias prouder then the cure Achille, and will not arme
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclame
barbarifme; and politice growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, there comes Sute, and th'oother.

Troy. Fly not: for shoud it thou take the Rister Stie,
I would swain after.

Diom. Thou do't misbrief retire:
I doe not flye, but adumbrageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy where Grecian: now for thy whore
Troyan: Now the Sute, now the Sute.

Enter Hec.

Hec. What art thou Grecian? art thou for Hec's match?
Art thou of bloud, and honous?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal: a freunce tailing knave:
a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I doe beleue thee, bluc.

Ther. God a mercie, that thou wilt beleue me; but a
plague breaketh thy necke--for frightening me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogue? I thinke they have
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mirac-
le--yet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe: He feake them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Servants.

Dis. Go, goe, my firman, take thou Troylus Horse;
Prestent the faire Sceede to my Lady Cressida:

Felow, commend my firuce to her beautie;
Tell her, I have chastified the amorous Troyan:
And am her Knight by proofes.

Ser. I goe my Lord. Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Renew renew, the fierce Patilambos
Hath beate downe Atren: baftard Margaret:
Hath Dares prisoner.

And finds Calabius: wife wauing his beame,
Upon the pashed couris of the Kings:
Epigorus and Cematics, Polissier is Clayne;
Amphicamius, and Thous deadly hurt:
Patroclus tane or Clayne, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appeals our numbers; haste we Diomed
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nefor.

Nef. Coe beare Patroclus body to Achilles;
And bid the snailie-pac'd Aias arm for fame:
There is a thousand Helles in the field:
Now here he fights on Galaib his Horse,
And there lacks worke; anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like flailed feall,
Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder, And there the straying Greeks, rife for his edge, Fall downe before him, like the howlers swans; Here,there, and every where, lie leaves and takes; Dexteritie to obaying appetie, That what he will, he does, and does so much, That proofs is call’d impossibility.

Enter Violst. 

Ulys. Oh, courage, courageous Princes: great Achilles, Is arming, weeping, curst, vowing vengeance; Patroclus wounds have rou’d his drowzie blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noefelesse, handleffe, hackt and chips, come to him; Crying on Hector. Aias hath left a friend, And foames at mouth, and he is arm’d, and at it : Roaring for Troylus; who hath done to day, Mad and fannaslike execution; Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a carelesse force, and forcelfe care, As if that luck in very s plight of cunning, bad him win all. Enter Aias.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward Troylus. Exit. 

Dia. I, there,there. 

Nest. So, so, we draw together. 

Enter Achilles. 

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-querler, shew thy face: Know what it is to meete Achilles angry. Hector,what’s Hector? I will none but Hector. Exit. 

Enter Aias. 

Aia. Troylus, thou coward Troylus, shew thy head. Enter Diomed. 


Troylus. Oh traitrou D’soned! Turneth false face thou traitor, And pay thy life thou owst me for my horse. 

Dia. Ha, art thou there? Aia. Ile fight with him alone, and Diomed. 

Dia. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon. Troylus. Come both you cunning Greckees, have at you both. Exit Troylus. Enter Hector. 


Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee Hector. 

Hect. Pauke if thou wilt. 

Achil. I doe disdain thy curtsey, proud Trojan; Be happy that my armes are out of vie: My self and negligence befriends thee now, But thou a non shalt hear me againe; Till when, goe seek thee fortune. Exit Hector. 

Hect. Fare thee well: I would have beene much more a frether man, Had I expected thee 2 how now my Brother? 

Enter Troylus. 

Troylus. Hector, who is that? shall it be? No,by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him: He be tane too, Or bring him off: Fert here me what I say; 

I weake nor, though end my life to day. Exit. 

Enter out in Armour. 

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greccke, Thou art a goodly marke: Now wilt thou not? I like thy armour well, Ile fruits it, and unlocke the riuetts all, But Ile be maller of it: wilt thou not best abide? Why then flye on, ile hunt thee for thy hide. 

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons. 

Achil. Come here about me you my Myrmidons: Mark what I say; attend me where I wheel: Strike not a strokee, but keepe your feloes in breath; And when I haue the bloody Hectors found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In selfe manner execute your armes. Follow me hir, and my proceedings eye; It is decreed, Hector the great most dye. Exit. 

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris. 

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris love; now my double hand’d sparrows; lowe Paris, lowe; I Ile the bull has the game: were horses ho? Exit Paris and Menelaus. 

Enter Baffard, 

Baff. Turne slante and fight. Ther. What art thou? 

Baff. A Baffard Sonne of Priamos. Ther. I am a Baffard too, I love Baffards, I am a Baffard begor, Baffard instruder, Baffard in minde, Baffard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore shoulde one Baffard take heed, the quarels most ominous of us: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement farewell Baffard. 

Baff. The diuell take thee coward. Extrem. 

Enter Hector. 

Hect. Moile putrisfied core do faire without; Thy goodly armur thus hath Hoff thy life, Now is my daies worke done; Ie take good breath; Reft Sword, thou haile thy fill of blood and death, Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons. 

Achil. Looke Hector how the Sunne begins to set; How vigly night cometh breathing at his heelles, Even with the walle and darking of the Sunne, To clofe the day vp, Hectors life is done. 

Hect. I am vnaire, forgot this vantage Greccke. 

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seek. 

So Ilion fallt houe: now Troy fincke downe: Here ies thy heart, thy finewes, and thy bone. On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine, Achilles hath the mighty Hectors slaine. Retreat. 

Harke, a retreat upon our Grecian part. 

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord. 

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-spreed the earth And flitter-like the Armies reverete My halfe sipt Sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleas’d with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed. Come, tye his body to my horse rable; Along the field, I wil the Trojan traitle. Extrem. Sound Retreats. Show. 

Enter Agamemnon, Aias, Menelaus, Nester, Diomed, and thers matching. 

Aga. Harke harke, what houes is that? 

Nest. Peace Drum. 

Sal. Achilles.
Troylus and Cressida.

Dis. The brute is, Hector's flaine, and by Achilles.
Art. If it be so, yet bragleffe let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Try. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray Achilles see vs at our Tent:
If in his death the gods have vs befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our tharpe wars are ended.

Enter Priam, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Pri. Stand here, yet are we masters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here statute we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hector is flaine.
All. Hector the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead: and at the wetherers Horfes tael, In beauly fort, drag'd through the flamefull Field:
Frowne on you heauen, efted your rage with speed.
Six gods upon your throners, and smile at Troy.
I lay at once, let your briefe plauges be mercy,
And linger not our fure deftructions on.

Art. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Host.
Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all inimmens that gods and men,
Addrefs their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam for so hecubus?
Let him that will a seechehoule eybe call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and tay there, Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turne to stone;
Make weels, and Nibir of the maides and wives;
Cooke ftatues of the youth: and in a word,
Scare Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to tay.

Stay ye: you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly light vpon our Phrygian plains:
Let Titan rife as early as he dare,
Ie through, and through you; & thou great hie'd coward;
No space of Earth shall funder our two hate,
Ie haunt thee, like a wicked conftience fill,
That mouldeth goblins with advertisements.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But here ye? here ye?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue eybe with thy name.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine akingbones: oh world,
world,world! thus is the poore agent dilipdise: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworthke, and how ill requested? why shoul our endeavor be so defir'd, and the performance so loadi'd? What Verse for it? what infance for it? let me fee.

Full merilly the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath loft his hone, and his sting.
And being once subdu'd in armed tale,
Sweet hone, and sweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the fleth, let this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Pander's halif,
Your eyes halfe out, weep out at Pander's fall:
Or if you cannot weep, yet gine some grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and fitters of the hold-dote trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my feare is thus:
Some galled Goofe of Wintleffer would hitte
Till then, Ie swear, and feake about for sales;
And at that time bequeath you my difficafe.

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen.

Before we proceed any farther, heare me speake.
All. Speake, speake.
1. Cit. You are all resolute rather to dy then to famish?
All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.
1. Cit. First you know, Caius Martius is chief enemy to the people.
All. We know'st, we know'st.
1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and we'll have Corne at our own price. It's a Vertue?
All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away.
2. Cit. One word, good Citizens.
1. Cit. We are accounted poor Citizens, the Patricians good what Authority suffices one, would releue vs. If they would yeeld vs but the superfluite while it were wholesome, wee might goule they releue'd vs humane; But they thinke we are too deere, the leannes that afflict vs, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our suffrance is a gaine to them. Let vs revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.
2. Cit. Would you proceede especialy against Caius Martius?
All. Against him first: He's very dog to the Commonwealth.
2. Cit. Consider you what Service he ha's done for his Country?
1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himselfe with beinge All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.
1. Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done. Famoullie, he did it to that end: though fast confident men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vulture.
2. Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is cozenous.
1. Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to yeare in repetition.

Shouts within.

What haues the thre? The other side of the City is rife! why flay we prating here? To th Capitol.
All. Come, come.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

1.\textit{Methind,} a th'body, idle and vacuialoe, Still cumburding the Vian, never bearing Like labour with the ret, where th'oither Instruments Did fee, and hearts, deuifs, infrud, wals, feele, And mutually participate, did minifer. Vnto the appetitse; and affection common Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.  
\textit{2. Cit.} Well fir, what answer made the Belly, \textit{Men.} Sir, I shall teell you with a kinde of Smell, Which're came from the Lungs, but even thus : For looke you I may make the belly Smile, As well as speake, it taintingely replied, To th'deicentred Members, the mutinous parts That cou'd his receite : even so most finely, As you maligne our Senators, for that They are not such as you.  
\textit{2. Cit.} Your Bellies answer: What The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye, The Counsailor Hearst, the Arme our Souliet, Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter, With their Ministrants of Rome, who helpes, In this our Fabrick, if that they—  
\textit{Men.} What then? Foreme, this Fellow speakes. What then? What then?  
\textit{2. Cit.} Should by the Cormorant belly be restraint'd, Who is the finke a th'body. \textit{Men.} Well, what then?  
\textit{2. Cit.} The former Agents, if they did complains, What could the Belly answer? \textit{Men.} I will tell you,  
If you'll beflow a small (of what you have little) Patience awhile; you'll heare the Bellies answer.  
\textit{2. Cit.} Y'are long about it. \textit{Men.} Note me this good Friend; Your most graue Belly was deliberate, Not raeth like his Accuser, and thus answerd. True it is my Incorporate Friends (quoth he) That I receitce the general Food at first Which you do live upon: and fit it is, Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember, I send it through the River's of your blood Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'cater o'th'Braine, And through the Grante's and Offices of man, The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines From me receitce that natural competencie Whereby they live, And though that all at once (You my good Friends, this says the Belly) mark me.  
\textit{2. Cit.} If, well, well. \textit{Men.} Though all at once, cannot See what I do deliuer out to each, Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all From me do backe receitce the Flower of all, And leaue me but the Bran, What say you too?  
\textit{2. Cit.} It was an answer, how apply you this? And you the mutinous Members: For examine Their Counsailes, and their Care, differ things rightly, Touching the Wede a'th Common, you shall finde No publicke benefit which you receitce But it proceedes, or comes from them to you, And no way from your selves. What do you thinke? \textit{You, the great Toe of this Assembly}  
\textit{2. Cit.} The great Toe? Why the great Toe? \textit{Men.} For that being one o' th'lower, basef, poorst Of this most wife Rebellion, thou goest formost: Thou Bafcall, that art worst in blood to run, Lead it first to win some vantage, But make you ready your flitte bags and clubs, Rome, and her Rates, are at the points of battle, The one slice must haue baue baite.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius,  
\textit{Mar.} Thanks. What's the matter you diffendic is rogues That rubbing the poor Rich of your Opinion, Make your Nefles Sbebs,  
\textit{2. Cit.} We have euer your good word. \textit{Mar.} He that will glue good words to thee, will flatter Beneath a bowring. What would you have, you Cures, That like not Peace, nor Warre ? The one affrights you, The other makes you proude. He that trust to suits, Where he should finde you Lyon, finds you Hares: Where Foxes, Geefe you: No: sure no, Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice, Or Hatlestone in the Sun. Your Virtue is, To make him worthy, whose ouer out fubdus him, And curfe that Juflice did it. Who deferves Greatnes, Deferves your Hate: and your Affections are A fickmes Appetite; who defires moft that Which would encreafe his eull. He that depends Upon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leade, And hewes downe Oakes, with ruftes. Hang ye stuffinge? With every Minute you do change a Minde, And call him Noble, that was now your Hate: How wide, that was your Garland. What's the matter, That in thefe feuerall places of the Citie, You cry againdt the Noble Senate, who (Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else Would feede on one another? What's their seeking? \textit{Men.} For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say The Citie is well for'd. \textit{Mar.} Hang'em; they say? They'll by th' fire, and proueme to know What's done 1st Capioll; Who's like to rife, Who thriues, \& who declines: Side faction, \& glue out Coniccular Mariages, making parties strong, And feelinguch as fit not in their liking, Below their cobbled Shoes. They say their grain enough? Would the Nobility say aside their ruth, And let me we me my Sword, I'll make a Quarrie With thousands of theirfides quarles, as high As I can pick out a half a piece.  
\textit{Menes.} Nay there'se are almost thorougly perwased: For though abundantly they lacke a differetion Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I defeech you, What sayes the other Troope ? \textit{Mar.} They are dissollood: Hang em;  
They said they were an hungry, figh'd forth Proverbes That Hunger-broke lone walls; that dogges must eate That meat was made for mouthes. That the gods fent not Corne for the Richmen onely: With these footes They vened their Complainings, which being answer'd And a petition granted them, a strange one, To broke the heart of generofity, And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps As they would hang them on the homes a th' Moone, Shooting their Emulation.

\textit{Menes.} What is graunted them? \textit{Mar.} The True Tribunes to defend their vulgar widoms Of their owne choyce, One's Eminet Bratius, Senator Pelutus, and I know not. Sceaths,
The rabbler should have first vnoo't the City
Ere to preuy'd me with it; we it in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Thoares
For Infructions arguing.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Frngments,

Enter a Mefinger hastily.

MfF. Where's Caus Marinus?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter?

MfF. The newes is fir, the Volscs are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha menaces to vnter
Our mutle superfuity. See our bes' Elders

Enter Sicinius Vectoris, Aaron Brutus Cominius, Titus
Larinius, with other Senators.

1. Sen. Marvitus'tis true, that you have lately told vs,
The Volscs are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader,

Tullius Auffidius that will put you too's:
I sience in enuying his Nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he.

Com. You have foughte together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he
upon my partie, he'd reuelt to make
Only my warrs with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.  

1. Sen. Then worthy Marvitus,

Attend upon Cominius to these Wares

Com. It's your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,

And I am confiant: Titus Lucius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus face.
What art thou flifie? Stand't; or out?

Tit. No Calv Martinus,

Ie leane vpon one Crutche, and fight with tother,
Fye stay behind his Buniene,

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to thi Capitol, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must followe
you, right worthy you Priority

Com. Noble Martinus.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volscs have much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worthipfull Mutinous,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

Exeunt. Citizens flee away. Demit Sicinius, Brutus,

Sicinius. Was euer man so proud as this Marvitus?

Brutus. He has no equal.

Sicinius. When we were cho'en Tribunes for the people,

Brutus. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicinius. Nay, but his countenance.

Brutus. Being mournd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sicinius. Bemocke the modell Moone.

Brutus. The present Wares decoy him, he is groove
Too proud to be fou'd a bargine.

Sicinius. Such a Nature, stakeld with good focesse,
disdaines the shadow which he treads on atmo, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded under
Cominius?

Brutus. Fume, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well gar'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what misfortunes
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vmo'st of a man, and giddy confufe
Will then cry out of Martinus: Oh, if he
Had borne the buffesse.

Sicinius. Befider, fitthings go well,
Opinion that fo fancies on Marvitus, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Brutus. Come: halfe all Cominius Honors are to Marvitus
Though Martinus earn'd them nor: and all his faults
To Martinus shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sicinius. Let's hence, and here
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Upon this prefe: Auffidius.

Brutus. Let's along,

Enter Tullius Auffidius with Senators of Coriolius.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Auffidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsaille,
And know how we proceede,

Auffidius. Is it not yours?

Whatever have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Hath circumstancation: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I have the Letter heere: yes, here it is;
They have profet a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Death is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumoured, Cominius, Marvitus your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worke hared then of you)
And Titus Larinius, a most valiant Roman,
The three leade on this Preparacion
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our Armies in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer vs.  

Auffidius. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences vaj'd, till when
They needs must flue themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appea'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shallbe thirectory in our symue, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a foot.

2. Sen. Noble Auffidius,

Take your Commiion, hya to your Bands,
Let vs alona to guard Coriolius
If they set downe before's; for the remote
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'have not prepar'd for vs.

Auffidius. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcell of their power are forth already,
And onely bitherward. I leave your Honors,
If we, and Gaius Marvitus chance to mette,
Tis soone betweene vs, we shall euer strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods aftp you.

Auffidius. And keep your Honors saf.


All. Farewell.
Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:

They set them down on two lowe stools and some.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or express your selfs in a more comfortable sort: if my Sonne were my Husband, I should feelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the only Sonne of my wombe; when youth with comelinde pluck d all goe his way; when for a day of King's entrance, a Mother should not fel him an houre from her beholding: I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by the wall, if renowne made it not thire, was pleased to let him seake danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruel Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his breeves bound with Oakes. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had pro

Vor. But had he died in the Business Madam, how then?

Volumn. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne, I therein would have found issue. Heare me professse sincerly, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none leefe deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Country, then one voluptuously furft out of Acthon.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeriius come to visit you.

Vor. Beechee you give me leave to retire my selfe.

Volumn. Indeed you shall not: Me thinkes, I heare histher your Husbands Drummes: See him plucke Auffling downe by th'hair: (As children from a Beare) the Voices flattering him: Me thinkes I see him flampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like as a Harueft man, that t'aid to move By all, to loose his hyre.

Vor. His bloody Browe? Oh Jupiter, no blood.

Volumn. A way you Foole: it more becomes a man! Then gitt his Trophie, the breffs of Hebea When the she did fuckle Hecatom, look'd not louelier Then Hecatom forhead, when it fip forth blood At Grecian swords. Containing, tell Valeriius.

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent. 

Vor. Heauen bless me my Lord from fell Auffling. Out, He'll beat Auffling head below his knee, And treacle upon his neck.

Enter Valeriius with an Vio, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vor. Sweet Madam.

Vor. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifold hous-keepers. What are you fowing here? A fine spore in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vor. I thank your Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Val. He had rather see the Swords, and hear a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ille sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my tyr, I look'd upon him a Weneday halfe an houre together: he's such a conform'd coun-
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the enemy?
Meaw. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.
Lar. So, the good Hope is mine.
Marts. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile not sel, nor give him: Lead you him I will.
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lieth the Armies?
Meaw. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then shall we hear their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I pyt thee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with foaming swords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blowe thy blatt.

They Sound a Perley: Enter two Senators with others on the walls of Coriulans.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Titius Auffidius,</th>
<th>is he within your Walles?</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Senat.</td>
<td>No, nor a man that feares you lefte then he,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Heare, our Drummes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Are bringing forth oure youth. We'll breake our Walles
Rather then they shall sound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet once thus, we have but pin'd with Ruffet,
They lepe open of themselves. Harke you, fare off.

There is Auffidius. Lift what worke he makes
Amongst your clousen Army.

Mars. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noise be our intruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Voles:

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more prove then Shields.
Aduance brave Tiues,
They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me fweet with wrath. Come on my fellows.
He that retires, 'll take him for a Vole,
And he shall feele mine edge.

Another Alarm, The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Currying.

Mar. All the contage of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaifieth you o're, that you may be abord'd
Farther then seen, and one infect another
Against the Winde: a mile: you foules of Gesele,
That bear the shaves of men, how hauie you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beate; Pleas and Hell,
All hurs behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of huess, bleau the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looko too't: Come on,
If you stand fast, we'll beate them to their Wives,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Then Alarms, and Martius follows them to gaters, and is lost in.

So now the gates are open, now prove good Seconds,
'tis for the followers Fortune, untrue them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Citiis.

1 Sol. Foeles-hauiishell, not I.
2 Sol. Not I.
3 Sol. See they haue fluit him in.  
All. To th' pot I warrant him.  

Enter Tinus Larins
Tir. What is become of Martius ?
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

1Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heales,

With them he enteres: who vpon the foideine
Claps to their Gates; he is himselfe alone,
To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who sensibly out-dares his fenceriffe Sword,
And when it bowes, fland't vp: Thou art left Martius,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art.
Wear not so rich a Lewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Even to Calus with, not fierce and terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy founds
Thou mad'st thine enemiesakes, as if the World
Were Frenorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1Sol. Looke Sir,
Lar. O'tis Martius,
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romans with spoiles.

1Rom. This will I carry to Rome,
2Rom. And I this.
3Rom. A Murtain on't, I took this for Silver.

Enter Martius, and Tinus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See liere these mourers, that do prizze their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cusionis, Leadon Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These bone flues,
Ere yest the flight be done, packe vp downe with them.
And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my foules hate, Auffidius,
Piercing our Romis: Then Valiant Titus take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whilif I with those that hauie the spirit, will halfe
To helpe Cominis.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath bin too violent,
For a second courf of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physicall
Then dangerous to me; To Auffidius thus, I will appear
Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune, (and fight)
Fall deep in loue with thee, and her great charmers
Misguide thy Oppoers swords, Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no lef,
Then thofe the placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthieff Martius,
Go found thofe Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th Towne,
Where they shall know our minde. Away.

Exeunt Enter Cominis as it were in retire with selders,
Comm. Breath you my friends, weel fought, we are come
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stand.
(Off)
Nor Cowardly in retire: Beleev me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke
By Interims and conveying guits, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends, The Roman Gods,
Leade their successe, as we with our owne,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountaring,
May gyue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messanger,
Meaw. The Citizens of Coriulans have yffued,
And giuen to Larins and to Martius Battail:

I low
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

I saw our party to their Trenches driven, And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth, Me thinkes thou speakest not well. How long is’t since?

Mef. About an hour, my Lord.

Com. Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drunmmes. How cou’dst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy Newes so late?

Mef. Spies of the Volces Held me in chase, that I was for’t to wheele Three or four miles about, cisle had I sir Hale an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe’s appeare as he were Fled to Gods, He has the flampe of Martius, and I hauve Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder fro a Taber, More then I know the found of Martius Tongue From every maner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your owne.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye In Armes as found, as when I wou’d in heart; As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done, And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is’t with Titus Martius?

Mar. As with a man builed about Decrees: Condemning some to death, and some to exile, Ransomning him, or pittyng, threatening each other; Holding Coroles in the name of Rome, Even like a lawning Grey-hound in the Lea, To let him flip at will.

Com. Where is that Slace Which told me they had besee you to your Trenches? Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen, The common fit, (a plague-Tribunes for them) The Mouse were thun’d the Cat, as they did budge From Rascoals worsen then they.

Com. But how preud’dl’d you?

Mar. Will the time ferue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a’th Field? If nor, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Martius, we hauie at disaduantage fought, And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on which side They hauie plac’d their men of truth?

Com. As I guess Martius, Their Bands th’Vaward are the Antients Of their best trueth: or them Affidius, Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battlesses wherein we have fought, By th’Blood we have hauie fled together, By th’Vanes we hauie made To endure Friends, that you direclty let me Against Affidius, and his Antients, And that you not-delay the preffent (but Filling the aire with Swords advanc’d) and Darts, We proue this very houre.

Com. Though I could with,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes apply’d to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking, take your choice of chose That beft can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they
That moft are willing, if any such be here;
(As it were fine to doubts) that love this painting
Wherein you see me fam’d, if any feare
Leffien his perfon, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deere then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many lo minded,
Wauie thus to expresse his disposition, And follow Martius.

They all flowt and weare their swords, take him up in their Armes, and lift up their Capt.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If thefe thwes be not outward, which of you But is fownt Volces! None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great Affidius,
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) must I felect from all:
The Refh shall bear the bafliffe in some other fightr
(As caufe shall be obey’d) please your March,
And fowe fhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beft inclin’d.

Com. March on my Fellowe:
Make good this othenation, and you fhall Divide in all,with vs.

Exeunt

Titus Martius, having fent a guard upon Coriades, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominus, and Cain Mar-
tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Soulciours, and a Scoet.

Lar. So,let the Ports be guard’d; keepe your Duties As I have fet them downe. If I do fend, dispatch Thofe Centuries to our ayd, the Refh will ferue For a short houlding, if we loofe the Field,
We cannot keep the Towne.

Lair. Exeunt our care Sir.

Lar. Hence and fhut your gates vp on: Our Gulder come, to th’Roman Camp condu£ts vs, Exit

Alarms, as in Battle.

Enter Martius and Affidius at several dores.

Mar. He fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee Worse then a Promife-breaker.

Affid. We hate alike:
Not Africke owens a Serpent Lapporbe
More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the firt Badger dye the others Slaves,
And the Gods doome him after.

Affid. If I fye Martius, hollow me like a Hate.

Mar. Within thee three hours Tullus
Alone I fought in your Coroles wailes, And made what worke I pleas’d: This not my blood, Wherein thou fel’t me maskt, for thy Reuenge Wrench wp thy power to th’highest.

Affid. Wes’t thou the Holier,
That was the whip of your brasgs’d Progeny,
Thou fhould’ft not fcape me heete.

Here they fight, and certaine Volces come in the aide of Affidius fight til they be driven in breathes.

Officious and not valiant, you have fiam’d me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is founded. Enter at one Doore Corinthus, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arms in a Scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy deare Work, Thou'rt not beleue thy deeds: but Ile report it, Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend, and thrive, I'll end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quik'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the foffie Plebeans hate thine Hauers, Shall say against their hearts, We thank the Gods, Our Rome hath such a Soullier. Yet can't thou to a Morcell of this feast, Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Parfait.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall: Here is the Steed, weet the Captorion: Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who's a Chasteer to extoll her Bloud, When she do's prayse me, grieues me: I have done as you have done, that's what I can, Induced as you have been, that's for my Countrey: He that's but effect'd his good will, Hath ouer'ta'mine Aet.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your defearing, Rome must know the value of her owne: 'Twere a Concealment worse then a Theft, No lefe then a Tradecument, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the fpire, and top of prayses vou'dh, Would seeme but modest: therefore I befeech you, In figne of what you are, not to reward What you have done, before our Armie heart me.

Martius. I have some Wounds vpon me, and they smart To hear themfelves remembred.

Com. Should they not: Well might they feter a gainst Ingratitude, And tent themfelves with death: of all the Horfes, Whereof we have ta'n good, and good fcore of all, The Treasure in this field achiected, and Citie, We render you the Tenth, to be ta'n forth, Before the common distribution, At your own choice.

Martius. I thank you Generall: But cannot make my heart content to take A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I do refuse it, And stand upon my common part with thofe, That have beheld the doing.

A long flouris: They all cry, Martius, Martius, cafe up their Caps and Lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these fame Instrumentes, which you prophane, Never found more when Drums and Trumpets fhall I th' feld proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made all of falfe-fac'd loathing: When Steete growes foult, as the Paradices Silke, Let him be made an Overture for th' Waters: No more I fay, for that I have not waft'd

My Noble that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch, Which without note, here's many eile have done, You fhoon me forth in a clamations hyperbolical, As if I lo'd my little fould be dieted In prayfes, fawe't with Lyes.

Com. Too modell are you:

More cruell to your good report, then grateful To vs, that gue you truly: by your patience, If'gainft your felle you be incend'd, we'lt put you (Like one that means his proper harame) in Manacles, Then reafon fafely with you: Therefore be it knowne, As to vs, to all the World, That Caius Martius Wears this Warres Garland: in token of the which, My Noble Steed, knowne to the Camp, I give him, With all his trim belonging; and from this time, For what he did before Corioles, call him, With all th'applaus and Clamor of the Host.

Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Bearch't addition Nobly euer?

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omens, Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

I will goe waft:

And when my Face is falt, you fhall perceive Whether I blufh, or no: howbeit, I thank you, I mean to ftrive your Steed, and at all times To vnder crefy your good Addition, To th'fairenesse of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent: Where ere we doe repofe vs, we will write To Rome of our fucceffe: you Titus Lartius Must to Corioles backe, fend vs to Rome The befl, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours.


Com. Tak't, tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometimtes lay here in Corioles, At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly, He cry'd to me: I law him Prisoner: but then Auffidus was within my view, And Wrath o're whelm'd my pittie: I requete you To gue me poore fliold freedeome.

Com. Oh well beg'd:

Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he fould Be free, as is the Winde: deliever him, Titus. Lartius. Martius, his Name. Martius. By Jupiter forgot: I am ware, yes, my memorie is tyr'd: Have we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent: The bloud vpon your Vifage dry'd, tis time It fhould be looked too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Twaine Auffidus, blandle, with two or three Soulliers.

Auff. The Towne is ta'n.

Sen. 'Twill be deliever'd backe on good Condition. Auffid. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a Volve, be that I am, Condition? What good Condition can a Treatie finde I'th part that is at mercy? fieue times, Martius, I have fought with thee; to often haft thou beat me: And would It doe so, I think, fhould we encounter
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

As often as we eat, By th' Elements, If e're again I meet him beard to beard, He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation Hath not that Honor in't is bad: For where I thought to crush him in an equal Force, True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way, Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.
Sol. He's the duell.
Aef. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valor poison'd, With only full ring stinge by him: for him Shall flye out of it fell, nor leape, nor sanctuary, Being naked, sick, nor Phane, nor Capitol, The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice: Embarrgements all of Fury, shall lift vp Their rotten Privileud, and Cuchome gainst My hate to Martius. Wherefore I finde him, were it At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, even there Against the hospitable Canon, would I Waft my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to th Cirie, Learne how 'tis helped, and what they are that must Be Hoped for Rome.
Sol. Will not you go?
Aef. I am atended at the Cyprus grone. I pray you (Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither How the world goes: that to the pace of it I may spurre on my journey.
Sol. I shall sit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicism & Brutor.

Men. The Agurer tells me, wee shall have Newes to night.
Brur. Good or bad?
Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not Martius.
Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.
Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?
Sicin. The Lambe.
Men. I beleue him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martius.
Brur. He's a Lambe indeed, that dares like a Beare.
Men. He's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
Beth. Well sir.
Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?
Brur. He's poore in no one fault, but flout'd withall.
Sicin. Especially in Pride.
Brur. And toppling all others in boastin'.
Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are confured here in the City, I mean of vs of hight hand File, do you?
Beth. Why? how were we confur'd?
Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry.
Beth. Well, well sir, well.
Men. Why tis no great matter: for a very little thee of Occasion, will tob you of a great deale of Patience:

Give your dispositions the reines, and bee castful at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being you blame Martius for being proud.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would prove wondrous single: your abilities are to Infants-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Naples of your neckes, and make but an Interior turvey of your good felues. Oh that you could.

Beth. What then sir?
Men. Why then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, selfe Magistrates (alias Fools) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.
Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Passionate, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of playning Tiber in't: Said to be something imperfect in favou- ring the first complaint, hafty and Tnder-like yppon, to trival motion: One, that commettes more with the But- tocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning.
What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Woes men as you are (I cannot call you Liberturers) if the drink you give me, touch my Pat- ias aderverely, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes have deluer'd the matter well, when I finde the Aie in compound, with the Maior part of your syllas. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are neuer read grave men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcorm, Follows it that I am knowne well e- nough too? What harme can your beeome Confecupi- tules gleanc out of this Charracter, if be knowne well e- nough too.

Brur. Come come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your felues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore linear cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoon, in hearing a caufe between an Orendge wife, and a Porter- feller, and then reioynce the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to bee pinch'd with the Collick, you make faces like Mum- mers, fet vp the bloodie Flage against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dimifie the Controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Caufe, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a prey of strange ones.

Brur. Come come, you are well under odds to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Benchtor in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjectz as you are, when you speake bett unto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards defence not so honourable a grace, as to thaffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intombl'd in an Aieb Pake-Caddle; yet you must bee saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheare estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Discollus, though per- adventure some of the beft of 'em were hereditarie hang- men. Godden to your Worshippes, more of your conter- faction would infect my Braine, being the Heerdmen of the Beathy Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brur. and Sicin.

Aside. Enter.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Valerius, Virgilia, and Volumnia.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moone were fine Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes to see? Volumn. Honorable Msenus, my Boy Marsius approaches; for the loue of Juno let's goe. Menen. Ha? Marsius comming home? Volumn. I, worthy Msenus, and with most prosperous approbation. Menen. Take my Cappe Emitter, and I thank thee: ho! Marsius comming home? 2 Ladies. Nay, 'tis true. Volumn. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you. Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me? Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't. Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Easfe of severall yeeres; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most foure signes Prescrifition in Galen, is but Emperiquteque; and to this Prescrifution, of no better report then a Horfe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded? Virgil. Oh no, no, no. Volumn. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't. Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victoria in his Pocket the wounds become him. Volumn. Our Brows: Msenus, he comes the next time home with the Oaken Garland. Menen. Ha! he is disciplin'd Auffidius foundly? Volumn. Titus Lartius writeth, they fought together, but Auffidius got off. Menen. And twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Cheifs in Cariolos, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate pofted of this? Unhew. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein he giveth my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds dooly. Valer. In truth, there's wondrous things spoke of him. Menen. Wondrous: I'll warrant you, and not with-out our true purchasing. Virgil. The Gods grant them true. Volumn. True? now warre. Menen. True? Ile be sworne they are true: is he can be wounded, God faue your good Worships? Marsius is comming home: hee 'ha's more caufe to be prou'd: where is he wounded? Volumn. 1th Shoulder, and 1th left Arme: there will be large C Gretiers to fleue the People, when hee shall stand for his places: he receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin feuen hurts 1th's body. Menen. One 1th's Neck, and two 1th's Thigh, there's nine that I know. Volumn. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie five Wounds upon him. Menen. Now it's twentie feuen; every gash was an Enemies Graue. Heartke, the Trumpers, A bowes, and flourishes. Volumn. These are the Wisters of Marsius: Before him, hee carrieth Noyle; And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's nereule Arme doth lye, Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye,

A Senet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cauellius the Generall, and Titius Lartius: be- tweneth them Coriolanus, crowned with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Souldiers, and a Herauld. Herauld. Know Rome, that all aline Marsius did fight Within Coriolos Gates: where he hath wonne, With Fame, a Name to Marsius Cauius: These in honor followes Marsius Cauius Coriolanus. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus. Sound. Flourish. All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus. Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart; pray now no more. Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother. Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for your propitorie. Knights. Volumn. Nay my good Souldier, s: My gentle Marsius, worthy Cauius, And by deed-archiving Honor nearly nam'd, What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee? But oh, thy Wife. Coriol. My gracious silence, hayle: Would't haue haue laught, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep't to see me triumph? Ah my deare, Such eyes the Widowes in Cariolos were, And Mothers that lacke Sonnes. Menen. Now the Gods Crowneth thee. Com. And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon. Volumn. I know not where to turne. Oh welcome home and welcome General, And y'are welcome all. Menen. A hundred thousand Welcomes: I could weep, and I could laugh, I am light, and heauie; welcome: A Curfe begin at very root on't heart, This is not glaid to see thee, You are three, that Rome should doe on: Yet by the faith of men, we haue Some old Crab-trees here at home, That will not be grafed to your Rallish, Yet welcome Warriors: Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle; And the faults of foole, but folly. Com. Euer right. Cor. Msenus, euer, euer. Herauld. Give way there, and goe on. Cor. Your Hand, and yours? Ere in our owne house I doe flade my Head, The good Patricians must be visit'd, From whom I have receiu'd not onlyne greetings, But with them, change of Honors, Volumn. Thase flue, To see inherited my very Wifes, And the Buildings of my Fancie: Onely there's one thing wanting, Which (I doubt not) but our Rome Will cast upon thee. Cor. Know,good Mother, I had rather be their saunt in my way, Then fway with them in theirs. Com. On, to the Capitol. Flourish. Comets Exeunt in State, as before.
Enter Brutus and Scenioius.

Brut. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights Are speculatid to see him. Your prasting Nurse Into a rapture lets her baby cry, While she chains him: the Kitchin Malkin pinches Her richest Lockram bout her recchie necke, Clambrirg the Walls to eye him:\nStalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp, Leades fill'd, and Ridges bord'd With variable Complexions; all agreeing In earmeliffe to see him: field-showen Flamin.

Doe prefer among the popular Thronges, and pufe To winne a vulgar flation: our veryl' Dames Commit the Warre of White and Damaskie In their nicely gawled Cheekes, tooth' wanton spoyle Of Phæbus burning Kishes: such a poacher, As if that whatsoever God, who leads him, Were flyly crept into his humane powers, And gave him gracefull posture.

Scen. On the disturbaines, I warrant him Confull,
Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.

Scen. He cannot temporil'y transport his Honors, From where he should begin,and end, but will Lose those he hath wonne.

Brut. In that there's comfort.

Scen. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget With the least caufe, these his new Honors, Which that he will glue them, make 1 as little question, As heis proud to do't.

Brut. I heard him sweare,
Wore he to stand for Confull, neuer would he Appare i th' Market place, nor have him put The Naples Vellure of Humilitie, Nor bewilling (as the manner is) his Wounds Toth' People, begge their thinken Breaths.
Scen. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the defire of the Nobles.

Scen. I wish no better, then have him hold that purpofe, and to put it in execution.

Brut. 'Tis done, as he will.

Scen. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure defection.

Brut. So it must fall out
To him,or our Authorities, for an end
We must suggete the People, in what hatred He still hath held them: that so's power he would Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, And dispropriect their Freedomes; holding them, In humane Aton, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitnesse, for the World, Then Cemmil's in their Ware, who have their Prouud Onely for baring Butchens, and fore blowes
For thinkin vnder them.

Scen. This (as you say) suggeted,
At some time, when his loaring Inolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want, If he be put upon, and that's as cafe,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry stubble: and their Blaze Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?
Mez. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'*Tis thought, that Curtius shall be Confull:
I have feene the dumbe men throng to see him, And the blind to hare him speake: Matrons flong Glances, Ladies and Maids their Scarfes, and Handkerchers, Vpon him as he passe: the Nobles bended
As to ions Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showers: I never saw the like.

Brut. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with us Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the event.

Scen. Haue with you.

Exeunt.

Enter two Officers, to say Cullions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Confullhip?
2. Off. They do.
3. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.
4. Off. That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.
5. Off. 'Faith, there hath been many great men that have flattered the people, who've been loved, and them there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love them not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus weyther to care whether they love, or hate him, manifesteth the true knowledge he hath in his disposition, and out of his Noble cardeincite lets them plainly feel.'t.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he would waued indifferently, twist doing them neither good, nor harme: but he seeths their hate with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully disfavour their opposit. Now to feeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flaster them for their love.

2. Off. He had deferved worthy of his Country, and his affections is not by such eafe degrees as those, who having beene fuple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them all at into their esation, and views: but he hath fo planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinda ingratitude to his service; to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giving is feste the Lye, would pluche reprofe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

1. Off. No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patriots, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Tullius,

Caius and Brutus take their places by themselves: Corio-

lanus stands:

Mezent. Having determin'd of the Voices,
And to send for Titus Lavinus: it remains,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

To gratifie thec Noble service, he that hath
This flood for his Country, Therefore please you, Most reverend and grave Elders, to defire
The present Conful, and left Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Workes, perform'd
By Marcius Caius Coriolanus: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

Sen. Speake, good Commiss.'
Leave nothing out for length, and make vs think
Rather our fates defective for requital,
Then we to stretch it out. Maffers 's th People, We do request your kinder ears: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeild what paffes here.

Seicin. We are convened upon a pleading Treason, and
Herein hearts incinbling to honor and advance the Theme of
our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be bleft to doe, if
He remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's ock, that's ock: I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to heare Commiss.' speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loyes your People, but eye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthy Commiss.' speaks.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away,

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit Coriolanus: nother flame to heare
What you have Nobly done,

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather hate my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare fay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet ock,
When blowes haste made me fay, I fled from words.
You footh's not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh:

Menen. Pray now sit downe,

Coriol. I had rather have one scratch my Head th' Sun,
When the Alarum were strucken, then didly fit
To heare my Nothing monfer'd,

Exe. Coriolanus

Menen. Maffers of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he fatter?
That's shouland to one good one, when you now fee
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on es Eares to heare it. Proceed Commiss.'

Corm. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be vter'd feeblly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeft Virtue,
And moft dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I prais'd of, cannot in the World
Be fingly counter-pays'd. At fetteene yeares,
When Tarrarius made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he dioue
The brizled Lippes before him: he beftir'd
An o'r prefs'd Roman, and I'th Comfnis view
Shew three Oppofers: Tarrarius fell he met,
And bruske him on his Knee: in that dayes feares,
When he might sct the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd belt man i'th field, and for his meed
Was bow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entered thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of feventeen Battallies forc'd,
He hurc'h'd all Swords of the Garland: for this left,
Before, and in Coriolus, let me fay
I cannot speake him home: he flipt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turee terror into fort : as Weeds before
A Veiffel under fayle,fo men obey'd,
And fell belowe with Stem: his Sword, Deaths flampe,
Where it did marcde, it rooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying Cyres: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
With flufleffe definie: ay deffinie came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement flrucke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinte of Warre gan pierce
His readie fence: then ftraight his doubled spirit
Requikened what in flith was fatiguate,
And to the Battallie came he, where he did
Runne recking o're the liues of men, as i'twere
A perpetuall fpoyle: and all we call'd
Both Field and Citie ons, he never ftood
To eafe his Breft with panning.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with mesure fit the Honors
which we dewife him.

Comn. Our fpoyles he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he comme fleft
Then Miferie it felfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Menen. Hee's right noble, let him be call'd for,

Senat. Call Coriolanus,

Off. He doth appeare,

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, Coriolanus are well pleas'd to make
thee Confull.

Corio. I doe owe them fill my Life, and Servicer.

Menen. It then remains, that you do speake to the

People.

Corio. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that ouftome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, ftand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds fake, to giue their fufferage:
Please you that I may paife this doing.

Seicin. Sir, the People muft have their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too ock:
Pray you goe fit you to the Coflume,
And take of you, as your Prefeefors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blufh in aeting,
And might well be taken from the People,

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag into them,thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'vaking Skarres, which I fhould hide,
As if I had receu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not fland vp'n:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confull
With we all Joy, and Honor.

Senat. To
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

From th'noise of our owne Drummes.
Men. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to thinke vpon you.
Coriol. Think you me? Hang em, I
would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuine Life by em.
Men. You'll marre all,
Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholesome manner.
Exit.

Enter three of the Citizens.
Corio. Bid them waft their Faces,
And keep thei teeth cleane: So, here comes a brace,
You know the caufe (Sir) of my standing here.
Corio. We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you too,
Corio. Mine owne defire.
Corio. Your owne defire,
Corio. I, but mine owne defire.
3 Cit. How not your owne defire?
Corio. No Sir, I was never my defire yet to trouble the poor with begging.
Corio. Well then I pray, your price a' th'Consulship.
Corio. The price is, to ask it kindly.
Corio. Kindly Sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what say you?
Corio. You ha'll ha't worthy Sir.
Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces
beg'd: I haue your Ames, Adieu.
3 Cit. But this is something odder.
Corio. 2 Cit. And 'twee to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.
Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.
Cori. Pray you now, if't may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Consull, I haue here the Customarie Gowne.
1. You have defeated Nobly of your Countrie, and you haue not defended Nobly.
Cori. Your Enigma.
2. You have bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeed loused the Common people.
Cori. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Love, I will stirr flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deeree eftinmation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: for since the wifedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Fist, then my Heart, I will practice the inhumane nod, and be off to them most counterfeitely, that is Sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountiful to the defiers: Therefore befeech you, I maie be Consull.
2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.
3. You haue receyed many wounds for your Countrie.
Cori. I will not Seale your knowledge with fhewyng them. I will make much of your voyces, and do trouble you no farther.
Both. The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily.
Cori. Molt sweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to sittue,
Then craue the higher, which fift we do deferne. When this Woolmington fhould I stand here,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appere
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Their needles Vouches: Cuftome calls me too't.
What Coriome wills in all things, should we do't?
The Duft on antique Time would bye vnwiped
And mountaineous Error be too highly hasted,
For Truth to e're peire. Rather then foole it fo,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am fitte through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I doe.

Here come more Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have sought,
Wacht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare Of Wounds, two dozen Odd; Battaile thrice fix
I have seen, and heed of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, some leffe, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Confull.

Enter Ancients, with Brutus and Scipio.
Mene. You haue flowd your Limitation:
And the Tribunes ende you with the Peoples Voyces,
Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inscet,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Brutus. Is this done?
Scipio. The Cuftome of Requis'd you haue discharg'd:
The People doe admit you and are imminent
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Mene. Where? at the Senate-house?
Scipio. There, Coriolamus.

Mene. May I change thefe Garments?
Scipio. You may, Sir.

Mene. That hee straight do; and knowing my selfe again,
Repare to the^ Senate-house.

Mene. Ile keep you company. Will you along?

Brutus. We lay here for the People.

Scipio. Fare you well. Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.

Mene. He is now: and by his Lookes, me thinke,
'Tis warne at heart.

Brutus. With a prov'd heart hee wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismiss the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scipio. How now, my friended men, haue you chosen this man?

Brutus. He haue our Voyces, Sirs.

Brutus. We pray the Gods, he may defend your loues,
For he scarce call'd to our Voyces.

Scipio. Certainly, hee flowd versus course.

Brutus. Not onel istance, but vs, vs, vs, the base, but sayes
He's vs for folefully: he should haue flow'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for't Country.

Scipio. Why so he did I am sure.

All, not, no man law'ead.

Scipio. Hee said hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus wailing in fornoe,
I would be Confull, sayes he: aged Cuftome,
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we granteed that,
Here was, thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I have no further with you. Was not this mockery?

Scipio. What, why were you ignorant to see's?
Or feeing it, of such Childish friendinesse,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brutus. Could you not haue told him,
As you were Leifond: When he had no Power,
But was a petty Seruant to the State,
He was your Enemy, euer spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you brase
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriving
A place of Potency, and way oth' State,
If he should fill malignantly remaine
Fart For toth Pl'ekt, your Voyces might
Be Curfes to your felues. You should haue fayd,
That as his worthy deeds did clayne no leffe
Then what hee ftood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Malice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord,

Scipio. Thus to haue fayd,
As you write force-adviz'd, he had touch'd his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclinations from him plucks.

Euyher his gracious Promife, which you might
As caufe had call'd you vp, vs, haue held him so;
Or else it would have gird'd his fyrly nature,
Which fayly endurest not Articile,
Tying him to outhe, fe putting him to Rage,
You should haue ta'n in the daugamety of his Cheller,
And paid'v him vndected.

Brutus. Did you perceiv're
He did follicitate you in free Contemp,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contemp shall not be bruizing to you,
When he hath power to cruife. Why, had your Bodys
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againft the Rectorship of Judgement?

Scipio. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe of him that did not ask, but mock
Beflow your ful'd for Tongues?

Brutus. Hee's not confirmd, we may deny him yer.

Scipio. I haue fuch hundred Voyces of that found,
I, twice fuch hundred & their friends, to plece 'em,

Brutus. Get you hence infantly, and tell those friends,
They haue chose a Confull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore keep to die fo.

Scipio. Let them assemblazend on a fader Judgment,
All reteoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate into you: besides, forget not
With what Contemps he wore the humble Weeds,
How in his Sune he scorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking upon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th' apprehension of his preene portance,
Which mould glibblily, ungracely, he did fashion
After the inueterate. Hare he beares you.

Brutus. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we laburd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must cast your Election on him.

Scipio. Say you chose him, more after our commandement,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occup'y'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should make you against the graine
To Voyce him Connull. Lay the fault on vs.
Brut. I spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you, 
How youngly he began to ferre his Country, 
How long continued, and what flocks he sprung of; 
The Noble House, o'th' Martians: from whence came 
That Aunc Martius, Numa's Daughters Sonne: 
Who after great Hostilities here was King, 
Of the fame House Publius and Quintus were, 
That our beft Water, brought by Conduits hither, 
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor, 
Was his great Ancestor. 

Seisin. One thus defended, 
That hath bettir well in his person wrought, 
To be far higher in place, we did command 
To your remembrances: but you have found, 
Skiling his present bearing with his past, 
That he's your fixed enemie; and rewoke 
Your fuddaine approbation. 

Brut. Say you ne'er had don't, 
(Harpe on that filly) but by our putting on: 
And presently, when you haue drawn your number, 
Repair toth' Capitol: Exeunt. 

All. We will fo: almoft all repent in their election. 

Brut. Let them goe on: 
This Mutiny were better put in hazard, 
Then flay paft doubt, for greater: 
If, as his nature i, he fall in rage 
With their refuall, both obfere and answer 
The vantage of his anger. 

Seisin. Toth' Capitol, come: 
We will be there before the freame o'th' People: 
And this flall feme, as partly 'tis, their owne, 
Which we haue goaded onward. Exeunt. 

Actus Tertius. 

Cornett. Enter Coriolanus, Messerius, all the Gentry, 
Comminus, Titus Latin, and other Senators. 

Corio. Tribus Aufidius then had made new head. 

Latins. He had, my Lord, and that it was which cauf'd 
Our twister Complition. 

Corio. So then the Volcnes fand but as fift, 
Readie when time fhall prompt them, to make roade 
Vpon's againe, 

Com. They are wonne (Lord Commin) fo, 
That we fhall hardly in our ages fee 
Their Banners waue againe. 

Corio. Saw you Aufidius? 

Latins. On safegard he came to me, and did curfe 
Against the Volcnes, for they had fo vildly 
Vielded the Towne: heis retyr'd to Antium. 

Corio. Spoke he of me? 

Latins. He did, my Lord. 

Corio. How? what? 

Latins. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: 
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated 
Your perfon moft: That he would paven his fortunes 
To hopefull refolution, fo he might 
Be call'd your Vanquisher. 

Corio. At Antium lives he? 

Latins. He di, Antium. 

Corio. I wish I had a cause to feek him there, 
To oppofe his hatred fully. Welcome home, 
Enter Seiscius and Brutus. 
Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, 
The Tongues of o' th' Common Mouthe. I do defire them: 

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie, 
Against all Noble fufferance, 

Scio. Peace no further. 

Corio. Hah! what is that? 

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on— No further. 

Corio. What makes this change? 

Mens. The matter? 

Com. Hah! he not paff'd the Noble, and the Common? 

Brut. Comminus, no. 

Corio. Have I had Children Voyces? 

Senat. Tribunes gentle, the Senate doth not doe 
Think to the will of the Nobilitie: we will 
Corio. Stop, or all will fall in broyle. 

Corio. Are they not your Hear'd? 

Mift they haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now, 
And friftly difclaim their longs? what are your Offices? 
You being their Mouthe, why rule you not their Teeth? 
Have you not fet them on? 

Mens. Be calme, be calme. 

Corio. It is a purpofe thing, and grows by Plot, 
To curfe the will of the Nobilitie: 

Suffer't, and live with fuch as cannot rule, 

Nor euer be ruled. 

Brut. Call's not a Plot: 
The People cry you mock them: and of late, 
When Cone was giv'n them grates, you repind, 
Scandal'd the Supplicants: for the People, cauld them 
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse. 

Corio. Why this was knowne before. 

Brut. Not to them all. 

Corio. Have you inform'd them thence? 

Brut. How? I informe them? 

Com. You are like to doe fuch businesse, 

Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours. 

Corio. Why then should I be Comfine? by good Clouds 
Let me defere full il to you, and make me 
Your fellow Tribune. 

Seisin. You shew too much of that, 
For which the People flirre; if you will paffe 
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, 
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, 
Or neuer be fo Noble as a Comfine, 

Nor yoke with him for Tribune. 

Mens. Let's be calme. 

Com. The People are abus'd: fe on, this paltering 
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus. 

Defer'd this fo dihonor'd Rub, laid falsely 
T'il plaime Way of his Merit. 

Corio. Tell me of Cone: this was my speech, 
And I will speak's againe. 

Mens. Not now, not now. 

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now. 

Corio. Now as I live, I will, 
My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons: 
For the mutable ranke-fented Meyne, 
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter, 
And therein behold themfelves: I say againe, 
In foathing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate 
The Cockle of Rebellion, Infolence, Sedition, 
Which we our felues have plaowed for, fow'd & fattered, 
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number, 
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that 
Which they have gien to Beggers. 

Mens. Well, no more. 

Senat. No more words, we befeech you. 

Corio. How? no more?
As for my Country, I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward forces: So shall my Lungs, Come words till their deys, against those Meazels Which we desdaine should Tetter vs, yet fought The very way to catch them. 

 Bers. You speake a th'people, as if you were a God, To punnith; Not a man, of their Infirrmy. 

 Seric. 'Twere well we let the people know't. 

 Mene. What, what? His Choller? 

 Bers. Chollers Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Ioue, I would be my mind, 

 Seric. It is a minde that shall remain a poison Where it is: not payton any further, 

 Bers. Shall remain? 

 Hear ye this Triton of the Mourners? Marke you his absolute Sholl? 

 Seric. 'T was from the Cannon. 

 Bers. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why 

 You grante, but: wrekkele Senators, hate you thus 

 Gien Hidra here to choose an Officer, 

 That with his peremptory Sholl, being bus 

 The borne, and noise o'th'Monsters, wants not spirit To say, hee't turn your Current in a ditch, 

 And make your Channell his? If he haue power, 

 Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake 

 Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd, 

 But not as common Foole; if you are not, 

 Let them haue Cullions by you. You are Plebeians, 

 If they be Senators: and they are no leff. 

 When both your voices blended, the great i't safe 

 Mooft pallates thees. They choose their Magiftrate, 

 And such a one as he, who puts his Sholl, 

 His popular Sholl, against a grater Bench 

 Then euer frind'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe, 

 It makes the Confils bafe; and my Soule akes 

 To know, when two Authorities are vp, 

 Neither Supreme; how foone Confusion 

 May enter twixt the gap of Both, and take 

 The one by th'other. 

 Seric. Well, on to th'Market place. 

 Bers. Who euer gauz that Counsell, to gie forth 

 The Corne o'th'Store-house gratis, as twas vs'd 

 Sometime in Greece. 

 Mene. Well, well, no more of that. 

 Bers. Thoug there the people had more absolute powre 

 I say they norfit disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State. 

 Bers. Why shall the people gie 

 One that speakes thus, their voyce? 

 Bers. Ie gie my Reafons, 

 More worther then their Voyces.They know the Corne 

 Was not our recompence, refting well affiud'd 

 They're d' did service fo't; being preft to th'Warre, 

 Even when the Nauell of the State was touch'd, 

 They would not thred the Gates: This kinda of Service 

 Did not deferue Corne gratis. Being 'th'Warre, 

 They obstinate and Revolts, wherein they thred 

 Most Valour spoke not for them. Th'Accusation 

 Which they have often made against the Senate, 

 All caufe vnborne, could never be the Naute 

 Of our to frakue Donation. Well, what then? 

 How shall this Bofome-multiplied, dignifi 

 The Senators Courtefe? Let deeds expresse 

 What's like to be their words, We did requent it, 

 We are the greater pole, and in true feare. 

 They gave us our demands. Thus we debate 

 The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble 

 Call our Care, Fears: which will in time 

 Break eke the Lockes a'reth'Senate, and bring in 

 The Crowes to pecke the Eagles. 

 Mene. Come enough. 

 Bers. Enough, with outer mesure, 

 Bers. No, take more. 

 What may be sworne by, both Divine and Humane, 

 Scale what I end withall. This double worship, 

 Whereon part do's disdaine with caufe, the other 

 Infalp without alrea: then Gentry, Title, wisdom 

 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no 

 Of generall Ignorance, it must omit 

 Reall Necessities, and glue way the while 

 Tovinable Slightneffe, Purposo fo bart'd, it follows, 

 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore befeech you, 

 You that will be lefe fearfull, then diftrefs, 

 That love the fundamentall part of State 

 More then you doubt the change on': That pfferre 

 A Noble life, before a Long, and With, 

 To impute a Body with a dangerous Physicke, 

 That's fate of death without it: at once placque 

 The Multiduious Tongue, let them not lice 

 The sweet which is their payton. Your difhonor 

 Mangles true jument, and bereans the State 

 Of that Integrity which should becom'e: 

 Not hauing the power to do the good it would 

 For th'ill which doth controult. 

 Bers. Has said enough. 

 Seric. He's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer 

 As Traitors do. 

 Bers. Thou wretch, despight ore-welme thee: 

 What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? 

 On whom depending, their obedience fails 

 To th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion: 

 When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law, 

 Then were they chosen: in a better house, 

 Let what is meet, be side it must be meet, 

 And throw their power i'th'dust, 

 Bers. Manifell Treson. 

 Seric. This a Confult? No. 

 Enter an Emile. 

 Bers. The Edilbes ho: Let him be apprehended: 

 Seric. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe 

 Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator: 

 A Foe to'th'publique Weale. Obey I charge thee, 

 And follow to thine answer. 

 Bers. Hence old Goat. 

 All. We'll Survey him. 

 Bers. Ag'd sir, hands off. 

 Bers. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shakke thy bones 

 Out of thy Garments. 

 Seric. Help ye Citizens. 

 Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ediltes. 

 Mene. On both sides more respect. 

 Seric. Here's hee, that would take from you all your power. 

 Bers. Seize him ~Ediltes. 

 All. Downe with him, downe with him. 

 2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons: 

 They all blisse about Corioli. 

 Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho 

 Sericins, Brutes, Corioli, Citizens. 

 All. Peace, peace, peace, fray hold, peace. 

 Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath, 

 Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes 

 To th'people: Corioli, patience: Speake good Sericins. 

 Seric.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Sci. Hear me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake,
speake.  Are you or at point to lose your Liberties?
Mar. would have all from you; Martinus,
Whom late you hate nam'd for Conful,
Men. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Scen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Sci. What is the City, but the People?
All. True, the People are the City.
Brut. By the content of all, we were estableish'd the
People's Magistrates.
All. You for remaine.
Men. And so are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the City flat.
To bring the Rooffe to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet difinately raunges
In heapers, and piles of Ruine.
Sci. This deferves Death.
Brut. Or let us fland to our Authoritie;
Or let us lofe it: we doe here pronounce,
Vpon the part o' th' People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, martius is worthy
Of present Death.
Sci. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into deftruction call him.
Brut. Ediles feize him.
All Ple. Yield martius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word, befeech you Tribunes,
heare me but a word.
Ediles. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seeme, truly your Countrie friends,
And temp'tately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreffe.
Brut. Sin, thro cold wayes,
That seeme like prudent helpers,are very poyinous,
Where the Difecie is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock.
Cen. No, Ile die here:
There's fome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come trie upon your felues,what you have seene me,
Men. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while.
Brut. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help martius, helpe: you that be noble, helpe
him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. Exeunt.
In the Martius, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and
the People are beat in.
Men. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
Com. Stand fall, we have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
Scen. The Gods forbid:
I pray the noble friend, home to thy House,
Leave vs to cure this Cafue.
Men. For this a Sore upon vs,
you cannot Tent your felles be gone, befeech you.
Com. Come Sir, along with vs.
Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd not Romans, as they are not,
Though called i'th' Porch o' th' Capitol:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Com. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them,
All. I did my fcelfe take vp a Brace o' th' bel of
them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now his oddes before Arimackick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it flands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare.
Men. Pray you be gone;
Ite tive whether my old Wit be in request
With thofe that have but little: this must be part
Wit Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. Exeunt Coriolanus and
Cominius.
Par. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Tridenc,
Or Love, for power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breaf brenges, that his Tongue muft vent,
And being angry, he does forget that ever
He heard the Name of Death. A Noise within.
Here's goodly worke.
Par. I would they were a bed.
Men. I would they were in Tybes.
What the vengeance, could be not speake 'em fire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble against,
Scen. Where is this VIPER,
That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself
Men. Your worthy Tribunes.
Sic. He shall be thrown downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath refi'd Law,
And therefore Law shall forraine him further Triall
Then the feuerity of the publike Power,
Which he fo fets at naught.
I Cen. He shall full well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall fare out.
Men. Sir, sir.
Sic. Peace, Peace.
Men. Do not cry hang ake, where you thold but hunt
With modest warrants.
Sic. Sir, how can't that you have holpe
To make this refuge?
Men. Hear me speake? As I do know
The Consul's worthynesse, fo can I name his Faults.
Sic. Conful? what Conful?
Men. The Conful Coriolanus.
Brum. He Conful.
All. No, no, no, no.
Men. If by the Tribunes lease,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then fo much loffe of time.
Sic. Speake breafely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eieft him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deferved Children, is enroll'd
In Ioues owne Bookie, like an vnnatural Dan
Should now eate vp her owne.

Sci.
To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you, Why did you with me milder? Would you have me Falfe to my Nature? Rather say, I Play The man I am.

Volans. Oh fir, fir, fir, I would have had you put your power well on Before you had worn it out.

Carus. Let go.

Peli. You might have beene enough the man you are, With straining leffe to be fo: Lefser had bin The things of your dispositions, if You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd Ere they Jack'd power to croffe you.

Carus. Let them hang.

Volans. And burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, somthing too rough; you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Valde by not so doing, our good Citie Cluse in the midst, and perish.

Volans. Pray be contented;
I have a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a braine, that leads my vie of Anger To better vantage.

Men. Well said, Noble woman: Before he should thus floope to th'hart, but that The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Physicke For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on, Which I can scarcely bear.

Carus. What must I do?

Men. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Carus. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent, what you have spoke.

Carus. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then doe't to them?

Volans. You are too absoluate, Though therein you can never be too Noble, But when extremities speake, I have heard you say, Honor and Policy, like vnfeuer'd Friends, I'th'Warre do grow together; Grant this, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose, That they combine nor there?

Carus. Tush, tush.

Men. A good demand.

Volans. If it be Honor in your Warres, to femne The fame you are not, which for your beft ends You adopt your policy: How is it leffe or worse? That it shall hold Companionhip in Peace With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both It stands in like requite.

Carus. Why force you this?

Volans. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people Not by your owne instruction, nor by th'matter Which your heart prompts you, but with such words That are but rout'd in your Tongue, Though but Ballards, and Syllables Of no allowance, to your boomed truth,
Now, this no more dishonors you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentle words, Which elle would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood.
I would dispelme with my Nature, where My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, required I should do in Honor. I am in this
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles, and you, will rather shew our general Laws, How you can frowne, then spend a fawme upon 'em, For the inherance of their loyts, and safeguard Of what that want might ruine.

\[Amen.\] Noble Lady, Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may faile so, Not what is dangerous prefent, but the loffe Of what is paft.

\[Volum.\] I pray thee now, my Sonne, Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus fare to haue flrachit (here be with them) Thy Knee buffing the flonks: for in fuch buffonffe Action is eloquence, and the eyes of that ignorant More learned than the cares, wauing thy head, Which often thus correcting thy floot heart, Now humble as the ripeft Mulberry, That will not hold the handling: or faie to them, Thou art their Soulnder, and being bred in broyles, Haft not the fofa way, which thou don't confelle We're fit for thee to vie, as they to clave, In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame Their elfe (forofh) before their elfe fair, As thou haft power and perfen.

\[Menen.\] This but done, Euen as the speake, why their hearts were yours: For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free, As words to little purpofe.

\[Volum.\] Prythee now, Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadft rather Follow thine Enemy in a feric Gullie, Then flatter him in a Bower. Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

\[Com.\] I haue bene i'th Market place: and Sir, 'tis fit You make strong partie, or defend your felfe By calmeness, or by abfence: all's in anger.

\[Menen.\] Onely faire speech.

\[Com.\] I thinke 'twill ferve, if he can thereto frame his fpirit.

\[Volum.\] He muft, and will:

Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.

\[Com.\] Muft I goe to hear them my vauber'd Sconce? Muft I with my bafe Tongue give to my Noble Heart A Lye, that it muft beare well? I will don't: Yet were there but this fingle Plot, no loofe This Moult of Martian, they to duff shou'd grinde it, And throw'ts againft the Winde. Toth Market place: You haue put me now to fuch a fpar, which never I fhall discharge toth Life.

\[Com.\] Come, come, we'll promp you.

\[Volum.\] I prythee now sweet Son, as thou haft faid My praifes made thee firft a Soulnder; fo To haue my praife for this, performe a part Thou haft not done before.

\[Corio.\] Well, I muft don't:

Away my diſposition, and poiffe fome
Some Harlots fpirit: My throat of Warre be turnd,'m, Which queir'd with my Drumme into a Pipe, Smaller an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce That Babies full a fleepc: The finiles of Knouns Tent in my cheeks, and Schoole-boyes Tares take vp The Glaffes of my fight: A Beggar's Tongue Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his That hath receiued an Almes. I will not doo't, Leaff I fircafe to honor mine owne truth, And by my Bodies aotion, reach my Minde A moft inherent Bafeeneffe.

\[Volum.\] At thy choice then:

To beggs of thee, it's my more dif-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare Thy dangerous Stoutonne: for I mocke at death With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou lifh, Thy Valiantnffe was mine, thou fick't it from me: But owe thy Pride thy felfe,

\[Corio.\] Pray be content:

Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. I'le Mountebanke their Loues,
Cooe their Hearts from them, and come home below'd Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, I'le returne Confull,
Or neuer truth to what my Tongue can do
I'fh way of Flattery further.

\[Volum.\] Do your will,

\[Com.\] Away, the Tribunes do attend youwarn your felf To anfwer mildly: for they are prepar'd With Accufations, as I hear more fhong Then are your prophecies.

\[Corio.\] The wordis, Mildly. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accufe me by inuention: I Will anfwer in mine Honor.

\[Menen.\] I, but mildly.

\[Corio.\] Well mildly be it then, Mildly.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

\[Brut.\] In this point I charge him home, that he affeets Tyrannical power: I a fawme vs there,
Informe him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Animat
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Eddie.

\[Eddie.\] Hee's comming.

\[Brut.\] How accompanied?

\[Eddie.\] With old Menenius, and those Senators That always fauour'd him.

\[Sicinius.\] Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue prou'd, let downe by'th
\[Eddie.\] I haue: 'tis ready. (Pole)

\[Sicinius.\] Haue you collected them by Tribes?
\[Eddie.\] I haue.

\[Sicinius.\] Affemble prefently the people hither:
And when they heare me fay, it fhall be fo, I'll fight and ftrengteh a' th' Commons: be it either For death, for fine, or Banifhment, then let them If I fay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Inftilling on the olde prerogative
And power 'tich Truth a' th' Caufe,

\[Eddie.\] I shall informe them.

\[Brut.\] And when fuch time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not ceafe, but with a daine confus'd
Informe the prefent Execution
Of what we chauce to Sentence.
\[Eddie.\] Very well.

\[Sicinius.\] Make them be ftrong, and ready for this hine
When we shall haue to giu'th them.
\[Brut.\] Go about it,
Put him to Choller ifiaire, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaff, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance,then he fpeakes

What's
Beating your Officers, cursing your felues,
Opposing Lawes with strokes, and here deyning
Those whole great power must try him,
Euen this fo criminally, and in such capital kind
Defeures th'extreemeft death.

Brut. But fince he hath feren'd well for Rome,
Cori. What you prate of Service,
Brut. I take of thofe, that know it.

Cori. You?

Mene, Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Cori. Ite know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Flealing, pengl to linger
But with a grainte a day, I would not buy
Their mercy, at the price of one faire word,
Nor check my Courage for what they can glue,
To haue't with faying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd againft the people; seeking meanes
To pluck away their power: as now at laft,
Gien Hofhille strokes, and that not in the preference
Of dreaded juftice, but on the Minifters
That doth diftribute it. In the name 4th people,
And in the power of vs the Trubenes, wee
(Cu'n from this infamy) banifh him our Citle
In perill of precipitation,
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. 4th Peoples name,
I fay it fhall bee fo.

All. It fhall be fo, it fhall bee fo; let him away:
Hee's banifh'd, and it fhall bee fo.

Com. Hear me my Masters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's fentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me fpeak:
I have bene Confull, and can fhew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loove
My Countries good, with a repect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wifes ftimation, her wombe entrece,
And treaure of my Loynes: then if? would
Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drift: Speake what?

Brut. There's no more to be faid, but he is banifh'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Country.
It fhall bee fo.

All. It fhall be fo, it fhall be fo.

Cori. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As recke a th'roft eloquent Fennes: whom Loues I prizre,
As the dark Carkaffes of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banifh you,
And here remaine with your uncautrinne.
Let every feeble Rumor fhaie your hearts:
Your Enemies with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into diſpare: Have the power fill
To banifh your Undefenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feels,
Making but reteruation of your felues,
Still your owne Foes) deliver you
As moft abated Captuies, to fome Nation
That wonne you without blowes, defipining
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a word me elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cusamyla

They all about, and throw up their Capi.

Edin.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus. Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leave your tears: a brief farewell to the beast. With many heads butt me away. Nay Mother, Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits, That common chances. Common men could bear, That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike Shew'd Maffherip in floating. Fortunes blowes, When most broke home, being gentle wounded, crazes A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me With Precepts that would make incinucible The heart that could't them.

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!
Corio. Nay, I pray thee woman.

Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be loud when I am lack'd. Nay Mother, Refame that Spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had beene the Wife of Hercules, Six of his Labours you'd have done, and faid Your Husband moe much. Cominius,
Droope not, Ahieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother, Ile do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy teares are fatter then a younge man,
And venoms to thine eyes. My (sometime)General, I have feene the Sirene, and thou hast of beheld Heart-hardning speccles. Tell these sad women, 'Tis fond to waile inequities frookes,
As 'tis to laugh at em My Mother, you wot well My hazards still have beene your folace; and Beleue't not tightly, though I go alone Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne Makes fear and talk'd of more then feene: your Sonne Will or exceed the Common, or be caught With cautelous buns and praefiice.

Volumn. My first fonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius With thee whille: Determine on some course More then a wilde exposure, to each chance That flart's th'way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. He follow thee a Moneth, denife with thee Where that fist reft, that thou may'ri heart of vs, And we of thee. So if the time thrt forth A caufe for thy Repulse, we shall not fend O're the vast world, to seeke a single man, And loose advantage, which doth euer coole Ith'abience of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye wel:
Thou hall yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres fursions, to go route with one
That's yet vnburi'd: bring me but our at gate,
Come my sweet Wife, my deere Mother, and
My Friends of Nobile touch with when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smite. I pray you come:
While I remaine about the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthyhly
As any eare can hear. Come, let's not weep,
If I could shake off but one feuen yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, euer foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinio, and Brutus,
with the Eddie.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: and we're no further.
The Nobility are vex'd, whom we fea have fided
In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we hauве thew our power,
Let vs feme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home; fay their great enemy is gone,
And they, fland in their ancient strength.

Brut. Difmiff sie home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They fay fhe fad.

Brut. They have tane note of vs: keep e on your way.

Volumn. Oh y're well met:
'Thoorded plaguje a'th Gods requit your love.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volumn. If that I could for weeping, you fhould hear,
Nay, and you hall hear none, Will you be gone? 

Virg. You hall stay too: I would I had the power
To fay lo to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankind?

Volumn. I fole, is that a blame. Note but this Poole,
Was not a man my Father Had'nt thou Foship To bani h him that frooke moe blowes for Rome
Then thou hall spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blefed Heauens!

Volumn. Moe Noble blowes, then euer fife words.

And for Rome good, ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou hall stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribie before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? He'ld make an end of thy pofterity

Volumn. Baldards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himfelfe.
The Noble knot he made,

Brut. I would he had.

Volumn. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the table.

Cats, that can judge as fully of his worth,
As I can of thoef Mysteries which heaumn Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volumn. Now pray sir get you gone.
You have done a brave deede: Ere you goe, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll excede
The meanefh house in Rome; so fare my Sonne

This
This Ladies Husband here; this (do you see) Whom you have banish'd, do's exceed you all. 
Then, well, well, we'll leave you, 
Sic! Why flay we to be bated 
With one that wants her Wits. 

Enter Tribunes. 

Volunt. Take my Prayers with you. 
I would the Gods had nothing else to do, 
But to confirme my Cursies. Could I meete 'em 
But once a day, it would unlooke my heart. 
Of what lies heavy too't, 
Morn. You have told them home, 
And by my troth you have caufe; you Sup with me. 

Volunt. Angers my Meate: I suppe upon my selfe, 
And so shall flrey with Feeding: Come, let's go, 
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do, 
In Anget, more like! Come, come, come, 

Exit Morn. Fie, fie, fie. 
Enter a Roman, and a Voice. 

Rom. I know you well Sir, and you know mee; your name I think is Adrian. 

Volunt. It is so Sir; truly I have forgot you. 
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, 
against 'em. Know you me yet. 

Voice. Noon, nor. 
Rom. The same Sir, 

Voice. You had more Beard when I left saw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the News in Rome? I have a Note from the Voleane flate to finde you out there. You have well fased me a days journey. 

Rom. There hath bene in Rome strange Insrebrations: The people, against the Sentarours, Patricians, and Nobles. 

Volunt. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, &hope to com 
upon them, in the heat of their diuision 

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receive fo to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe apetitfe, to take eit power from the people, 
and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever. 
This lies glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out, 

Volunt. Coriolanus Banish'd? 
Rom. Banish'd Sir. 

Volunt. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nic- 

Rom. The day freues well for them now. I have heard it faide, the firste time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when flее's false out with her Husband. Your Noble 
Twain Affilide well appear well in thise Wars, his great 
Oppofe Coriolanus being now in no requeft of his coutry. 

Voice. He cannot choose; I am most fortunate, this accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Da-

finne, and I will merrily accompany you home. 
Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most 
strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adventures. Have you an Army ready fay you? 

Vol. A moft Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billeted already in that entertenainment, 
and to be on ftoe at an hours warning. 

Rom. I am so full to heare of their readineffe, and am the man I thinke, that shall fee them in present Action. So 
Sir, heartily well met, and moft glad of your Company. 

Voice. You take my part from mee Sir, I have the moft 
caufe to be glad of yours. 

Rom. Well, let us go together. 

Enter Coriolanus in meanes. 

Exeunt. 

Coriol. A goodly City is this Antium. City, 
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre 
Of these faire Edifices fore my Wars 
Have I heard groane, and drops: Then know me not, 
Least that thy Wiles with Spits, and Boyes with ftones 
In puny Battell flay me. Saine you Sir, 

Enter a Citizen. 

Cit. And you. 

Coriol. Direct me; if't be your will, where great 
Auffidus lies: Is he in Antium? 

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his 
houfe this night. 

Coriol. Which is his houfe, before you? 

Cit. This here before you. 

Coriol. Thank you Sir, farewel. 

Exit Citizen. 

Oh World, thy flippery turns: I friends now full sworn, 
Whole double boffomes feemes to ware one heart, 
Whole Hourses, whole Bed, whose Meale and Exerfice 
Are flill together: who Twin (as twere) in Love, 
Unfeparable, fhall within this houre, 
On a defillation of a Doit, break out 
To bitteref Emity: So felleft Foes, 
Whole Pasfions, and whose Plots have broke their fleep 
To take the one the other, by fome chance, 
Some tricke not worth an Eggs, shall grow deere Friends 
And inter-layne their fyllnes. So with me, 
My Birth-place hau'e I, and my loues upon 
This Enemie Towne; Ile enter, if he fay me 
He does faire fufcite: if he give me way, 
Ile do his Country Seruice. 

Enter. 

Mufick players. 
Enter a Serv ingman. 

thinke our Fellowes are atteple. 

Enter another Servingman. 

2 Ser. Where's Cettamy M. calls for him: Cott. Exit 

Enter Coriolanus. 

Coriol. A goodly Hous: 

The Feast finnles well but I appear not like a Guest. 

Enter the feft Servingman. 

1 Ser. What would you have? whence are you? 
Here's no place for you; Pray go to the doore? 

Exit Coriol. I have deferd no better entertainment, in be-

ing Coriolanus. Enter Senaor Servant. 

2 Ser. Whence are you Sir? He's the Porter his eyes in 
his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions? 
Pray get you out. 

Coriol. Away. 


Coriol. Now th'art troublesome. 

3 Ser. Are you fo brave? Ile hau'e you talkt with anon 

Enter Servingman, they meets him. 

3 What Fellowes this? 

1 A strange one at euer I look'd on't; I cannot get him 
out of this h'ouse: Pray thee call my Maffer to him. 

What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid 
the houfe. 

Coriol. Let me but fand, I will not hurt your Harth. 

3 What are you? 

Coriol. A Gentleman. 

A most Ruinous poor one. 

Coriol. True, fo I am. 

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take up some other fla-

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The art's tver, then in a word, I alfo am
Longer to live moft weare: and prefent
My throat to thee; and to thy Ancient Malice:
Whence to cure, I would fhew thee a Fools.
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnys of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
And cannot live butt to thy flame, vnleffe
It be to doe thee service.

Asf. Oh Martius, Martius?
Each word thou haft fpoke, hath weedted from my heart
A roote of Ancient Envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speake diuine things,
And fay 'tis true; I'de not beleue them more
Then thee all-Noble Martius. Let me erwne
Minc armes about that body, where againft
My gained Afl an hundred times hath broke,
And feard the Moone with fpillers: heere I sleep
The Antile of my Sword, and do conteft
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
I could the Man that haft married a neuer man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I fee thee here
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I firft my weddied Myftris law
Beltride my Threfhold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpoze
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or loofe mine Arme for't: Thou haft beeke mee out
Twelve feuereall times, and I hate nightly since
Dreams of encounter's twixt thy felle and me;
We haue bee unknown together in my Grepe,
Vnbackling Helme, fiffing eache others Throat,
And wak'd halle dead with nothing. Worthy Martius,
Had we no other quarrel elfe to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Banifh'd, we would mufle all
From twelve, to feuenteene: and powring Ware
Into the bowells of vngrateful Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by th'hand.
Who now are here, taking their issues of me,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome it felle.

Cori. You bleffe me Gods.

Asf. Therefore moft abolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'one halfe of my Comminion, and let downe
As beft thou art experience'd,if thou know it.
Thy Countries strength and weakeffe, thine owne waies
Whether to knoghe againft the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere defroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee first, to thofe that shall
Say yea to thy defires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: moft welcome,

Exeunt into the Servemans.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

tell how to taxe me in.
1. He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang’d but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.
2. So did I, lie be sworn. He is simply the rarest man I’th world,
1. I think he is: but a greater soldier then he,
You won’t one.
2. Who my Master?
2. Nay, it’s no matter for that.
2. Worth fix on him.
2. Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Soul-dior.
3. Faith look, you cannot tell how to say that for the Defence of a Towne, our General is excellent.
1. I, and for an assault too.
Enter the third Servant man.
3. Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, Newes you raffle.
3. I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
lie be a condemn’d man,
Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?
3. Why here’s he that was sent to thwacke our General, Cassius Martius.
1. Why do you say, thwacke our General?
3. I do not say thwacke our General, but he was al-
ways good enough for him
5. Come we are fellows and friends: he was ever too
hard for me, I have heard him say so likewise.
3. He was too hard for him directly, so say the Troth
on’t before Corioler, he spoke him, and nourish him like a
Carbinado.
2. And hee had bin Cannibally given, hee might have
boyled and eaten him too.
2. But more of thy Newes.
3. Why he’s to made on here on, as if he were
Son and Heire to Mars, set at supper end o’th Table: No
question ask him by any of the Senators, but they stand
bald before him. Our General himselfe makes a Minitis
of him, Sandifies himselfe with’s hand, and turns vp the
white o’th’eye to his Diffcours. But the bottome of the
Newes is, our General is cut i’th’middle, & but one halfe
of what he was yester-day. For the other he’s halfe, by
the Inteasie and graunt of the whole Table. Hee’ go he
fayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by the ear, He
will move all downe before him, and leave his parasfe
pour’d.
2. And he is as like to do, as any man I can imagine.
3. Do o’th’ heel do not: for look you sir, he has so
many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst
not (look you sir) fhew themselves (as we terme it) his
Friends, whilst he’s in Direcitudo,
1. Direcitudo? What’s that?
3. But when they shall see sir, his Creft vp againe, and
the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like
Contes after Raine) and reswil all with him.
2. But when goes this forward:
3. To morrow, to day, presently, you shall hau the
Drum strok vp this afternoon: This is as it were a parcel
of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.
2. Why then wee shall have a flaming World againe:
This peace is nothing, but to ruff Iron,encarece Taylores, and
breed Ballad-makers.
1. Let me have Ware say I, it exceeds peace as farre
as had his nights: It’s frightfully walking, andible, and full
of Vents. Peace, is a very Appeleys, Lebhaige, muld’t,
drea, steep, intenfible, a getter of more ballad Chil-
dren, then warres a destroyer of men.
2. Tis so, and as warres in some fort may be faide to
be a Rauifher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great
maker of Cuckolds.
1. And it makes men hate one another.
3. Reafon, because they then lefe neede one another:
The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romans as
cheapes as Volatians. They are rising, they are rifting.
Both. In, in, in,
Exeunt.
1. Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinio, and Brutus.
Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietnere of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurrie. Heere do we make his
Blows, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselfes did fuffer by’t, behold
Discontent numbers petrifying streets, then see
Our Trademen finging in their shopes, and going
About their Funditions friendly.
Enter Memenius.
Brut. We fload eo’t in good time. Is this Memenius?
Sicin. Tis he, tis he: O he is grown most kind of late:
Halle Sir.
Mene. Hallie to you both.
Sicin. Your Coriolanus is not much miU, but with his
Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and fo would
do, were he more angry at it.
Mene. All’s well, and might have bene much better,
if he could have compord’t.
Sicin. Where is he, heare you?
Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.
Enter three or four Citizens.
AIl. The Gods prefere you both.
Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours,
Brut. Gooden to you all,gooden to you all.
1. Our felues, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both,
Sicin. Live, and thrive.
Brut. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We with Coriolanus had lou’d you as we did.
Ail. Now the Gods keep you,
Both Trib. Farewell,farewell.
Exeunt Citizens.
Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.
Brut. Cassius Martius was
A worthy Office i’th’Ware, but Infolent,
Oteme with Pride, Ambitious, paft all thinking
Self-louing,
Sicin. And affending one sole Throne, without affiance.
Mene. I think he no fo.
Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Conful, found it fo.
Brut. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still, without him.
Enter an Edict.
End. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volces with two feueral Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepet malice of the Warre,
Defery, what lies before ‘em.
Mene. Tis Authorum,
Who hearing of our Martinus Banishment,
Thrifs forth his horse againe into the world
Which were in fluid, when Martinus stood for Rome,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And durst not once peep out.
**Stein.** Come, what talkle you of *Martius.*

Ste. Go on, this Rumorant whips, it cannot be,

The Voles dare break with vs.

**Men.** Cannot be?

We have Record, that very well it can,

And three examples of the like, hath benne

Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,

Least ye shall chance to whip your Information,

And beate the Meffenger, who bids beware

Of what is to be dreaded.

**Stein.** Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

**Brut.** Not possible.

**Stein.** Enter a Meffenger.

**Mefl.** The Nobles in great easie estifics are going

All to the Senate-house: some news is comming

That turrets their Countenances,

**Stein.** 'Tis this Slave:

Go whip him fohre the peoples eyes: His raising

Nothing but his report.

**Mefl.** Yes worthy Sir,

The Slaves report is seconded, and more

More fearfull is deliver'd.

**Stein.** What more fearfull?

**Mefl.** It is spoke freely out of many mouths,

How probable I do not know, that *Martius*

Ioynd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,

And voweis Rescence as fantastic, as betwene

The yong'ft and oldeft thing.

**Stein.** This is most likely.

**Brut.** Rait's onely, that the weaker fort may with

Good *Martius* home againe.

**Stein.** The very tricke on't.

**Mefl.** This is unlikley,

He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone

Then violent's Contrariety.

**Stein.** Enter Meffenger.

**Mefl.** You are sent for to the Senate:

A fearfull Army, led by *Cains Martius*,

Associated with *Auffidius*, Rages

Upon our Territories, and have already

O're-borne their way, confunt'd with fire, and tooke

What lay before them.

**Stein.** Enter Cominius.

**Com.** Oh you have made good worke.

**Mefl.** What newes? What newes?

**Com.** You have holp to raifi your owne daughters, &

to melt the City Leades upon your pates,

to see your Wives dithonour'd to your Noses.

**Mefl.** What's the newes? What's the newes?

**Com.** Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and

Your Franchises, whereon you flood, confin'd

Into an Augors boare.

**Men.** Pray now, your newes:

You have made faire worke I fear me: pray your newes,

If *Martius* should be inynd with Volteam.

**Com.** If he is their God, he leads them like a thing

Made by some other Deity then Nature,

That thumps man Better: and they follow him

Against vs, Brass, with no leaffe Confidence,

Then Boyes purfouing Summer Butter-flies,

Or Butchers killing Flyes.

**Mefl.** You have made good worke,

You and your Apron men: you, that flood so much

Upon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlick-eaters.

**Com.** He'll shake your Rome about your eares.

**Mefl.** As *Herocles* did shake downe Mellow Fruits;

You have made break worke.

**Brut.** But is this true for?

**Com.** I, and you'll looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions

Do smilingly Reuol, and who refits

Are mock'd for vallant Ignorance,

And perihf confiant Foolies: who is't can blame him?

Your Enemies and his, finde something in him,

**Mefl.** We are all vndone, vnicelfe

The Noble man have mercy,

**Com.** Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame: the people

Defere such pitty of him, as the Wolfe

Doe's of the Shepherds: For his best Friends, if they

Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd them, even

As thofe should do that had defer'd his hate,

And therein few'd like Enemies.

**Mefl.** Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand

That Should confume him, haue not the face

To fay, befcreth you ceafe. You have made faire hands,

You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.

**Com.** You have brought

A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never

Sincaplesb of helpe.

**Tri.** Say not, we brought it.

**Mefl.** How! What's we? We lou'd him,

But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,

Gang way into your Clutter's, who did hooe

Him out o'th'City.

**Com.** But I fear

They'l rothe him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,

The second name of men, obeyes his points

As if he were his Officer: Deperation,

Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence

That Rome can make against them.

**Mefl.** Enter a Troope of Citizens.

**Mefl.** Heere come the Clutter's.

And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they

That made the Ayre vnwholome, when you caft

Your thinking; gresse Cap's, in hooting

At *Coriolanus* Exile, Now he's comming;

And not a hair upon a Souldiers head

Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes

As you threw Cap's up, will he tumble downe,

And pay you for your voyces. "This no matter,

If he could burne vs all into one coale,

We have defer'd in.

**Menct.** Faith, we hear fearfull Newes.

**Com.** For mine owne part,

When I said banifh him, I said 'twas pitty.

2 And so did I.

3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many

of vs, that we did we did for the bell, and though we

willingly commited to his Banishment, yet it was against

our will.

**Com.** Yare good things, you Voyces.

**Men.** You have made good worke

You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitol?

**Com.** Oh I, what eile?

**Stein.** Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,

These are a Side, that would be glad to have

This true, which they fo feeme to feare. Go home,

And shew no figure of Fear.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

1. Cit. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banished him.


Aesf. Do they still flye to'n Sir. Lith. I do not know what Witches of him: but Your Soldiers fe're him as the Grace fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thanes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Even by your owne. Aesf. I cannot help it now. Volatile by siging meane I blame the soote Of our designe. He bears him selfe more prouder, Even to my person, then I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature in that's no Changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lith. Yet I wit with Sir, (I mean for your particular) you had not loyn'd in Commission with him: but either have borne The action of your selfe, and else to him, had left it foil.

Aesf. I wnderstand thee well, and be thou sure When he shall come to his account, he knowes not What I can wrage against him, although it feemes And so he thinke, and is no leffe apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairely: And fiewes good Husbandry for the Volcan State, Dreses Dragons-like, and does acheuece as fomee As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone That which shall break his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lith. Sir, I beseech you, thinke you not'ry call Rome? Aesf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians love him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will bear as rafts in the repeale, as hafty To expel him thence. I think he'll bee to Rome As is the Aspary to the Sith, who takes it By Soueraigny of Nature. First, he was A Noble seruant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors euene: whether 'was Pride Which out of dayly Fortune euere saints The happy man: whether detec't of judgement, To faile in the dispofing of those chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not monying From th'Cake to th'Cushion: but commanding peace Even with the time sufferity and garbe, As he controll'd the waftre. But one of these (As he hath spic'es of them all) not all, For I dare fo farre free him, made him fear'd, So hasted, and so banished: but he's a Merit To choake it in the v'trance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power into it felle most commendable, Hath not a Tombe to evidenc a Chare: Th'earth what it hath done.

One fire drivies out one fire: one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, strengthes by strengthes do faile.

Come let's a way: when Cau's Rome is shine, Thou art poore'f of all, then hastily art thou mine. 

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cencinna, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you hear what he hath laid Which was sometime his General: who loued him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what of that? Go you that banished him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and kneel The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare Cencinna speake, I'll kepe at home. Com. He would not feeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vy'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we hauebled together. Coriolanus He would not answer too: Forbad all Name, He was a kinde of Nothing, Tulefelle, Till he had forg'd him selfe a name: a fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so? you have made good worke: A paire of Tribunes, that have wreack'd for Rome, To make Costes cheape: A Noble memory, Com. I minded him, how you Royall: I was to pardon When it was leffe expected. He reply'd It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punifh'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say leffe. Com. I offered to awaken his regard For his private Friends. His answer to me was He could not stay to picke them, in a pile Of yon some muffy Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave vnburnt And still to note th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the muffy Chaffe, and you are fined About the Moone. We must be burnnt for you. Com. Nay, pray be patients: if you refuse your yde In this fo never-need'd helpe, yet do no. Vpbrad's with our diftrife. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the infant Armie we can make Might hop our Countryman.


Menen. Well, and say that Martius return mee, As Cominius is return'd, 'Deceived: what then? But as a discontended Friend, greene-shot With his wrickn'delle. Say'st be so? Com. Yet your good will Mult have that thankes from Rome, after the measure. As you intended well.

Menen. He vnderstak's.

I thinke he'll heare me. Yet to bike his lip, And humme at good Cominius, much unheares mee.

cc
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd, The Veins vnstill'd, our blood is cold, and then We pow'r uppon the Morning, are vnap'd. To gue or to forgive; but when we have fluff'd. These Pilgrims, and the Consequences of our blood With Wine and Feeding, we haue supped Souls. Then in our Priest-like Faith; therefore Ile watch him. Till he be dieted to my requ'est, and then Ile set upon him. 

But. You know the very rode into his kindnesse, And cannot lose your way. 

Ment. Good faith Ie prove him, Speed how it will. I shall eie long, have knowledge Of my Discrife. Exit. 

Com. He's eie never heare him, Stew. Nor. 

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, he eye Red as' would burne Rome: and his Injury The Gouler to his pitty. I knew'd before him, 'Twas very firmly he said Riile dismiff me Thus with his spechehfe hand. 'What he would do He fent in writing after me: what he would nor, But you in a face aont to yeeld to his conditions: So all hope is vaine, vneile his Noble Mother, And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to felicite him For mercy to his Countrye: therefore let's hence, And with our faire intentres haue them on. 

Enter Memenius to the Watch or Guard. 

1. Wat. Stay: where be you, 2. Wat. Stand, and go backe. 

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave, I am an Officer of State, 

& come to speake with Coriolanus. 1. From whence? 

Ment. From Rome. 

You may not passe, you must returne: our General will no more haue from hence. 

2. You'll fee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before You'll speake with Coriolanus. 

Ment. Good my Friends, If you haue heard your Generall talle of Rome, And of his Friends there, it is Lott to Blanke. My name hath touch't your eares: it is Memenius, I be to go backe, the picture of your name, Is not heree passeable. 

Ment. I tell thee Fellow, Thy Generall is my Looer: I have bee ane The booke of his good Acts, where men haue read His Name vnparallell'd, happily ampliff'd: For I haue euer verified my Friends, (Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the fize that vertu Would without lapping fuffer: Nay, sometimes, Like to a Bowle upon a subtle ground I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praffe Haue (almost) flamped the Leafing. Therefore Fellow, I muft haue late to passe. 

1. Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behafe, as you have vester'd words in your own, you should not passe hence: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to lye chally. Therefore goe backe. 

Ment. Priythee fellow, remember my name is Memenius, always faticionate on the party of your Generall. 

2. Howsoever you haue bin his Lier, as you say you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, muft say you cannot passe. Therefore goe backe. 

Ment. Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not speake with him, till after dinner, 

1  You are a Roman, are you? 

Ment. I am as thy Generall is. 

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you have pull'd out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemies your shield, think to goe with his reuenges with the ease groanes of old women, the Virginal Palm of your daughters, or with the paifed interceffion of such a de. 

ey'd Dostant as you see'm to be? Can you think to blow out the Intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weaké breath as this? No, you are decei'd, therefore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemnd, our Generall has sworn he out of repute and pardon. 

Ment. Sirra, if thy Captain keaze I were heree, He would vse me with effimation. 

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not, 

Ment. I meane thy Generall, 

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: leat I letrth your half plate of blood. Backe, that's the w- 

moit of your having, backe. 

Ment. Nay but Fellow, Fellow. 

Enter Coriolanus with Aemilius. 

Corio. What's the matter? 

Ment. Now you Companion, Ile say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in effimation: you shall perceiue, that a facke gardant cannot office me from my Son Coriolanus, guesse but my entertainment with him: if thou stand't not's flate of hanging, or of some death more long in Speckularship, and crueler in befudding, be- 

hовd prefently, and trowond for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods fit in houerly Synod about thy particuler prosperity, and loue thee not worse then thy old Father Messimius do's: O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs: looke the, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mouted to come to thee: but being affued none but my felle could moue thee, I have beene blowne out of your Gates with fighes: and conuee the to par- 

don Rome, and thy pecitionary Countreymen. The good Gods affwage thy wrath, and turn the dreggs of it, upon this Varete heere: this, who like a blocke hath denied my access to thee. 

Corio. Away. 

Ment. How? Away? 

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires Are Servaunted to others: Though I owe My Reuenge properly, my remission lies In Volcan breifs. That we have bee familier, Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather. 

Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine eares against thy soates, are stronger then 

Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee, Take this along, I writt it for thy sake, And would haue sent it. Another word Memenius: I will not haere thee speake. This man Aemilius Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behal'd'ft. 

Aemilius. You keepe a conquifat temper. 

Exit. 

Ment. the Guard and Memenius. 

1 Now fit, is your name Memenius? 

2 Tis a spell you fee of much power: You know the way home again. 

1 Do you hear how wee are sent for keeping your generous backe? 

2 What caufe do you shinke I have to swoond? 

Memen. I neither care for this world, nor your Generall: for such things as you, I can fearie shinke they any', are to flyght. He that hath a will to die by himsefel, feares it
not from another: Let your General do his will. For you, bee what you are, long; and your misery increaseth with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. Exit.

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General; He's the Rock, The Oak not to be withi-shaken. Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Ausfidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Host. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th'Volcan Lord, how plainly
I have borne this Bucinete.

Ausp. Only their ends you have respected,
Stop't your cares against the general suite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a privit whisper, no not with such friends
That thought them fure of you.

Corio. This is an old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lout'd me, about the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to rend him: for whose old Loue I have
(Though I swel'd fowrely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yeelded too, fresh Embalmes, and Estates,
Nor from the State, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shew is this? Straight within
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made. I will not.

Enter Virginia, Valeria, Voleria, Jong Marius,
with Attendants.

My wife comes fromo'th, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But our affection,
All bond and priviledge of Nature brake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Officinate.
What is that Curtife worth? Or that Doues eye,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I met, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes;
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill shou'd
In supputation Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Ape's of interception, which
Great Nature eries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll neuer
Be fuch a Golling to obey inkind; but fland
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin
Virgin. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the fame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivs vs thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Corio. Like a dull Auctor now, I haue forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Bell of my Fiegh,
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that for gove our Romane. O a kiffe
Long as my Exile, sweeter as my Revenge!
Now by the Iesious Queene of Heaven, that kiffe
I carried from thee deere; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it creence. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leave vnfather'd: Sinke my knee ith'earth,
Of thy depey duty, more impression flew
Then that of common Sonnes.

Volens. Oh fland vp blest!
Wilt with no fad or pageant grace then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

Between the Child, and Parent.

Corio. What's that, your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pipes on the hungry beach
Fillep the Stares: Then, let the mutinous winde
Strike the proud Cedars' gainst the fiery Sun:
Mur'd ring Impollibility, to make
What cannot be, flight worke.

Volens. Thou art my Warrour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sifer of Publilaca:
The Moone of Rome: Chaffe as the Igle
That's cur'd by the Froth, from puref Snow,
And hangs on Diian Temple: Dece Voleria.

Volens. This is a poore Epitomie of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your felle.

Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the content of Supreme Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayl proue
To flame vnvulnerable, and fitke ith Warses
Like a great Sea-marke flanding every flaw,
And faing thole that eye thee.

Volens. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave Boy,
Volens. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my felle,
Ate Sutors to you.

Corio. I befeech you peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworne to graunt, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Disnormy my Soldiers, or capitate
Again, with Rome Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I seeme vnnatural: Dese not'st ally
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volens. Oh no more, no more:
You have said you will not grant vs anything:
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if you faile in our requet, the blame
May hang vp'n your hardnesse, therefore hear vs.

Corio. Ausfidius, and you Volces marke, for wee
Hear notht from Rome in private. Your requet?

Volens. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more unfortunate then all living women
Are we commited since that thy fight, which should
Make our eas flow with joy, harts dance with comforts,
Confrains them weep, and shoke with fear & sorrow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Child to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father seeing
His Countrie Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmites most captall: Thou bitt'rs to vs
Our praysers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereeto we are bound, together with thy victorie:
Whereeto we are bound: Allake, or we must looke
The Countrie our deere Nursie, or elfe thy perfon
Our comfort in the Countrie. We must finde
An evident Calamity, though we had
Our with, which lide should win. For either thou
Must as a Forraigne Rehqts can be led
With Manacles through our streets, or elfe
Triumphantly tread on thy Countrie ruine,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And beare the Palme, for hating brulluely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waiste on Fortune, till
These warses determine: If I cannot perfwade thee,
Rather shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seke the end of one; thou shalt no looner
March to assault thy Country, then to tracle
(Trull too, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wome
That brought thee to this world.

But, I am bigger, but then lie fight.
Coriol. Not of a woman tenderness to be,
Requires nor Childre, nor womans face to see:
I have fate too long.

Volcan. Nay, goe not from vs thus:
Ifst were so, that our requell did tend
To save the Romanes, thereby to defray
The Volces whom you ferue, you might commend vs
As poylonous of your Honour. No, one face
Is that you receive, and delight the Volces
May fry, this mercy we shewd: the Romanes,
This we receiued, and each in either side
Gie the All-halfe to thee, and cry be Blef
For making vp this peace. Thou knowst (great Sonne)
The end of Wares uneertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose reperation will be dogg'd with Curves:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his lift Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Defroyd his Country, and his name remaines
To thinfling Age,abhor'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haft affecd the five sinanes of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To teare with Thunder the wide Chesteks a'th'Airy,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Bault
That should but riue an Oake. Why do'nt speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childshinlefle will move him more
Then can our Reason. There's no man in the world
More bound to his Mother, yet here he let's me prase
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou haft neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtefe,
When the poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
He did delecte to the Wares and safetie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requell's vinuit,
And spurre me bacce: But, if it be not so
Thou ar not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'tt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
Down Ladie'slet vs frame him with him without knees
To his fur-name Corioliunus longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. When ours an end,
This is the leaf. So, we will home to Rome,
And dyeamong our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petitian with more strength
Then chou haft to deny. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother:
His Wife is in Consoler, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet gue vs our dispatch:

I am hulft vitnill our City be safe, & then ile speake a little
Holds her by the hand strench.

Coriol. O Mother, Mother!
When didst thine Son be born? The Heauen do ope,
The Gods doke downe, and this vnsatire Scene
They laughe at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleue it: Oh beleue it,
Moft dangerously you have with him preual'd,
If not mortall mortall to him. But let it come:
Affidum, though I cannot make true Warres,
I lie frame contentuous peace. Now good Affidum,
Were you in my streed, you would haue heard
A Mother lefte or granted lefte Affidum?

Inf. I was mow'd withall.
Corio. I dare be sworne you were
And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to swear compassion. But (good sir)
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, lie backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this caufe, Oh Mother! Wife!
To have a Temple built you: All tree Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace.

Exeunt. Enter Meunium and Sicinum. (One)

Sici. See you non't Coin ath Capitol, you'd corner
Sici. Why what of that?

Sici. If he be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-

cially his Mother, may preual with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our threats are sentenc'd, and they upon

execution.

Sici. It's possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Sici. There is difference between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Martius, is
grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more
then a creeping thing.

Sici. He lod'd his Mother decently.

Mone. So did the mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeares old horse. The rattyness
of his face, showes ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground shinketh before his Trea-
 ding. He is able to Pierce a Confect with his eye: Talks like a Knell, and his hum is a Battery: He first in this State,
as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done, is
finift with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sici. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mone. I paint him in the Charaet. Mark what mercy
his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more
mercy in him, then there is milke in a male Tyger, that
shall our poor City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sici. The Gods be good unto vs.

Mone No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
unto vs. When we banish'd him, we reportted not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they repsect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.

Mone.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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Mfs. Sir, if you'll save your life, flye to your House, The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune, And hale him vp and downe; all weeping, if The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home, They'll giue him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Stein. What's the Newest? (preamyl) Mfs. Good News, good news, the Ladies have The Volcians are disdiffdg'd, and Marcus gone: A merrier day did never yet ringe Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins. Stein. Friend, are thou certaine this is true? It's most certaine.

Mfs. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire: Where haue you luck'd that you make doubt of it: Ne're through an Arch to hurried the blome Tide, As the recomposed through th'gates. Why harke you: Trumpets, Hoboes, Drums beate, altogether.
The Trumpeters, Sack-buts, Patteries, and Fifes, Tabor, and Symboles, and the showyng Romans, Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. A shout within Mene. This is good News: I will go mee the Ladies. This Volumnia, Is worth of Consil, Senators, Patricians, A City full of Tribunes such as you, A Sea and Land full: ye haue pray'd well to day: This Morning, for tennonand of your throats, I'de not haue gien a doit. Harke, how they joy. 

Sound still with the Shouts.

Stein. First, the Gods bleffe you for your tydings: Next, accept my thankefulness.

Mfs. Sir, we have all great cause to glue great thanks. Stein. They are nere the City.

Mfs. Almost at point to enter. Stein. Wee'll meet them, and helpe the joy. 

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, pasing over the Stage, with eather Lords.

Senr. Behold our Patronnells, the life of Rome: Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, threw Flowers before them: Ventor the knife that Banished Marcus; Repale him, with the welcome of his Mother, Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummers & Trumpets.

Enter Tribunes Amissiuri, with Attendants.

Auff. Do tell the Lords all City, I am heere: Deliver them this Paper: haueing read it, Bid them repaire to the Marke place, where I Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares Will wouch the truth of it. Him I accufe: The City Poors by this hath enter'd, and Intend'st appeare before the People, hoping To purge himselfe with words, Dispatch. 

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Amissiuri Fallion. Most Welcome.

1. Com. How is it with our Generall ?

Auff. Even fo, as with a man by his owne Almes inpeyfon'd, and with his Charity flaine.

2. Com. Most Noble Sir, if you do hold the fame intent Wherein you wifhit vs parties: We'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auff. Sir, I cannot tell.

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Com. The People will remaine vncertaine, wheth 1 will you there's difference: but the fall of either Makes the Suitor or heyre of all.

Auff. I know it. And my present to strike at him, admits A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heightend, He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery, Seducing fo my Friends; and to this end, He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before, But to be rough, vnwayable, and free,

3. Com. Sir, his vountesse When he did stand for Consil, which he lost By lacke of Rooping.

Auff. That I would have spokent. Being banish'd for't, he came into my Harth, Preffented to my knife his Throat: I tookke him, Made him ioyme-furlent with me: Gave him way In all his owne defires: Nay, let him choos Out of my Files, his project, to accomplis M'the remotest, frefhest men, left'd his delignements In mine owne perfon; holpe to reap the Fame Which he did end all his; and rooke some pride To do my felte this wrong. Till at the lafi I feen'd his Follower, not Partner; and He wad'g'd me with his Countenance, as if I had bin Mercenary.

1. Com. So he did my Lord the Army maruey'd at it, and in the lafi, When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd For no teffle Spoile, then Glory.

Auff. There was it:

For which my finevess shall be ftrecht upon him, At a few drops of Womens thowence, which are As fche as fies; he fold the Blood and Labour Of our great Acton; therefore shall he dye, And Ie renewe me in his fall. But heare.

Drummers and Trumpets sounds with great flows of the people.

1. Com. Your Natrue Towne you enter'd like a Pole, And had no welcomes home, but he returns Spiting the Ayre with nope.

2. Com. And patient Poole, Whose children he hath flaine, their base throats teare With giuing him glory.

3. Com. Therefore at your vantage, Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people With what he would say, let him feele your Sword: Which we will fcond, when he has along After you way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury His Reasons, with his Body.

Auff. Say no more. Herec come the Lords, Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are not welcom home.

Auff. I have not defien'd it. But worthy Lords, haue you with heed perus'd What I have written to you?

All. We haue.

1. Lord. And greeue to heare: What faults he made before the lafi, I think'd Might have found eafe Fines: But there to end Where he was to begin, and giue away The benefit of our Leues, anwering vs With our owne charge: making a Treatise, where There was a yeeding; this admits no excufe.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Anf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme and Colours, The Commons: being with him.

Corio. Halle Lords, I am return'd your Souldier: No more infected with my Countries loue Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting Vnder your great Command. You are to know, That propperly I have attempted, and With bloody paffage led your Warrs, even to The gares of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home Both more then counterpoize a full third part The charges of the Action. We have made peace With no leffe Honor to the Ani mates Then shame to th'Romains. And we heare deliuer Subscrib'd by 'th'Confuds, and Patricians, Together with the Seale a th'Senat, what We have compounded on.

Anf. Read it not Noble Lords, But tell the Traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Anf. I Traitor, Martius.

Corio. Martius?

Anf. I Martius, Caius Martius: Do'th thou thinke Ile grace thee with that Robberly, thy false name Coriolanus in Carios?

You Lords and Heads a' th' State, perfidiously He ha's betrayer'd your business, and given vp For certaine drops of Salt,your City Rome: I fay your City to his Wife and Mother, Breaking his Oath and Resolution. like A twift of rotten Silke, never admittings Counfaile a' th'ware: But at his Nurses tears He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory, That Pages bluth'd at him, and men of heart Look'd wondering each at others.

Corio. Hear'lt thou Mars?

Anf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares, Corio. Ha?

Anf. No more.

Corio. Measureless Lyar, thou haft made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slauge, Pardon me Lords, 'tis the fift time that ever I was for'd to fcoold, Your judgments my graue Lords Mutil giue this Curre the Lyce: and his owne Notion, Who weares my stripes impruss vp, on him, That mutil beare my beating to his Graue, shall lye ne To thurf the Lyce viue, him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volcens men and Lads, Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falle Hound: If you have write your Annales true, 'tis there, That like an Eagle in a Douce-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcens in Corioles.

Alone I did it, Boy.

Anf. Why noble Lords, Will you be put in mine of his blinde Fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart? 'Fore your owne eyes, and ears?

All Comps. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently: He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine Marcus, he kill'd my Father,

2 Lord. Peace boe! no outrage, peace: The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in This Orbe o'th' earth: His left offences to vs Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand Auffidius, And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six Auffidius, or more:

His Tribe, to vie my lawfull Sword.


Lords. Hold,hold, hold,hold.

Anf. My noble Masters, heare me speake.

1 Lord. O Tullius.

2 Lord. Thou haft done a deed,whereas Valour will weepe.

3 Lord. Tread not vp on him Masters,all be quiet, Put vp your Swords.

Anf. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage) Pronou'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this mans life did owe you, you'll rejoyce That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer My felye your loyall Servaunt, or endure Your heauesift Censure.

1 Lord. Bestre from hence his body, And mourn e for you. Let him be regard as the moft Noble Contain, that euer Herald Did follow to his Virgin.

2 Lord. His owne impietie, Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame: Let's make the Bell of.

Anf. My Rage is gone, And I am frucke with sorrow. Take him vp: Helpe three of th'cheeffe Souldiers, Ile be one, Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mounfullly: Traile your steel Pikes. Though in this City hee Hath widdowed and vnchiled many a one, Which to this houre bewaile the Injury, Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Affift,

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of
Titus Andronicus.

Aitlus Primus.  Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft: And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drums & Colours.

Saturninus.

Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Please my Successful Title with your Swords.
I was the first born Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indiginite.
Bassianus, Romans, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right:
I feuer Bassianus, Caesar Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Kepee then this passadge to the Capitol:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach;
Th'Imperiall Seat to Vertue: confecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility;
But let Defeat in pure Elevation shine;
And Romans, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that sitre by Facitions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empire:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, hate by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pius,
For many good and great defeats to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warrour,
Lites not this day within the City Walle.
He by the Senate is acceted home
From weary Warrres against the barbarous Gothers,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yeeld a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he undersooke
This Caufe of Rome, and chasiched with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, hearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in Armes.

Let vs intert, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore;
That you withdraw you, and shawe your Strength,
Dismisse your Followers, and as Suretts should,
Please your Defeats in Peace and Humbleness,
Saturninus. How sayre the Tribune speaks,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy vrightneffe and Integrity:
And fo I Love and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,
And Her (so whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich Ornament,
That I will here dismisse my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in balance to be weigh'd.

Exit Saturninus.

Bassia. Friends, that have bene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here dismisse you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Country,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as full and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee,
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor,
Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of Vertue, Rome's best Champion.
Successefull in the Battales that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumfered with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them two men bearing a Coffin covered with blackes, then two other Sonnes. After them Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, 
her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

Andronicus. Hail Rome:
Victorous in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loc.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Loc as the Barke that hath discharge'd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first the weigh't her Anchorage:
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To refolute his Country with his tears,
Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thus great defender of this Capitol.
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend,
Romaine, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sons,
Halle of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that Sature, let Rome reward with Loue,
These that I bring unto their late home,
With buriall amongst their Auncetors.
Here Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword;
Titus winkleth, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
To houer on the deadfull Shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

They open the Tombe,
There greetes in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries waies:
O facest receptacle of my inyes,
Sweet cal of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine haft thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Luc. Give'st the profoundest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pike
Ad mannus frontem, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prision of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappe'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the Nobillest that Suruiues,
The eldest Son of this distreas'd Queene.
Jum. Stay Romaine Brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I fled,
A Mothers tears in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
Oh thinke my fonnnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and return
Expell'd mee, and to the Romaine yoke,
But must my Sonnes be flaug'thert in the streets,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-wealth,
Were piety in thine, it is in thine:
Andronicus slaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilitie true badge,
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my fiue born fonne.
Tit. Pardon your fiue Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren slaine,
Religiouly they ask a sacrifice:
To this your fonne is mark't, and die he must,
'Tappease their groaning shadowes that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with your Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be cleane confum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tito. O cruell irreligious piety,
Chi. Was euer Seythia halle so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose me Seythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and doth suruive,
To tremble vnder Titus threatening looks,
Then Madam stand resolu'd but hope withall,
The fielde same Gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opporuntitie of sharpe revenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May furious Tamora the Queen of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her fees.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus again.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rights, Alarbus limbs are lop'd,
And intrals feede the fastissh fire,
Whole smoke like in cense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Lasums we welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his laste farewell to their foules.

Flourish,

Then Sound Trumpetts, and lay the Coffers in the Tombe,
In peace and Honour reft you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readie! Champions, repose you here in reft,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishap:
Here lurks no Treson, here no enui'fuls,
Here grow no damned grudge's, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silencie and Eternal sleepe,
In peace and Honour reft you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour,liue Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loc at this Tombe, my tributarie teares,
I tender for my Brethrenes Obsequies:
And at thy face I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorius hand,
Whole Fortune Romes belt Citizens applau'd.
Tit. Kind Rome,
That faileth so longingly return'd
The Cordiall of my eare to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, out liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vsettes praisa.
Marc. Long liue Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
Tit. Thankes GentleTribune,
Noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome Nephews from successefull wars,
You that suruive and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries service drew your Swords.
But fafer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath asip'd to Salmes Happinesse,
And Triumphs ouer chaunces in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whole friend in justice shau't ever bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truist,
This Fulfilment of white and spotelife Hie,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be Candidatues then, and put it on,
And helpe to fer a head on headliue Rome.
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that makes for age and feebleness.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What should I do to this Rome and trouble you,
Do choosing with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeald vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I haste bene thysoulde forty yeares,
And led my Countreys strength successfullly,
And buriet one and twenty Valiant Sons,
Knighted in Field, flame manfully in Armes,
In right and Service of their Noble Countreys:
Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vight my heald it Lords, that held it last.

Tit. Thou shalt obtaine and ask the Empire.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience Prince Saturninus,

Sat. Romains do me right.
Patriarch draw your Swords, and heath them not.
Till Saturninus be Rome Emperour:
Andronicius would thou were slips to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud Saturnus, interupter of the good
That Noble minded Titus means to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will refrole to thee
The people's harts, and weane them from themelues.

Bus. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But honour thee, and will doe till I dye:
My Fadion if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankful be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Mede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribune a here,
I ask you your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bellow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribune. To gratsifie the good Andronicus,
And Gratulate his Safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this fate I make,
That you Create your Emperiors elder sonne,
Lord Saturnus, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflected on Rome as Tytans Rays on earth,
And ri ben Juftice in this Common-welte:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crowne him, and say, Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of every fort,
Patriarch and Plebeians we Create
Lord Saturnus, Rome Great Emperour.
And say, Long live our Emperour Andronicus.
A long flourisht till they come dower.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To ovs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Defeets,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentilnesse:
And for an Oset Titus to advance
Thy Name, and Honorable Famille,
Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
Rome Royal Mistrit, Mistrit of my hart
And in the Sacred Pathon her epsoule:
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this march,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And here in Right of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our Common-welte,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conferre,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Present well Worthie Rome Imperial Lord:
Receiveth then the, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Sat. Thankes Noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The leabt of these unspeakable Defeets,
Romans forget your Realitie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are you prifoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will ve you Nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, truth me of the Huc
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleave vp your Queene to dishonour me,
Though chace of wearre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com't not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy visage every way.
Reft on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam hee comfortes you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Goth's.
Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I my Lord, truth noble Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curstis.

Sat. Thanks sweete Lavinia, Romans let vs goe;
Rancomoffe here we feet our Prisoners free.
Proclame our Honors Lords with Trumpes and Drum.
Bus. Lord Titus by your lease, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How is it Are you in earneft then my Lord?

Bus. I Noble Titus, and reioy'd withall,
To doe my felle this reason, and this right.
Marc. Sweet emperion is our Romanall office,
This Prince in Justice exaceth but his owne.
Luc. And that he will and shal, If Lucius live.

Tit. Traytors aun't, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treason my Lord, Lavinia is forti'd.

Sat. Suprill'd, by whom?

Bus. By him that lustyly may
Besee his Retorich, from all the world away.

Marc. Brotheres helpe to complex her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepes this doore fast.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Bus. My Lord you passe not here.

Tit. What villain Boy, bar'll me my way in Rome?

Marc. Helpe Lucius helpe.

He kills him.

Luc. My Lord you are vnjust, and more then to,
In wrongfull quarrel, you have slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any fones of mine,
My fones would neuer for my Prifoners
Traytoro remoue Lavinia to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another lawfull promit Loue.

Enter afats the Emperouer with Tamora and her two fones, and Aaron the Moor.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy fokes.
He truth by Leinir him, that mocks me once,
Thee neuer: nor thy Traytours haughty fones,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine lull well Andronicus
Agree thefe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said't, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous, what reprobable words are these?

Sat. But goe thy ways, goe giue that changing piece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword
A Vaillant fone in law thoe that enjoy
One, fit to bandy with thy lawfull Sones,

To
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore lovelly Tamora Queen of Gothics,
That like the state I live mong' her Nymphs
Do not over-shine the Gallant & Dames of Rome
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyte,
Behold I chose thee Tamora for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speake Queene of Gothics dost thou applaud my choyte?
And here I swear by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are no neece,
And Tapers burne to bright, and every thing
Inreadiness for Hymen's fland,
I will not dislate the stricts of Rome,
Or clime my Palace, till from forth this place,
I trade efpous'd my Bride along with me.

Tamo. And here in flite of beaun in Rome I fwere,
If Saturnus advance the Queen of Gothics,
Shee will a Hand maid be to his desires,
A loving Nurse, a Mother to this youth.

Sat. Ascend Faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperor and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heauen for Prince Saturnne,
Whole wife done hath her Fortune Conquered,
There fhall we Confummate our Spousall rites.

Enter Marcus and Titus Senes.

Mar. 'O Titus fee! O fee what thou haft done!
In a bad quarrel, flaine a Vertuous fone.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No fome of mine,
Nor thou, nor thee Confederates in the deed,
That hath difhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Soones.

Luc. But let vs give him burial as becomes:
Gius the Minions buriall with our Brethren.

Tit. Traytors away, the felf's not in this Tomb;
This Monument fute hundred yeares hath flood,
Which I have Sumptuously re-edifed:
Here neuer but Soveraigns and Rome's Seniors,
Repose in Fame: None safely flaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew Marcus deeds do pleade for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus no longer speaks.

And fhall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And fhall! What villaines was it fpake that word?
Titus no longer speaks.

Mar. He that would wou'd it in any place but here.

Tit. What would you bury him in my defpight?

Mar. No Noble Titus, but interest of thee,
To pardon Minions, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Even thou haft broke upn my Creft,
And with thefe Boyes mine Honour thou haft wounded,
My fole I doe repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Som. He is not himfelf, let vs withdraw.

Som. Not I tell Minions bones be burial, The Brother and this fames kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Were gracious in those Priuncely eyes of thine,  
Then heare me speake indifferently for all;  
And barke at my base (sweet) pardon what is past,  
Said. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,  
And basely put tvp without reuenge?  
Tun. Not so my Lord,  
The Gods of Rome for fend,  
I should be Author to dishonouryou,  
But on mine honour dare, I vnderake  
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:  
Whole fury not discomfited speakes his griefes:  
Then at my fute looke graciously on him,  
Loose not fo noble a friend on vaine suppofe,  
Nor with fowre lookes afflct his gentle heart,  
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laft,  
Dissemble all your griefes and diferments,  
You are but newly planted in your Throne,  
Leaf the then the people, and Patricians too,  
Vpon a luft huruy take Titus parts,  
And to fuppliant vs for ingratitud,  
Which Rome reputes to be a basious finne.  
Yeald it interets, and then let me alone:  
Ile finde a day to misfere them all,  
And race their faction, and their familie,  
The cruel Father, and his tray's youn fones,  
To whom I fued for my deare fones fonne,  
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene  
Kneele in the ftreets, and beg for grace in vaine,  
Come, come, fweet Empreffour, (come Andronicus)  
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,  
That dies in tempelt of thy angry frowne.  
King. Rife Titus, rife,  
My Empreffhe hath preuill'd.  
Titus. I thank you Maielfe,  
And her my Lord.  
These words, thefe lookes,  
Infuile new life in me.  
Titus. Titus, I am incorporat in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advance the Empreffour for his good,  
This day all quarteres die Andronicus,  
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,  
That I have reconcily'd your friends and you.  
For you Prince Basftianus, I have paft  
My word and promife to the Empreffour,  
That you will be more milde and tractable.  
And feare not Lords:  
And you Luvinia,  
By my aduife all humberd on your kneet,  
You hall ask pardon of his Maielfe,  
Sen. We doe,  
And vow to heauen, and to his Higheres,  
That we did, was mildly, as we might,  
Trending our fittious honour and our owne,  
Mar. That on mine honour heare I do proteft.  
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.  
Tamora. Nay, nay,  
Sweet Empreffour, we must all be friends,  
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,  
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.  
King. Marcus,  
For thy fake and thy brothers here,  
And at my louely Tamora's interets,  
I doe remit these young mens hauyous faults.  
Grand vp: Luvinia, though you left me like a churle,  
I found a friend, and lose as death I ware,  
I would not part a Batchellour from the Prieff,  
Come, if the Empreffour Count can feall two Brides,  
You are my gueell Luvinia, and your friends;  
This day shall be a Loue-day Tamora's,  
Tit. To morrow and it pleafe your Maielfe,  
To hunt the Panther and the Hare with me,  
With horne and Hound,  
Wheege give your Grace Benvior,  
Satnrs. Be to Titus, and Gramerco to.  
Exeunt.

Aelius Secunda.

Hauriff. Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe,  
Safe out of Fortunes fhor, and fift aloft,  
Secure of Thunders cracke, or lightning flash,  
Advanc'd about pale enuies threatening reach:  
As when the golden Sunne faltet the morn,  
And hauing gift the Ocean with his beames,  
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliftering Coach,  
And over-lookes the higheft pieering hills:  
So Tamora  
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,  
And verue flooopes and trembles at her frowne.  
Then Aaron aske thy hart, and fgit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Milrift,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Haff prifoner held, fetted in amorous chaines,  
And falter bound to Aaron charming eyes,  
Then is Pemelions guid to Caucasia.  
Away with flauef weedes, and idle thoughts,  
I will be bright and shine in Pearie and Gold,  
To waite vpon this new made Empreffour  
To waite fald I To wanton with this Queene,  
This Goddefle, this Sefemiria, this Queene,  
This Syren,that will charme Romes Saturnes,  
And fee his {piritwarke, and his Common weales.  
Hollo, what Rrome is this?  
Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants witty witty wants edge  
And manners to intrud where I am graud,  
And may for ought thou knowll't affected be.  
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost't over-weare in all,  
And fo in this, to beare me downe with braves,  
'Tis not the difference of a yeree or two  
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate  
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
To ferne, and to deferve my Milrift grace,  
And that my sword upon thee shall approue,  
And plead my paffions for Luvinia's loue,  
Aaron. Clubs, this Empeffour will not perce the peace.  
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (yunfaill'd)  
Gave you a dauning Rapier by your fide,  
Are you fo deacre grown to threat your friends?  
Goe too: have your Lath glued within your fhreath,  
Till you know better how to handle it,  
Chi. Meane while fit, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shall thou perceive how much I dare.  
Dem. I Boy, grow ye fo braue e  
Aaron. Why how now Lords?  
They desire.  
So nere the Empeffours Palace dare you draw,

And
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this gruge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be dishonord in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Dem. Not I, till I haue speak'd
My rapier in his bofore, and withall
Thrust their reproofful speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foul spoked Coward,
That thundreft with thy tongye,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ft performe.

Ar. A way I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabille will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right?
What is Lucretia then become so loose,
Or Baffianus to degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrel may be broght,
Without controurement, Jutice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This disorder ground, the misterie would not plesse.
Chi. I care not, I knew she and all the world,
I looie Lucretia more then all the world.

Dem. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some maner choyce,
Lucretia is thine elder brothers hope.

Ar. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How farrious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuile.

Chi. Ar. a thoun and deaths would I propos,
To aschewie her whom I do loue.

Ar. To aschewie her, how?

Dem. Why, makst thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman,therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman,therefore may be wonne,
Shee is Lucretia therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water gildeth by the Mill
Then worke the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut leafe to steale a flie we knowe:
Though Baffianus be the Emperors brother,
Better then he haue worms Palacon badges.

Ar. I, and as good as Saturnus may.

Dem. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire looks, and liberalitty : (court it
What half not shou full offen strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose t

Ar. Why then it teemes some certaine snatch or so
Would ferue your turnes.
Chi. I so the turne were ferued,

Dem. Ar. thou haft hit it.

At Ar. Would you had hit it too,
Then shou'd not we be tis'th with this adoo :
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To squarre for this? Would it offend you then ?

Chi. Faith not me.

Dem. Not me,so I were one.

Ar. For shame be friends, & loyne for that youiar.
'Tis pollicie, and raptage mee muft doe
That you affet, and so much you recoufe,
That what you cannot as you would streche you,
You muft perforce accomplishe as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaff
Then this Lucretia, Baffianus love,
A speedier courie this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope;
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many unrequited plots there are,
Firted by kinde for rape and villaine :
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come,come,our Empresse with her sacred wit
To valliance and vengence consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And the shall fire our engines with aduinte,
That will not suffer you to figure your felues,
But to your wishes height a advance you both,
The Emperors Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of cares,
The Woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull :
There speake, and strike brave Boyes, & take your turnes.
There fene your luffs, shadow'd from heavenes eye,
And rewull in Lucretia's Treasur ie,
Chi. Thy counsell Lad finnes of no cowardise.

Dem. Sir fo sir sus vefal, till I finde the stremes,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per marces fideor. 

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three fones, making a noyte
with hounds and horns, and Muscon.

Tr. The hunt is vp, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a day
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ting a hunters peale,
That all the Court may echo with the noyte.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perfon carefully :
I have bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath infipp'd.

Winde Horses.

Herea a cry of bounders, and wido burnes in a peale,then
Enter Saturnus, Tamora, Baffianus, Lucretia, Chiron Demetius, and their Attendants.

Tr. Many good mrowres to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good,
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Sawe. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.
Bafi. Lucretia, how say you me?
Lau. I say no.

I have bene awake two houres and more.

Sawe. Come on then, horfe and Chariotts letvs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shal ye see,
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogges my Lord,
Will rouse the proudeft Panther in the Chafe,
And clime the higheft Pomontary top.

Tr. And I have horfe will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes o're the plane.

Dem. Chiro
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Dem. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horfe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground,  Extract
Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. He that had wit, would thynke thynke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abftrately,
Know that this Gold muft come in a firftagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And to repose sweet Gold for their vneft,
That have their Almes out of the Emprefte Chrift.
Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tam. My louely Aaron,
Wherefore look't thou fad,
When euer thing dOTH make a Glafsfull boafe?
The Birds chaunt melody on euer bufth,
The Snake lies rolled in the cherful Sunne,
The greene leaues quiter, with the cooling winds,
And make a chicker's thadown on the ground:
Vader their sweete blnde, Aaron let vs fit,
And whilf't the labbing Echo mocks the Hounds,
Replying firftly to the well tur'd Horses,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs fit downe, and make their yepting noyfe:
And after conflict, such as was lupps'd,
The wandering Prince and Dido on ce emjoy'd,
When with a happy fomne they were surpriz'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counfaile keeping Cae,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) poftelle a Golden flambler,
Whiles Hounds and Hounds, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nutes Song
Of Lullable, to bring her Babes alfeep.

Aaron. Madame,
Though Venus govern your desires,
Saturne is Dominator of mine:
What dignifies my deadly灭亡ing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly hair, that now vncurles,
Even as an Adder when the doth vnowle
To do some fatal execution?
No Madame, there are no Venerall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head,
Harke Tamora, the Emprefte of my Soule,
Which never hopes more heauen, than reft in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Baffianos;
His Pielonel must looke her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaility,
And with their hands in Baffianos blood.
Seft thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And guife the King this fatal plottet Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are eliپed,
Heree comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dredes nor yet their liese defftruction.

Enter Baffianos and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah my sweete Moore:
Sweetee to me then life.

Aaron. No more great Emprefte, Baffianos comes,
Be croffe with him, and hee goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what to eere they be.

Baff. Whom have we here?

Rom. Royall Emprefte,
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamo. Giveme thy poyniart, you'll know my boyes
Your Mares and their right: your Mothers wrong.

Dem. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First threat the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion flood upon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow,her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braves your Mightiesse,
And shall the carry this vnto her grace?

Chi. And if the doe,

I would I were an Eunuch,
Drak hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luff.

Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we defire,
Let not this Wafe out-lie vs both to fling.

Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure,
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preferred honesty of yours.

Lau. Oh! Tamo'st, thou hast it a woman face.
Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lau. Swear this gods interest, her heart and me a word.

Dem. Lifacten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your hart to them,
As vrelentling flint to drops of raine.

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckt fit from her did turne to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sommes alike,
Do thou intrest her threw a woman pity.

Chi. What,
Would it thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?

Lau. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Lark,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pity, did indure
To haue his Princely paws par'd all away,
Some say,that Rauen foster fortome children,
The whilffe their owne birds famish in their nefts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pitifull.

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lumin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gau thee life when well he might haue flaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy faire eares,

Tamo. Hadst thou in principe netre offended me,
Even for his fake am I pitifull:
Remember Boyes I pow'r'd forth tears in vaine,
To faise your brother from the factifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and woe her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Lau. Oh Tamora,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slaine, when Baflamus dy'd.

Tamo. What begg'd thou then? fond woman let me go?

Lau. 'Tis presint death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood drenets my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from the worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loosehome pit,
Where neuer mens eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tamo. So should I rob my sweet Sommes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their luff on thee.
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good, 
May be pluckt into the (swallowing womb) 
Of this deep pit:poore Batianus grace: 
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Martius. Nor I no strength to elime without thy help. 
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose agane, 
Till thou art here aloft, or I below, 
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. Both fall in.

Enter the Emperour, Atrace the Moore.

Saturn. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere, 
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say,who art thou that lately didst defend, 
Into this gaping hollow of the earth? 
Martius. The unhappie sone of old Andronicus, 
Brought hither in a molt volatill hour, 
To finde thy brother Batianus dead. 
Saturn. My brother dead? I know thou dost but lie, 
He and his lady both are at the Lodge, 
Vpon the North-side of this pleasan Chafe, 
'Tis not an hour since I left him there, 
Martius. We know not where you left him all alive, 
But out alas, heere waue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King? 
King. Here am I Tamora, though griev'd with killing griefe. 
Tam. Where is thy brother Batianus? 
King. Now to the bottom doth thou search my wound, 
Poore Batianus heere lies murder'd, 
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ, 
The comporne of this timelesse Tragedie, 
And wonder greatly that mans face can hold, 
In pleasine smalfe such murderous Tyrannie. 
She gins Saturnius a Letter.

Saturnius reads the Letter, 
And if we misse to meet him banisomely, 
Sweet huntman, Batianus 'tis we meanes, 
Doe those so much as dig the grave for him, 
Thou knowe's our meaning, looke for thy reward 
Among the Nestler at the Elder tree: 
Whereover haues the mouth of that same pit: 
Where we decreed to weary Batianus. 
Doe this and promise to thy life loyning friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was euer heard the like? 
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree, 
Looke first if you can finde the huntman out, 
That should have murthered Batianus heere. 
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold. 
King. Two of thy whelpeless, fell Curs of bloody kind 
Hauie heere bereft my brother of his life; 
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison, 
There let them hide untiil we haue drawn 
Some newer heard of terroring paine for them. 
Tam. What are they in this pit, 
Oh wondrous thing! 
How easilly murder is discovered? 
Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feele knee, 
Ib eg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed, 
That this fell guilt of my accursed Sonnes, 
Accused if the faules be prou'd in them. 
King. If he be prou'd? you se it is apparent,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

That could have better fowled then Philemon.
Oh had the moniter scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
And make the fallen frings delight to kife them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made : 
He would have drop his knife and fell sleepe,
As Cerverus as the Thracian Poets feece.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a fight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres Rome will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Do not draw backe, for we will moune with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy mylery.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two fowmes bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before bleeding.

Ti. Hear me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wares, whilift you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell bred,
For all the frasty nights that I hate watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemmed Sonnes,
Whose foules is not corrupted as'tis thought:
For two and twenty fowmes I never wept,
Because they died in honours lobby bed.

Andronicus fyths done, and the Judges pass by him.

For thofe, Tribunes, in the daff I write:
My heart depeere langued, and my foules fad teares:
Let my teares flanch the earths drie appetite,
My fowmes sweete blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth ! I will be friend thee more with raine

Exeunt

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vabhinde my fowmes, reuer the doome of death,
And let me say,(that neuer wept before)
M y teares are now preauling Oeratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes hare no, no man is by,
And you reconn your fowmes to a flone.

Ti. Ah Lucius for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake,

Ti. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me; oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my frownes bootles to the fowmes.

Who though they cannot answere my diffreffe,
Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weep, they humblly at my fete
Receive my teares, and feeme to weep with me,
And were they but asire in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to thefe,
A flone is as fofe waxe,
Tribunes more hard then fowmes:
Aftone is filent, and offended nor,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore flandt thou with thy weapon drawn?

Lu. To recovery two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges haue pronounc'd
My eueltafting doome of banifhment.

Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foollifh Lucius, doft thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernefe of Tigers?
Tigers most pray, and Rome affords no pray
But me and mine, how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banifhed?
But who comes with our brother Marcus heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not so thy noble heart to break:
I bring comming tow to thine age.

Ti. Will it confume me I let me fee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why Marcus to the in.

Luc. Aye me this objecte kille me.

Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke upon her,

Speak Lavinia, what accurted hond
Hath made thee handleffe in thy Fathers fight?
What foole hath addad water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy &
My griefe was at the height before thou cam't
And now like Myrto it did sinketh bounds:
Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they have faught for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nit'it this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue fer'd me to eelotelesse vfe.
Now all the fervice require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well Lavinia, that thou haft no hands,
For hands to doe Rome fentence, is but vaine.

Luc. Speak gentle fifter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that deliglful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with fuch pleauncing eloquence.
Is come from forth that pretty hoggow cagge,
Where like a sweet melodiou bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed &

Mar. Oth thus I found her fying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herfelle as doth the Deare
That hath recuyed some vnrecurring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Hinuor'd with a wilderneffe of Sea.
Who makes the wawinge tide,
Grow wawe by wawe.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Enter Aaron and Marcus agoine.

A-Inh. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Empeour, sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy fones, Lc. Marcus, Lucina, or thy selfe old Titus, or any one of you, chuse his faue, and lend it to the King for the same, will fend thee hither both thy fones allure, and that shall be the same fone for their fault.

Tit. Oh grauzious Empeour, oh gentle Aaron, Did euery Rauen fly so like a Larke, That gies sweet tydings of the Sunnes uprize? With all my heart, Ie send the Empeour my hand, Good Aaron will thou help to chop it off? Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine, That hast thowe downe so many enemies, Shall not be fent: my hand will fume the same, My youth can better spare my blood then you, And therefore mine shall fume thy brothers liues.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome, And reared aloft the bloody Battelaxe, Writing defruction on the enemies Captive Oh none of both but are of high defers: My hand hath bin but idle, let it ferue, To sufome my two nephews from their death, Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whole hand shallgoe along For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall goe,
Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.
Lu. Sirs sirius no more, such withered hearts as these Are meets for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne, Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care, Now let me fiew a brothers love to thee.

Lu. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will the Axe.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your grieue See how my wretched filfer folks and weeps.

Mar. Patience decre Antine, good Titus drie thine eyes.

Lu. Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I wot, Thy napkin cannot dryne a teare of mine, For thou poore man haft drown'd it with shine owne.

Lu. Ah my Lucina I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Marke Marcus marke, I understond her signes, Had the a tongue to speake, now would she say That to her brother which I fald to thee, His Napkin with herte teares all bewet, Can do no servise on her forrowfull cheeks.
Oh what a lmpathy of woe is this! As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliffe,

Enter Aaron the Moore alone.

Tit. Now play you stile, what shall be is dispacht?
Good Aaron give his Maiestie me hand, Tell him Ier was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers: bid him bury it: More hath it merited: That let it shewe, As for my fones, say I account of them, As jewells purchasht at an esie price, And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne, Aaron I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand, Looke by and by to haue thy fones with thee: Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it. Let fooles do good, and faire men call for grace, Aaron will huse his foule blacke like his face.

Exit.

Tit. O heere I lift this hand vp to heauen, And bow this feeble rtue to the earth, If any power pitties wretched teares, To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me? Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers, Or with our fights weele breath the welkin dimme, And flaunt the Sun with fogge at sometime cloudes, When theire fumes burne in their melting bones.

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities, And do not brake into these deere extremes.

Tit. Is not my forrow depe, haung no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason gouern thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weep, doth not the earth weep also?
If the winde rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatening the weeping with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her fitches doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the sea:
Then melt my Sea be mowed with her fitches,
Then melt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: oerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard mug I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for loofer will haue leave,
To eale their flomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a monster with two heads and a hand.

Meff. Worthy Andronicus, I list thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of these thy two noble feunes.
And here the hand in croome to thee sentt backe:
Thy fitches,fryer's sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Marc. Now let hot Alme coole in Cicile,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weep with them that weep, doth eafe some deale,
But sorrow flied as, is double death.
Laud Ah that this fcht should make so deep a wound,
And yet defteted life not shrinke therat:
That euer death should lit life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Marc. Alas poore hart that kiffe is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a flawerd finke.

Titus. When will this fearefull flumber have an end?

Marc. Now farwell fattrice, die Andronicus,
Thou doft not flumber, see thy two fons heads,
Thy wifeke hands, thy ngelled daughter here:
Thy other banish fones with this decre figh:
Struckne pale and bloodeleffe, and thy brother J,
Even like a flomy Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy fluer hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dissall figh:
The closing vp of our moft wretched eyes:
Now is a time to flome, why art thou filli

Titus. Haha, ha,

Marc. Why doft thou laugh; it fits not with this hour:

Ti. Why haue not another teare to flied:
Befides, this forrow is an enemy,
And would vrupco my warie eyes,
And make them blind with tributarie teares.
Then which way shalt I finde Reuenges Caeus?
For these two heads doe feme to speake to me,
And breare me, I shall neuer come to bliffe,
Till all these michiefes be returned againe,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me fee what tache I haue to doe,
You beautie people, cirele me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare unto my foule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I bear.

And Lavinia thou shalt be employd in these things:
Bear thou my hand sweet wretch amongst thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exilie, and thou must not lay,
Hie to the gother, and raise an army there,
And if you leave me, as I think you doe,
Let's kiffe and part, for we have much to doe.

Exit.

Meff. What would you have, my noble Father?

Luci. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The woful man that euer liued in Rome;
Farewell proud Rome, til Lucius come againe,
Helous his pledges dearther then his life:
Farewell Lavinia my noble fitter,
O would thou were as thou to fore hale beone.
But now, not Lucius nor Lavinia live.
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If Lucius live, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his Empresse
Bege at the gates like Terynus and his Queene,
Now will I ro the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reques'd on Rome and Saturnine.
Exit Lucius.

A Braket.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now fit, and looke you eat no more
Then will preferue it to much strength in vs
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus withit that sorrow wraheet knoe,
Thy Neece and (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot paffeionate our tenfold grieues.
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirrannize upon my breast.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prifon of my Brest,
Then thus I thumppe it downe.

Thou Map of went, that thus doth talk in fignes,
When thy poore hart beats without ragious beatings,
Thou fount not frike me thus to make it flill?
Wound it with fizing girle, kill it with gromes:
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And inu all against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May runne into that finke, and finking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea falt teares,

Marc. By brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender face.

An. How now! Has forrow made thee dooce already?
Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can the lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore doth thou verge the name of hands,
To bid Eneas tel the tale twice oer
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable
O hande not the theeame, to tale of hands,
Lest we remember fll before that we haue none,
Fixe, fix how Fransely 1 fquare my tale
As if we should forgete we had no hands:
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girl ease this,
Heere is no drinkes! Harke Marcus what the fayes,
I can interpret all her marries figures,
She fayes, the drinke no other drinkes but teares
Breu'd with her forrow: meff'd uppon her cheekes,

Speech.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Mar. What means my Neece Lavinia by these signes?

Tit. Fear not Lavinia, somewhat doth thet meane:

See Lucius see, how much the makest of thee:

Some whether whether the hace thee goo with her,

Ah boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her fonnnes; then she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tullius Ossorour:

Canst thou not geffe wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not, nor can I geffe,

Vnleffe some fis or female do poiffe her:

For I have heard my Grandifier say full oft,

Extremity of griefes would make men mad.

And I haue read that Heebe of Troy,

Ran mad through forrow,that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ever my mother did,

And would not but in fury fliyth my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and the

Caules perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, my Vnlelle Marcus goo,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Tit. How now Lavinia, Marcus what means this?

Some booke there is that the defires to fee,

Which is it girlfe of thefe? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

Come and take choyfe of all my Llibrary,

And bequest thou thiorrow, till the heauens

Reveale the damnd contrituer of this deed.

What booke?

Why list the vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke the means that ther was more then one

Confederate in the faft, I more there was:

Or else to heauen the heauens them to reuenge.

Tit. Lucius what book is that the toffeft fo?

Boy. Grandifier 'tis Ouida Metamorphois,

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,

Perhais she teld it from among the refl.

Tit. Soft, so busily she tures the leaves,

Helphe her, what would the finde? Lavinia shall I read

This is the tragick eale of Philomed?

And treaties of Teres treafon and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother fee, nowhe the quotes the leaves

Tit. Lavinia, weet the thus surprizid sweet girl,

Raufit and wrongd 'as Philomed was?

Fore'cd in the ruthless, raft, and gloomy woods?

See, fee, I such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we never, neuer hunted there)

Patern by that the Poet heere descript,

By nature made for murthers and for raper.

Mar. O why should nature build to foule a den

Vnleffe the Gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signes sweet girlie, for heres are none but fieus,

What Romaine Lord it was direct do the deed?

Or flanke not Saturnus, as Tarquin elfs,

That left the Campe to finne in Lucrce bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,

Appoll, Pallas, Luna, or Mercury,

Inspire me that I may this tretion finde.

My Lord heere heere, looke heere Lavinia.

He writes his Name with his Feffe, and guides it

with feet and wand.

This landie plot is plains, guide it thou canst.
This after me, I hae write my name,  
Without the helpe of any hand at all.  
Curse be that burt that forke it to that shift:  
Write thou good Neece, and heere dispaly at left.  
What God will have discurrised for reuenge,  
Hesuen guide thy pen to print thy forrowes plane,  
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

_She take the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her flumps and writes._

_Ti._ Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?  
_Singwrom, Chiron, Demetrius._  
_Mar._ What, what, the lieffull fones of Tamora,  
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?  
_Ti._ Magna Dominator poli,  
Tant lucis eris, tem suntionis wides.  
_Mar._ Oh calme thee gentle Lord; Although I know  
There is enough written vpon this earth,  
To hirre a mutine in the midle thoughts,  
And arme the minde of infants to exclamies.  
My Lord kneele downe with me and animal kneele,  
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hecater hope,  
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere  
And father of that chafl defhonoured Dame,  
_Lord Lumius Brunus sweare for Lucernae rape,  
That we will profece (by good admite)  
Mortal reuenge vpon the claft tratorous Gothes,  
And fee their blood, or die with this reproach.  
_Ti._ This faire enough, and you know how.  
But if you hit the Bearer-whelpes, then beware  
The Dam will wake, and if the winde you once,  
Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.  
And lulls him whilist he playeth on her backe,  
And when he sleepeues the do what shalit.  
_You are a young huntman Marcus, let it alone:  
And come, I will goe get a leave of braffe,  
And with a God of fteele will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde  
Will blow these fands like Sarks leaves abroad,  
And where his leffon then. Boy what fay you?  
_Boy._ I say my Lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mothers bed-chamber shoule not be safe,  
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.  
_Mar._ That's my boy, thy father hath full off,  
For his vngrateful country done the like.  
_Boy._ And Vnde loe will I, and if I live.  
_Ti._ Come goe with me into mine Aemorite,  
_Lucius._ I fee thee, and withall, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the Empresse fones,  
Prefents that I intend to feend them both,  
Come, come, thou'lt do thy meffage, wilt thou not?  
_Boy._ I wish my dagger in their bofomes Grandire:  
_Ti._ No boy not lo, I le teach thee another courfe.  
_Lauinius come, Marcus looke to my houfe,  
Lucius and I lege braue at the Court,  
I marry where fit, and weele be waile on.  
_Exit._  
_Mar._ O heauen! Can you heare a good man yonge  
And not relent, or not compasion him?  
_Marcus_ attend him in his extafe,  
That hath more fears of sorrow in his heart,  
Then fee-mens markes upon his bater'd shield,  
But yet so lief, that he will not reuenge,  
Reuenge the heauens for old Andronicus._

_Exit._

_Chi._ Demetrius heares the fonne of Lucius,  
He hath some meffage to deliver vs.  
_Aron._ I some mad meffage from his mad Grandfather,  
_Ti._ My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greeet you honours from Andronicus.  
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.  
_Deme._ Gramericke loleyLuicin, what's the newes?  
For villanie’s markt with rape. May it pleafe you,  
My Grandfrie well adu'd hath sent by me,  
The goodflied weapons of his Armorie,  
To gratifie your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome, for he bad me say;  
And so do I and with his gifts present  
Your Lordships, when ever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well,  
And so I leave you both: like bloody villaine Betru  
_Deme._ What's here? a fcarle, & written round aboue?  
Let's fee,  
_Integrat vata feelentes pursus, non eger mortui inculta me arcus._

_Chi._ O'tis a verfe in Horace, I know it well.  
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.  
_Moore._ I'luft, a verfe in Horace right, you have it,  
Now what a thing it is to be an Aife?  
Heer's no found left, the old man hath found their guilt,  
And sends the weapons wrap about with lines,  
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:  
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus conceits  
But let her reft, in her weft a while.  
And now young Lords, we's not a happy flare  
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then fo;  
Captures, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good before the Palace gate.  
To braue the Tribune in his brothers bearing.  
_Deme._ But me more good, to see so great a Lord  
Bastie incommen, and send vs gifts.  
_Moore._ Had he not reason Lord Demetrius?  
Did you not we his daughters very friendlie?  
_Deme._ I would we had a thousand Romane Dames  
At such a bay, by turne to ferue our Luft.  
_Chi._ A charitaible wifs, and full of loue.  
_Moore._ Hector lack's but you mother for to say, Amen  
_Chi._ And that would the for twenty thousand more.  
_Deme._ Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods  
For our beloued mother in their paines.  
_Moore._ Pray to the deuils, the gods have giuen vs over.  
_Deme._ Why do the Emperors trumps flourisht thus?  
_Chi._ Belike for joy the Empereour hath a fonne.  
_Deme._ Sow, who comes heret  
_Enter Nurfe with a Blake a Moor child._

_Nur._ Good morrow Lords:  
O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moore?  
_Aron._ Well, more or leffe, or nere a whit at all,  
Hecate Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?  
_Nurfe._ Of gentil Aaron you are all undone,  
Now helps, or woe betide theer evermore.  
_Aron._ Why, what a catterwalling doth thou keep?  
What doth thou rap and flumble in thine armes?  
_Nurfe._ O that which I would hide from heauens eye,  
Our Empresse thame, and fadely Rome disgrace,  
She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.  
_Aron._ To whom?  
_Nurfe._ She means she is brought a bed?  
_Aron._ We God giue her good reft,
What hath he fent her? 

Nurse. A deuil. 

Aree. Why then the iſhe Deuils Dam: a toyfuliffe. 

Nurse. A toyſeſſe, diſmulf, blacke & fcoroſſe wiſſeſſe, 

Here is the babe as loathſome as a toad, 

Among'ſt the faireſte breeders of our clime, 

The Gods, our faque be famply thame, thyſſe, 

And bids thee chriſten it with thy daggers poſſe. 

Aree. Out you whores, is blacke to fafe a hie? 

Sweet blowſe, you are a beautious blomeſſe fure. 

Deme. Villaine what haſt thou done? 

Aree. That which thou canſt not vndeſce. 

Chi. Thou haſt vndeſce our mother. 

Deme. And therein hellifiſh dog, thou haſt vndeſce, 

Woe to her chance, and damnd'ſt her loathed choyce, 

Accurſe the off-pring of fo foul a ſtand. 

Chi. It ſhall not live, 

Aree. It ſhall not die. 

Nurse. Aree it muſt, the mother wils it fo. 

Aree. What, muſt it Nurse? Then let no man but I 

Doe execution on his ſleſh and blood. 

Deme. Ie broſcheth the Tadpole on my Rapiers point; 

Nurse giues me my fword ſhall ſoon deſpatch it. 

Aree. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thou bowels vp. 

Stay munrithous villains, will you kill your brother? 

Now by the burning Tanners of the skie; 

That th'oſe fo brightely when this Boy was got, 

He dies upon my Šemiffa ſhape, 

That touches this my first borne ſonne and heire, 

I tell you young-lings, not Encelada 

With all his threatening band of Tephyne broode, 

Nor great Alces, nor the God of warre, 

Shall eeeze this prey out of his fathers hands: 

What, what,ye fangaue ſhallow hurted boyes, 

Ye white-fimb'd walls, ye Alce-houfe painted lignes, 

Cole-blacke is better then another hue, 

In that it ſcorne to bear another hie: 

For all the water in the Ocean, 

Can neuer turne the Swans blanke legs to white, 

Although she ſee them hourly in the flood: 

Tell the Emperiffe from me, I am of age 

To keepe mine owne, excuſe it how the can. 

Deme. Whyl thou ſhould my noble minfirs thus? 

Aree. My minfirs is my minfirs this my felſe, 

The vigour, and the picture of my youth: 

This, before all the world do I preffe, 

This mauger all the world will I keepe safe, 

Or some of you ſhall ſeeke for it in Rome. 

Deme. By this our mother is for euer tham'd. 

Chi. Rome will deſpite her for this foule crage. 

Nun. The Empereor in his rage will deomo her death. 

Chi. I blufh to thiſke upon this ignominie. 

Aree. Why ther's the prouſedge your beauty bares: 

Fe trefcherous ſue, that will ſhould with blushing 

The cloſe empaſs and couſells of the hau. 

Her's a young Lad ftram'd of another leare, 

Looke how the blanke flate flines upon the father; 

As who ſhould fay, old Lad I am thine owne, 

He is your brother Lords, fenſibly fed 

Of that felſe blood that first gave life to you, 

And from that wome where you imprifoned were 

He is infranchised and come to light: 

Nay he is your brother by the furer fide, 

Although my ſele be both his and his face. 

Nurse. Aree what ſhall I lay into the Emperiffe? 

Deme. Adulthe the Aree, what is to be done, 

And we will all ſubſcribe to thy aduife: 

Sace thou the child, fo we may all be safe. 

Aree. Then fit we downe and let vs all consult. 

My fonne and I will haue the winde of you: 

Keepe there, now talk at pleafure of your safety. 

Deme. How many women saw this childes of his? 

Aree. Why to the breate Lords, when we luyen in league 

I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Mowe, 

The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonne, 

The Ocean swells not fo at Aran Horſes: 

But fay againe, how many faw the childi e 

Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my felfe, 

And none elfe but the deliered Emperiffe. 

Aree. The Emperiffe, the Midwife, and your felfe, 

Two may keepe counſell, when the the thres' away: 

Goe to the Emperiffe, tell her this I faid, 

He kills his 

Weke, weke, fo eries a Pigge prepared to th'pit. 

Deme. What meaſon fhall Aran? 

Wherefore did'th thou this? 

Aree. O Lord fir, is a deed of pollicie? 

Shall the liue to betray this guilt of our's: 

A long tongu'd babling Godif? No Lords no: 

And now be it knowne to you my full intent. 

Not farrre, one Milites, my Country-man 

His wife but yefternight was brought to bed, 

His childe is like to her, faire as you are; 

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold, 

And tell them both the circumstance of all, 

And how by this their Childe fhall be aduanc'd: 

And be receu'd for the Emperours heyre, 

And substituted in the place of mine, 

To eflate this tempell whirling in the Court, 

And let the Empereur dandle him for his owne. 

Harke ye Lords, ye fee I haue giuen her phyficke, 

And you muſt needs befole her funeral. 

The fields are nere, and you are gallant Gromees: 

This done, fee that you take no longer daies 

But fend the Midwife prefently to me. 

The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away, 

Then let the Ladies rattle what they please. 

Chi. Aare I fee thou wilt not tuft the aryne with fe 

Deme. For this care of Tamera, 

(cres. 

Her felle, and hers are highly bound to thee. 

Execut. 

Aree. Now to the Gothers, as swift as Swallow flies; 

There to dispose this treasurie in mine armes, 

And secretly to greere the Emperiffes friends: 

Come on you thick-lipt flaue, Ie beare you hence, 

For it is you that puvs vs to our niftes: 

Ie make you feed on berries, and on rootes, 

And feed on custs and whay, and fuckle the Goate, 

And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you vp 

To be a warraoure, and command a Campe, 

Exe. 

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Luuis and other gentlemen 

with busts, and Titus bears the armes with 

Letters on the end of them. 

Tit. Come Marcus, come, kinmen this is the way. 

Sir Boy let me fee your Archeer, 

Lookie ye draw home enoſſe, and kis the[e fraught: 

Terras Africa religuit be you remembre Marcus. 

She's gone, she's fled, fir take you to your tooles, 

You Coens shall goe found the Ocean: 

And callus your newe friends whom you have fire in the Set, 

Yet ther's as little buffe as at Land: 

No Publius and Sempronius, you muſt doe it,
The Tragedic of Titus Andronicus.

Enter the Clowns with a basket and two Pigeons in it.
Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poore is come.
Sirrah, what eydings? have you any letters?
Shall I have Justice, what sayes Justice?
Clowne. Ho the fiftemaker, he saies that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke,
Tit. But what sayes Justice I ask thee?
Clowne. Alas sir I know not Justice:
I never dranke with him in all my life,
Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my Pigeons fit, nothing elle.
Tit. Why, did it thou not come from heauen?
Clowne. From heauen? Alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I shou'd be so bold, to preffe to heauen in my young daies. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of braille, between my Vnkle, and one of the Emperials men.
Marc. Why fit, that is as fit as can be to ferue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.
Tit. Tell me, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?
Clowne. Nay truly sir, I could not say grace in all my life.
Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more acoe,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meanle while he's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Suplication?
Clowne. Tit.
Titus. Then here is a Suplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. I'll be at hand sir, I feele you do it bravely.
Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.
Tit. Sirrah hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Heere Marcus, hold it in the Oration.
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou hast given it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.
Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.
Tit. Come Marcus let us goe, Publius follow me.
Exeunt.
Enter Emperour and Emprasse, and her two somnes, the Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand that Titus faile at him.

Savar. Why Lords,
What wrongs are thefe? was euer seene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of eft injustice, yd. in fuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these difturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples ears there nought hath paft,
But even with law againft the wilfull Somnes
Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His forrowes haue to ouerwhelm'd his wit,
Shall we be thus affilicted in his wreakes,
His firs his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heere to love, and this to Mercury.

Thi.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to file about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Innuilce every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who should say, in Rome no Innuilce were.
But if I lie, his fainted exaties
Shall beno shelter to thee outgazes:
But he and his fall know, that Innuilce lies
In Saturnius health; whereon if he fleape,
He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lies.

TAM. My gracious Lord, my lonely Saterune,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and bear the slights of Titis age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonne,
Whose lofe hath pier'd him deep, and fear'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diftressed plight,
Then prostrate the meanest or the best,
For these contentes. Why thus it shall become
High witted Tamora to glowe with all:
But Titis, I have touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If Aaron now be wife,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou then feake with vs?
Clow. Yes, far fortho, and your Mifthterbe Emperisall.

TAM. Emprefse I am, but yonder fitt the Emperour.
Clow. Tis he; God & Saint Stephen give you good deem,
I have brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigiones heere.

King. I read the Letter.

Sat. Go toe take him away, and hang him pretently.
Clow. How much money muff I haue?

TAM. Come thereby you muff be hang'd.

Clow.Hang'd by her Lady, then I have brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Sat. Delightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monftrous villany?
I know from whence this fame deuife proceedes:
May this be born? As if his traytous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Hate by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe drage the villain hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, fhall drape prindgede:
For this prouid mcock, Ile be thy laughter man:
Sly frantickce wretch, that holp't to make me great,
In hope thy felle shoule gouerne Rome and me,

Enter Nunius Emillius.

Sat. What news with thee Emillius?

Emil. Arme my Lords,Rome never had more caufe,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high refolved men, bent to the fooyle
They hither march amaine, under condudt:
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as euer Coriolanus did.

King. Is warlike Lucius Generall of the Gothes?
These rydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froft, or gracious beat downe with flormes:
I now begins our forrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people dare to much,
My felle hath ofthen heard them fay,
(When I laste walked like a priuate man)
That Lucius banifhement was wrongfully,
And they haue wifh of that Lucius were their Emperour.

TAM. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. 1, but the Citizens fauour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnat doe file in it?
The Eagle sufferers little Birds to finge,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can as pleafe thee in their melodie.
Eatn fo mayst thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then chace thy spiritt, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old Andronicus,
With words more sweeter, and yet more dangerous
Then baits to fife, or hony flalkes to fheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baits,
The other rosted with delicious foodde.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

TAM. If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear,
With golden promises, that were his heart,
Almost impregnable, his old ears deafe,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaffadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.
King. Emillius do this meffage Honourably,
And if he fland in Hoftage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emill. Your bidding fhal I do effectually.

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my defuies.

Sat. Then goe succifantly and plead for him.

Actus Quintus.

Florib. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Snailders.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have receiv'd Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they bear their Emperour,
And how defirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles wittnefe,
Impetuous and impatiente of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any feate,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave flip, sprung from the Great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our streare, now our comfort,
Whole high exploits, and honourable deeds.
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contemptes;
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like flinging Bees in hoftett Sommer's day,
Led by their Maifer to the flowered fields,
And be aueng'd on curfed Tamora:
And as he faith, fay we all with him.

Luc. I thank thee thanke, and I thank you all,
But who comethere, led by a lofty Goth?

Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troupes I fraid,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monitalize,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Vnd as I学习成绩 did fixe mine eye
Upon the wafted building: trudly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny calm, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewraye whate thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour,
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calf.
Peace, villaine peace, eu.en thus he rated the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trufly Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawne I ruff't upon him,
Surpriz'd him fuddily, and brought him hither
To vic, as you thynke needeful of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuil,
That rob'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And heres the Base Fruit of his burning luft.
Say wall-e'yuflace, whether would'thou concus
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dont thou speake & what dese.
Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Battardie.

Are. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood,
Luci. Too like the Tyre for ever being good.
First hang the Child that he may fee it fall,
A fight to vexe the Mothers foule withall.

Are. Get me a Ladye Lucius,take the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befaile what may befall,
Ile speake to more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speake'nt,
Thy child shall live, and I will fee it nourish.
Are. And if it please thee? why affure thee Lucius,
'Twill vexe thy foule to hear what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maffacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischief, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to hear, yet pitiffouly preform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnife thou sweare to me your Childe shall live.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I Say thy Childe shall live,

Are. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleuue God, that graunted, how canst thou beleuue an oath?

Are. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haft a thing within thee, call'd Confience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee, careful to observe;
Therefore I vrged thee oath, for that I know
An Iodehold his Dauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrged him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so e're it be
That thou adorest, and haft in reuerence,
To suuer my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp;
Or else I wil discurrse nought to thee.
Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome  
Defers to be admitted to your presence.

Lac. Let him come nearer.

Welcome Emilius, what newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Goths,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he understands you are in Arms,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What faies our Generall?

Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Via to my Father, and my VnCLE Marcus,
Flourish.
And we will come: march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguis'd,

Tam. Thus in this strange and bad Habillament,  
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To joyn with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his fudy where they fay he keipes,
To ruminat strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to joyn with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus open his fudy door.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the door,  
That fo my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my faide be no effect?
You are deceitful, for what I meane to do,
See here in bloody lines I haue fet downe:
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. Noo a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou haft the stocks of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'lt know me,
Thou would'lt talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know the well enough,
Witness the wretched woman I am,
Witness the crimino lines,
Witness the Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witness the tyring day, and deadly night,
Witness all sorow, that I know thee well.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. Noo a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou haft the stocks of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'lt know me,
Thou would'lt talke with me.

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Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou haft the stocks of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'lt know me,
Thou would'lt talke with me.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Marcus my Brother, 'tis sad Titus calls,
Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucinius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Goths,
Bid him encomap his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Emperour too,
Peats at my house, and he shall find them,
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life,
This will I do, and soone returne againe.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder play with me,
Or els Ie call my Brother backe againe,
And cleave to no recrent but Lucinius.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with me,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I have govern'd our determined self,
Yet to his Humour, smooth, and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppoze me mad,
And will once seach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam,

Dem. Madam depart as pleasant leave vs here.

Tam. Farewell Andronicus, recrent now goes
To lay a complect to betray thy Foes.

Pub. I know thou dost, and sweet revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tit. Tur. I have worke enough for you to doe,

Publina come hither, Caiax, and Valentine.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Kur. Know you these two?

Pub. The Emperours Sonnes

I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Titans. Fie Publina, fie, thou art too much deceu'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publina,
Caiax, and Valentine, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me with for such an house,
And now I find it, therefore binde them fur.

Chi. Villaines for bare, we are the Emperours Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore doe we, what we are commanded.

Tit. Come, come Lucinius, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouths, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fairefull words I vter.

Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrius,
Here flands the spring whom you have slain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that v'il fault,
Two of his Brothers were compell'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a mercy left,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
Inhumanne Traytors, you constrain'd and for't.
What would you say, if I should let you speake 	
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to terrify you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that Lucinius sweene their flumps doth hold:
The Bafon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother means to feaft with me,
And calls her selfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad,
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I make a Paffe,
And of the Paffe a Coffen I will tare,
And make two Paffes of your shamefull Heads,
Like to the earth I willow her in section.
This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then Pjomelom you vs'd my Daughter,
And worse then Pregis, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: Lucinius come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatfull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paffe let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be every one a fissons,
To make this Banke, which I with might prove,
More sterner, and bloody then the Cenaraues Feast.

He carres their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ie play the Cooke,
And feate them ready, gainst their Mother comes. Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Goths.

Luc. Vackle Marcus, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Galb. And ours with chine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vackle take you in this barbarous Moote,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receiue no suffenance, letter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperour face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings,
And fee the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour means no good to vs,

Aron. Some deuill whiperer curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vter for th.

The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumanne Dogge, Unswallowed Slave,
Sirs, helpe ouuer Vackle, to conuay him in.

Flourish.
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Empevir and Emprresse, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What hast, the Firement more Sumes then one?

Lec. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sonne &
Mar. Rome Emperour & Nephewe breaks the pale
These quarrels must be quietely debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus,
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,  
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome:  
Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.  
Satyr. Marcus we will.  
Hercules. A table brought in.  
Enter Titius like a Cock, placing the meat on the table, and Lucius with a vail over her face.  

Titius Welcome my gracious Lord,  
Welcome Dread Queen,  
Welcome ye Warsike Gothes, welcome Lucius,  
And welcome all although the theatre be poore,  
I will fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.  
Satyr. What art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?  
Titius Because I would be fure to have all well,  
To entertain your Highness, and your Emperesse.  
Tanaquil. We are beholding to you good Andronicus!  
Titius And if your Highness knew my heart, you were:  
My Lord the Emperour resolve me this,  
Was it well done of thee Virginians,  
To flay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was en't foul, plain'd, and deflower'd?  
Satyr. It was Andronicus.  
Titius Your reason, Mighty Lord?  
Satyr. Because the Girle, should not furinate her frame,  
And by her presence still renew his forrowes.  
Titius A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,  
A paterne, president, and litle warrant.  
For me most wretched to performe the like:  
Diedie, Lucianna, and thy shame with thee,  
And with thy shame, thy Fathers forrow die.  

Ereks her.  
Satyr. What hast done, unnatural and vnkinde?  
Titius Kill'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.  
I am as wofull as Virginian was,  
And haue a thousand times more caufe then he,  
Satyr. What was the rauiuah? tell who did the deed,  
Titius Wilt please you eat,  
Wilt please your Highness feed?  
Tanaquil. Why hast thou slain thine only Daughter?  
Titius Not I, was Chiron and Demetrius.  
They rauished her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, was they, that did her all this wrong.  
Satyr. Go fetch them hithe to vs presently.  
Titius Why theyre theye are both, baken in that Pie,  
Whereof their mother dantily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that herfelfe hath bred.  
Titius true, this true, witnesse my knyves frame point.  
Satyr. Die franckie wretch, for this accuruous deed.  
Lucius Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?  
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.  
Mars. You faid fact'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,  
By yprees feuer'd like a Fowlie of Fowle,  
Scaatred by windes and high tempestuous guls;  
Oh let me teach you how, to skyn against  
This freasted Come into one: mutuallly sheafe,  
Thief broken limbs against one body.  
Citizens. Let Rome thefelfe be bane vnto herfelfe,  
And thee whom mightie kingdomes curfe too,  
Like a forlorn and desperate callaway,  
Doe fame full execution on her felfe.  
But if my froatlie signes and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesse of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
Speake Rome, deere friend, as(eft our Auncelior,  
When with his felemne tongue he did discourse  
To loue-ficke Didace for attending Emperur,  
The story of that baldfull burning night.  
When fubititGreekes surpriz'd King Prima Troy:  
Tell us what Souw hath bewitcht our cases,  
Or who hath brought the fallall engine,  
That gues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.  
My heart is not compleat of stint nor steele,  
Nor can I utter all our bitter griefe,  
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,  
And breake my very vte renitence, even in the time  
When it should moue you to attend me moft,  
Lending your kind hand Commination.  
Here is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,  
Your hearts will throb and weep to heare him speake.  
Lucius This Noble Auditory be it knowne to you,  
That curfed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,  
And they it were that rafhified our Sister,  
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,  
Our Fathers tears despoil'd, and badly contred,  
Of that true hand that fought Rome, quarrrell our,  
And sent her enemies vnto the grave,  
Laftly, my felle vnkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg rilefe among Rome Enemies,  
Who droun'd their enmity in my true teares,  
And op'd their armes to iframe me as a Friend.  
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,  
That heave prefer'd her welfare in my blood,  
And from her bosome rooke the Enemies point,  
Sheshathing the fleete in my aduenturous body,  
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,  
My fears can witnesse, dumbe although they are,  
That my report is iuft and full of truth:  
But folt, me thinkes I do digreff too much,  
Cytting my worthlesse praiie:Oh pardon me,  
For when no Friends are by, men praiie themselues,  
Mars. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,  
Of this was Tanaquile delivered,  
The issue of an Irreligious Moore,  
Chief Architectt and plotter of these woes,  
The Villaine is alue in Titius howfe,  
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.  
Now judge what course had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, vnpeaceable pat sayntion,  
Or more then any huing man could beare,  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romans?  
Have we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,  
And from the place where you behold vs now,  
The poore remainder of Andronicus,  
Will hand in hand all headlong caft vs downe,  
And on theagged bones best forth our brains,  
And make a mutuall clozure of our houfe:  
Speake Romans, speake, and if you say we shall,  
Looe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.  
Emilia. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,  
And bring our Emperor genly in thy hand,  
Lucius our Emperour for well I knowe,  
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.  
Mars. Lucius, all hail Rome Royall Emperour,  
Goe, goe into old Titus sorrowfull howse,  
And bither hail that misbelieving Moore,  
To be a dudgy'd some direfull slaugteree death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.  
Lucius all hail to Rome gracious Govenour.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romans, may I gouern me,  
To heale Romes harmses, and wipe away her wor.  
But gentle people, give me syme a-while.  
For Nature puts me to a heawy tare:  
Stand all a aloofe, but Vnckle draw yow near,  
To oude obsequious teares upon this Trunke:  
Oh take this warne kisse on thy pale cold lips,  
The most owfowfull drops on thy blood-laine face,  
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.  

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,  
Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:  
O were the summe of thefe that I should pay  
Countleffe, and infinite, yet would I pay them.  

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and leaue of vs  
To melt in flowres thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:  
Many a time he daint'd thee on his knee:  
Sung thee allepe, his Louing Breaf, thy Pillow  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meeting, and agreeing with thine Infancie:  
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,  
Because kinde Nature doth require it for  
Friends, should affociate Friends in Greefe and Wo.  
Bid him farewell, commit him to the Graue,  
Do him that kindeffe, and take leaue of him.  

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire heauen with all my heart  
Would I were Dead, so you did Lieue againe,  
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping  
My teares will choke me, if I open my mouth.

Romans. You sad Andronicus, have done with woes,  
Give sentence on this exeterable Wretch,  
That hath bene breeder of these dire euents.  

Luc. Sett him brefft deeper in earth, and familsh him:  
There let him stand, and rauet, and cry for foode:  
If any one releuets, or pistes him,  
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:  
Some stay, to see him faffned in the earth.  

Aaron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumb?  
I am no Baby I, that with bafe Prayers  
I should repent the Euitis I haue done.  
Ten thousand worfe, then enter yet I did,  
Would I performe if I might have my will:  
If one good Deed in all my life I did,  
I do repente it from my very Soule.  

Lucius. Some louing Friends contey the Emp.hence,  
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,  
My Father, and Lucreia, thall forthwith  
Be closed in our Houtholds Monument:  
As for that heyinous Tyger Tamora,  
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:  
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Burial:  
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of prey:  
Her life was Beast-like, and desuido of pitty,  
And being fo, thall haue like want of pity.  
See Justice done on Aaron that demd Moore,  
From whom, our heuety happes had their beginning:  
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,  
That like Events, may ne'er it Ruinate.  

FINIS.
Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

Gregory: A my word we'll not carry coales,
Greg. No, for then we should be Collars.
Samp. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.
Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out o'th' Collar.
Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Montague, moues me.
Greg. To moue, is to fir: and to be valiant, is to stand: Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.
Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Montague.
Greg. That fethves thee a weake flue, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessel, see ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to the wall, (their men)
Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs
Samp. 'Tis all, I will thaw my felfe a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will bee civill with the Maides, and cut off their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maides?
Samp. I, the heads of the Maides, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what fenceth wilt,
Greg. They must take it fenc, that fcelle it.
Samp. Me fcelle feele while I am able to fland:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of fles.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fhi: If thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the House of the Montagues.

Enter two other Seruingmen.
Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No marryst: I feare thee.
Sam. Let vs take the Lawe of our sides: let them begin.
Gre, I will frown as I paffe by, & let the take it as they lift.
Sam. Nay, as they dare, I will bite my Thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.
Gre. Do you bite your Thumb at vs fir?
Sam. Do I bite my Thumb at fir?
Gre. Do you bite your Thumb at us, fir?
Sam. Is the Lawe of our side, if I say it?
Gre. No.

Sam. No fir, I do not bite my Thumb at you fir: but I bite my Thumb fir.
Gre. Do you quarrell fir?
Samp. Yes, quarrell fir: no fir.
Gre. If you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a man.
Gre. No better? Samp. Well fir,

Enter Benionio.
Gr. Say better here come on of my masters kinmen.
Samp. Yes, better.
Gre. Or manage it to part these men with me.
Samp. What draw, and take of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thes:
Hauce at thee Coward.
Fights.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.
Off. Clubs, Bills, and Partitiones, strike, beat them down.
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Montagues,
Enter old Capulet in his Greene and his wife.
Gre. What nolite is this? Give me my lond Sword ho.
Wil. A cruch, a cruch: why call you for a Sword ho?
Gre. My Sword I say: Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his Blade in fpite of vs.

Enter old Montague, & his wife.
Moun. Thou villain Capulet, Hold me not, let me go.
Wil. Thou shalt not fir a foote to seeke a Foe,
Enter Prince Erckel, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-bred Steele,
Will they not heare? What haue, yeu Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your misstemed' Weapons to the ground,
And hear the Sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayver word,
By thee old Capulet and Montague,
Hauce thri'o' fufff' the quiet of our streets,
And made Princes ancient Citizens
Ctyp by their Graue becomer Ornaments,
To wicld old Partizans, in hands as old,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julie.

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our freinds againe,
Your fues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Cappell shall goe alone with me,
And Montague come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt,

Mont. Who fet this suicient quarrel new abroch?

Speakes Nephew were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the fentencs of your aduertisment,
And yours cloude fighting ere I did approch,
I drew to part them, in the Infant came

The serye Thade, with his word prepared,
Which as he breath did deffeant to my ears,
He swang about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hit him in sorne.
While we were enterchanging threats and blovyes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is Romeo, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I the he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
Where vnderneath the greue of Sycamour,
That Westward rootheth from this City side:
So early walking did I fee your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And flote into the couret of the wood,
Mesuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most fought, what most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weakly felfe,
Purfued my Honour, not purfuing his
And gladly fanned, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there bene scene,
With teares augmenting the freshe mornings daw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepse fighes,
But all foone as the all-creering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draws
The flades Containes from Ararat bed,
Away from light fleas home my heauty Sonne,
And priuate in this Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes fere day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificicall night;
Blacke and portentious muft this humour prove,
Vintile good counfell may the caufe remove.

Ben. My Noble Uncle do ye know the caufe?

Mount. I never knew it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Howe vy you importunde him by any means?

Mount. Both by my felfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affellungen counseller,
Is to himfelfe [I will not say how true]
But to himfelfe fo secret and fo clode,
So farte from foudning and difcorree,
As is the bud bit with an enusles worrane,
Ere he can fpread his sweeter letters to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame,
Could we but leane from whence this forrowes grow,
We would as willingly flue cure, as to know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, if pleafte you step aside,
He knowes his greeneace, or be much denide.

Mount. I would thoulend be fo happy by thy flay,
To heare true thrifft. Come Madam let's away.

Exeunt.
She is too faire, too woman she is, too faire;
To make brief, my mind is perpetually dispair,
She hath for sworn to lose, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that lieth to tell it now.

Ben. Be still'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,
Ro. 'Tis the way to call bers (exquisite) in question more; Thesf happy maskes that kife faire Ladiis brownes,
BeingBLACK, puts VS in mind they hide the faire:
He that is brooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-fight loft:
Shew me a Mistrelfe that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty feue but as a note,
Where I may read who paft that passing faire.
Farwell thou can't not teach me to forget,

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. Exeunt
Enter Capulet, Countem Pari, and the Clowne.

Cap. Montague is bound as well as I,
In manner like, and 'tis not hard I think,
For men for old as we, to keep the peace.
Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you li't at odds so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my suit?
Capu. But saying ore what I have laid before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seen the change of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride,
Par. Yonder young thefe, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too soone mad'st are those soe early made:
Earth hath fwallowed all my hopes but these,
She's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woes her gentle Paria, get her heart,
My will to her content, is but a part,
And thee agree, within her fope of choice,
Eyes my content, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old acoutton'd Feast,
Whereas I have invited many a Guefe,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, look to behold this night,
Earth-treasing flares, that make darke hesuen light,
Such companys as do lusty men feele,
When well apparell'd April on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh Fenell buds shall you this night
Inherit, at my houfe, have all, all fee:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, goe with me, goe sirrah trudge a bout,
Through faire Perona, find thofe persons out,
Whole names are written there, and to them say,
My houfe and welcome, on their pleasure flay

Exit. Ser. Find them out whole names are written. Here is it written, that the Shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the Tayler with his Laft, the Fisher with his Penfull, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find thofe persons whose names are write, & can never find what names the writing persons hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out anothers burning,
One paine is leneed by soothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One defpairce greene, cureth with anothers anguish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poypom of the old wil die,
Rom. Your Planet leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee? Rom. For your broken thin.
Ben. Why Romeos art thou mad? Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shirt vp in pilfon, kept without my foodes,
Whipt and torment'd, and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray for I can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser. Perhaps you have learnt it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you fee?
Rom. 1, if I know the Letters and the Language,
Ser. Ye say honeuly, tell you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter,

Seignior Montague, and his wife and daughter: County Aneapolis and his beautiful servant: the lady widow of Urnus, Seignior Planceto, and his lovely Niece: Mercius and his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughter:
your mare Niece Rosaline, Linia, Seignior Valensi, & his
Cufen Tybal: Lucio and the lovely Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Rom. Whither? to supper?
Ser. To out houfe.
Rom. Whole houfe?
Ser. My Maifters.
Rom. Indeed I shoule have askt you that before,
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maifter is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montague I pray come and gruife a cu of wine offer you merry.

Exit.

Ben. At this fame ancient Feast of Capulet
Sups the faire Rosaline, whom thou foloues:
With all the admired Beauties of Verona,
Go thither and with unvaintained eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall flow,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the deuous religion of mine eye
Maintains such fallhood, then turne teares to fire:
And thefe who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my love: the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her march, since frift the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poy'd with herselfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies love against some other Maid
That I will shoue you, thinke at this Feast,
And shee shew shent shall well, what now sheues bell.
Rom. Ile goe along, no such fighter to be shoune,
But to recie ye in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet, and Nuife.

Nuife. Mrs Tufts my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nuife. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeeres old
I bid her come, what Lambly what Ladi-bird, God forbide,
Where's this Girle? what is Juliet?

Enter Julliet.

Julliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Julliet. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Mrsfue give leave awhile, we

mot!
must talk in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembered me, thou'st hearre our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Juliet. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. He lay fourteene of my teeths, And yet to my yeare be it spokon, I have but fourere, there's not fourteen,

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and oddy dayes.

Nurse. Euen or oddes of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall the he fourteene. Sufan & the, God reft all Christian foules, were of an age. Well Sufan is with God, she was too good for me But as I said on Lammas Ewe at night shall the be fourteene, that shall the marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now euerne yeares, and the fire was 'tould neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worne-wood to my Dog fitting In the Sunne vnder the Douthouse well, my Lord and you were then at Mauritn, now I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taft the Worne-wood on the nipple of my Dogge, and felt it bitter, pretty foule, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dogge. Shake quoth the Douse-howe, 'twas no neede I crow to bid mee trudge: and since that time is a euerne yeares, for then the could stand alone, now by'th' roode thee could haue runne, & wandered all about: for even the day before the broke her mouth, & then my Husband God be with his foule, a was a mistrie man, took vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backwarde when thou haue more wit, wilt thou not iute? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, & said I: to see how a fell haue come about. I warrant, & I will this thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not iute quoth hezand pretty foules it flently, and said I.

Old La. Now of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leasse crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bunse as big as a young Cockrells föne? A petilion knoucs, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou committ to age: wilt thou not iute? It flently, and said I.

Iarti. And hilt thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou waft the prettiest Babbe that euer I mought, and I mought to fee thee married once, I haue my wiife.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to tale of, tell me daughter Iarti, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iarti. Its an houre that I dreamt not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine only Nurse, I would say thou hadst fuche wife-done from thy seat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, younger then you Heret in Verona, Ladies of afterne, Are maide already Mothers, By my count I was your Mother, much vpon those yeares That you see now a Maid, thus then in briefe: The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world, Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Verona Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night shalt thou behold him at our Feaft,

Read you the volume of young Paris face,
And find delight, write there with Beauties pen:
Examine every feuerall liniment,
And see how another lends content;
And what obscure'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margin of his eyes.

This precious Booke of Loue, this unbound Louer,
To Beautifie him, only locks a Couer,
Theie flies in the Sea, and his much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in many eyes doth share the glory,
That in Gold clapes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth poissifie,
By hauing him, making your felle no leffe.

Nurse. No leffe, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speakke briefly, can you like of Paris love?

Iarti. He looke to like, if looking liking move.

But no more depe will I entend mine eye,
Then your conftent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Sir. Madam, the gesmes are come, suppper feru'd vp, you call'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur't in the Pantery, and every thing in extremity: I must hence to wait, I befeech you follow straight.

Exit. 

Ato. We follow thee, Juliet, the Countie staines,
Nurse, Go Gyrle, seekke happy nights to happy daies.

Enter Rome, Mercucry, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-beaurs.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The day is out of fuch prolixitie,
Weelke haue no Cupid, hood wint with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bowe of Isth,
Skating the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.

But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Givme to a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heayy I will beare the light.

Mery. Nay gentle Rome, we must haue you dance,
Rom. Not I beleueme, you haue dancing foales
With nimble foales, I haue a fosile of Lead
So flakes me to the ground, I cannot mowe.

Ato. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings,
And faire with them above a common bound,
Rom. I am too faire encarced with his shaft,
To faire with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull whee,
Vnder loutes heayy burthen doe I flanke.

Hora. And to finke in it shoulde you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Ato, If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Give me a Calfe to put my vilage in,
A Vifor for a Vifor, what care I?

What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Bette-brows shall bluth for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fencelie ruffles with their heelies:
For I am proud b'd with a Grandier Prais,
He be a Candle-holder and look on,
The game was nere to faire, and I am done.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull daye
With this nights rauels; and expire the teare
Of a despaired life clo'd in my brest?
By some vile forset of untimely death,
But he that hase no hang of my course,
Direct my passe: on thattie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.
They march about the Stage, and Seruing men come forth
with their napkins.

Enter Servant.
Ser. Where's Petran, that he helps not to take away?
He flushed a Trencher he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two men's hands, and they vomit not, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Joyntooses, remove the Court-cubboard, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in Sufan Grindelbane, and Nell, Anthonie and Petran.

2. Boy reade.
Ser. You are lookt for, and ca't for, ask for, & sought for in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, certainly Boyes, Be brisk awhile, and the longer liet take all.

Enter all the Ghosts and Gentlemens to the Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes
Vnplagnt'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah! my Miftresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She ill sweate hath Cornes: am I come nere ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have done the day
That I have wore a Vifor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies ear:
Such as would pleasa: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:
Majestie places: and the dance.

A Hall,Hall, glute roome, and foote sic Girls,
More light you knaus, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is grown too hot.
Ah fray, this looks for sport comes well:
Nay sir,nay sir,good Cozio Capulet,
For you and I are past our dawning dales:
How long if now since laft your selfe and I
Were in a Mask?

2. Capu. Behold this thirty years,
1. Capu. What man; 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lermio,
Come Percy on as quickly as it will,
Some fute and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. Cap. 'Tis more, more, his Sonne is elder for:
His Sonne is thirty.
3. Cap. Will you telle me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares ago.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth instrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not Sir.
Rom. The doth reach the Torches to burne bright:
It scarce the hangs upon the checke of night,
As a rich tooth in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for vs, for earth too dare:
So shewes a Snowy Dovee trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady o're her fellowes shoues;
The measure done, He watch her place of hand,
And touching hers, make blest my rude hand.

Did i
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Did my heart howse till now, forswears it fight,  
For I never saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Feth me your Rapiet Boy, what delights the face.  
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,  
To fete thee and forse me at our Solummitie?  
Now by the flacke and Honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why now kinman,  
Wherefore forse me you fo?  
Tib. Vnle this is a Montague, our foe:  
A Villaine that is hither come in fpite,  
To forse me at our Solummitie this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?  
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo,  
Cap. Content the gentle Cax, let him alone.  
A beares him like a portly Gentleman;  
And to fay truth, Verona brag of them,  
To be a verruous and well govern'd youth:  
I would not for the wether of all the towns,  
Here in my house do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will, the which if thou receiue,  
Shew a faire preence, and put off these frownes,  
An illbefoming feamlance for a Feall.  
Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,  
Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.  
What good manboy, I fay he hath, go too,  
Am I the Maifter here or you? go too,  
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,  
Youle make a Mutine among the Guests:  
You will set cooke a hoope, youle be the man.  
Tib. Why Vnle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,  
You are a fawcy Boy, 'tis for indeed?  
This tricke may chance to fteath you, I know what,  
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.  
Well fai'd my hearts, you are a Prince, goe,  
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,  
Ile make you quiet, What, chereely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perfome, with wilfull choler meeting,  
Making my felfs tremble in their different greeting;  
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall  
Now feeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.  

Exits.  
Rem. If prophane with my unworthefh hand,  
This holy thine, the gentle fihn is this,  
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did trye fland,  
To fmooth that rough touch, with a tender kiffe.

Iul. Good Pilgrimage,  
You do wrong your hand too much,  
Which manifferly devotion fhewes in this,  
For Saints hauue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,  
And palme to palmejs holy Palmers kiffe.

Rem. Hauue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?  
Iul. I Pilgrimage lips that they muft vfe in prayer.

Rem. O then dear Saint, let lips do what hands do,  
They pray(grant thou) leaft faith tumte to refuse.  

Iul. Saints do not moue,  
Though grant for prayeres fake,  
Rem. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:  
Thus from my lips by shine my fin is purg'd.  
Iul. Then haue my lips the fin that they have tooke,  
Rem. Sin from my lips?Of trepoffe sweetly vrg'd:  
Guieme my fin againe.

Iul. You kiffe by th'hook.

Nur. Madam your Mother caueth a word with you.  
Rem. What is her Mother?  
Nurfs. Marrie Basheler.  
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,  
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,  
I Nurft her Daughter that you callit withall:  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,  
Shall hauve the chincs.  
Rem. Is this a Capulet?  
O deare account! My life is my foes deare.

Ben. Away, he is mine, he is the sport is at the beef.  
Rem. I to fear, the more is mine vnfee.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,  
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards  
Is it eno for why then I thank you all.  
I thank you honest Gentlemen, good night.  
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.  
Ah ftrah, by my fate it was to late,  
Ile to my felf.

Iul. Come hither Nurse,  
What is yong Gentlemen:

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tybere.  
Iul. What's he that nowis going out of doore?  
Nur. Mairrie that I think be young Perache.  
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?  
Nur. I know not.

Iul. Go ask his name, he be married,  
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie,  
Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,  
Too early fene, unknowne, and knowne too late,  
Prodigious birth of Loue is it to me,  
That I muft loue a loathed Enemie.

Nur. What's this? where this?  
Iul. A rime, I learme euen now  
Of one I dan't withall.

Nur. Anon, anon:  
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.  

Exeunt.  

Chorus.  
Now old deafe doth in his death bed lie,  
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,  
That faire, for which Loue grond for and would die,  
With tender Juliets match, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,  
A like bewitched by the charme of looks;  
But to his foe suppos'd he muft complaine,  
And the Reale Loues sweet bait from fearfull hookes:  
Being held a foe, he may not have acces.  
To breath such vows as Louers vfe to sweare,  
And he as much in Loue, he meanes much leffe,  
To meete her new Beloued any where:  
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,  
Tempring extremeties with extreme sweets.

Enter Romeo alons.  
Rem. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?  
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benedic with Mercutio.  
Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Merc.  
Merc. He is wife.  
And on my life hath holme him home to bed.  

Rem. He ran this way and leap this Orchard wall.  

Call good Mercutio.  
Nay, he coniute too.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iulet.

Mr. Rome, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer, Abode those in the likeness of a figh,  
Speake but one time, and I am satisfied:  
Say me but sye, Prouant, but Loue and day,  
Say to my gospil Venus one faire word,  
One Nickname for her publind Sonne and her,  
Young Abraham Capul he that ftoe to true,  
When King Cepheus lord the beggar Maid,  
He hearth not, he firtreth not, he moueth nor,  
The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,  
Coniure thee by Radium bright eyes,  
By her High forehead, and her Scales lip,  
By her Finne foote, Straight leg, and Quieting thigh,  
And the Demeaterr, that there Adiantie lie,  
That in thy Likeeffe thou appear to vs.  
Ben. And if I heare thee thou wilt angier him.  
Mr. This cannot angier him, I would angier him  
To raife a spirit in his Miftrefle circle,  
Of some strange nature, letting it land  
Till she had laide it, and coniured it dower,  
That were some angier.  
My invoction is faire and honest, & in his Miftris name,  
I coniure onely but to raife vp him.  
Ben. Come, he hath hid himfelfe amonge these Trees  
To be conforted with the Humerous night:  
Blind is his Loue, and belte the darke.  
Mr. If I Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke.  
Now will he fit under a Medler tree,  
And with his Miftreff were that kind of Fruite,  
As Maidens call Medlers when they laugh alone.  
O Romeo that fhe were, O that fhe were  
An open, or thou a Popin Pears,  
Roméon godnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,  
This Field-bed to cold for me to feene him.  
Come fhall we go?  
Ben. Go then, for this in vain to feeke him here  
That meanes not to be found.  
Exeunt.  
Rom. He leaves at Scarce that never felt a wound,  
But left, what light through yonder window breaks!  
It is the East, and inwards the Sunne,  
Arife faire Sunne and kill the emious Moone,  
Who is already fick and pale with griefe.  
That thou her Maid art far more faire then fie:  
Be not her Maid fince the is enious,  
Her Veilful livery is but fickle and green,  
And none but looies do weare it,call it off:  
It is my Lady, O is my Loue, O that fhe knew the were,  
She speaks, yet the layes nothing, what of that?  
Her eye difcourfes, I will anfwer it:  
I am too bold firs not to come fhe makes:  
Two of the faireft ftarres in all the Heauen,  
Hunting some finfullie dont eatre her eyes,  
To twinkile in their Spheres till they returne.  
What if her eyes were there,they in her head,  
The brighteffe of her cheeke would fame thame fharres,  
As day-light doth a Lamp,her eye in heauen,  
Would through the ayrie Region flame to bright,  
That Birdes would fing, and daunce it were a night,  
See how she leanes her cheeke upon her hand.  
O that I were a Gloue upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheeke.  
Iul. Ay me.  
Rom. She makes.  
Oh fpeaker againe bright Angell, for thou art  
As glorious to this night being one my head,  
As a winged meefenger of heauen.
The Tragedie of Romeu and Iuliet.

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst, Thou maist pleur proofes faultless Louers perissures They say I owne, oh gentle Rome, If thou doest, I will not pronounce it faultfully; Or if thou thinkst I am too quickly wonne, Ile crowne and be pervertse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt wooe: But else for the world. In trath faire Montague I am too fond: And therefore thou maist thinke my behaviour light, But truly me Gentleman, Ile prove more true, Then those that have coveting to be strange, I shoulde have beene more strange, I must confess, But that thou ouer heard it ere I was ware My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me, And do not impute this yeelding to light Loue, Which the darke night hath in disouerced.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow, That euer with all these Fruitie trees tops.

Jul. O sweare not by the Moone, thine Inconstant Moone, That monethly changes in her circled Orbe, Less that thy Loue prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Jul. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe, Which is the God of my Idolatry, And Ile believe thee.

Rom. If my heats desire loue.

Jul. Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee; I have no joy of this contract to night, It is too saile, too vnstand'd, too sudden, Too like the lightning which doth caele to be Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night.

This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath, May prove a beautious Flower when next we meete;

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest, Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction can it shoule have to night?

Rom. The exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst require it:

And yet I would it were to give againe,

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it, For what purpose Loue?

Jul. But to be franke and give it thee againe, And yet I wish but for the thing I haue, My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea, My Loue as deep, the more I glue to thee The more I haue, for both are infinite: I heare some noyse within desyre Loue adue:

Cals without.

Anon good Nurse, sweete Montague be true:

Stay but alittle, I will come againe.

Rom. O blest bleed blood night, I am afar'd

Being in night, all this is but a dreame, Too flattering sweeter to be subluminal.

Jul. Three words deare Rome,

And goodnight indeed, If that thy brest of Loue do Honourable, Thy particular mariage, mend me word to morrow, By one that Ie procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt performe the right, And all my Fortunes at thy ffoe ile lay, And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

[Exit Madam.]

Within. Madam.

I come anon: but if thou meanest not well, I do beleef thee

(To end by 1 come)

To caele thy flat, and leave me to my griefe, To come to end, I lende.

Rom. So throue my soule.

Jul. A thousand times goodnight.

Rom. A thousand times the worde to want thy light, Loue goes toward Loue as school-boys fro; thee books But Loue fro Loue, to wards schoolie with beautie lookes.

Enter Iuliet against.

Jul. Hift Rome his hift:O for a Falkehrs voice, To loure this Taffell gentle backe againe, Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake as loud, Elle would I teare thee Caeue Ezechiel lies, And make her styrie tongue more hoarse, then With repetition of my Rome.

Rom. It is my foule that calls upon my name, How sweeter swet, found Louers tongues by night, Like fortell Musike to attending eares.


Rom. My Neece.

Jul. What a clock to morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the house of nine.

Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then, I have forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shal forget, to haue thee still stand there, Remembering how I Loue thy company.

Rom. And Ile still fay, to haue thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone, And yet no further then a wants Bird, That let's it hop a little from his hand, Like a poore prisoner in his twist'd Gyues, And with a flaken thred plucks it backe againe, So lousing Jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Jul. Sweet so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing: Good night, good night.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall fay goodnight, till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest, The gray ey'd momes smiles on the frowning night, Checking the Easmer Cloudes with streakes of light, And darkefle blackclike like a drunkard seeters, From forth dyes pathway made by Titans wheels.

Hence will I my ghostly Fries clofe Cell, His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

[Exit.

Enter Fries alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night, Checking the Easmer Cloudes with streakes of light: And ftecked darkeye like a drunkard seeters, From forth dyes path, and Titan's burning wheels: Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye, The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry, I must up ffill this Offer Cage of ours, With baseful weedes, and precious Issued Flowers, The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tome, What is her burying grave that is her wombe:

And from her wombe children of duers kind

We
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Of an old teare that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wait thy felfe, and these were thine,
Thou and theye were, were all for Refaline,
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou child'd me of for loosing Refaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'd me bury Loue.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to haue,
Rom. I pray thee chile me not, here I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow
The other did not so.
Fri. O the knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young waunter, come goe with me,
In one respect, I thee assistante be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your household rancour to pure Loue.
Rom. O let us hence, I land on suddden haft.
Fri. Wiltly and flow, they flumble that runneth.

Exeunt

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deuile should this Romeo be? came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that fame pale head, harted wench, that Refaline tormentes him so, that he will for ren mad.
Ben. Tibal, the kinsman to old Captaine, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life,
Ben. Romeo will anwser it.
Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.
Ben. Nay, he will anwser the Letters Master how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alias pooste Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with a white wench's blacke eye, runne through the eye with a Loue fong, the very prime of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-bayes but shaft, and is he a man to encounter Tibal?

Ben. Why, what is Tibal?

Ben. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Courageous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing prickfong, keeps time, diatance, and proportion, he refits his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom the very butcher of a filk button, a Dulife, a Dulife: Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second saufe: sh the immortal Paffade the Punto reuerfe the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping affaeting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: letus a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whores. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandine, that we should be thus affaeted with these false flanges these fashion Mongers, these pardon-mee's, who stand to much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou assifh'd? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Lerna to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Helen and Here, hildings and Harlots: Thibis a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior Romeo, Benvio, there's a French folution to your ff

French
French Flop: you guess ye the counterfeit fairest laft night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Merc. The flip for the flip, can you not conceive? 

Romeo. Pardon Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a cafe as mine, a man may strain conscience.

Merc. That's as much as to say, such a cafe as yours con- strains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curse.

Merc. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most curious expedition.

Merc. Nay, I am the very pinch of curtesie.

Romeo. Pinkie for flower.

Merc. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my Pump well flow'd.

Merc. Sure wit, follow me this instant, now will thou hast wore out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is gone, the iseat may remain after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Romeo. O single sole'd jeaf, Soly singular for the singelenelle.

Merc. Come between vs good Beninio, my wits faints.

Swits and purrs, or I'le cric a match.

Merc. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goofe chafe, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goofe in one of thy wits, then I am sure I have in my whole fience. Was I wish you there for the Goofe?

Romeo. Thou waff newr with mee for any thing, when thou wait not there for the Goofe.

Merc. I will bite thee by the eare for that left.

Romeo. Nay good Goofe bite not.

Merc. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting.

It is a most sharpe fawce.

Romeo. And is it not well fent'd into a Sweet-Goofe?

Merc. Oh here's a wit of Cheurell, that fretches from an ymch narrow, to an allbroad.

Romeo. I fretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goofe, proues thee faire and wide, abroad Goofe.

Merc. Why is not this better now, then groming for Love,now art thou folicitable, now art thou Romeo:now art thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Loue is like a great Natural, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Merc. Thou defire me to ftop in my tale againft the Ben. Thou woul'd efle have made thy tale large, (haire.

Merc. O thou art deceny'd, I would have made it short, or I was to come the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Romeo. Here's goodly gear.

A fayle, a fayle.

Merc. Twow, two: a Shirt and a Smoacke.

Nor. Peter.

Peter. Annon.

Nor. My Fan Peter?

Merc. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nor. God ye good morrow Gentleman.

Merc. God ye good en faire Gentlewoman.

Nor. Is it gooden.

Merc. Tis no lefle I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricker of Noone.

Nor. Our vpon you: what a man are you?

Romeo. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made,himselfe to mar.

Nor. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quath Gentlemans, can any of you tel me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nor. You say well.

Romeo. Yes is the worst well,

Very well tooke: I faith,wifely, wifely.

Nor. If you be he fit,

I define some confidence with you?

Ben. She will entitle him to some Supper.

Merc. A bau'd, a bau'd, a bau'd. Soho.

Romeo. What haft thou found?

Nor. No Hare fir, vnleffe a Hare fir in a Lenten pie, that is something itale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much fora score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo. Will you come to your Fathers? Wecle to dinner thanther.

Romeo. I will follow you,

Merc. Farewell auncient Lady: 

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Beninio.

Nor. I pray you fir, what fawce Merchand was this that was so full of his repriev?

Romeo. A Gentleman Nurse, that looses to hoarse himfelfe talke,and will speake more in a minute, then he will f tand to in a Month.

Nor. And a speake any thing againft me, Ite take him downe, &c were luther then he is, and twenty fuch lacks.

And if I cannot, Ile finde those that f hall: fome knave, I am none of his flure-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muft f tand by too and fuffer every knave to vie me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man v/f you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw afcome: another man, if I fee occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my fide.

Nor. Now afore God, I am fo vex'd,that every part about me quieres, skurly knave: pray you for a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me equire you out, what fhe bid me fay, I will keepe to my felle: but fift let ye, if ye fhould leade her in a foole paradife, as they fay it, were a very groffe kind of behaviour, as they fay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be of ferred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nor. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Miliftre: I profeft vnto thee.

Nor. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not make me.

Nor. I will tell her fir, that you do profeft, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoon)

Romeo. But her devote fome meane to come to flirt with this And there the flall at Friar Lawrence Cell

Befhrui'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nor. Notruly fir not a penny.

Romeo. Go too, I fay you shall.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. This afternoon we did well he shall be there.

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall, within this house my man shall be with thee; and as thy grace and mine was made like a tackled tharrie, which to the top gallant of my joy, must be my couiny in the secret night.

Farewell, be trullie and lie quite thy paines: 

Nurse. Farewell, commend me to thy Mitterelle.

Nur. Now God in heaven blessings thee: how art thou, my dear Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you, heart and tay two may keep counsel putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as steel.

Nur. Well, my Mitterelle is he sweet Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Twome one Paris, that would faine lay knave a board; but she the soul had as leave a fee Toade, a very Toade as fee him: I anger her some times, and tell her that Paris is the proper man, but ife warrant you, when I say so, thee looks as pale as any cloud in the verfall world.

Doth not Roemian and Romeo begin both with a letter R? 

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker that is the dogs name. R is for thee, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sentiment of it, of you and Roemian, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times, Peter?


Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clockes brooke nine, when I did send the Nurse, in halfe an houre thence promise to returne, Perchance she cannot meeke him: that's not so: Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thought of, Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beams, Driving backe shadows over lowering hills.

Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Dones draw Loue, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cepid wings: Now is the Sun upon the higheest hill

Of this diates journey, and from nine till twelve, I three long hours, yet far I am not come.

Had she softes and warme youthfull blood, She would be as swift motion as a ball, My words would bandie her to my sweete Loue, And his to me, but old folkes,

Many faine as they were dead, Vinwieldie, flow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.


Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse:

O Lord, why lookst thou sad?

Though newes be, be fad, yet tell them merrily.

If good thou fam'll the muffecie of sweet newes, By playing it to me, with fow a wares, 

Nur. I am a weyty, give me leave awhile, Fie how my bones skie, what a saunter have I had:

Jul. It would thou hadl my bones, and I thy newes:

Nay come, I pray thee speake good good Nurse speake.

Nur. I say what halfe? can you not play a while? Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou halfe breath To say to me thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou doit make in this delay,
A Louer may bestride the Goffamours,
That yides in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanité.

Fri. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah Julliet, if the meeasure of thy joy
Be heaps like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blosion it, then sweeteen with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich muticke tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receive in either, by this deere encounter.

Fri. Conceive more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his felbate, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Louer is grown to such such excelle,
I cannot fun vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short workes,
For by your leaves, you shaull not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee goodMercutio letstire,
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad:
And if we meet, we shaull not use a brawl, but for these hot days, it is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, for when he enters the confines of a Tauern, claps me his Sword upon the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Drawers, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot as a rack in thy mood, as any in Italy: and affonne mood to be moodie, and affonne moodie to be most.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we shaull have none shortlie for one would kill the other too, why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair lesse in his beard, then thou halt thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast halfe eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spee out such a quarrel: thy head is as full of quartels, as an egg is full of meet, and yet thy head hath bin beaten asaddle, as an egg for quartelling: thou haue quartels with a man for coiling in the street, because he had wakened thy Dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun.Didst thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter ? with another, for tying his new shoes with old Riban, and yet thou wilt Tutor mee from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man shoud buy the Fee-simpke of my life, for an house and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simpke 0 simpke.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulet.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyl. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyl. You shall find me apt enough to that for, and you will give mee occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyl. Mercutio shoule conferr with Romeo.


Ben. We talk here in the publique haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your greuenesses;
Or else depart, there all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleasure.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well, peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd if he wearre your Livery.

Mat. Try to go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that fente, may call him man.

Tib. Romeo, the loute I bære thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. Tylul. the reaeson that I have to loue thee,
Doth much excufe the appertaining rage
To such a gretching: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I fee thou knowll me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou haft done me, therefore turne and drew.

Rom. I do protest I never inured thee:
But lou'd thee better then thou canst devise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, difhonourable, vile submission:
All Lucusta carries it away.

Tylul. you Rat-catcher, will you walke ?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with mee?

Mer. Good King of Cars, nothing but one of your nines, that I mean to make bold withall, and as you shall vfe me after this drye beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Picher by the ears? Make half, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentel Mercutio, put thy Rapeit vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Palsado.

Rom. Draw Benwio, beste downe your weapon:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage.

Tylul. Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt,
A plague a both the Houfe, I am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing ?

Ben. What art thou hurt ?

Mer. I, a scratch, a scratch, marty tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Vill. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, 'twill serve: ask me for to morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.

What, a Dog, a Rat, a Moue, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Baggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Aristimeche, why the deel came you between vs? I was hurt under your armes,

Rom. I thought all for the beft,

Mer. Help me into some house Benwio,
Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.

They have made worms nest of me,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliete

I haue it, and found it lygo your Housnes.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In his behalf, my reputation staint'd
With Tybalt's flander, Tybalt that an house
Hath beeue my Cozin,O Sweet Inlet,
Thy Beauty hath made me Iffeminate,
And in my temper forsook Valours steale.

Enter Bennellus.

Rom. O Rome, O Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead,
Thou Gallantspirit hath afpre'd the Cloudes,
Whose wingtly herein the earth
did fecrom the earth.

Rom. This dates blacke face, on moe dates doth depend,
This but begins, the who others mult end.

Enter Tybalt.

Rom. Here cometh the Cursous Tybalt backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercutio slaine?
Away to heaven refreueh Lenitue,
And live and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gault me,for Mercutio's soul:

Tibalt. Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

Tybalt. Thou fight. Tybalt folles.

The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doeome thee death
If thou ar taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. Of I am Fortunes foolc.

Rom. Why dost thou stay?

Rom. Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that had killed Mercutio?

Tybalt that Murtheer, which way ran he?

Rom. There lies that Tybalt.

Citi. Vp fir go with me;

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Cupidlet, their Wives and all.

Prim. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Rom. O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The vnltch mastage of this fatal brall:
There lies the man slaine by young Romeo,
That flew thy kinsman braue Mercutio.

Cap. Why Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou are true,
For blood of ours, fled blood of Montague.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prim. Bennellus, who began this Fray?

Rom. Tybalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay,

Rom. That spoke he faire, bid him behincke
How nice the Quarrell was, and wing'd withall
Your high displeasure, all this witterd,
With gentle breath, calm e looke, kues humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unlyly speene

Of Tybalt's death to peace, but that he Tills
With Peircing steale at bold Mercutio's breath,
Who all as hoit, turns deadly point to point,
And with a Mariall fence, with one hand besides
Cold death side, and with the other lends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Recorts it. Romeo lie cries aloud,
Hold Friends,Friends past, and witter then his tongue,
His aged arme beats downe their fatal points,
And swisch them rufhes, underneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life
Of floure Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

But by and by commes backe to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And toon't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw soe near them, was flew Tybalt slaine:
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie

This is the truth, or let Bennellus die.

Cap. Wh. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some wnesty of them fought in this blace strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for tullcice,which thou Prince must guve;

Rom. Tybalt Tybalt, Romeo must not lue.

Prim. Romeo slew him, he fleue Mercutio,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe,

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law shoulde end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prim. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ife Amrce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be dead to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore we none, let Romeo hence in haste,
Elfe when he is found, that house is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeucr.

Enter Juliet alone.

Inf. Gallop space, you fery footed speedes,
Towards Plauus lodging, such a Wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the well,
And bring in Cloude night immediately.
Spreed thy clofe Cutsine Loue-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these arms, vntak't of and vnsene,
Louers can lee to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: if Loue be blind,
It seld agrees with nightsome ecuill night,
Thou sober faced Matron all in blacke,
And learn me how to looke a winning match,
Plaid for a prize of Rainelie Maidensheads,
Hood my emman'd blood baying in my Cheekes,
With thy Blace mantle, till frange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow upon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blace braw a' night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stisses,
And he will make the Face of heuen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garth Sun,
O I have bought the Manion of a Loue,
But no poeffit it, and though I am foid,
Not yet enuie'd, do tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords, and the brings newes and curious tongue that speaks
But Romeo, name, speaks heavenly eloquences:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hath thou there?
The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, the Cords.

Inf. Ay me, what newes?

Why doft thou wring thy hands,

Nur. A weatlady, she's dead, she's dead,
We are vndead Lady, we are vndead.

Alacke the day, she's gone, she's kill'd, she's dead.

Inf. Can beausen be so envious?

Nur. Romeo can,

Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
Who euer would have thought it, Romeo.

Inf. What diuell art thou,

That doft torment me thus?

This torture should be roard indismall hell,

Hath Romeo flaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall payyon more
Then the death-darling eye of Cockatrice,
I am not, if there be such an.

Or those eyes shot, that makes these answere I:
If she be flaine say, I or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determinne of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God faue the marke, here on his manly breit,
A pittieous Cowie, a bloody pittie Cowie:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I founded at the fighl.

Inf. O break my heart,

Poore Banck out breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on librie.
Vile earth to earth refigne, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo preffe on heaque beere.

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beft friend I had
O cursefull Tybalt honett Gentleman,
That ever I shou'd live to fee thee dead.

Inf. What remorse is this that blows so contrarie?
Is Romeo traughted? and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearest Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Inf. O God!

Did Romeo hand fied Tybalt blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Inf. Did euer Dragon keepe fo faire a Cause?

Beautifully Tyrant, fiend Angelical:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Wuliffe-rauning, Lambe,
Dispifed fulinance of Diuineft fhow:
Luft oppofite to what thou ifluft feem't
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villain
O Nature! what had't thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'ft brower the fpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradife of such fiert fleth?

Was euer booke containing fiuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that decifion fhould dwell
In fuch a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trufi, no faith, no honeftie in men,
All petis'd, all forrowe, all naught, all diffemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vita?
These griefes, these woes, these forrowes make me old.
Shame come to Romeo.

Inf. Blifte'd be thy tongue
For such a wife, he was not borne to fhaie:
Vpon his brow fhimne is aftam'd to fe.
For 'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the viuents fall earth:
O what a bale was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,

That kill'd your Cozen?

Inf. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'th thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would have kill'd my husband:
Becke foolish teares, backe to your native spring.
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer vp to toy:

My husband flues that Tybalt would haue flaine,
And Tybalt dead that would haue flaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore wepe I then:

Some words there are you worfer than Tybalt's death.
That murdered me, I would forget it reine,
But oh, it preties to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to finners minds,

Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banisht, that one word banisht,

Hath flaine ten thousand Tybalts: Tybalt's death
Was woe enough if it had ended there:
Or if thou woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranks with other griefes,

What followed not when the said Tybalts dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd,
But which a rere-ward following Tybalt's death
Romeo is banisht to speake that word,
Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All flaine, all dead: Romeo is banisht,
There is no end, no limete, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found,

Where is thy Father and thy Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and waiting over Tybalt Coarfe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Inf. Wafht his wounds with teares, mine fiall be spent
When theis are drie for Romeo's banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for Romeo is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, lie to my wedding bed,
And death not, Romeo take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo
To confort you, I wol well where he is:
Harke ye your Romeo will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Inf. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his fiall farewell.

Exit.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affilition is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity,
Rome, Father what newes?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

What is the Princes Doome?  
What sorrow cause acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?  
Fri. Too familiar  
Is my deare Sonne with such focwe Company:  
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.  
Rom. What little then Doomeaday,  
Is the Princes Doome?  
Fri. A gentler judgement vanisth from his lips,  
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.  
Rom. Ha! banishment be mercifull, fay death:  
For exile hath more terror in his looke,  
Much more then death: do not say banishment.  
Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.  
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,  
But Purgatour, Torture, hell it felle:  
Hence banished, is banisht from the world,  
And worldly exile is death. Then banished,  
Is death, milfearm'd, calling death banished,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,  
And filmeft upon the froke that murders me.  
Fri. O deadly fin, O rude vnthankful fin!  
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince  
Taking thy part, hath refufit aside the Law,  
And given that blacke word death, to banishment.  
This is deare mercy, and thou fealt it not.  
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here  
Where Ixleter lutes, and ever Cat and Dog,  
And little Mouse, every vnworthy thing  
Luehe here in Heauen and may looke on her,  
But Romeo may not. More Validitie,  
More Honourable flate, more Courtship lutes  
in carrion Flies, then Rometo they may feaze  
On the white wonder of deare Ixleter hand,  
And feele immortal bliesing from her lips,  
Who euer in pure and vextfull modefile  
Still blufh, as thinking their owne kifes fin.  
This my Flies doe, when I from this muft flie,  
And faft thou yee, that exile is not death?  
But Romeo may not, hee is banisht.  
Had't thou no poftyon mixt, no sharpe ground knife,  
No fudden meanes of death, though here fo meane,  
But banisht to kill me? Banisht?  
O Friar, the dammed wife that word in hell:  
Howlings attendeth it, how haft thou the bace  
Being a Divine, a Ghoftly Confeffor,  
A Sin-Abfoluer, and my Friend prefent:  
To mangle me with that word, banisht?  
Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.  
Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.  
Fri. Hee glue thee Armours to keepe off that word,  
Auerities sweete milke, Philosophie,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banisht.  
Rom. Yet banisht? hang vp Philosophie  
Vnfeleft Philosophie can make a Julet,  
Displant a Towne, serue the Princes Doome,  
It helpes not, it preuils not, talke no more.  
Fri. O then I fee, that Mad men haue no cares.  
Rom. How should they,  
When wiuen men haue no eyes?  
Fri. Let me dilpare with thee of thy eflate,  
Rom. Thou canst not speake of that? I do not feele,  
Wert thou as young as I am,  
An hour but married, Jylbett murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banisht,  
Then mighteft thou speake,  
Then mighteft thou teare thy lyeare,  
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,  
Taking the meafeure of an vnmade graue.  
Enter Nurse, and knocke.  
Fri. Harke how they knocke:  
(Who's there) Romeo arife,  
Thou wilt be taken, fly a while, fland vp  
Run to my study, by and by, Gods will  
What simplicenour inthis I come, I come,  
Knock.  
Who knocks so hard?  
Whence come you? what's your will?  
Enter Nurse.  
Nur. Let me in come,  
And you hall know my errand:  
I come from Lady Iuliet.  
Fri. Welcome then.  
Nur. O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,  
Where's my Ladies Lord?  
Rom. There on the ground.  
With his owne teares made drunke.  
Nur. O he is even in my Militresse cafe,  
Juft in her cafe, O wofull Simpathy:  
Pitifious predicament, even fo lies the,  
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,  
Stand vp, fland vp, fland and you be a man,  
For Ixleter fake, for her fake rife and fland:  
Why should you fall into so deep a O.  
Rom. Nurse.  
Nur. Ah fis, sh fis, deaths the end of all.  
Rom. Speak'ft thou of Ixleter how is it with her?  
Doth nor the thunke me an old Murtherer,  
Now I have flain'd the Childhood of our joy,  
With blood removed, but little from her owne?  
Where is he? and how doth she? and what fayes  
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Lour?  
Nur. Oh the fayes nothing fur, but weeps and weeps,  
And now falls on her bed, and then flars vp,  
And Tybal calls, and then on Romeo cries,  
And then downe falls againe.  
Re. As if that name fliot from the dead leuell of a Gun,  
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand  
Murdred her kinfman, Oh tell me Friar, tell me,  
In what parte of this Anatomie  
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may facke  
The barefull Manion:  
Fri. Hold thy defperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:  
Thy teares are womanifh, thy wild ads denote  
The unreasonable Furie of a beall,  
Vnfeemly woman, in a feeming man,  
And all befeeming beall in feeming both,  
Thou hall amaz'd me, by my holy order,  
I thought thy defipation better temper'd.  
Hast thou flaine Tybal? wilt thou flay thy felfe?  
And flay thy Lading as in thy life lies,  
By doing damned hate upon thee felfe?  
Why rai'll thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?  
Since
Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet;
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
First, fix, thou shun'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Wyster abound'd in all,
And visit none in that true vein indeed,
Which should bedeck thee thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape, but a forme of waxe,
Diggerring from the Valour of a man,
Thy dear Love's a wofne but hollow perjurie,
Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Love,
Mihapen in the conduit of them both:
Like powder in a skillleff Souldiers flanke,
It set a fire by shew owne ignorance,
And thou dismemberd with shew owne defence.
What, rowle thee man, thy Juiet is alive,
For whole dearke fake thou wait but lately dead,
There are thou happy, Thy hate would kill thee,
But thou fiew't Thy hate, there art thou happee.
The law that threatened death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or bleeding light upon thy backe,
Happyneffe Courts thee in her belt array,
But like a mishapen and fullen wench,
Thou purfetst vp thy Fortune and thy Love: Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou fay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to Montesa,
Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy.
Then thou went't forth in lamentation,
Goe before Nurfe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the hooste to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could have flaid here all night,
To heare good counselfoth what learning is I,
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide,
Nur. Here shee, sir, a Ring the bid me gue you sir:
Hie you, make half, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reuied by this.
Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here hands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breaks of day disqui'st from hence,
Solitaire in Montesa, Ile find out your man,
And he shall fignifie from time to time,
Euyey good hap to you, that chanceus here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a joyy past joyy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, to bie ejoye with thee:
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things have faine out for so valullcky,
That we have had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, she lost her kimfman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, she's not come downe to night,
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of war do afford no times to woe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is inewed up to her heauiness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: may more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,
And bid her, mark you, on Wenday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha! as well Wenday is too sone.
A Thrusday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this halfe?
Wife keeps no great ado, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being flaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carfully,
Being our kinman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to Paris ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day,
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is too late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. wilt thou be gone? it is not yet necesse day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'd the fairefull hollow of thine ear,
Nightly the rings on yond Pomgranates tree,
Believe me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Morn:
No Nightingale, loue what enuius streskes
Do lace the feuering Cloudes in yonder East:

Nights Candles are burnt out, and Icond day
Stands tipo on the miltie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day light, I know it:
It is some Meteor that the Sun caules,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Montesa,
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it fo.
Ile say vou grey is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cintiabre bow.
Nor that is not Larke whole noates do beate
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads,
I haste more care to stay, then will I go:
Come death and welcome, Paris wills it so.

How lift my soule, less talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, he is hence gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and pleasing Sharpe.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Division;
This doth not in for the diuideth vs.
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
On now I would they had chang'd voyces too;
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray.
Hunting therewith, with hung t in the day.
O now be gone, more light and idly ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more dark & darke our woes.
Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and Ile descend.
Jul. Art thou gone for Lord, say Husband, Friend,
I must heere from thee every day in the house,
For in a minute there are many days,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares.
Er I againe behold my Rome.
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may couer my grettinges: Loue, to thee.
Jul. I thinkk thou wilt ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall true
For sweet discouer in our time to come.

Juliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuing foule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bodome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-fight failing, or thou lookt it pale.
Rom. And truft me Loue, in my eye do you see?
Drie sorrow drinks our blood. Aude, aude. Exit.
Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him?
That is renownd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But fend him bake.

Enter Mother.

Maid. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Jul. What that calls I am it Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaecustomd cause procures her bletter?
Rom. Why how now Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
Jul. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou vse him from his grace with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore haue done, some griefe thewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, thewes still fome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weeppe, for such a feeling lofe,
Jul. So shall you feel the lofe, but not the Friend
Which you wepe for.
Jul. Feeling to the lofe,
I cannot chufe but euer weeppe the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou wepe?t not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine lives which slauhrt him.
Jul. What Villaine, Madam?
La. That same Villaine Rome.
Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles vslander.
Gord pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Rom. That is because the Traitor lives.
Jul. 1 Madam from the reach of clefye my hands;
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weeppe no more. Ile fend to one in Mantua,
Where that fame banifhir Run-agare doth lie,
Shall give him such an vnaecustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tybets company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Rome, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinman next:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That Rome should vnpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heare abhors
To heare him nam, and cannot come to him,
To wraake the Love I bore my Cosyn,
Vpon his body that hath slauhrt him.
Ms. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee tojoyfull tidings Gylle.
Jul. And joy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, befeech your Ladyship?
Ms. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauneis,
Hath forced out a fudden day of Ioy,
That thou expectes not, nor I lookt not for.
Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Ms. Marry my Child, early next: Thrusday morn,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.
Jul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride,
I wonder at this halfe, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe.
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I beware
It will be Rome, whom you now I hate
Rather then Peters. These are newes indeed.
Ms. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And fee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Copuler and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sunn sets, the earth doth drizzle dace
But for the Sunn of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now I A Conduit Gyle, what still in teares?
Euermore owrinarie in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Seas Wind:
For till thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Saying in this fast florid, the winde thy fighter,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden eximie will ouer let
Thy temporall toiled body. How now wife?
Have you delilvered to her our decreet?

Lady. I sirs;
But she will none, she gives you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bleeft,
Vnworthy as theirs, that we have wrouht
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridesgrome
Jul. Not proud you have,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I not ever be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now?
How now I Choyt Logiche? what is this?
Proud, and I thank you: and I thank you not,
Thankme no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But feste your fine fancies! gainst Thursday next,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

To go with Parl to Saint Peter's Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Ou you greene fickleffe carrion out your baggage,
You raffle face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

I. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heret me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young bagge, difobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answere me.

My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is too much,
And that we have a curse in hauing her:
Our on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wish'd her hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, nothing with your gossip go,

Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, O Godden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace youumbling soole,
Vter your grauce or a Golpis bowles.
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, fill my care hath bin
To hauet her matches, and hauing now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Offisite Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they sate with Honourable parts,
Proporton'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to hauet a wretched pulling soole,
A whining mannet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, lle not wed, I cannot Lone:
I am too young, I pray you parden me.
But, and you will not wed, lle parden you,
Grace where you erity, you shall not hauet with me:
Looke to't, thinke on't, I do not vse to tell.

Thursday is seete, lay hand on your heart, aduise,
And you be mine, I glue you to my Friend:
And you beno, hang, beg, sitt, and die in the streets,
For by my foil, lle were acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trull too, betheke you, lle not be forsworne.

Exit. I. Is there no pittie thinkeing in the Cloudes,
That fees into the bottom of my griefe?
O sweere my Mother call me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a wecke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dun Monument where Tybalt lies.

As. Talkle not to me, for lle not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit. I. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vedleth this Husband lend it me from heauen,
By leaving earth?

Comfort me, countaine me:
Hope, alack, that heauen should proue lifetags,
Upon so soft a subiect as my selfe.

What faith thou shalt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Int. The teares have got small victorie by this:
For it was bad enough before their sight.
Ps. Thou wrong it is more then teares with that report,
Int. That is no lauder fit, whick is a truth,
And what I speake, I spake it to thy face.
Ps. Thy face is mine, and thou resoule flanederd it.
Int. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father own.
Or shall I come to you at euening Malte?
Fri. My leisure serves me peuline daughter now.
My Lord you must interst the time alone.
Par. Goddeslde: I should disturb Deuotion.
Intuit, on Thursday early will Iowle yee,
Till then adue, and keep this holy kisse. Exit Paris.
Int. O frin the door, and when thou hast done fo,
Come werree with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O Intuit, I alreadie know thy grieve,
It streames me past the compasse of my wits
I heare thou mist and nothing may prograte on this,
On Thursday next be married to this Counti,
Int. Tell me not Frier thou heareft of this,
Vnette thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wifedome, thou canst ghe no helpe,
Do thou but call all my refolution wife,
And with his knife, Ie helpe it prefently.
God loyn't my heart, and Romanes, thou our hands,
And ere this hand bythue to Romeo seal'd:
Shall be the Lableb to another Deede,
Or my trueheart with trecherous revolt,
Turne to another, this shall flye them both:
Therefore out of thy long expetition time,
Gie me some prefect counsell, or behold
Twist my extremnes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vngere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe speake a kind of hope,
Which eareas as deperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If mother then to marry Counti Parois,
They haft the strength of ought to play thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake,
A thinglike death to chide away this shame,
That coape't with death himselfe, to escape fro it:
And if thou dast't, I gie thee remedy.
Int. Oh bid meleaper, rather then marry Paris,
Frome the Battelments of any Towere,
Or waile in threein waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: I chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Chamnell howe,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With rucke Thanks and yellow chappels feults:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an unenlained wife to my sweet Love.
Fri. Hold them goe home be merrie, gie content,
To marry Paris: wend day is to morrow,
The face is mine, and thou hast flanedered it.
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl bring then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When prefently through all thy veins shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keep his native progresse, but l storese:
No warmathing, no breath shall tellife thou liest,
The Rofes in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Tc. many affies, the eyes windows fall
Like death when he knowes the day of life:
Each part depriued of supple gudies flanederd:
Shall flifie and flark, and cold apareas like death,
And in this borrowed likeenes of shrinke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then wake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroom in the morning comes,
To rowlie thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy bedt Robert vncover'd on the Beer,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's graue:
Thou shalt be borne so that same ancients vaint,
Where all the kindred of the Capuletts lie,
In the mean time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romes by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come and that very night
Shall Romes beateth likewise to Mantua,
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconfiant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the killing.
Int. Gie me glue, gie me, O tell not me of care.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this refolution, Ie send a Frier with speed
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord.
In. Lose gie me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father.

Enter Father Capulets, Mother, Nurse, and Servant men two or three.

Cap. So many guests intiate as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ie trie if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnurfhift for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her, a peeculli felle-wild harloty it is.
Enter Juliet.
Nur. See where she comes from fiftsift
With merrie looks.
Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?
Int. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your behets, and am enioy'd
By holy Lawrence, to fall profritate here,
To beg your pardon pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever told by your
Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ie have this knot knit vp to morrow mornning.
Int. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,
And gave him what became Love I might,
Not stepping oer the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why I am glad on this is well, stand vp,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Ancestors are packt,
Whose bloody Tybalt yet but green in earth,
Lies felling in his throw'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:
Alacke, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I wake, shall Not be distraught,
Insomnious with all these tidious feasre,
And madly play with my fores, fathers loyants?
And plucke the mangled Tybalt, from his throw'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinffmons bone,
As (with a club) daft out my desperate brains.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: fay Tybalt, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

Lady. Hold.
Take these keys, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Partrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir, sir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Cuphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bake meate, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Coz-queane, go,
Get you to bed, sirsiyou be sick to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No nor a whit: what? I have watcht ere now
All night for leffe caufe, and nere beene sick.
La. I you haue bin a Mouie-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hoolde a jeleous hoold,
Now fellow, what there?
Enter three or four with pter, and logs, and baskets.

Pel. Things for the Coke sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haft, make haft, sirrah, fetch drer Logs.
Call Peter, he will fiew thee where they are,
Pel. I have a head fir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.
Cap. Maffe and well saide, a mercie horizon, ha,
Thou shalt be legger head, good Father, six day.

Play Musick

The Countie be here with Musicke fraught,
For so he said he would, I hear him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Iuliet, go and trim her vp,
Ille go and chat with Paris haste, make haft,
Make haft, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make haft I say.

Why Lamber, why Lamber, sir why you sluggabned,
Why Looe I say? Madam, sweet heart why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleep for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Paris hath fet vp his reft,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me:
Marrie and Amen: how foundt is she a sleepe?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heart, she should it be adunst,
And weep ye now, seeing she is adunst!

Above the Cloudes, as high as Heauen is! eelte
But in this path, you lose your Child to ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long,
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and flique your Reference.
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church;
For though some Nature bids vs all to lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons perfection.

Fa. All things that we ordained to Feliual,
Turn from their office to Blacke Funeral:
Our instruments to melanchoy Bells,
Our wedding chere, to a fad buriall Feast:
Our solenn Hymnes, to fullen Dygres change:
Our Briall flowers fcheme for a buried Coarse;
And all things change them to the contrarie,
Fri. Sir go you in: and Madam, go with him,
And go sir Paris, every one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse unto her grave:
The heaulcans do loose vp upon you, for some ill:
Mowe them no more, by croling their high will.

Exeunt

Muf. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Narr. Honest goodfellows: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Mufitions, oh Mufitions,
Hearts eafe, hearts eafe,
And you will have me liue, play hearts eafe,
Muf. Why hearts eafe?

Pet. O Mufitions,
Because my heart is felle plaiest, my heart is full.

Muf. Not a dumm we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muf. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Muf. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleekte.

Muf. I will give you the Mindre.

Muf. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the servering Creatures Dagger
On your pate I will care no Crochets, Ile re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Muf. And you Re vs and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. M. Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then have at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-brate you with an yron wit,
And put vp your yron Dagger.

Answere me like men:
When griping grieves the heart doth wound, then Muficke with her fliuer found.

Why fliuer found? why Muficke with her fliuer found?
what say you Simon Calling?

Muf. Mary, sir, because fliuer hath a sweet found.

Pet. Prate it, what say you Hugh Rebike?

2. M. I lay fliuer found, because Mufitions found for fil.

Pet. Prate it to, what say you James Sound Fool? (see 3.)

Muf. Faith I know now what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will lay for you; it is Muficke with her fliuer found,
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggars shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecaries?

Enter Apothecaries.

App. Who calls so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poor,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me have
A dram of poyson, such loome speeding grace,
As will dispere it fellow through all the veins.
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead
And that the Trunke may be discharge'd of breath,
As violently as hath the powder feter'd
Doth hurry from the fastall Canons wome.

App. Such mortalt drugs I have, but Mammislaw
Is death to any he, that writs them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear it to die? Pamine is in thy cheeks,
Need and opreition starueh in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds laws:
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poore, but break it, and take this.

App. My poverty, but not my will confents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John,
Welcome from Munia, what fayres to Rome?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foote Brothers out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this City visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both weare in a house
Where the infectious pelliment didaigne,
Seal'd vp the doors, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to Munia there was stalled.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Rome?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearfull were they of infection.

Law. Unhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not rite, but full of charge,
Of desire impropers, and the neglinging in
May do much danger: Friar John go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three lourers willfare Juliet wake,
She will befind me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to Munia.
And keep her: by my Cell till Romeo come,
Poor lovely Coarse, clos'd in a dead man's Tomb;

Exit.  

Enter Paris and his Page.  

Per. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloof,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, with flying vp of Graues,
But thou shalt hear it: whisthe then to me,
As signal that thou haest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridalle bed I strew:  
O weep, thy Canope is stout and stowe,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with tears defiled by moneys;  
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be: so fire thy graue, and weep,
To light thy Fire, or light thy Fire.

The Boy guises warning, something doth approach,
What entered foot wanderers this wayes tonight,
To cross my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.  

Rome. Give me that Mastrocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hearst or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course,
Why I defend this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladie face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must use,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou losell dost returne to pite
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will bare thee joynt by joynt,
And dew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are savage wide:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone for, and not trouble thee.
Per. So that thou shouldest me friend, take thou that Line,  
And be prosperous, and farewell good Fellow.
Per. For all this fame, Ie hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rome. Thou dextreable mawe, thou wondrous death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thee rotten lawes to open,
And in dispit, Ie cram thee with more food.

Per. This is that banish't haughty Mountague,
That murdered my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is suppos'd the faire Creature died.
And here is come to do some villaines shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnshallowed toyle, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muf't die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me, thinke upon thine gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Not on an other side. Upon my head,
By vrging me to fate. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away,

Per. I do deftthy commification,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Per. With thou proouke me and Then hace at thee Boy,
Per. O Lord, they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am flaine, if then be mercifull,
Open the Tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith I will, let me perseue this face:

Mercutius kinman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my betroffed foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.

Say he not so? Or did I dreamt it so?
Or am I mad, seeing him talkes of Juliet,
To think is it was? I give me thy hand,
One, writ with me in wrong misfortunes bookes.

Ie burse thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue! O no, a Lantloire, slaughtered Youth:
For here lies Juliet, and her beautye makes
This Vault a fastening preface full of light.

Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightening before death? Oh how may I,
Call this a lightening? O my Loue, my Wifes,
Death that hath flick the honey of thy breath,
Hath no power yet vpon thy Beautye:
Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties enigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flaggs not advanced there.

Tybalt, fly thou there in thy bloody sheet.
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then wish that hand that cut thy youth in swaine,
To funder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me Conen. Ah deare Juliet:
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleue,
Shall I beleue, that vnhouldan'tt death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will fly with thee,
And never from this Palace of dynm night
Depart againe, come lie thou in my aarms,
Here's to thy health, where ere thou tumble left in.
O true Appothecearie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.

Depart againe, here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambreamides: O here
Will I fet vp my euclaffing reft:
And shake the yoke of insipious farrace
From this world-wesried flesh: Eyes looke your left:
Armes take your left embrasse: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seal with a righteous kiffe
A datelesse bargain to ingrowing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsavoury guide,
Thou desperat Pilot, now at once run
On the dashing Rocks, thy Sea-fickke wareis Barke:
Here's to my Loue. O true Appotheceary:

---

Thy
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Thy drugg are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me my good friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grub, and eyelife Soules? As I discribe,
It burneth in the Capels Monument.

Man. It doth so holy fir,
And there's my Master, one that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearlessly did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents,

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.

O much I fear some ill uncackie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my Master flew him.

Fri. Romeo,

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which flaines
The flonie entrance of this Sepulcher?

What meanes these Masterleffe, and goatie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who else? what Paris too?

And steep in blood? Ah what an vn kind hous
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady flirs,

Int. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?

I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Fri. I hear some noyce Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict.

Hath thwaited our entents, come, come away
The husband in thy bofore there lies dead:
And Paris too comes, Ile dispose of thee,
Away a Sibylline of holy Nuines.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.

Come, go good Iuliet, I dare no longer flay.

Exit.

Int. Go thee hence, for I will nowaway.

What's here? A cup clo'd in my true loses hand
Poyfyon I fee hath bin his timefleef end
O churle, drink all, and let no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will bife thy lips,
Happie some poyfyon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a refortative.

Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Int. Yes noifs?

Then ile be brieftes. O happy Dagger,
Tis in thy sheath, there raff and let me die Kils herfelf.

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard,

Go some of you, who ere you fand attach.

Pittifull fight, here lies the Countie flaine,

And Iuliet bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine thefe two dayes buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capiplas,
Raffe vp the Mounrages, some others search,

We fee the ground whereon these woes do lye,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumfeince defcry.

Enter Rome's man.

Watch. Here's Rome's man.

We found him in the Churchyard.

Cow. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar, and another Watchman.

3. Wait. Here is a Friar that trembles, fihges, and weepes:

We took this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Cow. A great fulfion, lay the Friar too.

Enter the Priers.

Prin. What misadventure is so earnest vpon,

That calls our perfon from our mornings reft?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What fhould it be that they do thikke abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete cries Romeo.

Some Iuliet, and some Paris, and all runne:

With open outcry toward our Monument.

Fri. What fear is this which flaines in your cares?

Wait. Souterraine, here lies the Countie Paris flaine,

And Romeo dead, and Iuliet dead before,

With warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Seere, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wait. Here is a Friar, and Slaughter'd Romeo man,

With Infirments vpon them fit to open

Thefe dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O haueu!

Wife. Look how our Daughter bleedes!

This Dagger hath mifinate, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of Mounrages,

And is mifaduenth in our Daughter before.

Wife. O me, this fight of death, is as a Bell
That waies my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mounrages.

Fri. Come Mounrages, for thou art early vp

To fee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Ais my liege, my wife is dead to night,

Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath flipt her breath:

What further woe conplains against my age?

Prin. Look, and thou shalle fee.

Moun. O thou taught, what manner in is this,

To preff before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seal vp the mouth of oura ge for a while,

Till we can clearle these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true defcend,

And then will I generall of your woes,

And lead you even to death! some time forbeares,

And let mischance be flue to patience,

Bring forth the parties of fulpicion.

Fri. I am the greatefle able to doe leaff,

Yet most fuspefted as the time and place

Dob make against me of this direfull mutther:

And here I fland both to impeach and purge

My felle condemned, and my felle exu'd.

Prin. Then lay at once, what thou doest know in this?

Fri. I will be brieft, for my short date of breath

Is not fo long as a curieton tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that Iuliet,

And the thee dead, that's Rome's faithful wife:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

I married them; and their ftoile marriage day
Was Tybalt's Doomeeday: whose vntimely death
Banh'd the new-made Bridgroomes from this Citie;
For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pined.
You, to remoue that fegre of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuife some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her felfe.
Then gave I her (to Tuerd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which fo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Friet Iohn,
Was fayd by accident; and yefternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her Kindred's vault,
Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble Paris, and true Romea dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience;
But then, a noyfe did scare me from the Tombe,
And the (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it feme) did violence on her felfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:
And if ought in this misfortuned by my fault,
Let my old life be fcrifice'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of feuerel Law.

Prin. We will have knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's Romea's man? What can he say to this?
Boy. I brought my Maifer newes of Iuliet's death,
And then in poft he came from Mantua.
To this fame place, to this fame Monument,
This Letter he earlie bid me give his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirr, what made your Maifer in this place?
Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloofe, and fo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maifer drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courfe of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a pooyfon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Iuliet.
Where be thebe Enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a fcourge is laide upon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your difcordes too,
Have loft a brace of Kinfmen: All are punish'd,
Cap. O Brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Mour. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be fer,
As that of True and Faithfull Iuliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romea by his Lady ly,
Poore facrifice's of our comity.

Prin. A gloonning peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for forrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to have more talk of thefe sad things;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punish'd.
For never was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romea.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.
Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet. Ood day Sir.

Paint. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes the World?

Paint. It wears fit, as it grows.

Poet. That's well known.

But what particular Rarity? What Strange, Which manifold record not matches: see

Magick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power Hath contr'd to attend,

I know the Merchant.

Paint. O'tis a worthy Lord.

Jewel. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,

To an unvyeable and continuance goodnefe:

He paffes,

Jewel. I have a Jewell here.

Mer. O pray let's fee it. For the Lord Timon, fit?

Jewel. He will touch the effimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have praed the wild,

It flavors the glory in that happy Verfe,

Which apply fings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich: here is a Water looke eye.

Paint. You are rapt fit, in some worke, some Dedica-
tion to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing lifted ideally from me.

Our Poetic is as a Gowne, which vies
From whence 'tis nourifh'd: the fire i'th Flint
She wont, till he be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it felfe, and like the current eyes
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Paint. A Picture: when comes your Book: forth?

Poet. Upon the hecules of my pretention fir

Let's fee your piece.

Paint. 'Tis a good Pece.

Poet. So: 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Paint. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne flanding: what a mental power
This eye fhootes forth: How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbaffe of the gellure,

One might interpret,

Paint. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch: 'tis good.

Poet. I will fay of it.

It Turf Nature, Artificial life
Lives in these touches. Livelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators,

Paint. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athen, happy men.

Paint. Looke mee.

Po. You fee this confluence, this great flood of visitors, I have in this rough worke, fiap'd out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and huggle

With amfle entertainment: My free drift

Hits not particularly, but moves it felfe

In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice

Infests one comma in the course I hold,

But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaung no Tract behind.

Paint. How shall I underftand you?

Poet. I will vnhoult to you.

You fee how all Conditions, how all Minders,

As well of glib and fipp'y Creatures, as

Of Graue and affure quality, tender downe

Their fervices to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,

Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All fofts of hearts yes, from the glaffe-face'd Flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loues better

Then to abhorre himselfe: even hee drops downe

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timon nod,

Paint. I faw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I have vpon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd,

The Bafe o'th Mounts

Is rank'd with all defects, all kinde of Natures

That labour on the bofome of this Sphere,

To propagate their ftates: amongst them all,

Whole eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fitt,

One do I perfonal of Lord Timon frame,

Whom Fortune with her Iuoy hand wafts to her,

Whole preffent grace, to preffent ftates and fervants

Translates his Riuals.

Paint. 'Tis concey'd, to fcope

This Thron, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With
Timon of Athens.

With one man becket’d from the rest below
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount.
To clime his happiness, would be well express’d
In our Condition,

Enter Nay Sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his Value; on the moment
Follow his stride; his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his ear,
Make Sacred euen his flytryp, and through him
Drink the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Post. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns downe her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour’d after him to the Mountains top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. This common:
A thousand morall Paintings I can thaw,
That shall demonstrate the quickie blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To thaw Lord Timon, that meane eyes have seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sounded.
Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself curteously
to every Scur.

Tim. Imprison’d is he, say you?

Gent. I say good Lord, few Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most fasting:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those base flut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Vindictus, well,
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well defermes a helpe,
Which he shall have. Ie paye the debt, and free him.

Gent. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Command me to him, I will fend his ransom,
And being enfranchis’d bid him come to me;
Tis not enough to helpe the Fecle vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Gent. All happiness to your Honor.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old. Lord Timon,heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Old. Thou haft a Scourne scorne’d Luctillus.

Tim. I haue to: What of him?

Old. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Luctillus.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships feruice.

Old. This Fellow heere, L Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have beene inclin’d to thrift,
And my estate defermes an Heire more rai’d,
Then one which holds a Treasurer.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One only Daughter haue I, no Kin elce,
On whom I may conferre what I have got:
The Maid is faire, a th’youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deereft coit
In Qualites of the beet. This man of thine
Attempts her loute I pray thee (Noble Lord)

Toyne with meto forbid him her reform,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine,

Tim. The man is honest.

Old. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honesty wards him in it selfe,
It must not heare my Daughter.

Tim. Does he love him?

Old. She is young and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and the accepts of it.

Old. If in her Marriage my content be mifling,
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heeze from forth the Beggars of the world,
And disprefer she all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Old. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath fand’d me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ataine a little,
For’tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ie counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Old. Mofit Noble Lord,
 Pawn me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promife.

Luc. Humbly I thank you Lordship, neuer try
That flate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit

Post. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long fite your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What have you here, my Friend?

Pain. A pece of Painting, which I do befooch
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturell man:
For since Di Horos Traffickers with manu Nature,
He is but out-tide: These Penit’d Figures are
Euen such as they glue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Walte attendance
Till you heare further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand,
We muft needs dine together; fir your Leuell
Hath fuffer’d under Fadre.

Jewel. What my Lord, dispare?

Tim. A more faciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for’t as‘is extold,
It would vnclawe me quite.

Jewel. My Lord, tis rated
As thos which fell would glue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Beleau’ de Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock’d.

Enter Apermentus.

Ster. No my good Lord, he speakes fom common toog
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Look who come heere, will you be child?

Jewel. Wee I heare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee’spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle Apermentus.
Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art Timon dogge, and these Knaves honest.
Tim. Why doth thou call them Knaves, thou know'st them not?
Ape. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Ape. Then I repent not.
Tim. You know me. Apeamantius?
Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud Apeamantius?
Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon
Tim. Whether are going?
Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'st dye for.
Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.
Tim. How lik'st thou this picture Apeamantius?
Ape. The bell, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.
Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of worke.
Pain. Y'sare a Dogge.
Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?
Tim. Wilt dine with me Apeamantius?
Ape. No: I leate not Lord;
Tim. And thou should'st, thou'dst anger Ladies.
Ape. O they eare Lords;
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How doft thou like this Jewell, Apeamantius?
Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not call a man a Doit.
Tim. What doft thou think'st is worth?
Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?
Poets. How now Philosopher?
Ape. Thou lyest.
Poets. Art not one?
Ape. Yes.
Poets. Then I lye not.
Ape. Art not a Poet?
Poets. Yes.
Ape. Then thou lyest:
Looke in thy laft worke, where thou hast gain'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poets. That's not feigred, he is so.
Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that lusts to be flatter'd, is worthy of that flatterer. Heauen's that I were a Lord.
Tim. What wouldst do then Apeamantius?
Ape. Ene as Apeamantius does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy selfe?
Ape. I.
Tim. Wherefore?
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Are not thou a Merchant?
Mer. 1 Apeamantius.
Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Traffike do it, the Gods do it.
Ape. Thou know'st the God, & thy God confound thee.
Mer. Trumpeter sounds. Enter a Messenger.
Tim. What Trumpets are?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horses

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to vs.
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinners done
Shew me this piece: I am joyfull of your Fights.
Enter Alcibiades with the rest.
Most welcome Sir.
Ape. So, so, their Aches contrast, and strenue your supple joint; that there should but small love amongst these sweet Knaves, and all this Curiosity. The fitness of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Sir. You have said my longings, and I send
Most hungrily on your fight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let us in.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord: What time a day is 't Apeamantius?
Ape. Time to be honest.
1. That time servus still.
Ape. The most accurst thou that still omitted it.
2. Thou art going to Lord Timon Feast.
Ape. I, to see meate fill Knaves, and Wine best footes.
2. Pan thee well, farthee well.
Ape. Thou art a Foolie to bid me farewell twice.
2. Why Apeamantius?
Ape. Should'ft have kept one to thy selfe, for I meant to give thee none.
1. Hang thy selfe.
Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding: Make thy requetts to thy Friend,
2. Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or I'll punte thee hence.
Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heedes a'his Asse.
1. He's opposite to humanity.
Comes shall we in,
And taile Lord Timon bountie: he out goes
The verie heart of kindneffe:
2. He powres it out: Potius the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede he repays,
Seven-fold above it selfe: No guilt to him,
But breeds the giver a return; exceeding all vie of Conscience.
1. The Noblest minde he carres,
That ever gouern'd man.
2. Long may he live in Fortunes, Shall we in?
Ike keepe you Company.

Hoboyes Playing loud Musick.
A great Banquet serv'd up: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Venetius which Timon redeemed from prifon. Then comes dropping after all Apeamantius discontemtedly like himselfe.

Venet. Moft honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left merich:
Then, as in gratefull Venice I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those Talents
Doubled with thankses and feruice, from whose helpes
I do't d'liberte.
Tim. O by no means,
Honest Venetius: You mistake my love,
I gave it freely ever, and ther'e none.
Can truly say he gives, if he receivs:
If too betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are rare.

Virt. A No ble spirit.

Tim. Nay Lords, Ceremony was but deuised at first
To see a gloire on faire deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneffe, sorry e's fhoune:
But where there issue friendhip, there needs none.
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies have confent it.
Aper. Ho ho, confent it? Handy'd it? Have you not?
Tim. O Aperantius, you are welcome.
Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, sh'rt a shirle, ye'have got a humour there.

Tim. No:
Heere's proued, This drinke yuit,

Tim. Thee fhall keep his counsell, and shall prove him
And make thee play the caitiff man, not my meate.

Aper. I come, the meate, 'twould chooke me for I
Should nere flatter thee Oh you Gods! What a number
Of men eat Timon,
And hee 'em not? It greeues me to see so many dip
Ther'e meate in one mans blood, and all the madneffe,
He cheereis them vp too.

I wonder men dare truft themselves with men.
Me thinks they should enioy them without kniues,
Good for these meate, and safer for their lives.

Tim. I take no heed of thee:
There is an Avaricious, therefore welcome: I my felfe
Would have no power, let thee let my meate make thee flemen.

Aper. I come, thy meate, 'twould chooke me for I
Should nere flatter thee Oh you Gods! What a number
Of men eat Timon,
And hee 'em not? It greeues me to see so many dip
Ther'e meate in one mans blood, and all the madneffe,
He cheereis them vp too.

I wonder men dare truft themselves with men.
Me thinks they should enioy them without kniues,
Good for these meate, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for, the fellow that fits him next him,
Now parts bread with him, ple deget the breath of him in a
diuided draught is the readieft man to kill him. 'Ts beene proued,
If I were a huge man I should fear to
drink at meates, leaft they should spi my wind-pipes
dangerous noes, great men should drink with harenfe on
their trothes.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.
Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.
Aper. Flow this way? A brave fellow. He keepeis his
tides well, thoofe healths will make thee and thy state
looke ill, Timon.
Here's that which is too weake to be a finner,
Honest water, which nere left man ith'mire:
This and my food are equalls, there's no odds,
Feals are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Aperantius Grace.

Immortal Gods! I crave no perf, I pray for no men but my felfe,
Grants I may never prove so fond,
To truft men on his Oath or Bond,
Or a Harleio for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that feemes offering,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amem. So full too: Ricke men, and I eat rest.
Much good thich thy good heart, Aperantius.
Tim. Capitaine.
Like Madciffe is the glory of his life,
As this Pompe thewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our felues Foolies, to disport our felues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyce it v.p. a.gen
With coyous Spight and Emyn.
Whose lines, that's not deprauid, or depraues;
Whose dye, that beares not, one ftorme to their graces
Of their Friends guilt:
I should feare, thofe that dance before me now,
Would one day flame upon me: *Tis bene done,
Men fhut their doores againft a fetting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon,
and to bear their loues, each single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a leftif straine or two to the
Hoboyes, and ceafe.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fation on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe fo beatifull, and kinde:
You have added worth vnto's, and fuffer,
And entertain'd me with mine owne dettuce.
I am to thank you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs even at the beft.
Aper. Faith for the worft is fitfly, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to difpofe your felues.
All Lds. Moft thankfully, my Lord.

Fla. My Lord.

Fla. Yet, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
There is no croffing him in his humor,
Elife I fhould tell him well, yfaith I fhould.
When all's spent, he'd be coft then, and he could:
'Tis pity Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.

2 Lord. Where be our men?
Ser. Here my Lord in readineffe.

2 Lord. Our Harfies.

Tim. O my Friends:
I have one word to fay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muft interet you honour me fo much,
As to advance this Jewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord,

1 Lord. I am fo farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you,

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flaminus.

Fla. I befeech you Honor, vouchefe me a word, it
does concern you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ihe hear thee,
I prythee let's be provided to fhew them entertainment,

Fla. I feare know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free loue) hath preffented to you
Four Milke-white Horfes, trapt in Silter.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Preffents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What newes?

3 Ser. Pleffe you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Leat, would entreate your company to morrow,
to hunt with him, and he's lent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ie hunt with him,
And let them be recei'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empy Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purfe, or yeeld me this,
To fhew him what a Bagger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his withifhes good.
His promifes flye fo beyond his fiate,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for euery word:
He is fo kinde, that he now payes intereft for't;
His Land's put to their Books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were fould out:
Hapier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then fhuch that do e ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits,
Here to my Lord, a trifle of our Loue,

2 Lord. With more then common thanks
I will receiue it.

3 Lord. Oh he's the very foule of Bounty.
Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gae good
words the other day of a Bay Courier I rod on. Tis yours
because you lik'd it.

1. 2. Oh, I befeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can iflily prate, but what he does affect.
I wiege my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.

All Lors. O none fo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your feuerall vibrations
So kinde to hear, 'tis not eoue enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdames to my Friends,
And neede be weacie. Alcidas,
Then art a Soldeior, therefore fildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy living
Is mong't the dead and all the Lands thou haft
Lye in a pitchet field.

Ate. 1. def't Land, my Lord,
1 Lord. We see fo vertuouly bound.

Tim. And fo am I to you.

2. Lord. So infinitely endear'd,
All. To you. Lights,more Lights.

3. Lord. The beft of Happines:Honor, and Fortunes
Keep with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords

Aper. What a colles here, ferving of becketts, and jut-
ting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the fummings that are giuen for 'em,
Friendhips full of dregges,
Me thinkes faile hearts, should never haue found legges.
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on Curtifiers,

Tim. Now Aperamantius (if thou wert not fallen)
I would be good to thee,

Aper. No, Ie nothing; for if it should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to raile vpnone, and then thou
wouldft fince the fafter.
Thou giu'tt for longer (Timon I
fear me) thou wilt giveway thy felfe in paper shortly,
What needs these Feastes,pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.
Timon of Athens.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Solon. Sire once, I am frown or not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Mufick.

Exeunt

Apol. Sir, thou wilt not have me now, thou shalt not then. He locke thy heaven from thee: Oh that men cares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to flatterie.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Icicles.
He owes nine thousand, besides my former (ome, Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion Of raging want? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, take but a beggars Dogge, And give it Timon, why the Dogge coineth Gold. If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty more Better then he; why give my Horse to Timon.
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foles me straight And able Horfe: No Porter at his gate, But rather one that smilies, and ill invites All that peace by. It cannot hold, no reason Can found his flate in safety. Caphit boa.

Cap. I say

Enter Capitius.

Cap. Heere it is, what is your pleasure. Sen. Get on your clokke, and haft you to Lord Timon, Imporrate him for my Money, be not cafsit With flight deniall: nor then silenced, when Commend me to your Master, and the Cap. Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, My Vices cry to me: I must ferue my turne Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past, And my reliances on his fraught dates Have fince my credit. I loue, and honour him, But must not break my backe, to heal his finger. Immediate are my needs, and my releafe Muff not be toit and turn'd to me in words, But finde supply immediately. Get you gone, Put on a molt important aspect, A visitage of demand: for I do fear When every Feather thickes in his owne wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gull; Which flames now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go fit.

Sen. I go sit?

Take the Bonds along with you, And haue the dates in. Come. Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ftep, so fentencell of expence, That he will neither know how to maintaine it, Nor ceafe his flow of riot. Takes no accord How things go from him, nor refume no care Of what is to continue: never minde, Was to be fo vnwife, to be fo kinde. What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting. Fye, sick, fit, fit.

Enter Capitius, Icicles, and Varro.

Cap. Good even Varro: what, you come for money?

Var. It is not your buifiele too e

Cap. It is, and yours too, Icicles?

Ic. It is fo,

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I hearit.

Cap. Heere cometh the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Training.

Tim. So soon as dinner done, we'll forth againe

My Alcbiades. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off To the face of this new dayer this month: My Master is awak'd by great Occasion, To call upon his owne, and humbly prays you, That with your other Noble parts, you'l faine, In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend, I prythee but repare to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Conceive thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One Varro's tenant, my good Lord. Ic. From Icicles, he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. Twa due on forfcyture my Lord, sixe weekes, and past.

Ic. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I

Am sent expressely to your Lordship.

Tim. Gibe me breath: I do bewitch you good my Lords keepes on, It late wait upon you instantly. Come hither: pray you How goes the world, that I am thus encounters With clamorous demands of debts, broken Bonds, And the detention of long fince due debts

Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen, The time is vngeareable to this businesse: Your importunacie cafs, till after dinner, That I may make his Lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so to my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray drawnear.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Apemantus, let's he foremost with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Ic. A plague upon him dogge.

Var. How daft Foole?


Ape. No 'tis to thy felfe. Come away.

Ic. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou hand'll fingle, th'are not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He left ask'd the question. Poor Rogues, and Vfurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we Apemantus?

Ape. Affes.

Al. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your felues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

Al. Gramercies good Foole: How does your Miftris?

Foole.
Fool. She's one setting on water so fast'd each Chickens as you are, Would we could see you at Corinth.


Enter Page.

Fool. Looke you, here comes my Masters Page.


How do you Aperamatus?

Apt. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitable.

Boy. Prythee Aperamatus read me the supercursive on these Letters, I know not which is which.

Apt. Cant I not read?

Page. No.

Apt. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibades, Go thou was't borne a Baife, and thou't dye a Bard.

Page. Thou was't where a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone. Exit

Apt. Ene thou to out-run this Grace,

Fool I will go with you to Lord Timon.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apt. If Timon stay at home, you three ere three Vurers?

All. I would they serul'd vs.

Apt. So would I.

As good a triche as ever Hangman serul'd Theefe.

Fool. Are you three Vurers men?

All. I Fool.

Apt. I thinke no Vurer, but he's a Fool to his Servant, My Mistirs is one, and I am her Fool: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apt. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no leffe execracion.

Varre. What is a Whoremaster Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometimes it appears like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosoph, with two Romes more then'sarrifal all one. Here is very often like a Knight, and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourteen to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foele.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a Wife man.

As much foolerie as I have, so much widow lack't.

Apt. That answerr might have become Aperametus.

All. Afide, aside, here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Apts. Come with mee (Fool) come.

Fool. I do not always follow Louer, ister Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk eneere,

Ile speake with you anon.

Exit.

Tim. You make mee meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully lade my stake before me,

That I might have harte my expence

As I had lease of meaners.

Var. You would not heare me.

At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,

When my indigitation put you backe,

And that vanitye made your minifter.

Thus to excelle your self.

Stew. O my good Lord,

As many times I brought in my accoumpts,

Laid them before you, you would throw them off,

And say you found them in mine honestie.

When for some trifling present you haue bid me

Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:

Yea I gainst that Authoritie of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did induce

Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I haue

Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,

And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,

Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greatefull of your bounty, lackes a halfe,

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forseyted and gone,

And what remaines will hardly flop the mouth

Of present dues; the future comes space:

What shall defend the Interim, and at length

How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,

Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you fulfet my Husbandry or Fallhood,

Call me before the exactest Auditors,

And let me on the proofe. So the Gods bleffe me.

When all our Offices have beene oppressed

With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept

With drunken spilith of Wine; when every room

Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Ministrifles,

I have recey'd me to a wastefull cocke,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heavens haue I said the bounty of this Lord:

How many prodigall bits have Steues and Peasants

This night engluted: who is not Timon,

What heart, what sword, what force, means, but is L. Timons:

Great, Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon;

Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praisse.

The breath is gone, whereas of this praisse is made:

Feast won, faill loft; one cloud of Winter showes,

These flyes are coacht.

Tim. Come fermon me no further.

No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;

Vnservice, not ignobly haue I giurn,

Why doft thou wepe, canst thou the confidence lacke,

To think I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,

If I would break the vesfells of my love,

And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,

Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vfe

As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Assurance bleffe your thoughts.

Tim. And in some fort these wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceive

What youth hath made Fortune?

I am wealthiest in my Friends.

Within there, Fames, Sthrellus?
Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you furely.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucilius you, I hunted
with his Honor to day; you to Simplicius; commend to
their loves; and I am proud, that my occasions
have found time to vie 'em toward a supply of money: let
the request be fifty Tents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.


Tim. Go you sit for the Senators:

Of whom, even to the States bell health; I have
Defend'd this Hearing: bid 'em fend off that
thousand Tents to me.

Stc. I have been bold

(For that I knew it the most general way)

To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. It's true! Can't be?

Stc. They answer in a lowt and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot
Do what they would: nor do you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wish't, they know not,
Something last beene amiss; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; it pitty,
And fo intending other serious matters,
After disfattisfull lookses; and these hard Fractions
With certaine half-caps, and cold mowing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cherely. These old Fellows
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary;
Their blood is cack'd, 'tis cold, it sildone flowers,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.

Go to Pentidattus (pyshee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee) Pentidattus lately
Buried his Father, by whose death bee's flipp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in fearfite of Friends,
I clee'd him with due Tents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembered
With those due Tents; that had, glue these Fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Now 'e speake, or thinke,
That Timon's fortunes mong his Friends can finke,
Farewell. I would, I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Poe;
Being free is felfe, it thinke all others to.

Exeunt

Flaminioe waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,
enters a servant to him.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Enter Lucillius.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord Timon men? A Guard I warrant.
Why this hirs right: I dreamt of a Siluer Baion & Ewre
to night. Flaminioe, honest Flaminioe, you are vere re-
spectfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine; And how
does that Honourable, Complete, Free-hearted Gent-
man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-
ster?

Flam. His health is well fir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well fir: and what shall thou there under thy Cloake, pretty Flaminioe?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intrest your Honor to sup-
ply: who having great and instant occasion to vse fiftie
Tents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: no-	hing doubting your present assistence therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting fayes here? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep to
good a house. Many a time and often I bidn't with
him, and told him on't, and came againe to suppress to him
of purpose, to have him spend leffe, and yet he would em-
brace no counsell; take no warning by my comming, ever-
ry man has his fault, and honesty is his. I lye told him on't,
but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminioe, I haue noted thee always wife.

Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship fakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue offer'd thee always for a towardlie prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reaon; and canst vse the time well, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone fir-
rath. Draw nearer honest Flaminioe. Thy Lords a bount-
ifull Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know'st
well enough (although thou com't to me) that this is no
time to lend money, especially upon bare friendfhippe
without secureite. Here's three Solidares for thee, good
Boy winke at me, and lay thou faw'll mee not. Fare thee
well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we slue that lined? Fly damn'd bafeness
To him that worships thee.

Luc. Fa! Now I fee thouart a Foolie, and fit for thy
Mailer.

Exit L.

Flam. May these add to the number? may seal'd thee:
Let monlen Caine be thy damnation, Thou dice's of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship fuch a faint and milkie heart,
It turns in leeff then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slue unto his Honor,
Has my Lords meanes in him:
Why should it thrive, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to petron?
O may Diceses only work upon:
And when he's ficke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell ticksnesse, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leffe, though we are but stran-
gers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and
which I heare from common rumours, how Lord Timon:
happie howeres are done and past, and his estate shrinks
from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleue it: hee cannot want
for money.

2 But beleue you this my Lord, that not long age,
one of his men was with the Lord Lucillius, to borrow so
many Talents, may vrd extreamly for't, and shewed

what
What charitable men afford to Beggars.

3 Religion grones at it.

2 For mine owne part, I never rafted Timon in my life
Not once of his bounties over me, To make me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue, And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necesse made vie of me, I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the beft halfe should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men must leaue now with pitty to dispence, For Polity sits about Confidence.

Enter a third servant with Seruilius; another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in this Hum.

But all others?
He might have tryed Lord Lucius, or Luculbus,
And now Pentidruss is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates unto him.
Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin touch'd, and sound Bassett, For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? Have they deny'd him?
Has Pentidruss and Luculbus deny'd him,
And does he fend to me thus? Three? Hum?
It shews but little care, or judgement in him.

But I be his left refuge? His Friends.[like Physicians]
Thrive, give him over: Must I take th' Curse upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'm angry at him,
That might have knowne my place. I see no flence for't,
But his Occasions might have woor'd me first:
For in my confidence, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd guilt from him.
And does he thine so backwardly of me now,
That he requireth not? No:

So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th' ref, and 'mong 'r Lords be thought a Feole:
I'd rather then the worth of thrice the flume,
Hast fend to me first, but for my minde fake:
I'de such a course to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply, this answer loyne:
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. Exit
Ser. Excellent: You Lordships a goodly Wildm: the
duell I know not what he did, when he made man Poli-
tiche; he cossed himselfe by't, and I cannot thinke, but in
the end, the Villaines of man will set him cleeve. How
fairly this Lord fitures to appeareuffle: Takes Vertuous
Copies to be wicked: like thefe, that under botte ar-
dent zene, would fet whole Realmes on fire, of such a
nature is his politike loue,
This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Save onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Dores, that were ne're acquainted with their Words
Many a bounteous yeere, must be impoy'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberal carells allows,
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house, Exit.

Enter Varo's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to
wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius,

Var. man. Well met, goodman Scur Timon & Hortensius

Timon of Athens.
Tit. The like to you kinder, Sirs.
Luc. Cata! what do we meet together?
Tim. I, and I think one business do's command vs all,
For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.
Luc. Enter Philaus.
Tim. And Sir Philaus too.
Phil. Good day at one.
Luc. Welcome good Brother.
What do you think the house is? Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luc. So much.
Phil. I wonder on't; the want was to shine at feauen. Luc. I, but the dayes are very shorter with him: You must consider, that's a prodigious course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I fear: Tit deepest Winter in Lord Timon purs'd, that is: One may reach deeper end, and yet finde little.
Luc. I am of your fear, for that.
Tit. He shew you how 'tobereare a strange event: Your Lord sends now for Money? Hort. Mol't trust he doe's.
Tit. And he races Jewels now of Timon's, gilt, For which I warr for money.
Phil. It is against my heart.
Luc. Marke how strange it flows, Timon in this, should pay more then he owes: And e'ne if your Lord should wear rich Jewels, And send for money for 'em.
Hort. I'ne weary of this Charge, The Gods can winntle: I know my Lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, And now ingratitude, makes it worse then flesh.
Varro. Yet, mine's three thousand Crownes, What's yours?
Luc. Five thousand mine.
Varro. 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by them.
Your Matters confidence was above mine, Else surely his had equal'd.
Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Timon's? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordship; pray signifies so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too Enter Steward in a Cloke, muffled. (diligent,
Luc. Has not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.
Stew. What do ye ask of me, my Friend.
Tit. We wait for certaine Money here, sir.
Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.
Why then prefer'st thou not your summery and Bills
When your faile Matters ease of my Lords most? Then they could smile, and sawne upon his debtes, And take downe thl'Impris into their glutinous Mawes,
You do your felues but wrong to suffer me vp,
Let me passe quietly.
Believe't, my Lord and I have made anend, I have no more to reckon, he to spend,
Luc. I but this answer will not sere.
Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voyage, too't, The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinner so much, as Mercy. 2 Moit true; the Law shall bruise 'em.
Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate, Now Captaine.
Alec. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pity is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heucie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath Rep't into the Law. which is 
To those that (without heede) do plundge into't.
He is a Man (sett'ng his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which brues out his fault)
But with a Noble Furry, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe: And with such fober and 
命名ed passion
He did behoue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proud an Argument.

1 Sen. You undertake too far'nd a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire:
Your words have touse such paines, as if they labour'd To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour mil-begor, and came into the world,
When Scots, and Factions were newly borned,
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wiselyuffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wronges, his Out-tider, To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly, And he's therfore most notable to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wronges be euillies, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alec. My Lord.

1 Sen. You cannot make groffe sinner looke cleare, To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alec. My Lords, then vnder favour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine,
Why do fond men expose them'selves to Barrell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe ypon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That flay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loden with Irons, wiser than the Judge?
If Wifdom be in sufferings. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemn us frieselle in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinner extreme of Guft,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most soft.
To be in Anger, is impiete:
But who is Man, that is not Angtie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 Sen. You breath in vaine.
Alic. In vaine;
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient bribir for his life.

1 What's that?
Alec. Why say my Lords he's done faire seruice, And claim in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himselfe
In the last Confid, and made plentiful wounds?
2 He has made too much pritty with him:
He's a worne Rotor, he has a spire
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough To overcome him. In that Beasly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages, And cherissh Faction. 'Tis infer'd to vs,
His days are soules, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.
Alec. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
To keepe behinde him, and joyn 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages love Securitie,
Ie pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returns,
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre reciev'e in valiant gure,
For Law is stiffe, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, urge it no more.
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spiles another.
Alec. Must it be so? it must not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2 How?

Alec. Call me to your remembrance.

3 What.

Alec. I cannot think but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elle be, I should prove to base, To fee and be deny'd fuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever,
Alec. Banish me?
Banish your dorage, banish vulture,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1 If after two dayes thine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightier Judgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.
Alec. Now the Gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in bond, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
While they haue sold their Money, and let out Their Coine upon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the Balfome, that the vuring Senar
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banished,
It is a crafte worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ie cheer up
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit.
Enter dinner: 
Friends at several doors.

1 The good time of day to you, sir.
2 Alas! with it to you; I think this Honourable Lord did but try vs this other day.
3 Upon that were my thoughts tyring when wee encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seeme in the trial of his feueral Friends.
4 I should not be, by the perusation of his new Feasting.
5 I should think so. He hath sent mee an earnest inquiring, which many of my nere occasions did verge mee to put off: but he hath conu'ed mee beyond them, and I must needs appear.
6 In like manner was I in debt to my importune businesse, but he would not hear my excuse. I am forrie, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Provision was out.
7 I am fick of that greene too, as I understand how all things go.
8 Every man heares so: what would he have borroved of you?
9 A thousand Peces.
10 A thousand Peces?
11 What of you?
12 He sent to me sir —— Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
1 Enter at the best, hearing well of your Lordship,
2 The Swallowe follows not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.
3 Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: feast your cares with the Musicke awhile: If they will fere so hastily o'Th Trumpets sound: we shall not so presently.
4 I hope it remains not vnkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.
5 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?
6 My most Honourable Lord, I am e're sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.
7 If you had sent but two hours before.
8 Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.
1 All course'd Dishes.
2 Royall Cheere, I warrant you.
3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it
4 How do you? What's the newes?
5 Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?
6 Both. Alcibiades banish'd?
7 His be, be sure of it.
8 How? Howe
9 I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
10 Ile tell you more anon.Here's a Noble feast toward this is the old man still.
11 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
12 I do's: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceyse.

Tim. Each man to his flooche, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Miftris: your dyer shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The God's require our Thanksies.

To great Benefactors, freely our Society with Thankfulness. For your own guiles, make your felves praid: But referre still to give, least your Deities be defied. Lend to each man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your Godheads so borrow of men, men would forake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Assemblies of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there be twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The gift of your Foes, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common body of People, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for defraction. For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse them, and so nothing are they welcome.

Vaucor Doggers, and lap.
Some speake. What do's his Lordship meanes?
Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast never behold
You know of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm vater
Is your perfection. This is Timons Hift,
Who fluckle and spangle you with Flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your recking villany. Liue losth'd, and long
Moft smiling, smooth, detected Parasites,
Curreous Deftruyers, affable Woulte, mecke Beares:
You Fooloes of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Fryes,
Cap and knee-Stales, vapours, and Minute Jackets.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Cruft you quite o're. What do's thou go? Soft,
Ease thy Physick first; shouto'th, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereas a Villaines not a welcome Guest.
Burne house, finke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?
2 Know you the quality of Lord Timons duty?
3 Pufh, did you see my Cap?
4 I have loft my Gowne.
5 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors sways him.
6 He gaueme I wellw th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
7 Did you see my Jewell?
8 Did you see my Cap.
9 Heere tis.
10 Heere Ies my Gowne.
11 Let's make no sty.
12 Lord Timons med.
13 I feel on my bones,
14 One day he gives vs Diamonds, next day flones

Exit the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke becke upon thee, O thou Wall
That girdles in these Wolues, due in the earth,
And fencet not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent
Obedience fayle in Children: Stales and Fools

Plucke
Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steads, to generall Fitches.
Contest to the Infant greene Virginy,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrups,hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trullers throates. Bound Servants,steale,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And gill by Law. Maidie,to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mirths is oth Broshell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Guth from thy old imping Sire,
With it, beare out his Brains. Pity, and Fear,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Truth, Truth,
Domesticke ave. Night-rell, and Neighbour-hood,
Infrution, Manners, Myteryes, and Trades,
Degrees, Obscurances, Cutoffmes, and Lawses,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion line: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectuous Feauers,heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatics,
Cripple our Senators that their limbs may hate
As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Liberie
Creape in the Mindes and Marowthes of our youth,
That gainst the flame of Vertue they may fixt,
And drowne themselves in riot. Iches, Blaunes,
Sowe all eth Athenian bofomes, and their crop
Be general Leprofe: Breath infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be merely payfon. Nothing ile beare from thee
But nakedesse, thou deteable Towne;
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes
Th'man will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'ynkinded Beast, more kinder then Mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And grant as Timon growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen.
Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Hear you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
2. Such a House broke.
So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
One friend to take his Fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.
3. As we do tue to our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his greue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke the all away, leue their false vows with him.
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poore felfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all humd'ned povertie,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.
Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
3 Yet do we hearts wearie Timons Livery,
That fee I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Sitting alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mastes,stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surfes threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
Stew. Good Fellowes all,
This yellow Slave,
Will knit and break Religions, bless'th accust,
Make the hoarse Leprosy ado'd, place Theesus,
And give them Tliue, knea, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes thy wampum the Widow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spistle-houte, and viciorous fouses
Would cast the gorge at, This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'April day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that purpose odes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature, March of warre off.
Hat! A Drumme? Take better quicke,
But yet Ile fancy thee. Thou'go (strong Theehe)
When Gowry keepes thee of cannot stand:
Say thy thou out for earrrnt.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,
and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker grew thy hate
For showing me against the eyes of Man.
Alc. Art what thy name? is man so hateful to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?
Tim. I am Mifantropes, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
That I might love thee something.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am unsleepe'd, and fastre.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee.
I not defin'd to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules:
Religious Cannons, civil Laws are cruel,
Then what should warre be? This fell whose of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
Phryn. Thy lips roe off.
Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lippes againe.
Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to glue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow off.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alc. What is it Timon?
Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do performe, confound thee, for thou
art a man.
Alc. I have heard in some sorte of thy Miferies.
Tim. Thou saw'dst them when I had prosperitie.
Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine now, is held with a brace of Harlots.
Timon. Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd do regardedly?
Tim. Art thou Timon?
Timon. Yes.
Tim. Be a whom fill, they love thee not that vie thee,
give them diffease, leasing with thee their Lofe. Make
vie of thy kill hours, feason the flames for Tubbes and
Bashes, bring downe Rofe-cheeks, youth to the Jubfals, and
the Diet.
Timon. Hang thee Monitor.
Alc. Pardon him sweet Timonede, for his wits
Are drown'd and left in his Calamities.

I haue but little Gold of late, bravo Timon,
The want whereof, doth daily make estate
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and gree'd
How curfed Athens, mindeless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbourstates
But for thy Stream I am forsworn to stand on them.
Tim. I pray thee bester thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee deere Timon.
Tim. How doth thou pity him whom I do'tt trouble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fafe thee well:
Here is some Gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a seape.
Tim. War'st thou gain'd Athens, Alc.
Alc. I Timon, and haue caufe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou haft Conquer'd.'
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was borne to conquer my Country,
Put vp thy Gold. Go on,heeres Gold, go on;
Be a a Plaineity of thee, when I love
Will of some high-Vil'd City, hang his payfon
In the fickle ayre: let not thy sword slipper:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Viller. Strike me the counterfeet; Marion,
It is her habite only, that is holle,
Her felfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgin checque
Make fofthy trenchant Sword: fof that Melkn pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Lefse of pity wris,
But fet them downe horrible Thaletes. Spare not the Babe
Whoof dimpled smiles from Fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a Baffard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtyfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And minece it fans remorse. Sware against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whoof proofe, not yels of Mothers, Maidens, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Veilments bleeding,
Shall pierce a lot. There's Gold to pay thy Souliaers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent
Confound'd be thy felfe. Speake not, be gone.
Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gis'te
me, not all thy Counfell.
Tim. Doth thou or doft thou not, Heavens cause vpon thee.

Both. Glue vs some Gold good Timon, haft fi more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Shutes
Your Aprons mountains; you are not Othable,
Although I know you I'swearre, terribly swerare
Into strong bladders, and to heavenly Agnes
Thinneform'ls Gods that heare thee. Spare your Oathes:
Ile trull to your Conditions, be whores full.
And he whole pious breath freakes to convert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your clofe fire predomiante his smoke,
And be no tune coasts; yet may your pains fine months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poor thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore full,
(Paint till a hoffe may myre vpon your face)
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well,more Gold,what then?

h h

Beleue't
Beleue't that we't do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Confumptions fowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their harpe shames,
And marre mens spurning. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more falk Title pleade.
Not found's his Quillons forthly: Hoare the Flamen,
That fould'g against the quality of feth,
And not beleue himfelfe. Downe with the Nofe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quicke away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
(bald
Smells from the general weale. Make could'pate Ruffians
And let the vufcared Dragget of the Warre
Derive fome painte from you. Plague all,
That your Aeftrity may defeat and quell
The foures of all Eccion. There's more Gold,
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counfell with more Money, bounteous

Tim.

Tim. More whore, more Mifcheefe firft, I have giuen
you canneft.

Act. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell

Tim. If I thrive well, Ie vifit thee againe.

Tim. If hope well, Ie never fee thee more.

Act. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou fpok't well of me.

Act. Call'g thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Act. We but offend him, strike.

Tim. That Nature being fickle of mens unkindneffe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whofe wombe vnameflexible, and infinite breft
Teemes and feeds all: whofe felfe fame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puf't,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelife venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Cippe Heaven,
Whereon Iperious quickening fire doth fhine:
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From fourth thy plentiful bofome, one poore roote:
Enfære thy Fertile and Conceiptious wombe,
Let is more bring out ingratitudefull man,
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monfter, whom thy fpavard face
Hath to the Marbled Manion all aboue
Neuer prefent'd. O, A Root, deare thankes:
Dry vphy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Lees,
Whereof ingratitudefull man with Liceniff draughts
And Morfels Venfious, gerafe his pure mind,
That from it all Confederation flippes

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Act. I was direcd hisher. Men report,
Thou doft affect my Manners, and doft vie them.

Tim. Tis then, because thou doft not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Confumption catch thee.

Act. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnamally Melancholly fpung
From change of fature. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slau'e-like Habit, and thefe looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine,eye loft,
Hugge their difeas'd Perfumes, and have forgot
That euer Timo was. Shame not thef Wood's,
By purring on the cunning of a Carpent.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and feek to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obfrrue
Blow oft thy Cap; praffe his moft vicious Straine,
And call it excellent: thou wift well thus:
That gou'd thinne eares (like Tophlers, that bad welcom)
To Knoues, and all approchers: This mouth liift
That thou turne Racleall, had'g thou wealth againe,
Rafeals shou'd have't. Do not afsume my likenefe.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my felfe.

Act. Thou haft caft away thy felfe, being like thy felfe
A Madman I low, now a Foolie: what th'kirt
That the bleake ayre, thy boyferous Chamberfaine
Will put thy fhi on warme? Will thefe moyft Trees,
That have out-li'd the Eagle, page thy heele
And skip when thou point'ft out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Lee, Cawdle thy Morning cafe
To cure thy o'ne-nights fuffer? Call the Creatures,
Whole naide Natures live in all the fpike
Of wreckfull Heaven, whose bare vnhoufed Trunkes.
To the confiding Elements expot'd
Anfwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.

O thou flalt finde,

Tim. A Poem out of thee: depart.

Act. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse,

Act. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'f mefiry.

Act. I flatter nor, but say thou art a Cuyffe.

Tim. Why do'ft thou feeke me out?

Act. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Foolies.

Doft pleafe thy felfe in?

Act. I.

Tim. What, a Knave too?

Act. If thou did't put this fowre cold habit on
To callifie thy pride, 'were well: but thou
Doft it enforcedly: Thou did't Courier be againe
Wert thou not Beggars: willing misfery
Our-likes: incontarte pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling fill, neuer complex:
The other, at high with a left face Contemlineffe;
Hath a dratfaced and moft wrecketed being,
Worfe then the worth, Content.

Thou shou'd flatter to dye, being miferable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miferable.
Thou art a Slau'e, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer clafpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'th thou like vs from our first fouth proceed,
This sweet degrees that this breefe world afraids,
To fuch as may the pauffie druggs of it
Freely command'lt thou would'g haue plung'd thy felfe
In general Riot, meltet downe thy youth
In different beds of Luft, and neuer learnt
The Icie precepts of repect, but followed
The Singed game before thee. But my felfe,
Who had the world as my Confeftionario,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At dury more then I could frame employment;
That numberleffe upon me flucke, as lesure.
Do on the Oake, haute with one Winters brash
Fell from their boughe, and left me open,bare,
For every forme that blows. I to bear this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in fuffrance, Time
Hath made thee hard in. Why should it hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haft thou given?
If thou wilt cure; thy father (that poor ragge) Mule be thy subject whai in spight put stiffe To some base Beggar, and compassed thee Poor Rogue, hereditary, Hence, be gone, If thou hadst not beene borne the world of men, Thou hadst beene a Leopar'd, Flatterer, Art thou prond yet? Tim. I, that I am not thrice. I, that I was no Prodigall. Hence, be gone, Where would you be? Hence, be gone, the commonwealth of Athens is become A forrest of Beasts. If thou couldst please me With speaking to me, thou wilt have but vpon it hence. The Commonwealth of Athens, is become

Thee, Art thou the Alpha broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie. Thou art the Cap Of all the Foolish alike.

Would thou were clean enough To spit vpon. A plague on thee, Thou art too bad to cure. All Villaines That do stand by thee, are pure. There is no Leprofie, But what thou speakest. If I name thee, I beleve thee; But I should infect my hands, I would my tongue Could not them off. Away thou wast of a mangle dogge, Choler does kill me. That thou art alive, I wond'rt see thee, Would thou wouldst burst. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee. Beasts, Slaine, Tond, Rogue, Rogue, Rogue. I am sick of this false world, and will lose nothing, But even the more necessities vpon't: Then I must preferly prepare thy grace: Lye where the light Fore of the Sea may beate Thy grace alone dayly, make thine Epitaph, That death in me, at others lives may laugh. O thou sweate King-killer, and deare divorce I was naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler of Homer purest bed, thou valiant Mars, Thou euer, yong, freth, loured, and delicate woode, Whole blifflous doth shave the confecrated Snow That lies on Dian lap. Thou visible God, That couldstke close Impossibilities, And mak'st them kife; that speakest with everie Tongue h h 3 To.
Enter the Bandicts,

1. Where should he have this Gold? It is some pone Fragment, some fledge Or of his remainder; the more want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy.  
2. It is nois'd He hath a maffe of Treasure.  
3. Let vs make the affer upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easly: if he courteously referre it, how shall's get it? 
4. True: for he beares it not about him: 
Tis hid. 
1. Is not this hee? 
All. Where?  
2. Tis his description. 
3. He? I know him. 
All. Save thee Timon. 
Tim. Now Theues, 
All. Soldiers, not Theues. 
Tim. Both too, and womens Sons. 
All. We are not Theues, but men That much do want. 
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat: Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots: Within this Mile breakes forth a hundred Springs: The Oakes beare Maff, the Briars Scarlet Heaps, The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush, Lays her full Meffe before you. What? why Want? 
1. We cannot live on Graffe, on Berries, Water, As Beasts, and Birds, and Fitches. 
2. Nor on the Beasts them, the Birds & Fitches, You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con, That you are Theues profelt: that you work not In holler shapes: For there is boundlesse Theif in limited Professions. Raffall Theues 
Here's Gold Go, fucke the subtle blood o'th'Grape, Till the high Frour feed your blood to froth, And to feape hanging. Truft not the Phyffitian, His Antidotes are poyson, and he flayes 
Moot then you Rob: Take wealth, and lies together, Do Villaine do, once you protest to do't. 
Like Workemen, He example you with Theuery: 
The Sunnes Theefe, and with his great attration Robbes the vafi Sea. The Moones an errant Theeafe, And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne. 
The Sea's Theefe, whose liquid Surge, refolves 
The Moone into Salt tears. The Earth's a Theefe, That feeds and breads by a compoture Flome 
From gen'tall excitation: each thing's a Theefe, 
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Enter the Stewarde to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods! 
Is you'd despi'st and rainy man my Lord? 
Full of decay and faying? Oh Monument 
And wonder of good deeds, cuidly beflow'd 
What an alteration of Honor has desp'late want made? 
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends, 
Who can bring Noblest minds, to bafe end, 
How rarely does it meete with this times guile, 
When man was wiſht to loue his Enemies: 
Grant I may ouer, and rather woō 
Thee that would mischeffe me, then thoes that too, 
Has caught me in his eye, I will prefer my honeſt griefe 
into him, and as my Lord, fill ferue him with my life. 
My deere Maffe, 
Tim. Away: what art thou? 
Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir? 
Tim. Why doft aske that? I have forgot all men. 
Then, if you grant'tt, that's a man. 
I have forgot thee. 
Stew. An honeſt poore fervants of yours. 
Tim. Then I know thee not: 
I never had honeſt man about me, I all 
I kept were Knaues, to ferue in meate to Villaines. 
Stew. The Gods are witneffe, 
Ne'r did poore Stewarde ware a triner greefe 
For his vnborne Lord, then mine eyes for you. 
Tim. What, doth thou weepes? 
Come nearer, then I love thee 
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 
Fliny mankinde: whole eyes do never give, 
But thoweth Luſt and Laughter's pickles beeping 
Strange times ſ weepeth with laugher, nor with weeping, 
Stew. I begge of you, to know me, my good Lord, 
T'accept my greefe, and whilt this poore wealth las, 
To enterteine me as you Stewarde fill. 
Tim. Had I a Stewarde 
So true, so luſt, and now so comfortable? 
It almost surmes my dangerous Nature wilde. 
Lett me behold thy face: Surely, this man 
Was borne of woman. 
Forgive my generall, and excepteſſe rafineſſe 
You perpetuall Ifober Gods. I do proclame 
One honeſt man: Miftake me not, but one: 
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward. 
How faire would I have hasted all mankinde, 
And thou redeem't thy felloe. But all faue thee, 
I fell with Curſes, 
Me thinke thou art more honeſt now, then wife: 
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another Service:
For many to arrive as second Masters,
Upon whose first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though we're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse fatheal, courteous,
If not a Venerating kindnesse, and as rich men dealste Gifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brief
Doubt, and sulpeced (as) are plac'd too late:
You should have fast'd faire times, when you did fast.
Sulpeced still comes, where an effect is leaft,
That which I shew, heauenly knowes, is merryely Loose,
Dute, and Zeale, to your unmatcht minde;
Care of your Food and Linings, and beleue it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that pointis to mee,
Either in hope, or preuent, I doe exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To require me, by making rich your selfe,
Tim. Look'le then, tis to: thou singly honest man,
Here take the Gods out of my miserie
His's fent thee Treasure: Go, buie rich and happy,
But this condition't: That first build from men:
Here all, earse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou relese the Beggar. Give to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prifons swallow'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like baffe'd woods
And may Disgraces lieve up th'ir faire bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master,
Tim. If thou hast Curfes
Stay not: Bye, whil'st thou art blesst and free:
Ne'ere see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke noce of the place, it cannot be faire
where he abides,

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.

Alcididas reports it: Phronica and Timanyle
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poor fadling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis fide, he gave vnto his Steward
A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
He's bee nee but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:
You shall fee him a Palm in Athens againe,
And flourisht with the highest:
Therefore 'tis not amisse, we render our loues
To him, in this suppos'd diffire tshal:
It will fhew honestly in vs,
And is very like, to load our purpofes
With what they trauaille for,
If'it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his haung:

Poet. What have you now
To preuent vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Vitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Pece.

Poet. I must ferue him fo too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beft.

Promising, is the very Ayre at the Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the dullest for his ade,
And house in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vfe,
To Promife, is most Courteous and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy felle.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have prouided for him:
It must be a perfoning of himselfe:
A Satyre against the fomsnes of Prosperity,
With a Discouer of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulentie.

Timon. Might thou needes
Stand for a Villain in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do fo, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's feeke him.
Then do we finne against our owne efface,
When we may profit meece, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day fenes before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'lt, by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Tim. He mee teate you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worthifhe
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feed?
Tis thing that riggit the Barke, and pownit the Fame,
Sethall admired reverence in a Sauc,
To thee be worthifhe, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obays
Fit I meet thee:

Poet. Hail worthy Timon,

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Have I once li'd
To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:
Hating often of your open Bounty tafted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends faine off,
Whose thankefeffe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippers of 11eauen,are large enough,
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rap'd, and cannot couer
The mifticient bulke of this Ingratitude
With any fize of words.

Timon. Let it go,

Naked men may fee the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them beft feene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my felle
Haeu trauail'd in the great flowers of your guilts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. 1, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Most honest men:
Enter Timon of Athens.

Tim. Thou Sonne that comfort burnes, 
Speeke and be hang'd: 
For each rude word, a blitter, and each false 
Be as a Cantharizing to the root o'th'Tongue, 
Confusing it with speaking.

1. Worthy Timon. 
Tim. Of none but such as you, 
And you of Timon.

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon. 

Tim. I thanke them, 
And would fend them backe the plague, 
Could, but catch it for them.

2. Of course. 
What we are forry for our felues in thee: 
The Senators, with one confeit of love, 
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought 
On special Dignities, which vacant ye 
For thy beft vfe and wearing.

3. They confede 
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall groffe; 
Which now the publiche Body, which doth fideome 
Play the re-cencer, feeling in it felfe 
A lacke of Timons ayde, hath fince withall 
Of it ownne fall, refraining ayde to Timon, 
And fend forth vs, to make their forrowed render, 
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull 
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme, 
I euen fuch heapes and fummes of Loue and Wealth, 
As fhalt to thee blow out, what wronges were theirs, 
And write in thee the figures of their loue, 
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You with a thine in it, 
Surprise me to the very brink of teares; 
Lend me a Fools heart, and a womans eye, 
And Ile bewepe thee these comforts, worthy Senators. 
1. Therefore fo pleafe thee to returne with vs, 
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take 
The Captainhip, thou fhalt be met with thanks, 
Allowed with a fublime power, and thy good name 
Liu with Authoritie: fo fome we fhall drive backe 
Of Arguments that approaches wild, 
Who like a Bore too fage, doth root vp 
His Countries peace.

2. And makes his threatening Sword 
Against the wailes of Athens. 
1 Therefore Timon.

Tim. Well for, I wil: therefore I will ftir thus:
If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen, 
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, 
That Timon cares not. But if he fake faire Athens, 
And take our goodly aged men by the Beard, 
Give our holy Virgins to the fline 
Of connumelous, brendy, mad'brain'd warre: 
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him taste at worst: For their Knives caze not,
While you have threats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whistle, in the valiant Campes,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuents Threat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Thecues to Keepers.

Stem. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim: Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be furen to morrow. My long ficknefe
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be Alcibiades your plague: you his,
And left fo long enough.

1. We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I lose my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1. That's well spake.

Tim. Command me to my loving Countreymen.
2. Th'fewe words become your lippes as they passe thro' them.
And enter in our rares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gaites.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them, that to safe them of their griefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches loiffe,
Their pangs of Louse, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Veffell doth furthe.
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindness do them,
Ile teach them to prevent wilde Alcibiades wrath.

2. I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Clofe,
That mine owne wisnes invites me to cut downe,
And shorly muft I tell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the fequence of degree,
From high to lowe throughout, that who fo please
To flop Affiduation, let him take his hatte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I prays you do my greating.

Stem. Trouble him no further, thus you shall find
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but fay to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerrlasting Manifeaton
Upon the Beached Verge of the falt Flood,
Who oncea day with his embowed Frotto
The turbulent Surfage shall cover, which confe, and
And let my graue-fone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words goe by, and Language end:
What is amitt, Plague and infection mend.
Graves only be mens worke, and Deathes their gaine.
Surne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1. His discontentes are unremouably coupled to Nature.
2. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,

Sale. What other meanes is left unto vs
In our deere perill.
1. It requires swift foot.

Exit.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discourse d: are his rules
As full as thy report?
Who were the motives that you first went out,  
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)  
Thy broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,  
Into our city with thy banners fired,  
By decimation and a tyrant’s death;  
If thy revenues hunger for that food  
Which nature loathed, take thou the death’s tenth,  
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,  
Let dye the spotted.  
1 All have not offended:  
For those who were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like lands  
Are not inherited, then declare Countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,  
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and chose Kin  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that have offended, like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and call the infected forth,  
But kill not altogether.  
2 What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Then hew too’s, with thy sword.  
3 See but thy foot  
Against our rampart gates, and they shall ope:  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou enter friendly.  
4 Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt vie the warres as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion: All thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our towns, till we  
Have feald thy full defense.  
5. Then there’s my glove,  
Defend and open your uncharged ports.

FINIS.
## The Actors Names

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<td>Certaine Senatours.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Certaine Thecues.</td>
<td>With divers other Servants,</td>
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<td>And Attendants.</td>
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THE TRAGEDIE OF
IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus.

Scene Prima.

Enter Flaminus, Murellus, and certaine Commoners
over the Stage.

Flaminus.

Enter, home your sides, Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanically) you ought not walke
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speak ye, what Trade art thou?
Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.
Mure. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doft thou with thy bell Apparel on?
You sir, what Trade are you?
Cob. Truly sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobbler.
Mure. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.
Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vs, with a safe
Confidence, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad foules.
Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,
what Trade?
Cob. Nay I beleeve you Sir, be not out with me; yet
if you be out Sir, I can mende you.
Mure. What mean it thou by that? Mend mee, thou
fawey Fellow?
Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.
Fla. Thou art a Cobbler, art thou?
Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I
meddle with no Tradesman masters, nor womens mat-
ters; but wishal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old foules:
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
per men at euer trod vpon Neats Leather, have gone vp
on my handy worke.
Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why doft thou trust these men about the streets?
Cob. Truly sir, to vear our these foules, to get my
selfe into more worke, But indeed for, we make Holy-
day to see Caesar, and to rejoiceth in his Triumph.

Sir. Wherefore rejoiceth?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome?
To grace in Captivity bonds his Chariot Wheelies?
You Blackes, you floyes, you worse then ten telleffe things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?
Have you climb’d vp to Wallses and Battelmes,
To Turrets and Windows? Yes, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have latt
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeate,
Hau you not made an Valterfull howe,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banke
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put any on your brest attyre?
And do you now call out a Holyday?
And do you now flourr Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph out Pompeys blood?
Be gone,
Runn to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingatitude.
Fla. Go, go, good Countrysmen, and for this fault
Asssemble all the poore men of your fortes;
Draw them to Tyber banke, and weep ye tears
Into the Channel, till the lowest extreme
Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners,
See where their baleful mettle banot mou’d,
They vanishe tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Diuere the Images
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mure. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.
Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Cæsars Trophies: Ie about,
And drue away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thick:
These growing Feathers, plucks from Cæsars wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would scare aboue the view of men,
And kepe vs all in servite fearfulnesse.

Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Courte, Calphurnia, Portus, De-
cius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsars Southermost
after them Murellus and Flaminus.

Cæs. Calphurnia.
C. Cæs. Calphurnia:
Calp. Heere my Lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius's way,
When he doth run his course Antonius,
Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.
Cæs. Forget not in your speed Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders lay,
The Barren touched in this holy chace,  
Shake off their terrible curse.  

Act. I.  

Caesar. When Caesar says, Do this; it is perform'd.  
Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.  

Sooth. Caesar.  
Cæs. His? Who calls?  
Cæs. Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe.  
Cæs. Who is it in the preffe, that calls on me?  
I hear a Tongue thriller then all the Musick  
Cry, Caesar: Speak, Caesar is turn'd to hear.  

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.  
Cæs. What man is that?  

Brut. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March.  
Cæs. Set him before me, let me fee his face.  
Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Caesar.  
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once againe.  

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.  
Cæs. He's a Dreamer, let vs leave him: Paffe.  

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the Court?  

Brut. Not I.  

Brut. I pray you do,  
Cæs. I am not Game for: I do lacke some part  
Of that quick Spirit that is in Antony:  
Let me not hinder Cæsaris your desires;  
I'll leave you.  

Cæs. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes, that gentleflence  
And fire of Loue, as I was wont to haue:  
You bare too flibborne, and too strange a hand  
Over your Friend, that loues you.  

Brut. Cæs. In the name of Honor, more then I feare death.  
Cæs. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour,  
Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Think of this life: But for my single selfe,  
I had as lieue not be, as liue to bee  
In save of such a thing, as I my selfe,  
I was borne free as Caesar, for were you,  
We both haue fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.  

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We both haue fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.  
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.  
For once, upon a Rawe and Gustie day,  
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,  
Caesar saide to me, Dar'th thou Cæsari now  
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,  
And flwim to yonder Point? Upon the word,  
Ascounted as I was, I plunged in,  
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.  
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,  
And flennin g with hearts of Controuerzie.  
But ere we could strike the Point propound,  
Caesar saide, Help me Cæsari or I sinke,  
In the name of our great Auctor,  
Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder  
The old Aeneas bear: fo from the waues of Tyber  
Did I the tyred Caesar: And this Man,  
Is now become a God, and Cæsari is  
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelesly but nod on him.  
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,  
And when the Fit was on him, I did make  
How he did flake: Tis true, this God did flake, 
His Coward lipses did from their colour fye,  
And that fane Eye, whose bend both save the World,  
Did loose his Lutfre: I did here him groane:  
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans  
Marked him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,  
Also, it cited, Glueue some drinke Titinius,
The Tragedie of Julius Cesar.

As a sichte Girtle : Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
See the star of the Maiestike world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout Fleurde.

Brut. Another generall shoue?
I do beleewe, that these applaues are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Cesar.
Caff. Why man, he doth belride the narrow world
Like a Coloffius, and we petty men
Wakke vnder his huge legges, and peep about
To finde our felon dis honourable Graues.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fate.
The fault (cleere Brutus) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be founded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth awfull:
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conturie with 'em,
Brutus will flarr a Spirit as lowne as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this out Cæsar feede,
That he is grove so great: Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou haft loft the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incombat but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Rome enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would haue brook'd
Titannall Dinell to keep his State in Rome,
As cafly as a King.

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue some why:
How I haue thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this pretext,
I would not so (with loute I might interry you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue laid,
I will consider: what you haue to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and anfwer such high things,
Then, in my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repewe himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions,as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.
Caffi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue flutre but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæfar and his Traine.

Brut. The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.
Caffi. As they passe by,
Plucke Cæsav by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his foure fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day:
Brut. I will do so: but looke you Cæsaw,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsars brow,
And all the tefft, looke like a children Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and Cieere
Lookes with fuch Perret, and such fiery eyes
As we haue seene him in the Capitoll.

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.
Caffi. Cæsa will tell vs what the matter is.
Cæs. Antuons.
Ant. Cæs.
Cæs. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Slecke-headed men, and such a sleepe a-nights:
Yond Cæsaw has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinke too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear he not Cæsar, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.
Cæs. Would he were fatter: But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should avoyd
So loone as that spaire Cæsaw. He reads much,
He is a great Obleter, and he looke
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou doft Antony: he heares no Mufick:
Seldome he smiles, and fimmeth in fuch a tor.
As if he mock'd himfelfe, and coff'd his spirit.
That could be mood to fmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be noter at hearts cafe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feard,
Then what I feare: for always I am Cæsar,
Come on my right hand, for this care is deafe.
And tell me truely, what thou think't of him.
Senat. Omnem Cæsar atque his Traine.

Cæs. You poul'd me by the cloke, would you speake
with me?
Brut. I Cæsa, tell vs what hap'n chanc'd to day
That Cæsar looks so fad.
Cæs. Why you were with him, were you not?
Brut. I shou'd not then aske Cæsa what had chanc'd.
Cæs. Why there was a Cowne offered him & being
offered, he put it by with the backs of his hand thus,
and then the people fell a floutting.
Brut. What was the second noife for?
Cæs. Why for that too.
Cæs. They floutted thirs: what was the left try for?
Cæs. Why for that too.
Brut. Was the Cowne offer'd him thirsce?
Cæs. I marry was, and he put it by thirsce, euerie
time gentler then others; and at euerie putting by, mine
honest Neighbors shou'ded.
Cæs. Who offered him the Cowne?
Cæs. Why Antony.
Brut. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Cæsa.
Cæsa. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it:
It was meeere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe
Make Antony offer him a Cowne, yet t'was not a
Crown neyther, twas one of these Coronets: and as I
told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my think-
ing, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to
him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my think-
ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off: And then
he offered it the thirs time: hee put it the thirs time by,
and still as hee refused it, the cabbler bewrayed, and
clapp'd thoir chaps hands, and threw vpp their fueble
Night-coppes, and vitterd fuch a dale of flinking
breath, because Cæser refused the Cowne, that it had
(almoft) choked Cæsaw for hee swooned, and fell
downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durft not laugh,
for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad
Ayr: Ayr. 
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Cass. But soft! I pray you, what did Caesar swound?
Caes. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechlesse.
Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling speech
Cass. No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Cass, have the Falling speech.
Cass. I know not what you mean by that: but I am sure Caesar fell downe. If the rag-taggge people did not clap him, and fill him, according as he pleas'd, and did please them, as they use to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.
Brut. What said he, when he came into himselfe?
Caes. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiued the common Heerd was glad he refiud the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so bee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, he saide, If he had done, or said any thing amisse, he deifi'd their Worfhips to thinke it was his inimittie. Three or foure Winches where I stood, cryed, Alaffe good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no leffe.
Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.
Cass. To what effect?
Caes. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne'er looke you i'th' face againe. But those that understand him, shall be at another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: Amorallus and Ealamus, for pulling Scares off Caesar Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolitie yet, if I could remember but.
Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, Cassus?
Caes. No, I am promis'd forth.
Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?
Caes. I'll be alone, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.
Cass. Good, I will expect you.
Caes. Doe so; farewell both. Exit.
Caes. He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.
Cass. So is he now, in execution.
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudeness is a Sworne to his good Wit,
Which gives men Homacke to difgell his words
With better Appetite.
Brut. And so it is.
For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come hither to me, and I will wait for you.
Cass. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.
Exit Caes. Exit Cassus.

Well Brutus, thou art Noble; yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought From that it is disposer'd: therefore it is meer,
That Noble minde keepes euer with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassus,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obfcurly
Caesar Ambition shall be glanced at,
And after this, let Caesar lest him fore,
For wee shall shake him, or worse dayes endure.
Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cassus, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cassus: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathlefe, and why stare you so?
Caes. Are not you mournd, when all the fway of Earth Shakes, like a thing enfirende? O Cicero,
I haue feene Tempefts, when the foelding Winds Have riuid the knottie Oakes, and I haue feene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempeft-dropping-fire,
Eyer there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,
Or elle the World, too fawcic with the Gods,
Inccenes them to lend destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful? 
Caes. A common flawe, you know him well by fight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and bume
Like twentie Torehes ioyn'd and yet his Hand,
Not fensible of fire, remain'd vnfoorth'd.
Besides, I ha'not fince put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went farly by,
Without annoying me. And there we were drawne
Upon a heape, a hundred gaftly Women,
Transformed with their fear, who sawe, they faw
Men all in fire, walke vp and downe the streets.
And yeafday, the Bird of Night did fit,
Even at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howing, and threacking. When thefe Prodigies
Doe fo contoynly meet, let not men fay,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
For I beleue they are porentious things
Vnto the Climate, that they point vpon.
Cic. Indeed it is a strange difposed time:
But men may conioynse things after their fashion,
Cleanse from the purpose of the things themfelves,
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to morrow?
Caes. He doth: for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Cic. Good-night then, Cassus.
This difflud Sike is not to walke in.

Enter Cassus.

Cassus. Who's there?
Caes. A Romane.
Cassus. Cassus, by your Vouce.
Caes. Your Ear is good.
Cassus. What Night is this?
Caes. A very pleafing Night to honeft men.
Caes. Who euer knew the Heauens menace fo? 
Cassus. Thofe that haue knowed the Earth fo full of faults.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, 
Submitting me unto the perilous Night; 
And thus vnbraised, Caius, as you see. 
Had I not seen the Thunder-dome, 
And when the croffe blew Lightnings seem'd to open 
The Breaft of Heauen, I did prent my felfe 
Even in the syme, and very flash of it. 
(uncs?) 
Caius. But wherefore did you fo much tempe the Hea- 

It is the part of men, to fear and tremble, 
When the mofl mighty Gods, by tokens fend 
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish vs. 
Caius. You are dull, Caius: 
And those whelps of Life, that should be in a Roman, 
You doe want, or elfe you wete not. 
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on fear, 
And cast your felfe in wonder, 
To fee the strange impatience of the Heavens: 
But if you would consider the true caufe, 
Why all these Fire, why all these gliding Ghosts, 
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde, 
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate, 
Why all these things change from their Ordinance, 
Their Natures, and pre-form'd Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde, 
That Heauen hath infusion'd them with these Spirits, 
To make them Instruments of fear, and warning, 
Vnto some monftrous State.

Now could I (Caius) name to thee a man, 
Moft like this dreadful Night, 
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Gravcs, and roars, 
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll: 
A man no mightier then thy felfe, or me, 
In perfonall action; yet prodigious growne, 
And ferrefull, as these strange eruptions are. 
Caius. This Cesar that you meane: 
Is it not, Cassius?

Caius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 
Have Thieves, and Limbers, like to their Ancestors; 
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead, 
And we are gouerd with our Mothers spirits, 
Our yoke, and sufferance, now vs Womanish.

Caius. Indeed, they fay, the Senators to morrow 
Meeke to eftablih Cesar as a King: 
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land, 
In everie place, fane here in Italy.
Caius. I know where I will weare this Dagger then; 
Cassius from Bondage will deliver Cassius: 
Therin, yee Gods, you make the weake moft strong; 
This Cesar you Tyrannts doe defeat, 
Not Storie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brafe, 
Nor ayre-leffe Dungeon, nor strong Liners of Iron, 
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit: 
But Life being weare of thefe worldly Barres, 
Never lacks power to disaffire it felfe. 
If I know this, know all the World besides, 
That part of Tyrannye that I doe beeare, 
I can flake off at fufere, 
Caius. So can I. 
So euer Bond-man in his owne hand beeare 
The power to cancell his Captitivity. 
Caius. And why should Cesar be a Tyrant then? 
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe, 
But that hee fies the Romans are but Sheepes: 
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes. 
Those that with haile might make a mighty fire, 
Begin it with weaker Strawes, 
What craftis Rome?
Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, ho? I cannot, by the progress of the Starres, Glue guesse how nere to day. Lucius, I say? I would it were my fault to sleepe so foundy. When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius?

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord? Brutus. Get me a Tapor in my Study, Lucius; When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. Exit.

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personall cause, to spuer him at, But for the generall, He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question: It is the bright day, that brings forth the And, And that craues ware walking: Crowne him that, And then I graunts we put a Sting in him, That at his heart he may doe danger with;

Th'abufe of Greatnesse, is; when it dis-joynes Remorfe from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar, I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd More then his Reason. But 'tis a common proofe, That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder, Where to the Climber upward turns his Face; But when he once attaines the ympof Round, Hethen unto the Ladder turns his Backe, Looks in the Clouds, forming the bafe degrees By which he did ascend: to Caesar may;

Then least he may, prevent. And since the Quartell Will bear no colour, for the thing he is, Fathion it thus: that what he is, augmented, Would runne to thehe, and those extremities: And therefore think him as a Serpents egg, Which hatching, would as his kind grow mischiefous; And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir; Searching the Window for a Flint, I found This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure It did not lye there when I went to Bed. Gives him the Letter.

Brutus. Get you to Bed again, it is not day:

Is it not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir. Brutus. Look in the Calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brutus. The exhalation, whizzing in the ayr, Glue so much light, that I may reade by them. Opens the Letter and reads.

Brutus thinke sleepe is; awake, and see thy selfe: Shall Rome, &c. sleepes, sleepe, sleepe, sleepe, sleepe. Shall Rome, &c. sleepe, sleepe, sleepe, sleepe. Such infallations have beene ofteon, drop, Where I have took thee vp: Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out: Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome? My Ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King. Spoke, spoke sleepe, sleepe, sleepe. Am I entreated

To speake, and friske? O Rome, I make thee promis, If the redreffe will follow, thou receivest Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wafted fiftenee dayes. Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good, Go to the Gate, come body knockes: Since Caffius first did whet me against Cæsar, I haue not slept. Between the aeting of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the Intermis is Like a Phantasm, or a hideous Dreame: The Genius, and the mortall Instruments Are then in councill; and the state of a man, Like to a little Kingdome, sufferers then The nature of an Infurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Caffius at the Door, Who doth desire to fee you. Brut. Is he alone? Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him, Brut. Do you know them? Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are plackt about their Faces, And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakers, That by no means I may discerne them, By any manke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter: They are the Fathion. O Conspiracie, Sham it thou to fhow thy dangrous Brow by Night, When euills are most fete? O then, by day Where wilt thou finde a Censure darke enough, To make thy moniforous Village? Seek none Conspiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilities: For if thou path thy native femblance on, Not Erebis it felle were dinne enough, To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, Caffius, Cakus, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Tribunus.

Caff. I think we are too bold vpon your Rest: Good morrow Brutus, do we trouble you? Brutus. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night: Know I thefe men, that come along with you? Caff. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honors you: and every one doth wilt, You had but that opinion of your felfe, Which enry Noble Roman beares of you. This is Tribunus.

Brutus. He is welcome hither. Caff. This, Decius Brutus. Brutus. He is welcome too. Caff. This, Cakus; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cymbre. Brutus. They are all welcome, What watchfull Care doe interpose themsefues Betwixt your Eyes, and Night? Caff. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper. Decius. Here lyes the Eft: doth not the Day brake here? Cakk. No. Cinn. O pardonsir, it doth; and you grey Lines, That fret the Clouds, are Meffengers of Day. Cakk. You shall confesse, that you are both decu'd: Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne ariues, Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

The inprinted loute he beares to Cæsar.

Cæsar. Alas, good Cæsius, do not think of him:
If the lous Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe, take thought, and dye for Cæsar,
And that were much he should: for he is gien
To sports, to wildefene, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.

Cæsar. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrated loute he beares to Cæsar.

Treb. Alas, good Cæsius, do not think of him:
If the lous Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe, take thought, and dye for Cæsar,
And that were much he should: for he is gien
To sports, to wildefene, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.

Cæsar. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrated loute he beares to Cæsar.

Cæsar. The loute Cæsar hath strikken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cæsar. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superflitious growne of late,
Quite from the maie Opinion he held once,
Of Panache, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perfwacion of his Augures,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Neuer fear that: If he be to resolu'd,
I can ore-way him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaffes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He fayes, he does; being then most flattered,
Let me worke :
For I can giue his honour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cæsar. Nay, we wil all of vs, be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vternomft?

Cæs. Be that the vternomft, and faile not then.

Met. Cæs. I will not delve Cæfar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pamyre;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue given him Reafons,
Send him but hither, and let him fashion him.

Cæsar. The morning comes vp on:
Wee'l leave you Brutus,
And Friends disperse your felues; but all remember
What you have said, and them your feluer true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentleman, lookke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purporses,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With entry'd Spirits; and formal Confinacie,
And so good morrow to you every one.

M. Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast allepe? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasier,

Which
Which busie care draws in, the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleepe'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. {Brutus, my Lord.} 

Brut. Portia: What mean ye? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for your neither. Y have vigilently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yelvernight at Supper
You sodainly strove, and walk'd about,
Musing, and fishing, with your armes a-croffe;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You start'd up me, with vigentle looks:
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently flumpt with your foote:
Yet I infiffed, yet you anfw'er'd not,
But with an angry walter of your hand
Gave figure for me to leave you: So I did.

Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which feem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you ease, nor talk, nor sleepe;
And could it werke so much upon your shape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your caufe of griefe.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Por. Why so I do: a good Portia go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus fickle? And is it Phycial?

To walk vnbraced, and fickle vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What is, is Brutus fickle?
And will he flate out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Whewny, and unpurged Ayre,
To add to hit fickneffe? No my Brutus,
You have some fickle Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you unfold to me, your felle; your halfe
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have haef refert to you: for heere haue bene
Some fife or feuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknaff.

Por. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in fort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometymes? Dwel I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If I be no more,
Portia's Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Por. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the puddy droppes
That vifi my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I am a Woman, but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: Cast's Daughter.
Think ye, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being fo Father'd, and fo Husbanded?
Tell me your Comfels, I will not diflsofe em:
I have made strong profe of my Confiance,
Guing my felfe a voluntary wound
Heree, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knock.

Harke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thy bonome shall partake
The secrefts of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will conftrue to thee,
All the Charactery of my sad browes
Leave me with haift.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heree is a fick man that would speake with you.

Brut. Castus Ligarius, that Metellus Spake of.

Boy, fland aside, Castus Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brut. O what a time haue you chose out brave Caius?

To welcome a Kerchief? Would you were not fickle.

Cai. I am not fickle, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Brut. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarus,
You had a healthfull ease to hear of,

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere difcard my fickneffe. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, derid' from Honourable Liones,
That like an Exorcist, haft conuirt'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will please with things impoffible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Brut. A piece of worke, That will make fickle men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make fickle?

Brut. That muft we als. What is it my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with aheart new-fird, I follow you,
To do I know not what, but it is fuffeceth
That Brutus leads me on.

Thunder.

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gowne.

Cæsar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleepe cryed out,
Help, he: They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Srv. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Srv. I will my Lord.

Exit Calphurnia.

Cæs. What mean you Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not flire out of your house to day.

Cæs. Cæsar thinkest thou, that the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cæp.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Cæp. Cæsar, I never flood on Ceremonies, Yet now they fright me: There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Receuents most horrid fights feene by the Watch, A Lionnefe hath whelped in the streets, And Grueses have yauowed, and yeilded vp their dead; Fieere fery Warrions fight upon the Clouds In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre Which didke'd blood upon the Capitol: The noise of Battell hurstled in the Ayre: Horse's do neigh, and dying men did groane, And Ghosts did shriek and feaquele about the streets, O Cæsar, these things are beyond all vfe, And I doe fear them.

Cæf. What can be sayd of them?
Whoe ever is purpoused by the mighty Gods ? Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these Predictions Are to the world in generall, as to Cæfar.  
Cæp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen, The Heauen themselves blaze forth the death of Princes  
Cæf. Cowards dye many times before their deaths, The valiant neuer taste of death but once: Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard, It feemes to me more strange that men shou'd feare, Seeing that death, a necessary end Will come, when it will come. Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?
Ser. They would not have you to fiitte forth to day. Plucking the intrails of an Offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast.  
Cæf. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice: Cæfar should go on a Beallt without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare: No Cæfar shall not: Danger knowes full well That Cæfar is more dangerous then he, We heare two Lyons littest in one day, And the elder and more terrible, And Cæfar shall go forth.

Cæp. Alas my Lord, Your wifesome is consum'd in confidence; Do not go forth to day: Call me your Fear, That keeps you in the house, and not your owne. We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate house, And he shall say, you are not well to day: Let me upon your knee, preuail in this:

Cæf. Mark Antony shall say I am not well, And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all halde: Good morrow worthy Cæfar, I come to fetch you to the Senate house.
Cæp. And you are come in very happy time, To beare my gretting to the Senators, And tell them that I will not come to day: Cannot, is false; and that: I dare not, faster, I will not come to day, tell them to Decius.

Cæf. Say he is fike.
Cæf. Shall Cæfar lend a Lye?
Dec. I am so small, that I must send Arme to faire, To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the truth: Decius, go tell them, Cæfar will not come.

Deci. Most mighty Cæfar, let me know some caufe, Left I be laught at when I tell them so.
Cæf. The caufe is in my Will, I will not come, That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know.

Cæphurnia here my wife, stayes me at home: She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue, Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts Did run pure blood: and many Jolly Romans Came smiling, & did barke their hands in: And these does the apply, for warnings and portents, And eues imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all sublime interpreted, It was a vision, faire and fortunate: Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd, Signifies that from you great Rome shall fucke Reuiving blood, and that great men shall preffe For Tinntures, Stains, Reliques & Cognizance. This by Cæphurnia's Dreame is signifi'd.

Cæf. And this way hau'e you well expounded it,
Deci. I haue, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate hau'e concluded To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty Cæfar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke Apte to be render'd, for some one to say, Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When Cæfar wife shall meece with better Dreams. If Cæfar hide himselfe, shall they not whisper

Loo Cæfar is affraid?
Pardon me Cæfar, for my deere deere louse To your proceeding, bids me tell you this: And reslove to my louse is liable.

Cæf. How foolish do your feares feeme now Cæphurnia? I am ashamed I did yeeld to them. Gue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caesar, Tebrumius, Cypria, and Publius, And looke where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow Cæfar.
Cæf. Welcome Publius.

What Brutus, are you that? You do too early too? Good morrow Cæsa: Caesar Ligarius, Cæfar was ne're so much your enemy, As that fame Auge which hath made you leane. What is't a Clocke?

Br. Cæfar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæf. I thank you for your pains and curetie.

Enter Antony,

See, Antony that Revells long a-nights Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to my Noble Cæfar.
Cæf. Bid them prepare within: I am too blame to be thus waitted for.
Now Cypria, now Metella, what Tebrumius, I have an hours talkes in store for you: Remember that you call on me to day: Be neere me, that I may remember you.  

Tich. Cæfar I will: and so neere will I be, That your best Friends shall with I had beene further.
Cæf. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straitly way go together.  

Br. That every like is not the same, O Cæfar, The heart of Brutus comes to think vp.

Enter Aaronidus.

Cæfar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cæsirius; come not
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Necne Cæcilius am an ey to Cyren, work out Trebonius, markes metesth Cymbre, Decest Brutes lower thee not: Thow heft wrong'd Cecilius Ligarius, There is but one mind in all those men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou heft not Immortall, look about thee: Security gies way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lourc, Arstemonus.

Heree will I stand, till Cæsar passe along,
And as a surtor will I gue him this:
My heart laments, that True cannot live.
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou readest this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If no, the Fates with Traitors do conspire.

Exit, Enter Pertici and Luciets.

Per. I pray thee, Boy, run to the Senate-houfe,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand Madam.
Per. I would have had thee there and here agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldest do there:
O Confiance, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Moutain t'wenee my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans minde, but a womanes might:
How hard it is for women to keep counsell.
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Per. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note.
What Cæsar doth, what our Sutors preffe to him,
Hearken Boy, what noyse is that?
Luc. I heare none Madam.
Per. Prythee listen well:
I heard a busling Rumor like a Fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Senators.

Per. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?
South. At mine owne house, good Lady.
Per. What's a clocke?
South. About the ninth hour, Lady.
Per. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
South. Madam nor yet, I go to take my fland,
To see him passe on to the Capitol.
Per. Thou hast some fuiice to Cæsar, hast thou not?
South. That I have Lady, if it will please Cæsar.
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beleech him to befriend himselfe,
Per. Why know I thou any harme's intended to wards him?
South. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heree the streete is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heales,
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a fetect man (almost) to death:
He get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Per. I must go in:
Aye me? How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O Brutus,
The Heauens speeche thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a fuiice
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faine:
Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee,

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cæcilius, Cæcilius, Brutus, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cyrenus, Antony, Casar, Arstemonus, Publius, and the Southfayer.

Cæsar. The Ises of March are come.
South. 1 Cæsar, but not gone.
Ant. Halle Cæsar: Read this Schedule.
Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your beftlyfure) this his humble fuite.
Ant. O Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a fuite
That touches Cæfar neeter. Read it great Cæsar.
Cæsar. What touches vs vs felle, fhall be left fter'd.
Ant. Delay not Cæsar, read it fluftly.
Cæsar. What is the fellow mad?
Pubr. It is fome place.
Cæf. What, to the figns and Petitions in the streete?
Come to the Capitol,
Popul. I with your enterprize to day may thrive.
Cæf. What enterprize Populius?
Brutus. Fear you well?
Publ. What, faid Populius Lena?
Cæf. He wilt to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpose is discovered,
Brut. Louke how he makes to Cæfar: make him.
Cæf. Cæces be fodain, for we feare preuation.
Brutus. What fhall be done? If this be knowne,
Cæfius or Cæsar neuer fhall turne backe,
For I will lay my felle.
Cæf. Cæfius be conflagat:
Popullus Lena (speakes not of our purpose).
For looke he smiles, and Cæfar don't change.
Cæf. Trebonium knowes his time: for look you Brutus
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
Deci. Where is Metellus Cymbre, let him go,
And prefently prepare his fuite to Cæfar.
Brut. He is addreft: prefte neere, and second him.
Com. Cæces, you are the firft that resses your hand.
Cæf. Are we all ready? What is now amifie,
That Cæfar and his Senate muft redrefe?
Metellus. Moft high, moft mighty and moft puiuant Cæsar
Metellus Cymbre throwes before thy Scare
An humble heart.
Cæf. I muft preuent the Cymbre:
These couching, and thefe lowly courtesies
Might fere the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and dift Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that Cæfar bears fuch Rebell blood
That will be thowe'd from the true quality.
With that which meteeth Fooleys, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtfies, and base Sfknell fawing?
Thy Brother by decree is banifhed:
If thou defcend, and pray, and fame for hime,
I flume thee like a Curr out of my way:
Know, Cæfar doth not wrong, nor without caufe
Will he be satisfied.
Metellus. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To.
Then we take forth, even to the Market place,
And waiving our red Weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.
Cafar. Stoop then, and wish: How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In Stace where these brave Scents p'r'villowne?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's Basi's eye along,
No worthier then the duft?

Cafar. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knew of vs be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Cafar. That, shall we forth?

Cafar. I. every man away,

Bru. shall lead, and we will grace his heales,
With the most bolder, and bell hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of Antonius,

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,
And being proflrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honest
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear' Caesar, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolu'd
How Caesar hath defer'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayes of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this vntred State,
With all true Faith. So faies my Master Antony.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse;
Tell him, so please he come vnto this place
He shall be fatisfi'd: and by my Honor
Depart vouch'd.

Ser. He fetch him presently.

Exit Servant.

Bru. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend,

Cafar. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde
That fears him much: and my misgiving pull
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes Antony:

Welcome Mark Antony,

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Doth thou lye to lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Whoe elte must be let blood, who elte is ranke:
If I my felfe, there is no houte fo fit
As Caesar doeth deserve; nor no Infrument
Of halfe that worth, a shofe thy Swords: made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseche yee, if you beare mehard,
Now, whill thy your pulpled hands do ecke and moske,
Fulfil your pleasure. Lye a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe fo apt to dye.
No place will please me fo, no meane of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O Antony, be not your death of vs:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present ABe
You fee we do: Yet fee you our ount hands,
And this, the bleeding bufenie they have done: Our hearts you fee noe, they are pitifull: And pity to the generall wrong of Rome, As fire driveth out fire, so pity, pity Hath done this deed on Cesar. For your part, To you, our Swords have leade his hands Mark Antony: Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts Of Brothers temper, do receiue in you, With all kindloue, good thoughts, and reuence. Caiff. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans, In the disposing of new Dignities. 

But, Oonly be patient, till we haue appeas'd The Multitude, before themselves with feare, And then, we will deliver you the caufe, Why I, that did loue Cesar when I strooke him, Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdome: Let each man render me his bloody hand, First Marcus Brutus will I shake with you; Next Caius Caifus do I take your hand; Now Dctius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus; Yours Caesar; and my valiant Cæcilius yours, Though I, not least in louse, yours good Tribeníum, Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say, My credit now stands on such slippery ground, That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me, Either a Coward, or a Flatterer. That I did love thee Cesar, O'tis true: If then thy Spirit lookes upon vs now, Shall it not greeue thee deeper then thy death, To fee thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes? Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarfe, Had I as many eyes, as thou haft wounds, Weeping as fast as they flame forth thy blood, It would become me better, then to clofe In teares of Friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me Julius, here's was't thou bay'd brave Har, Here he did'thou fall, and here ye Hunters staid. Sign'd in th' Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Leathir, O World, thou wraft the Forrest to this Har. And this indeed, O World, the Har of thee, How like a Deere, troken by many Princes, Doth thou heere iye? Caiff. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Caius Caifus: The Enemies of Cesar, shall say this: Then, in a Friend, it is cold Mowdelse. Caiff. I blame you not for pursuing Cesar so, But what compact means you to hav'e with vs? Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends, Or shall we on, and not depend on you? Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed Sway'd from the points, by looking downe on Cesar, Friends am I with you all, and love you all, Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons, Why, and wherein, Cesar was dangerous. 

Brut. Or else were this a faugat Spectacle: Our Reasons are so full of good regard, That were you Antony, the Sonne of Cesar, You should be satisfi'd.

Ant. That's all I feek, And am moreover futor, that I may Produce his body to the Market-place, And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend, Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Brut. You shall Mark Antony, Caiff. Brutes, a word with you. You know not what you do; Do not confent That Antony speake in his Funerall: Know you how the people may be mov'd By that which he will utter.

Brut. By your pardon: I will my felle into the Pulpit firft, And shew the reafon of our Caesar death. What Antony shall speake, I will protest He speaks by leave, and by permission: And that we are contented Caesar shall Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies, It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong. Caiff. I know not what may fall, I like it not. Brut. Mark Antony, here take you Caesar body: You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs, But speake all good you can dewe of Cesar, And lay you don't by our permission. Else shall you not have any hand at All about his Funerall. And you shall speake In the same Pulpit where I am going, After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so: I do defer no more.

Brut. Prepare the body then, and follow vs, Extimt. Mark Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peec of Earth: That I am mecke and gentle with these Butchers. Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man That euer lined in the Tide of Times. Woe to the hand that shed this eftilly Blood. Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophezie, (Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips, To begge the voyce and vitterance of my Tongue) A Curfe shall light upon the limbes of men; Domeffick Fury, and fierce Ciuitillforfe, Shall eumber all the parts of Italy: Blood and defcription shall be fo in vie, And dreadfull Objects fo familiar, That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold Their Infants quarter'd with the hands of Warre: All pity choak'd with cuttome of fell deeds, And Caesar Spirit ranging for Revenge, With Arte by his fide, come hot from Hell, Shall in thicke Confes, with a Monarke voyce, Cry hauooue, and let fly the Dogges of Warre, That this foule deede, shall smite about the earth With Carrion men, groaning for Buttille. Enter Octavia's Servant.

You fere Othulan Cesar, do you not? Ser. 1 do Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome, Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming, And bid me fay to you by word of mouth

O Cesar

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee o-purt and wepe: Palion I fee is catching from mine eyes, Seing the Beads of sorrow fland in thine, Began to water. Is thy Mafter comming? Ser. He lies to night within feuen Leagues of Rome. Ant. Poft back with speede, And tell him what hath chanc'd: Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Othulan yet, He hence, and tell him so. Yet hat a-while,

Thou
Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration how the People take
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong Octavius, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand,

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit and Coffin
with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.
Brunt. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Coffin go you into the other freete,
And part the Numbers:
Thos that will hear me speake, let 'em stay here;
Thos that will follow Caesar, go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendred
Of Caesars death.
1. Ple. I will hear Brutus speake,
2. I will hear Caesar, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we them rendred.
3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence,
Brunt. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear mee for my
caufe, and be silent, that you may hear.
Beleeue me for mine Honor, and have redspce to mine Honor, that you
may beleeue. Centnore me in your Wifdom, and awake your
Senses, that you may the better judge.
If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Caesars, to him
I say, that Caesar love to Caesar was no leffe then his.
If, that Friend demand, why Brutus rote against Cae-
sar, this is my anwer: Not that I loud Caesar leve, but
that I loud Rome more.
Had you rather Caesar were li-
ing, and dye all Strokes: then that Caesar were dead, to
live till Free-men? As Caesar loud mee, I weeppe for him;
as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I
honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flayed him.
There is Teares, for his Lose: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for
his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so
keene, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake for him
hauing offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be
a Roman? If any, speake for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not love his Country? If any,
speake, for him haue I offended. I paufe for a Reply.

All. None Brutus, none.
Brunt. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more
to Caesar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Quefti-
ion of his death, is intoll'd in the Capitol: his Glory not
extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
cord'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.

Here comes his Body, bound by Mark Antony, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the
benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which
of you shall not.
With this I depart, that as I leave my
bait Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger
for my feli, when it shall paffe my Country to need my
death.

All. Live Brutus, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home into his house.
2. Give him a Statue with his Anceleurs.
3. Let him be Caesar.
4. Caesars better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.
1. Wee'1 bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.
2. Peace, silence, Brutus speaks.
Peace ho.
Brunt. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my fake) fly heere with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar Copers, and grace his Speech
Tending to Caesar Glories, which Mark Antony
(Our by our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intrest you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony haue spoke.
Exit.
1. Stay ho, and let vs hear Mark Antony,
3. Let him go vp into the publick Chaire,
Wee'1 hear him: Noble Antony go vp.
Ant. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you
4. What does he say of Brutus?
3. He fayes, for Brutus fake
He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.
4. Twere best he speake no harme of Brutus heere?
1. This Caesar was a Tyrant.
3. Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2. Peace, let vs hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace ho, let vs hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:
The eulogium that men do, lies after them,
The good is oft entered with their bones,
So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus,
Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a greacie Fault,
And greacieously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(for Brutus was an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in Caesar Funerall,
He was my Friend, faithful, and loe to me,
But Brutus fayes, he was Ambitious,
And Brutus is an Honourable man,
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
Whose Ransomes, did the general Coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar fere me Ambitious?
When that the people haue cryed, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of fiercer stuffe,
Yet Brutus fayes, he was Ambitious:
And Brutus is an Honourable man,
You all did see, that on the Emperor,
I thrice prefted him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet Brutus fayes, he was Ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to disprouve what Brutus spake,
But here I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did love him since, not without caufe,
What caufe with-holds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reaon. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pawn, till it come backe to me.
1. Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2. I will consider righthigh of the matter,
Caesar ha's had great wrong.
3. He's a hee Matters? I heare there will a worfe come in
1. 11
4. Marke
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take'd Crown, Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found fo, some will deere abide it, 2. Poor soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping, 3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony, 4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might 

Hau'le fought against the World: Now lies he there, And none do poore to do him reverence. 

O Mailers! if I were dispos'd to fitte Your hearts and minde's to Mutiny and Rage, I should do Cæsar wrong, and Cæsius wrong; Who (you all know) are Honourable men, I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you, Then I will wrong such Honourable men 

But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of Cæsar, I found it in his Cloff, 'tis his Will: But let the Commons heare this Testament; (Which pardon me) I do not meane to read, And they would go and kifie dead Cæsars wounds; 

It is not mete you know how Cæsar lou'd you: You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men: And being men, hearing the Will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad; 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs, For if you should, O what would come of it? 

4. Read the Will, we'll heare it Antony: You shall reade vs the Will, Cæfar Will. 

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a while? I haue o'ershot my selfe to tell you of it, I feare I wrong the Honourable men, Whose Daughters have stab'd Cæsar: I do feare it. 4. They were Traitors: Honourable men? 

All. The Will, the Testament, 3. They were Villaines, Murderers the Will, read the Will, 

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will: Then make a Ring about the Corpse of Cæsar, And let me shew you hint that made the Will: Shall I defend? And will you give me leave? 


Ant. Nay prentice not upon me, flam'd farre off. All. Stand backe: roome, roome backe. Ant. If you have teares, prepare to shed them now. 

You all do know this Mantle, I remember The first time euer Cæsar put it on, 'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent, That day he ouercame the Nerwy. 

Looke, in this place ran Cæsius Dagger through: See with a rent the envious Cæcilla made: Through this they wel beloued Brunius stab'd, And as lie pluck'd his cursed Steele away: 

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followt it, As ruftling out of doore, to be resolu'd If Brunius to vnkindly knock'd, do no: 

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsars Angel, Judge, O you Gods, how deepe Cæsar lou'd him: This was the most vnkindest cut of all. 

For when the Noble Cæsar saw him flie, Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes, Quite vnquild him: then burst his Mighty heart, And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face, 

Earth vs the Base of Pompey's Statue 

(Which all the while ran bloody great Cæsars fell, O what a fall was there, my Countrymen? Then Iand you, and all ofvs fell downe, Whil't bloody Treson flourishe'd ouer vs. 

O now you wepe, and I perceive you feel 

The dittie of pitty: These are gracious drops. Kinde Soulers, what wepe you when you but behold Our Cæsars Vertue wounded? Look ye heere, Heere is His selfe, mar't as you fee with Traitors, 

1. O piteous pr'tchallé! 2. O Noble Cæsar! 3. O would day! 4. O Traitors, Villaine: 1. O most bloody sight! 2. We will reuregd: Reuenge 

About, lecke, burne, fire, kill, slay, Let not a Traitor live. 

Ant. Stay Country-men. 1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony. 2. We'll heare him, we'll follow him, we'll dy with him. 

(You vp 

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not affre To such a loddaine Blood of Mutiny: They that have done this Deed, are Honourable, What private greeves they haue, alas I know not, That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable, And will no doubt with Reasons anwer you. I come not (Friends) to steele away your hearts, I am no Orator, as Brutus is; But (as you know me all) a plaaine blunt man That love my Friend, and that they know full well, That gave me publique leave to speake of him: For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth, Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech, To this great Blood. I onely speake right on: I tell you that, which you your felues do know, 

Shew you sweet Cæsars wounds, poor poor dum mouths And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue In every Wound of Cæsar, that should move The fones of Rome, to rife and Mutiny. 

All. We'll Mutiny. 1. We'll burne the house of Brutus. 3. Peace then, come, speake the Conspirators. 

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake All. Peace how, heare Antony, moit Noble Antony. 

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know what or: Wherein hath Cæsar thus design'd your loves? Alas you know not, I must tell ye then: You haue forgot the Will I told you of. 

All. Most true, the Will, let's flie and heare the Wil. 

Ant. Here is the Will, and under Cæsars Scale: To every Roman Citizen he gies, To every feuelar man, feuenty five Drachmes. 

122. Plc.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

3. O. O Royall Cæsar.
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace hooe
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes, his private Arbores, and new-planted Orchards. On this side Tyber, he hath left you them, and to your benes for ever: common pleasures. To walk abroad, and recreate your selues. Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?
Wee'll burne his body in the holy place, and with the Brands fire the Traitors houes.
Vup the body.
2. Plc. Go fetch fire.
Ant. Now let it worke: Mischief thou art 2-foot, Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?
Enter Romet.
Ser. Sir, Ollatius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar house.
Ant. And thither will I straight, to visite him; He comes upon a withs. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give vs any thing.

Enter Cima the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cima. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Cæsar, And things unluckily charge my Fantasie: I have no more to wander fourch of doores, Yet something leads me forth. 
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
5. Answer every man directly.
6. I, Land briefly.
7. I, Land wisely.
8. I, Land truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my names? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellor? Then to answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wifely I say, I am a Batchellor.
Cima. That's as much as to say, they are foole that marrie: you'll beare me for that: I take: proceed directly.

Cima. Directly I am going to Cæsar Fureall.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cima. As a friend.
2. That matter is answered directly.
3. For your dwelling: briefly.
Cima. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
4. Your name, truly.
Cima. Truly, my name is Cima.
5. Take him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.
Cima. I am Cima the Poet, I am Cima the Poet.
6. Take him for his bad vertes, teare him for his bad vertes.

Cin. I am not Cima the Conspirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's Cima, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
5. Reaue him, tear him; Come Bands, hoare, Firebrands to Bruntus, to Cæfin, burne all. Some to Deane Houe, and some to Capitol, some to Lepidus. Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Anelus Quarrum.

Enter Antong, Ollatius, and Lepidus.
Ant. These many then shall die, their names are pricks.
Olla Your Brother too must dye: content you Lepidus?
Lep. I do content.
Olla. Prick him downe Antong.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live.
Who is your Sillers sonne, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not fue looke, with a spott I dam him.
But Lepidus, go you to Cæsar house?
Feth the Will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in Legates.
Lep. What shall I finde you heere ?
Olla. Or heere, or at the Capitol.
Ant. This is a flight vinerable man, Meet to be sent on Errands it is fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand.
One of the three to share it?
Olla. So you thought him, and tooko his voyage who should be pricks to dye.
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.
Ant. Ollatius, I have sence more days then you, And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To save our felues of diuers fiand'trous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse bears Gold,
To groane and fweet under the Bifuefle,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off.
(like to the empty Asse to flake his estates,
And graze in Commons.
Olla. You may do your will: but hee's a tried, and valiant Soullier.
Ant. So is my Horfe Ollatius, and for that
I do appoint him flore of Pronender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to fhop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and tauned, and bid go forth:
A Barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiecfs, Arts, and Imitations.
Which oust of fve, and flat'd by other men.
Begin his fathion: Do not rake of him,
But as a property: and now Ollatius,
Litten great things. Bruntus and Caesar
Are leying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes ftrecht,
And let vs presently go fit in Councell,
How couer matters may be beft disclos'd,
And open Perils sureft answered.
Olla. Let vs do so: for we are at the flake.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischiefes.

Exeunt

Drum. Enter Bruntus, Lucullus, and the Army, Titinius
and Pindarus meet them. 

Bruntus. Stand ho, Lucullus.

Lucullus. Glisse the word ho, and Stand.

Bruntus. What now Lucullus, is Caius well? 

Lucullus. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come 

To do you salutation from his Master.

Bruntus. He descrives me well. Your Master Pindarus 

In his owne change, or by Ill Officers,

Hath gleen me some worthy caufe to with

Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand

I shall be satisfied.

Pins. I do not doubt

But thoy: Noble Master will appeare

Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bruntus. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus

How he receiu'd you: let me be refolvd. 

Lucullus. With course, and with respect enough,

But not with such familiar infinences,

Nor with such free and friendly Conference

As he hath vs of old.

A hot Friend, cooling; Euer note Lucullus,
When Lose begins to eek and decay

It with an enforced Ceremoniy.

There are no trickeys, in plaine and simple Faith:

But hollow men, like Horfes hot at hand,

Make gallant fiew, and promife of their Mettle:

Lucullus. 

But when they should endure the bloody Sparrs,

They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades

Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucullus. They meaned this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:

The greater part, the Horfe in general

Are come with Caius.

Enter Caius and his Forces.

Bruntus. Heare he is arri'd:

March gently on to meete him.

Caius. Stand ho.

Bruntus. Stand ho, speake the word along,

Stand.

Caius. Stand.

Caius. Moft Noble Brother,you have done me wrong.

Bruntus. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?

And if not fo, how should I wrong a Brother.

Caius. Bruntus, this fober forme of yours,hides wrongs.

And when you do them——

Bruntus. Caius, be content,

Spake your greefes foftly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies heere

(Which should perceive nothing but Lout from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away:

Then in my Tent Caius enlauge your Greefes,

And I will give you Audience.

Caius. Pindarus,

Bid our Commandeirs leade their Charges off

A little from this ground.

Bruntus. Lucullus, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.

Let Lucinus and Titinius guard our doore.

Caius. That you have wrong'd me,doth appear in this

You have condemn'd, and noted Lucius Pella

For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;

Wherein my Letters,praying on his side,

Because I knew the man was flighted off.

Bruntus. You wrong'd your felfe to write in such a cafe.

Caius. In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offence should beare his Comment.

Bruntus. Let me tell you Caius, you your felfe!

Are much condemn'd to haue an intring Palme,

To fell, and Mart your Offices for Gold

To Vnderners.

Caius. 1, an itching Palme?

You know that you are Bruntus that speaks this,

Or by the Gods, this speech were elfe your left.

Bruntus. The name of Caius Honors this corruption,

And Chaffiment doth therefore hide his head.

Caius. Chaffiment?

Bruntus. Remember March, the Ides of March remembre:

Did not great Iulius bleed for Justice fake?

What Villaine touch'd his body, that did flab,

And not for Justice? What Shall one of vs,

That strikes the Formoit man of all this World,

But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,

Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?

And fell the mighty space of our large Honors

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,

Then such a Roman.

Caius. Bruntus, bate not me,

Ile not induce it: you forget your felfe

To hedge mean. I am a Sooulder,

Older in practive, Abler then your felfe.

To make Conditions.

Bruntus. Go too; you are not Caius.

Caius. I am.

Bruntus. I fay, you are not.

Caius. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my felfe:

Hauie mende upon your health: Temp me no farther.

Bruntus. Away flight man.

Caius. Is t pooffible?

Bruntus. Hear me, for I will speake.

Must I give way, and roome to your raft Choller?

Shall I be frighted, when a Madman flares?

Caius. O ye Gods,ye Gods, Muft I endure all this?

Bruntus. All this? I more: Fre'r till your proud hart break.

Go thaw your Slaves how Chollerick ye are,

And make your Bondmen tremble. Muft I bouge?

Muft I oblierue you? Muft I stand and crouch

Vnder your Tefte the Humour? By the Gods,

You shall difgust the Venom of your Spleene

Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,

Ile wie you for my Mirth, yes for my Laughter

When you are Wafiph.

Caius. Is it come to this?

Bruntus. You fay, you are a better Sooulder:

Let it appere fo; make your waunting true,

And it shall pleafe me well. For mine owne part,

I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.

Caius. You wrong me entry way:

You wrong me Bruntus.

I fayde, an Eldier Sooulder, not a Better.

Did I fay Better?

Bruntus. If you did, I care not.

Caius. When Caesar liu'd, he durft not thus have mou'd

Bruntus. Peace,peace, you durft not so have tempted him.
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Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Lucius my Gownes: farewell good Messals, Good night Tittius: Noble, Noble Caesar.

Good night, and good reposes.

Caf. O my deere Brother: This was an ill beginning of the night: Neuer come such diuision 'twixten our foules: Let it not be knowne.

Enter Lucius with the Gowe.

Luc. Every thing is well.

Caf. Good night my Lord.

Luc. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messals. Good night Lord Brutus.

Luc. Farewell every one.

Give me the Gowe. Where is thy Inscription?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Luc. What thou speake'st dullsly?

Peore knowe I blame thee not, thou art once watch'd,

Call Claudio, and some other of my men,

Ile haue them sleepe on Cusions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrs, and Cladio.

Enter Varrs and Cladio.

Varr. Cal's my Lord?

Luc. I praye you first, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raifye you by and by.

On businesse to my Brother Caffius.

So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Luc. I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good fitts,

It may be I shall other wise behincke me.

Locke Lucius, here's the bookke I fough't for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowe.

Luc. I was sure your Lordsip did not gue it me.

Luc. Bearce with me good Boy, I am much forgetful.

Can't thou hold vp thy haune eyes a while,

And touch thy Instrumen't a straine or two.

Luc. I'm my Lord, an't pleas'd you.

Luc. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brutus. I should not vrg all thy dutie pablum,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of reft.

Luc. I haue flep'd my Lord already.

Luc. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe;

I will not hold thee long, If I do liue,

I will be good to thee.

Mufick, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Maurit's thou slumber!

Layest thou thy Ledens Mace upon my Boy,

That plays thee Mufick? Gentle knaue good night:

I will not doe thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou breakst'thy Instrumen't,

He take it from thee, and (good Boy)good night.

Let me fee, let me fee; Is not the Leafe turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Here is the I think.

Luc. Enter the Ghoft of Cesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes here?

I think it is the weake stincke of mine eyes

That stantes this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak'st it my blood cold, and my faire to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghoft. Thy cuill Spirit Brutus?

Luc. Why com'th thou?
Enter Otho, Antony, and their Army.

Otho. Now Antony, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and upper Regions;
It prove not so: their battaile are at hand,
They mean to warne vs as Philippi where:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. But I am in their boosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearfull brauery: thinking by this face
To foften in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But tis not so,

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant fiew:
Their bloody signe of Battaile is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Otho, lead your Battaile lolly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field,
Otho. Upon the right hand, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Otho. I do not crosse you: but I will do so.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Brut. Their land, and would have parley.
Cass. Stand fall Timon, we must out and talke.
Otho. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Battaile?
Ant. No Cæsar, we will answear on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words,
Otho. Stirre not untill the Signall.
Brut. Words before blows: is it so COUNTRYMEN?
Otho. Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Brut. Good words are better then bad strokes Otho.
Ant. In your bad strokes Brutus, you glue good words
Witness the hole you made in Cæsars heart,
Crying long lieue, Halie Cæsar.
Cass. Antony,
The polliure of your blows are yet unknowne;
But for your words, they rob the Hille Bees,
And leave them Honey-leffe.
Ant. Not sinneresse too,
Brut. O yes, and sinneresse too:
For you have stolne their buzzing Antony,
And very wilfull threat before you lying.
Ant. Villains: you did not do, when your vile daggers
Hack one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You shew'd your teeths like Ape,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kifing Cæsar seete;
Whil'st damned Cæsar, like a Currre, behind
Strooke Cæsar on the necke. O you Flatterers,
Cass. Flatterers! Now Brutus thank you selle,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If Cæsar might have ruled.
Otho. Come, come the caufe, If arguing make vs sweate,
The proofe of it will turne vs to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till Cæsar three and thirtie wounds,
Be well requited; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut. Cæsar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnleffe thou bring it them with thee.
Otho. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword.
Otho. O if they were't the Nobility of the Straine,
Yong-man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.
Cass. A peeculous School-boy, worthiles of such Honor.
Ioynd with a Masker, and a Reueller,
Ant. Old Cassius still.
Otho. Come Antony: away:
Defance Traitors, hurte we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have Romackes.
Exit Otho, Antony, and Army.
Cass. Why now blow winde, swell Bellow,
And swime Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Brut. Ho Lucullus, heare_t, a word with you,
Lucullus and Mefta,stand forth,

Luc. My Lord.

Cass. Mefta.

Mefta. What lyes my General?
Cass. Mefta, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was Cæsar borne. Give me thy hand Mefta:
Be thou my witness, that against my will
(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battaile all our Liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do prefage.
Committing from hardie, on our former Enfigne
Two mighty Eagle fall, and there they parch'd,
Gorgung and feeding from our Soldiers hands.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Who to Phillip heere comforted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads do Rauen, Crowes, and Kites
Fly o'ert our heads, and downhill looke on vs
As we were sickly prey, their shadowes seeme
A Canopy moft fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.

Caffi. Believe not so.

Caffi. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even so Lucillius.

Caffi. Now must Noble Brutus,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Loure in peace, lead on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rots still uncertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do loose this Bataille, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he didakte himselfe, I know not how
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To try the providence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Caffi. Then, if we loose this Bataille,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No Caffi, no:
Think not thou Noble Romane,
That euer Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He bears too great a minde. But this same day
Might end that worke, the 1des of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlafting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell Caffi.
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Caffi. For euer, and for euer, farewell Brutus:
If we do meete againe, we'll smile indee.
If not, this time, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day end will,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. Excuses.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Mestada.

Bru. Ride, ride Mestada, ride and guide these Billies
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lord Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold dementia in Othelio's wing:
And sodaine pushes them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride Mestada, let them all come downe.

Excuses.

Alarum. Enter Caffi and Titinius.

Caffi. O looke Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye:
My felicke hauing owne turn'd our Enemy,
This Enfigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I flew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O Caffi, Brutus gaue the word too early,
So in his red blood Caesar's day is set,
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Deves, and Dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of our successe hath done this deed.
Moffa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'lt thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error foone concey'd,
Thou never com'lt into a happy byrth,
But kill't the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What Pindarus? Where art thou Pindarus?
Moffa. Seekke him Titinius, whiltl I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, whiting this report
Into his ears; I may say thrilling it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts incunom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tydings of this fight.
Tit. Hye you Moffa,
And I will looke for Pindarus the while:
Why didn't thou send me forth brave Caesar?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wretched of Victorie,
And bid me give it thee? Did'lt thou not heare their
Alas, thou haft misconfed every thing.
(Thowes.) But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and
I Will do his bidding. 'Brutus, come space,
And see how I regarded Cains Cains:
By your lease Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come Caesar Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

Diss.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Moffa, yong Catu,
Stratc, Volleyman, and Lucullis.

Brut. Where, where Moffa, doth his body ly?
Moffa. Loce yonder, and Timinius mourning it.

Brut. Timinius face is vpward.
Catu. He is slaine.

Brut. O Iulius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes.

Low Alarum.

Catu. Brave Titinius,
Looke where he have not crown'd dead Caesar.

Brut. Are yet two Romans living such a theft?
The Ieft of all the Romans, fat thee well:
It is impossible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellowe Friends I owe to morraces
To this dead man, then thou shall fee me pay,
I shall finde time, Caesar: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to thee: lend me his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfort vs. Lucullis come,
And come yong Catu, let vs to the Field,
Lado and Flamin let our Batailles on : 'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yere ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Moffa, Catu, Lucullis,
and Flaminus.

Catu. What Bataurd doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field,
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, ho.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe.
Enter Sentinells, and fight,
And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,

Brutus to my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus,
Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Titinius,
And may't be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne.
Sold. Yeld, or thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We mull not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 Sold. Roome hohe: tell Antony, Brutus is tane.
1 Sold. He tell thee newes, Here comes the General,
Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?
Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dare affiere thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutus:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame,
When you do finde him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe.
Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I affiere you,
A prize no Jelie in worth; keepe this man safe,
Gie him all kindneffe, I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring vs word, into Octavius Tent:
How every thing is eban'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Stratc, and Volcumus.

Brut. Come poore remains of friends, refit on this
Rockey.

Clit. Statilius shewd the Torch, light,buth my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane,or flame.

Brut. Sit thee downe, Clitus: playing is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, Clitus.
Clit. What I, my Lord? No,not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. He rather kill my selfe.

Brut. Hearke thee, Dardanus.
Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?
Clit. O Dardanus.
Dard. O Clitus.
Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, Clitus: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Vefell full of grieue,
That it runnes over euen at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good Volcumus, lift a word.
Volcum. What sayes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, Volcumus:
The Ghost of Cæsar hath appeard to me
Two weekes all times by Night: as Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Volcum. Not fo, my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volcumus.
Thou feelest the World, Volcumus, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: Low Alarum.
It is more worthy, to leape in our felues,
Then tarry till they push vs. Good Volcumus,
Thou know'lt, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our cause of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.
Fol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord,
Alarum Half.

Clit. Fly,
Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Fly, thou hast bin all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee, to Strato, Conspirators:

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this looking day

More then Otho, and Mark Antony,

By this vile Conquest shall attraite vnto:

So fare you well at once, for Brutus tongue

Hath almost ended his flues History:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attaine this hour.

---

Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly, fly.

Fly my Lord, flye.

Hence: I will follow:

I pray thee Strato, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some fmatch of honor in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.

Farewell good Strato. --- Cesar, now be still,

I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.

---


What man is that?

---

Mea. My Masters man. Strato, where is thy Master?

Free from the Bondage you are in Messala,

The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him:

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus

That thou hast prou'd Lucullus laying true.

Otho. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou below thy time with me?

Sira. If Messala will preferre me to you.

Otho. Do, good Messala.

Mea. How dyed my Master Strato?

Sira. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mea. Otho, take him to follow thee,

That did the lastSkills to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators save onely hee,

Did that they did, in envy of great Caesar:

He, onely in a generall honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them,

His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,

And say to all the world, This was a man.

Otho. According to his Virtue, let vs vfe him

Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall,

Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,

Most like a Soldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. ---

Excuse oones.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH.

Aust Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. Why shall we three meet againe? In Thunder, Lightening, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done, When the Battell's lost, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
4. Where the place?
5. Upon the Heath.
6. There to meet with Macbeth.
All Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire, Hourer through the fogge and filthie aye.

Scena Secunda.

Alarms within, Enter King and Macbom, Duncan, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report, As fercest by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest State.

Mal. This is the Serjeant, Who like a good and hardie Soildier fought 'Gainst my Captainie: Haile braue friend; Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle, As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it feem, As two Ipent Swimmers, that doe cling together, And choake their Art: The merelle Macdouwald (Worthie to be a Rebel, for to that The multiplying Villanies of Nature Doe (waste upon him) from the Western Isles Of Kernes and Gallowgroffes is suppy'd, And Fortune on his damned Querry smiling, Shew'd like a Rebell Where: but all's too weake: For brave Macbeth (well he believes that Name) Didlaying Fortune, with his branfilft Steele, Which smok'd with bloody execution (Like Valour Minion) car'd out his pallage, Till hee fac'd the Slane: Which nev'ruchoke hands, nor bad farwell to him, Till he vnfeam'd him from the Naue tooth Chops, And fix'd his Head vpon our Battellments.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection, Shipwrecking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come, Discomfort owles: Marke King of Scotland, marke;
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd, Compell'd the thee, shipping Kernes to turft their heelees, But the Norwegian Lord, surveying vantage,
With furvwhat Armes, and new supplies of meo,
Began a fresh affault.

King. Difmay'd not this our Captaine, Macbeth and Banquo?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrows, Eagles;
Or the Hate, the Lyon:
If I may sooth, I must report they were As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled frowkes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in recking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gaffes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They imack of Honor both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Lenox. What a haste lookest through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.
Ross. God faue the King.
King. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?
Ross. From Fiife, great King,
Where the Norwagian Banners flowe the Skie,
And fane our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Affifted by that moft disloyall Traytor,
The Thane of Carjlor, began a dittail Conflic,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lap't in prooffe,
Confronted him with felie-comparisions,
Points against Points, rebellious Armes against Armes,
Curbing his faithfull spirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on vs.

King. Great happenes.
Ross. That now Swea, the Norway King,
Crauer composition:
Nor would we deigne him burlial of his men,
Till he disburbed, at Saint Ollmes yrch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vs.
Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou beene, Sifter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sifter, where thou?

A Savoyr Wife had Cheflants in her Lappe,
And mount, & mount., & mount.: Give me, quoth I.
Aroyns thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Allepo gone, Master o'th' Tiger:
But in a Syne Ile thither fayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

1. He gie thee a Winde.
2. That's kind.
3. And I another.

1. Thy selfe have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know.
Ith'Ship-mans Card.
Let dreynge him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pen-hous Lid;
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet is he Trympet-tooth.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.
3. Here I haue a Pilots Thumb,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. Drum within.

A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sifters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goo, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charms wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. So foule and faire a day I have not seene,
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these?
So wither'd, and so wilde in their ayre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Lie you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppin finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All halle Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Glamis.
2. All halle Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor.
3. All halle Macbeth, that shall be King hereafter.
Ban. Good Sir, why doe you start, and feeme to feare
Things that doe found fo faire? it's name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great predicion
Of Noble bating, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrathfull: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.

2. Letther then Macbeth, and greater.
3. Not fo happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all halle Macbeth, and Banquo.

1. Banquo, and Macbeth, all halle.

Mac. Stay you impercept Speakeers, tell me more:
By Simili death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues,
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the profept of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted Heath you flop our way
With such Prophetique greating?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches answering.
Ban. The Earth hath bubblers, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vndertake'd?

Mac. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

Ban. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the infame Root,
That takes the Reason Prioner?

Mac. Your Children shall be Kings.
Ban. You shall be King.
Mac. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Raffe and Angus.

Raffe. The King hath happily recei'd, Macbeth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: I flene'd with that,
In viewing o' the seff'oth' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy selfe diddke make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poff with poff, and every one did beare
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,
And pow'r'd them downe before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To glue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Only to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Raffe. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, haile most worthy Thane:
For it is thine.
Bng. What can the Deuill speake true?
Macth. The Thane of Caullor lives:
Why do you dresse me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the Thane, lust ye,
but vnder hensive Judgement beares that Life,
Which he deferues to loofe.
Whether he was combin'd with thofe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labord
In his Countreyes weake, I know not:
But Trefons Capital, confef'd, and prou'd,
Hau'nt overthrowne him.
Macth. Glamy, and Thane of Caullor;
The greateft is belinde. Thankes for your priests.
Doe not hope your Children shall be Kings,
Where thofe that gau'e the Thane of Caullor to me,
Promis'd no leffe to them.
Bng. That trufhed home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,
Befides the Thane of Caullor, But 'tis strange:
And oftemeflimes, to winne vt to our harne,
The Instruments of Darkneffe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honet Trifes, to betray's
In decepteufe conceffe.
Counfins, a word, I pray you.
Macth. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act,
Of the Imperiall Theatre. I thank you Gentlemen:
This supernatural felliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earneft of successe,
Commencing in a Truth I am Thane of Caullor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that Conceifion,
Whole horrid Image doth vnforme my Hire,
And make my fested Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vie of Nature? Prefent Feares
Are leffe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whato'er Murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes & my Engle flare of Man,
That Function is linnet'd in furnihe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Bng. Looke how our Partner's rapt.
Macth. If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my vlre.
Bng. New Honors come upon him
Like our frapp'd Garments, cleane not to their mould,
But with the aid of vfe.
Macth. Come what come may,
Time, and the Hour, runs through the roughest Day.
Bng. Worthy Macbeth, wee flay upon your leyfure.
Macth. Give me your fauour:
My dail Braine was wriggl't with things forgeren.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paires are regiftred,
Where every day I turn the Lefce,
To reade them.
Lea vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chance'd: and at more time,
The Interim having weighed it, let vs speake
Our fere Hearts each to other.
Bng. Very gladly.
Macth. Till then enough.
Come friend.

Exceunt.
For in my way it Iyes. Starres hide your fires, 
Let not Light see my black and deep desire: 
The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee, 
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to fee. 
Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full fo valiant, 
And in his commendations, I am fed: 
It is a Banquet to me. Let's alter him, 
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome: 
It is a pereleffle Kinman.

Flourish. Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth's wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of fucceffe: and I have 
learn'd by the perfecftif report, they have more in them, then 
marroll knowledge. When I burn't in defire to queftion them 
further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanifh'd. 
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miflemes from 
the King, who all-led me there of Caufed, by which Title 
before, itfelf weared Sifters falfified me, and refured me to 
the comming on of time, with haile King that ftall be. 
This haue I thought good to deliver thee (my deareft Partner of 
Greatneffe) that thou might'ft no lofe the due of recoyng 
by being ignorant of what Greatneffe is promis'd thee. Lay 
it to thy heart and farewel.

Glams thou art, and Caufed, and fhall be 
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature, 
It is too full o' the Milke of humane kindneffe, 
To catch the neareft way. Thou would'ft be great, 
Art not without Ambition, but without 
The illneffe which attended it. What thou would'ft highly, 
That would'ft thou hoylly: would'ft not play falle, 
And yet would'ft wrongely winne. 
Thould'ft haue, great Glams that which eyres, 
Thus thou mult doo, if thou have it; 
And that which rather thou doof feare to doe, 
Then wiifeft should be vndone. High thee hither, 
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eue, 
And chaftifie with the valour of my Tongue 
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round, 
Which Fate and Metaphyficallye ayde doth feeme. 
To haue thee crown'd withall. Enter Meffenger.

What is thy ridings? 

Meft. The King comes here to Night. 

Lady. Thou'ft mad to fay it. 

Is not thy Master with him? who, weft fo, 
Would have informed for preparation. 

Meft. So pleafe you, it is true: our Thane is comming: 
One of my fellows had the speed of him; 
Who almoft dead for breath, had fcarcey more 
Then would make vp his Meffage. 

Lady. Give him tending, 

He brings great news, 
Exit Meffenger. 

The Raun himfelfe is hoarse, 
That croakes the fatal entrance of Duncan 
Vnder my Battlemettes. Come you Spirits, 
That tend on mortal thought, vntie me here, 
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full 
Of direft Crueltie: make thick my blood, 
Stop vp th'access, and paceage to Remorfe, 
That no compunctuous visitings of Nature 

Shake my fell purpofe, nor keepe peace betweene 
Th'effe, and hit. Come to my Woman Brefles, 
And take my Milke for Gall, you murthering Minifters, 
Where-euer, in your frighteoff Subftances, 
You wait on Natures Milcheife. Come thick Night, 
And paff thee in the dunneft Smoke of Hell, 
That my keen fame fee it not the Wound it makes, 
Nor heauen peep through the Blanket of the darke, 
To cry, hold, hold. 

Enter Macbeth. 

Great Glamsys, worthy Caufed, 
Greater then both, by the all-hale hereafter, 
Thy Letters have transported me beyond 
This ignorant prefent, and I feeke now 
The future in the infrant. 

Macb. My dearer Loue, 
Duncan comes here to Night. 

Lady. And when goes hence? 

Macb. To morrow, as he purpofes. 

Lady. O neuer, 
Shall Sunne that Morrow fee. 

Your Face, my That, is as a Booke, where men 
May read strange matters, to beguile the time. 
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye, 
Your Hand,your Tongue:looke like itt innocent flower, 
But be the Serpent wiser. He that's comming, 
Muff be provord for: and you fhall put 
This Nights great Bufineffe into my dispatch, 
Which fhall to all our Nights, and Dayses to come, 
Gioe solely foueraigne fway, and Mafterdome. 

Macb. We will speake further, 

Lady. Onely looke vp cleere: 
To aliter favor, eer is to feare: 
Leave all the ref to me. 

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hobies, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, 
Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, 
Ross, Angus, and Attendants. 

King. This Court hath a pleafant feene, 
The ayre nimblly and fweetly recommends it felfe 
Vnto our gentle fenses. 

Ban. This Gueft of Summer, 
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approye, 
By his loued Manfony, that the Heauens breath 
Smells woundingly here: no ifty friere, 
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird 
Hath made his pendant Bed, and proceedings Crafle, 
Where they muff breed, and haunce: I haue obferued 
The ayre is delicate. 

Enter Lady. 

King. See, fee, our honord Hofteffe: 
The Loue that follows vs, fometime is our trouble, 
Which fill we thank as Loue. Herein I teach you, 
How you fhall bid God-cyld vs for your pains, 
And thank vs for your trouble. 

Lady. All our fervice, 
In every point twice done, and then done double, 
Were poor, and fingle Bufineffe, to contend 
Againft thofe Honors deeppe, and bynd, 
Where with your Majeftie loades our Houfe: 
For thofe of old, and the late Dignities, 
Heap'd vp to them, we reftr our Ermite.
King, Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We court him at the heelees, and had a purpose  
To be his Purveyour: But he rides well,  
And his great Loue (Warre as his Spurre) hath holp him  
To his home before v: Fare and Noble Holffef  
We are your guest to night.  
Lr. Your Servants ever:  
Have theirs, themselfes, and what is theirs in compt,  
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,  
Still to retorne your owne.  
King, Give me your hand  
Conduft me to mine Hof: we foule him highly,  
And shallcontinue, our Graces towards him.  
By your leau Holffef,  

Scena Septima.  

Ho. boys. Torchese.  
Enter a Server, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service  
over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.  

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'tis well,  
It were done quickly: If it be Affallination  
Could tramseill vp the Consequence, and catch  
With his feet, Succeeds: that but this blow  
Might be the be all, and the end all. Here,  
But here, upon this Bankle and Schoole of time,  
We'll impe the life to come. But in these Cases,  
We will have judgement here, that we but teach  
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne  
To plague th'informer. This even-handed Juliiice  
Commend's th'Ingratitude of our payson'd Chalice  
To our owne lips. Hee's here in double tuff;  
First, as I am his Kindman, and his Subiet,  
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Hof,  
Who should assign his Murderer shut the doors,  
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin  
So scele in his great Office, that his Vertues  
Will pleade like Angels, Trumper-tongu'd against  
The deepe damnation of his taking off:  
And Pitty, like a naked New-born Babe,  
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hord's  
Upon the lightfull Curriouses of the Ayre,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That teares shall drown the winde. I have no Spurre  
To pricke the sides of my intent, but only  
Yaulting Ambition, which ore-crapes it selfe,  
And falles on the other,  

Enter Lady.  

How now? What Newes?  
Lr. He has almost fipp'd, why have you left the chamber?  
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?  
Lr. Know you not, lie he's?  
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:  
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worse now in their newfallo Gloce,  
Not call aside so loome.  
Lr. Was he hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress your selfe? Hath it left since  
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,  
As what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affect'ed  
To be the fame in thine owne A, and Valour,  
As thou art in defire? Would'ft thou have that  

Which thou esteem'st it the Ornament of Life,  
And loue a Coward in thine owne Effetence?  
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,  
Like the poore Cat in'th'Addage.  

Macb. Pity thee peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares no more, is none.  
Lr. What Beast wasn't then  
That made you breake this enterprise to me?  
When you dut do it, then you were a man:  
And to be more then what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place  
Did then arche, and yet you would make both  
They have made themselues, and that their finelle now  
Do's vmake you. I have giuen Suckle, and know  
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,  
I would, while it was finyling in my Face,  
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Boneless Gummes,  
And daft the Braines out, had I so sworn  
As you have done to this.  

Macb. If we should falle?  
Lady. We falle?  
But swore your courage to the flicking place,  
And wee'le not fayle: when Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereeto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey  
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines  
Will I with Wine, and Waffell, so converse,  
That Memory, the Wader of the Braine,  
Shall be a Fume, and the Reciet of Reson  
A Lymbeck only: when in Swinifh sleep,  
Their drenched Natures eyes as in a Death,  
What cannot you and I performe vpon  
Th'vguarded Duncan? What not put vpon  
His fpringe Officers? who ill shalle the guilt  
Of our great quell.  

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:  
For thy vanquadnt Mettle shoold compose  
Nothing but Males. Will it not be recei'd,  
When we haue mark'd with blood thofe sleepie two  
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,  
That they have don't?  

Lady. Who dares receive it other,  
As we that make our Griefes and Glamor tore,  
Upon his Death?  

Macb. I am fettled, and bend vp  
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Fear,  
Away, and mock the time with faireft Show,  
Faffe face must hide what the false Heart doth know.  

Exeunt.

Aktus Secundus. Scena Prima.  

Enter Banque, and Fleance, with a Torch  
before him.  

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?  

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the  
Clock.  

Banq. And the goes downe at Twelve.  

Fleance. It's ye't, 'tis later, Sir.  

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:  
There's Husbandsry in Heaten,  
Their Candles are all out: take thee that tooo.  

m m 3
A heautie Summons lyes like Lea'd vpon me,  
And yet I would not sleepe:  
Mercifull Powers, reftraine in me the cursed thoughts  
That Nature givs way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Ban. What Sir, not yet at ref? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vsfull Pleasure,  
And lent forth great Largeffe to your Offices,  
This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,  
By the name of moft kind Haflife,  
And fhall vp in meafurifile content.  
Mac. Being vpread,  
Our will became the fervant to defe,  
Which elfe fhoulde free hauz'd wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt laft Night of the three wayward Sifters:  
To you they haue thow'd fome truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:  
Yet when we can entreat an hour to ferve,  
We fhould fpend it in fome words vpon that Bufoonife,  
If you would graunt the time.

Ban. At your kind'd leflure,  
Macb. If you fhall cleaue to my content,  
When 'tis, it fhall make Honor for you.

Ban. So I lofe none,  
In leaueing to augment it, but fill keepe  
My Boome franchis'd, and Allegate cleare,  
I fhall be counfai'd.

Macb. Good repofe the while.

Ban. Thankes Sir: the like to you.  
Exit Banquo.

Macb. Go'd bids this myliftre, when my drink is ready,  
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed.  
Exit.

Is this a Dagger, which I fee before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
I haue thee not, and yet I fee thee fill.

Art thou not farre Vifion, fenfible  
To feeling, as to fight? or are thou but  
A Dagger of the Minde, a falle Creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppreffed Braine?

I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,  
As this which now I draw.

Thou mafthall fit me the way that I was going,  
And fuch an Infrument I was to vfe.

Mine Eyes are made the focoles o'ther Sences,  
Or else vorth all the ref: I fee thee fill;  
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Goues of Blood,  
Which was not fo before. There's no fuch thing:

It is the bloody Bufoonife, which informs  
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World  
Nature feemes dead, and wicked Dremes abufe  
The Curtaine fleppe: Witcheraft celebrates  
Pales Necatc Offerings: and wither'd Munther,  
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,  
Whofe howle's his Watch, thus with his ftealthy pace,  
With Tartaine rauffing fides, towards his defigne  
Moue, like a Ghost. Thou icone and fume-fe Earth  
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare  
Thy very fones prate of my where-about,  
And take the prefent horror from the time,  
Which now futes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath gueues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell imnites me.  
Hes it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,  
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell  
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drum, hath made me bold:  
What hath queuen'd them, hath given me fire.
Heare, peace: it was the Owle that shruek'd,  
The farrell Bell-man, which givs the flenn'n good-night,  
He is about it, the Doores are open:  
And the furged Groomer doe mock their charge  
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poffers,  
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,  
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hauo?

La. Black, I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 's not done: their attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds vs: heareke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not mifie 'em. Had he not refembled  
My Father as he flep't, I had don't.

My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:  
Didst thou not heare a noyfe?

La. I heard the Owle kheareme, and the Crickets cry.

Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

La. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

La. 1.

Macb. Heareke, who lyes th'fecond Chamber?

La. Donalbane.

Macb. This is a forry fight.

La. A foolifh thought, to fay a forry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,

And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:  
I ftood, and heard them: But they did fay their Prayers,  
And adreft them againe to sleepe.

La. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleffe vs, and Amen the other,  
As they had fene me with thefe Hangmans hands:  
Lifting their fear, I could not fay Amen,
When they did fay God bleffe vs.

La. Consider it not fo deeplv.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?  
I had moft need of Bleffing, and Amen fluck in my throat.

La. Thofe deeds muft not be thought  
After thefe wayes: fo, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Macbeth doth murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,  
Sleepe that knits vp the tauel'd Sleepe of Care,  
The death of each daies Life,fore Labors Bath,  
Balm of blufh Minde, great Natures second Courfe,  
Chief Nourifher in Life's Feall.

La. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houfe:  
Glanna hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore Cauder  
Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

La. Who was it, that thus cry'd: ?why worthy Those,  
You doe voubend your Noble Strength, to thinke  
So braine-fickly of things: Goe get some Water,
Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed, That you did lye so late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second Cock; And Drink, Sir, is a great proooker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drink specially proooke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Noise, painting, Sleep, and Wine.
Lecherie, Sir, it proookes, and vice proookes: it proookes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink be to be said in Equivocator with I echterie: it makes him, and it mares him; it fict him on, and it takes him off; it perfades him, and diff-hearts him; makes him fland too, and not stand too; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I beleue, Drink, gane thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, 'tis the very Throst on me: but I required him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master flattering?
Our knocking he's a walk'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macd. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King flattering, worthy Thores?
Port. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him, I have almost flipt the house.
Lenox. Ille bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macd. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ille make so bold to call, for'tis my limited servise.

Exit Macduff.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macd. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night ha's beenVery
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamenting herl Ped'Ayer;
Strange Scheemess of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Eventes,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obsequre Bird clamor'd the luce'long Night.
Some fy, the Earth was feverous,
And did shake.

Macd. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macd. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master peace;
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke one
The Lords anonymed Temple, and stole thence
The Life oth' Building.

Macd. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Majesty?

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Ring the Alarum Bell; Murder, and Treason,
Bang, and Donalbain: Malcolm awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death as fell: vp, vp, and fee
The great Doomes Image: Malcolm, Bangs,
As from your Graues rife vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell,
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Business?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the Houfe? speake, speake.

Macb. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womanes care,
Would mutter as it fell.

Enter Bangs.

O Bangs, Bangs, Our Royall Masters mother'd,
Lady, Vve, alas:
What, in our Houfe?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dearer Duff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roffe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had list'd a blessed time: from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality:
All is but Toys: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbin.

Don. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and do not know't.
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is flipt, the very Source of it is flipt.

Macb. Your Royall Father's mother'd.

Mat. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Thofe of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had not's:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnu'p'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes, they flar'd, and were diftrac'd,
No mans life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O yet, I do repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Mat. Wherefore did you so?

Matb. Who can be wise, asaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyal, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loute
Out-run the Pawuer, Reafon. Here lay Duncan,
His Silver kinde hau'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gall'd Slaves, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wasfull entrance; there the Murthurers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly brea'h'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to loure; and in that heart,
Courage, to make'se loue knowne?

Lady. Help me hencelooe.

Macb. Looke to the Lady.

Mat. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clame this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augurer hole,
May ruff, and feizes? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mat. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And queftion this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and Scruples flike vs:
In the great Hand of God I fland, and thence,
Against the vndivo'd pretence, I flight
Of Trefinous Malice.

Macb. And fo doe I,
All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet th' Hall together.

All. Well contented,

Matb. What will you doe?
Let's not comfort with them:
To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's ease.
Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our peperated fortune shall keepe vs both the faper:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neger bloody.

Mat. This murtherous Shaft that's flot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our fafeft way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Hoftes,
And let vs not be dainty of leave-taking,
But flight away: there's warrant in that Thes,
Which fťreses it felfe, when there's no mircle left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roffe, with an Old man.

Old man. Three score and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen
Houses dreadful, and things strange; but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roffe. Ha, good Father,
Thou feest the Hauens, as troubles with many A's,
Threatens his bloody Stage: by th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night straigles the trouailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darkniffe does the face of Earth intombe,
When living Light should kinde it?

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done; On Tuesday laft,
A Faulcon towning in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowing Owle hawk'd at, and kill'd:

Roffe. And Dumcairs Hoftes,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their fballs, flong out,
Contending 'gainft Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Roffe. They did so:
Enter Banquo.
Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyward Womans promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dst it most drowly for 't: yet it was false
It should not stand in thy Pottency,
But that my fells should be the Roore, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be thy Oracles as well,
And let me vp in hope. But hulh, no more.
Seniors assembled. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Roffe, Lords, and Attendants.
Macb. Here's our chief Guest.
La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene a gap in our great Feast,
And all thing vnbecoming.
Macb. To night we hold a solemnne Supper fit,
And lie requir'd your presence.
Banq. Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble eye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoone?
Banq. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We should have else defir'd your good advaice

(Which till hath beene both grave, and prosperus)
In this dayes Counsell: but we'll take to morrow.
Is't faire you ride?
Banq. As faire, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper, Goe not my Horie the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke hour, or twaine,
Macb. Faile not our Feast.
Banq. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We here our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland,not confessing
Their eruell Parzicled, filling their hearers
With frange intemlation. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall have cause of State,
Cruising vs ignobly. Hye you to Horie:
Adieu, till you return at Night,
Goes Pleasure with you?
Banq. I my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.
Macb. I with your Horie's swift, and sure of foot:
And fo I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell, Exit Banquo.
Let every man be master of his time,
Till feuen at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our sette till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you,
Exit Lords.
Sirs, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Seniors. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
Gate.
Macb. Bring them before vns. Exit Seniors.
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our feares in Banquo fickle deepe,
And in his Royalty of Nature reignes that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauncleffe temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wildeone, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in saftie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and vader him,
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthony was by Cesar. He chid the Siffers,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They say'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitleffe Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if 't be so,
For Banquo's hfe have I fill'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious Duncan have I muter'd,
Put Rancours in the Veffell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternal Jewell
Gien to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings.
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyft,
And champion me to th'vterance.
Who's there?
Enter Seniors, and two Merchanteers.
Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.
Exit Seniors.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Meth. It was, so pleasa your Highness.
Macb. Well then,
Now hau you consider'd of my speeches:
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Know, that it was he, in the times past, Which held you to vnder fortune, Which you thought had been our innocent selfe, This I made good to you, in our last conference, Paft in probation with you: How you were borne in hand, how croll: The Instrumens: which wrought with them: And all things els, that might To halfe a Soule, and to a Nation craz'd, Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. Macbeth. You made it knowne to vs.
Macbeth. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Do ye finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Goopol'd to pray for this good man,
And for his fife, whose beautie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and beggar'd
Yours for ever?

2. Macbeth. We are men, my Liege.
Macbeth. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungtels, Spinels, Curtes,
Showghers, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clippt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the fatle,
The Hound-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' th' worst ranke of Manhood say't.
And I will put that Buoinesse in your Boomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart, and loue of vs,
Who weaze our Health but gladly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

3. Macbeth. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowers and Buffets of the World
Hath to incend'd, that I am reckeless what I doe,
To plight the World.

1. Macbeth. And I another,
So weaze with Disaffairs, rag'd with Fortune,
That I would let my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macbeth. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemy.
Macbeth. True, my Lord.
Macbeth. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrills
Against my neere'lt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power swEEP him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must nor,
For certaine friends that are both his; and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but whase his fal,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make loue,
Masking the Buoinesse from the common Eye,
For fundry weightie Reasons.

2. Macbeth. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command to vs.

1. Macbeth. Though our Lutes--
Macbeth. Your Spirits shine through you,
Within this house, at moft,
I will aduise you where to plant your felues,
Acquaint you with the perfed Spy out'time,
The moment on't, for's must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leau no Rubs nor Botes in the Worke:
France, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose absence is no lefe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fare
Of that daire house: releue your felues apart,
He come to you anon.

Macbeth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.
Macbeth. He call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth: Lady, and a Sergeant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Count?
Sargent. 1, Madame, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leuyre,
For a few words.
Sargent. Madame, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our deside is goe without contentes:
Tis safer, to be that which we defroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubfull joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you kepe alone?
Of orrefory Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which you should indeed haue dy'd
With them they think nothing; things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done,
Macbeth. We have forcho'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll e'e close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice
Remains in danger of her former Toothe,
But let the frame of things difloynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meat in feare, and sleepe,
In the affildation of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us Nightly.
Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gaine our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In selfele extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifs fruefull Feuer, he sleepe well,
Treason ha's done his worft: nor Steele, nor Poyton,
Mallice domineique, forraigne Leuite, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, decke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and louiall among your Guefts to Night.

Macbeth. So shall I Louse, and so I pray you be:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Visite the white, that wee mutt haue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Visards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macbeth. O, full of Scorpiions is my Minde, devise Wife:
Thou know'ft, that Banquo and his Fleaut lives.

Lady. But
Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murderers,

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
2. Macbeth.
3. He nees not our mistufit, since he delivereth our offices, and what we haue to doe,
   To the direction luff.
4. Then fland with vs:
   The Wef yet glimmers with some ftreakes of Day,
   Now spurreth the later Traveuler space,
   To gaze the timely inne, and neere approaches
   The subiect of our Watch.
5. Harke, I hear Horfes, 
   Banquo within. Give vs a Light there, hos.
6. Then 'tis hee:
   The reft, that are within the note of expectation,
   Already are the Courte.
7. His Horfes goe about.
8. Almoft a mile: but he does vnfruly,
   So all men doe, from hence tothat Palacie Gate
   Make it his Walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
4. Stand too.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Treacherie! 
Flye good Fleance, flye, flye flye,
Thou mayst reuenge. O Slue!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
4. Was not the way?
5. There's but one downes: the Sonne is fled.
6. We have loyft
Befal halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
   Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rafe, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe: 
At fift and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Maiesty.
Macb. Our felfe will mingle with Society, 
And play the humble HofT:
Our Hoifa keeps her State, but in best time 
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends, 
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.
   Enter first Morbifier.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks 
Both fides are enuent: here is feft in th'mid'ft, 
Be large in mith, anon we'll drinke a Measure 
The Table round, There's blood upon thy face.

Mac. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispac'd?

Mar. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beft oth'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou did'ft it, thou art the Non-paetill.

Moff Royall Sir
Fleance is slay'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had els beene perfecft; 
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the cafing Ayres 
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, condin'd, bound in 
To favcy doubts, and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mar. thy good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gafthes on his head;
The leaft a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown Serpens lyes, the worcke that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'prefent. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hear our felues again.
   Exit Morbifier.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not gluie the Cheere, the Feast is fold
That is not often vouche'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome; to feede were bell at home:
From thence, the fauce to measure is Ceremony, 
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Gloss of Banquo, and fits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrance:

Now good digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May'st please your Highfiell e.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grae'd perfon of our Banquo proued, 
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindneffe,
Then pitty for Mischance.

Rafe. His abidence (Sit)
Layes blame upon his promife. Pleases your Highfiell
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here be a place referu'd Sir,
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here be my good Lord
What is't that moves your Highness now?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goory locks at me.
Ruff. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat.
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will againe be well, if much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
L. O proper Robbie:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawnwe-Dagger which you faid
Led you to Duncan, O, these flawed and flars
(Impositors to true feare) would well become
A womans flory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: frame it felle.
Why do you make fuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a floole.
Macb. Pray thefe see there.
Behold, looke, loe, how fay you:
Why what care I, if thou canft nod, fpeak too.
If Charnell houfes, and our Graues muft fend
Thofe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Ryces
L. What? quite vnman'd in folly.
Macb. If I fall here, I faw him.
L. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath bene fized ere now, 'tis old time
Ere humane Statute purgd the gentle Weale:
I, and fince too, Murthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the care. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: but now they rife againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And puth vs from our flooles. This is more flrange
Then fuch a murther is.
L. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not murfle at me my worthy Friends,
I have a ftrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thofe that know me. Come, looe and health to all,
Then Ile fit downe: Give me fome Wines, fill full:
Enter Goff.
I drinke to th'general Iooy of the whole Table,
And to our deere Friend Banke, whom we miss:
Would he were here: to all, and him we thift,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avante, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleffe, thy blood is cold:
Thou hatt no speculation in thofe eyes
Which thou doft glare with.
L. Think of this good Peces
But a thing of Cuffome: Thus I, other,
Onely it foyples the pleure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approch thou like the rugged Ruffian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or eff Hircan Tiger,
Take any fhape but that, and my firme Nerus
Shall never tremble. Or be alue againe,
And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protft mee
The Baby of a Gifte. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnrcall mock'ry hence. Why fo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you fit flill.
L. You have diplac'd the mirfch,
Broke the good meeting, with moft admitt'd disorders.
Macb. Can fuch things be,
And overcome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
Euen to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold fuch fights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanchd with feare.
Ruff. What fights, my Lord?
L. I pray you fpeak not: be growes worfe & worfe
Question enranges him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maiely.
L. A kinde goodnight to all.
Exut Lords.
Macb. It will have blood they fay:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have bene knowne to move, & Trees to fpeak:
Augures, and underflood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret Man of Blood. What is the night?
L. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How fay I thee that Macduff denies his perfon
At our great bidding.
L. Did you fend to him Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way: But I will fend:
There's not a one of them but in his houfe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sifters,
More fhal' they fpeak: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the woff, for mine owne good,
All caufes mall give way, I am in blood
StEEP in fo farre, that though I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muff be asfet, ere they may be fand.
L. You lacke the fefton of all Natures, sleepe.
Macb. Come, weet to sleepe: My ftrange & felf-abufe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vfe:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the threeWitches, meeting
Hec.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angrily?
Hec. Haue I not reafon (Beldams) as you are?
Savcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To trade, and trafficke with Macbeth,
In Riddler, and Affairs of death;

And
And I the Miftres of your Charnes,
The clofe contrur of all harmes,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spitefull, and wrathfill, who (as others do)
Loves for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me at Mornign: thither he
Will come, to know his Definie,
Your Veffels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charnes, and every thing beside;
I am for th Ayre: This night I epend
Vnlo a dimmall, and a Fattall end.
Great bufinesse will be wrought ere Noone,
Vpon the Corner of the Moone.
There hangs a vap'tous drop, profound,
Ile catch at eie it come to ground;
And that diffill'd by Magickie flightes,
Shall raise such Artificial projectiles,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, foroome Death, and bere
His hopes 'bout Wisdom, Grace, and Fears:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefe Enemie.

Mackie, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd my little Spirit fee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and flies for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.
1 Come, let's make haff, fpee I foone be
Backe againe. 

Seena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Oney I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: hearry he was dead:
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) Firmus kill'd,
For Firmus fied: Men mufl not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monftrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Dornikneu
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fad,
How it did greece Macbeth? Did he not straft
In piou's rage, the two delinquents reare,
That were the Saues of drinke, and trabblles of sleep?
Was not that Nobly done?; and wisely too:
For't would haue angered any heart alio
To hear the men dempe. So that I fay,
He ha's borne all things well, and 1 do thinke,
That had he Duncan Sonner vnder his Key,
(Af, and pleaf Heauen he hall not) they fhould finde
What 't were to kill a Father: So fould Fleance.
But peace; for from broad words, and caufe he fay'd
His prefence at the Tyrants Feall, I hear.

Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himelfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lies in the English Court, and is recey'd
Of the moft Pious Edward, with fuch grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high repect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ary
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Symonard,
That by the helpe of thefe (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Give to our Tables meat, sleep to our Nights:
Free from our Fealls, and Banquers bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath fo easer pearce their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not 1
The coldy Meffenger turns me his backe,
And hums; as who should fay, you'U rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Adulate him to a Caution, t hold what distance
His wifecome can prouide, Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of England, and unfohd
His Meffage ere he come, that a fwit BLEfing
May foone returne to this our sufferin Country,
Vnder a hand accus'd.

Lord. He fend my Prayers with him. 

Aetuus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries,'tis time,'tis time,
4 Round about the Cauldron go:
In the poyland Entrails throw
Toad, that under cold flore
Dajes and Nights, he's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thouft fhall it's charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble:
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron Boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Foffe, and Blinde-wormes bing,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, Boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rain'd tali. Sea flanke:
Rootes of Helmlock, digg'd with'dake:
Liners of Blapheming taw,
Gall of Goste, and Slippes of Yew,
Sluer'd in the Moones Eclipfe:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Note of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-striangled Babe,
Ditch, dieruer'd by a Drab,
Make the Cressel thick, and flab.
Add thereto a Tigers Clawedron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cawdron bubble.

2. Cook it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firmly and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three witches.

Her. O well done: I commend your pains,
And every one shall shar e'th'gaine:
And now about the Cawdron fing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Mac.uke and a Song, Blakes Spirits, &c.

2. By the pricking of my Thumbs,
Something wicked this ways comes:
Open Lockets, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. How now you secrete, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mac. I couteny, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you warne the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yealy Waters
Confound and swallow Navigation vp,
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blowne downe,
Though Caffles topple on their Waders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do fllope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till defraction ticken: Answer me
To what I ask you.

1. Speak.
2. Demand.
3. Well answer.

1. Say if th'hadst rather hear it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Mac. Call'em: let me fee 'em.

1. Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high everlow:
Thy Selfe and Office dastly shew.

Thunder.

1. Apparition, an Armed Head.

Mac. Tell me, thou unknowne power.

1. He knowes thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth;
Beware Macbeth's,
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismist me. Enough.

Mac. What ere thou art, for thy good caution,thanks
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.

1. He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2. Apparition, a Bloody Child.

Mac. Had I three ears, I'd heare thee,

App. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to forne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harm me till I take

Mac. Then live Macbeth, what need I fear of thee?
But yet Ite make assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

3. Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that rifies like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Souraignty?

All. Liten, but I speak not too.

3. Appar. Be Lyon meted, proud, and take no care:
Who chiefs, who fress, or where Confessors are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunmanshe Hill
Shall come against him.

Defend. Mac. That will never bee:
Who can impeffe the Forreft, bid the Tree
With his earth-bound Root? Sweet boodsmens;good:
Rebellious dead, rife neuer to the Wood
Of Byrman rife, and our high place'd Macbeth
Shall live the Leafe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer
Regine in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,

Why sinks that Caldon? & what noise is this? Hobeges

1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greate his Hart,
Come like th'sowes, so depart.

A favour of King's, and Banque left, with a glasse
in his hand.

Mac. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banque: Down:
Thy Cawmne do's feare mine Eye-balls.
And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound brow, is like the sift:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth! Stat eyes!
What will the line fretch out of that cracker of Doome?

Another yet? A featnt, Hee feare no more:
And yet the eight appears, who beares a glasse,
Which shews me many more: and some I fee,
That two-fold Balles, and treble Speppers carry
Horrible fight: Now I fee't is true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banque smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

1 Sir,all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazely? Come Sifters, cheer we vp his spirtres,
And flew the beit of our delights.

Ie Charme the Ayre to gaine a found,
While you performe your Ancient round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome psy.

Muses.

The Witches Dance, and caw.

Mac. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious house,
Stand aye ascered in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.
Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Mac.
Macb. Saw you the Weyward Sisters?
Len. No, my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride, And damn'd all those that truft them. I did hear The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macb. Fled to England.
Len. I, my good Lord,
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose sooner is o're-tooke
Vnleffe the deed go with it. From this moment, The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even now To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Cattle of Macbiff, I will furprize,
Sere upon Fife: guide to th'edge o'th Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boastling like a Fool,
This deed I do, before this purpose coole,
But no more flight. Where are thefe Gentlemen? Come bring me where they are.

**Scena Secunda.**

*Enter Maccbeths Wife, her Son, and Ruffe.*

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land? Ruffe. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our Actions do not, Our fears do make vs Traitors.
Ruffe. You know not Whether it was his wifedome, or his fear.
Wife. Wifedome to leave his wife, to leave his Babes, His Manion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do not dye? He loses vs not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poor Wren (The moft diminutive of Birds) will flight,
Her young ones in her Neft, against the Owle : All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loute;
As little is the Wifedome, where the flight So runnes against all reafon.
Ruffe. My deereft Cooz,
I pray you scoole you your Selfe. But for your Husband, He is Noble, Wise, indiciuous, and bell knowes
The firs o'th'Seafon. I dare not speake much further, But cruelly are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our felues: when we hold Rumor From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But flate upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but I be heere againe:
Things as the worft will ceafe or elfe climb vpward, To what they were beore. My pretty Cofine, Bleffing vpon you,
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-still.
Ruffe. I am so much a Fool, I shoul'd I flye longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leaue at once. Exit Ruffe.

Wife. Sirs, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flies?
Son. With what I get I meane, and to do they.
Wife. Poor Bird,
Thou'dft neuer Feste the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poor Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yet, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market,
Son. Then you'll by'em to fell againe.
Wife. Thou speake'ft withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was,
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Eyrie one that do's fo, is a Traitor,
And mutt be hang'd,
Son. And mutt they all be hang'd, that sweat and lyes?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men,
Son. Then the Liars and Sweares are Foroos:for there are
Lyars and Sweares now, to beate the honest men,
And hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe them, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd wepe for him: if you would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly have a new Father.
Wife. Poore prater, how thou talk'll?
*Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. Bleffe you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your face of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neereally.
If you will take a homely mens advice,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones
To figh you this. Me thinkes I am too fauege:
To do wronge to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nire your perfon. Heauen preferv you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthy world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harme?
What are these faces?

*Enter Maccbethes.*

Macc. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place to unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Macc. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'th thou flagge-ever'd Villaine.
Macc. What you Egges?
Yong fry of Treachery!
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Maccbeth.*

N n

The Tragedie of Macbeth.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let vs seek out some defolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosome empty.

Macb. Let vs rather Hold fast the mortal Sword & like good men, Befride our downfall Birthdome; each new Morne, New Widdershow howe, new Orphans cry, new forowes Strike heauen on the face, that it refounds As it it felt with Scotland, and yeld'out Like Syllable of Dour. 

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile; What know, beleue; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I will, What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance. This Tyrant, whose sole name blusters our tongues, Was once thought honeste you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may disceerne of him through me, and wifedome To offer vp a weak, poor innocuent Lambe Tappease an angry God. 

Macb. I am not treacherous. 

Mal. But Macbeth is, A good and vertuous Nature may recolle In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranfpoze; Angels are bright full, though the brighteft fell. Though all things soule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace muft full looke fo. 

Macb. I haue loft my Hopes. 

Mal. Perchance eu'en there Where I did finde my doubts. 

Why in that rawnelfe left you Wife, and Childe? Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love, Without leave-taking. I pray you, Let not my Jealousye, be your Difhonors, But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iuft, What euer I shal thinke. 

Macb. Bleed, bleed poore Country, Great Tyranny, lay thou by thy sbafure, For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thys wrongs, The Title, is afeard. Far thee well Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou think?; For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graffe, And the rich Ealft to boot. 

Mal. Be not offended: I speake not as in abfolute fear of you; I thinke our Country finkes beneath the yoke, It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day: gaff Is added to her woundes. I thinke withal, There would be hands vifified in my right: And heere from gracius England haue I offer Of goodly thousand. But for all this, When I shall treade upon the Tyrants head, Or waere it on my Sword; yet my poore Country Shall have more vices then it had before, More suffer, and more fundry waues then euer, By him that shall succeede. 

Macb. What shal I do be? 

Mal. It is my felie I meane: in whom I know All the particulars of Vice to grafted, That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd With my confinelle felfe harmer. 

Macb. Not in the Legions Of borond Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd In euils, to top Macbeth. 

Mal. I grant him bloody, luxurious, Aruisceous, Falfe, Deceiffull, Sotaine, Malelions, smacking of every kinne That ha's a name. But there's no bottome none In my Voluptuoufnesse: Your Wifes, your Daughteres, Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp The Ceftern of my Lutf, and my Desire All continent Impediments would ore-beare That did oppoare my will. Better Macbeth, Then fuch an one to reigne, 

Macb. Boundleffe Intemperance In Nature is a Tyranny: I have beene Th'vnimrly empyeing of the happy Throne, And kill of many Kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet fene cold. The time you may bo hondeke: We haue willing Damnes enough:there cannot be That Vulture in you, to devour fo many As will to Greatneffe dedicate themselves, Finding it fo inclinde. 

Macb. With this, these growes In my moft ill-compresas Affection, fuch A flanchefte Avarice, that were I King, I fhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands, Defire his Jewels, and this others Houfe, And more my hauing, would be as a Sawee To make me hunger more, that I fhould forge Quarrells vnift against the Good and Loyall, Defroying them for wealth. 

Macb. This Avarice flickes deeper: grows with more pennisous roote Then Summer-leafing Lyfe: and it hath bin The Sword of our flaine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foylons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are portable, With other Graces weigh'd. 

Mal. But I have none, The King-becoming Graces, As Lulfesse, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse, Bounty, Perfeuerance, Mercy, Lawlifenesse, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Forfritude, I have no tellifh of them, but abound In the dufion of each feuerall Crime, Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I fhould Pourre the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell, Vprore the vniuerfal Peace, confound All vanity on earth. 

Macb. O Scotland, Scotland. 

Mal. If such a one be fit for gouerne, speake I am as I haue spoken. 

Macb. Fit to gouerne? No not to live. O Naive miserable! With an eniured Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, When shall thou see thy wholefome dayes againe? Since that the truef 11ue of thy Throne By his owne Interdição flands affcit, And do's blaspheymes his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a moff Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee, Often upon her knees, then on her feet, Dy'de euery day the liv'd. Face thee well, These
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

These Euis thou repeat't upon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland, O my Brest,
Thy hope ends here.

Mac. Macduff, this Noble passion
Childes of integrity, hast from my soul
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, receiv'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divilish Macbeth,
By many of these traines, hath fought to win me
Into his power : and made? Wife'some plucks me
From our cruelous haft: but God aboue
Deale betwixt thee and me; For even now
I put my felle to thy Direction, and
Vnspake mine own destruction. Here abide
The taines, and blames I lade upon my felle,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forworne,
Scarce hath counted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not beare y
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leffe in truth then life. My first falle speaking
Was this upon my felle. What I am truly
It thine, and my poor Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old Seyward, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was senting forth;
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodnde
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Mac. Such welcome, and vnwelcome things at once
Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doelor.

Mac. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?

Doel. Sir, there are a crew of wrecked Soules
That fay his Cure : their malady comunes
The great effay of Art. But at his touch,
Such fadiny hath Heauen giten his hand,
They presently amend.

Mac. I thank you Doctor.

Mac. What's the Diseafe he means?

Mac. Tis call'd the Euell.

A most myrauloues worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remains in England,
I have feene him do: How he solicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All whom and Vicerors, pitifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden flame about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and his spoken
To the succedding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heavilly guift of Prophets,
And fundry Bleffings hang about his Throne,
That spake him full of Grace.

Enter Roffe.

Mac. See who comes here.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Mac. My euer gentle Cozen,welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God he seems remoue
The means that makes vs Strangers.

Roffe. Sir, Amen.

Mac. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Roffe. Alas poore Country,
Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once feene to smile:
Where fishes, and groame, and frithers that rent the syre

Mac. Are made, not mark'd: Where violent forrowe fecnes
A Moderne extasie; The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Eisper before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they flicken.

Mac. Of H.R.E. Speech is too nice, and yet too true.

Mac. What's the newes griefe?

Roffe. That of an hoares age, doth hisfe the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Mac. How do's my Wife?

Roffe. Why well.

Mac. And all my Children?

Roffe. Well too.

Mac. The Tyrant he's no better'd at their peace?

Roffe. Not, they were not at peace, when I did leave them.

Mac. Be not a niggard of your speech : How go's?

Roffe. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have hauly borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were our,
Which was to my beleefe witnesst the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.

Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire difficiles.

Mac. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Soouldier, none
That Christopher gleans out.

Roffe. Would I could anwer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be bowld'd out in the defect syre,
Where hearing should not larch them.

Mac. What concernes they,
The generall caufe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some fingle breath?

Roffe. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Mac. If it be mine
Keeps it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Roffe. Let nor your eures dispite my tongue for ever,
Which shall poiffle them with the heauest sound
That euer they yet heard.

Mac. Humh! I queufe at it.

Roffe. Your Castle is surpriz'd: you're Wife, and Babes
Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of thee muther'd Deere
To adde the death of you,

Mac. Mercifull Heaven:

Mal. What man, ne're pull your har upon your browses;
Give forrow words ; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-traut heart, and bids it brake.

Mac. My Children too?

Re. Wife,Children,Seruants, all that could be found.

Mac. And I must be from thence?My wife kil'd too?

Roffe. I have said,

Mac. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Mac'dines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Mac. He's ha't no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damne.

At one fell swoope?

Mal. Diuise it like a man,

Mac. I shall do so.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

But I must also feel it as a man; I cannot but remember such things were That were most precious to me: Did heaven looke on, And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff, They were all strowke for thee: Naught that I am, Not for their owne demeants, but for mine Fell slaughter on their foules: Heauen remt them now. 

Mac. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let grieue Content to anger: blunted not the heart, revenge it. 

Macb. O I could play the woman with mine eyes, And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens, Cut short all intermiffion: Front to Front, Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe Within my Swords length set him, if the scape Heauen forgive him too. 

Macb. This time goes manly: 

Come goe we to the King, our Power is ready, Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. 

Macb It is ripe for shaking, and the Poweres aboue Put on their Instrument: Receiue what cheere you may, The Night is long, that never findes the Day. 

Exit Macb.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Yarning Gentlewoman. 

Delf. I have too Nightes watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it shee last walk'd? 

Gent. Since his Maisters went into the Field, I have seen her ride from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, valoike her Clothes, take forth papers, fold it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe. 

Delf. A great perturbation in Nature, to recoyue at once the benefit of sleepe, and do the effects of watchinge. In this flumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her say? 

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her. 

Delf. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should. 

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse to confirme my speech. 

Enter Lady with a Taper. 

Lo you, heere shee comes: This is her very guiie, and vpon her life in sleepe: obserue her, stand close. 

Delf. How came she by that light? 

Gent. Why is it broade by her: she ha's light by her continually, tis her command. 

Delf. You see her eyes are open. 

Gent. I but their fenfe are shut. 

Delf. What is it the do's now? 

Look how she rubs her hands. 

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washyng her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an house. 

Lad. Yet here's a spot. 

Delf. Hark! she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly. 


Fey, my Lord, sir, a Sounder, and so far'd what need we fear: who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who 

would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much blood in him. 

Delf. Do you marke that? 

La. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is the now? What will these hands ne're be clean: No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this flatting. 

Delf. Go too, go too: You haue knowne what you should nor. 

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should nor, I am sure of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne. 

La. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. 

Oh, oh, oh. 

Delf. What a sight is there? The hart is forly charg'd. 

Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body. 

Delf. Well, well, well. 

Gent. Pray God it be sic. 

Delf. This disea'se is beyond my praface: yet I haue knowne thoe whiche haue walkt in their sleepe, who haue dyed hollice in their beds. 

La. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not to pale: I telle you yet againe Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave. 

Delf. Even so? 

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knockinge at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: That's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. 

Exit Lady. 

Delf. Will she go now to bed? 

Gent. Direcly. 

Delf. Foule whistings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds 

Do breed vnnaturall troubles: inflamed minde 

To their desye pillowes will discharge their Sences: 

More needs the Divine, then the Physitian: God, God forgie all. Looke after her, 

Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance, 

And stillke eyepe vpon her: So goodnight, 

My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my fight, 

I thinke, but dare not speake. 

Gent. Good night good Doctor. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteith, Caithnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers. 

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff. 

Reuenge bume in them: for their deere causes Would to the bleeding, and the geim Alame 

Excite the mortified man. 

Ang. Neere Byssan wood 

Shall we well meet them, what way are they comming 

Caith. Who knowes if Donaldene be with his brother? 

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File 

Of all the Gentry: there is Seyward's Sonne, 

And many youthful youths, that euen now 

Protest their firth of Manhood. 

Ment. What do's the Tyrant. 

Caith. Great Dunsmene he strongly Fortifies: 

Some fay he'ts mad: Others, that letter hate him, 

Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

He cannot buckle his distemp'rd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Now do's he fleet
His secret Murthers flicking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thofe he commands, move onely in command,
Nothing in none. Now do's he fleet his Title
Hang loofe about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarffh Theepe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pupils' Senes to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It felle, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To gui Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we th' Medicine of the fickly Weale,
And with him pourre we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs,
To dow the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnane. \(\text{Exeunt marching.}\)

Enter Macbeth, Dofter, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byramne wood remoue to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with Fearre, What's the Boy Malefice?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then flye falle, Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epitauries,
The minde I flyay by, and the heart I bære,
Shall never faggi with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servants.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where goby'th thou that Goofe-floote.

Ser. There is ten thoufand.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-litter'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Confaulars to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English ftre Force, fo pleafe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am fick at hart,
When I behalde: Seyton, I fay, this paffh
Will euer euer, or dif-care me now.
I have but'd long enoufht, my way of life
Is fallen into the Scare, the yellow Leafes,
And that which fould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopers of Friends,
I must not looke to have: but in their fseed,
Curles, not lowd but deep, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Seyton.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What Newer more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flefh be hackt.

Give me my Armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:

Send out mee Horles, skirre the Country round,
Hang thoughe that talke of Fearre. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Delt. Not fo fickte my Lord,
As he is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keep repair from her reft.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can't thou not Minifter to a minde difeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
Cleanfe the fludd bosome, of that perillus fluffe
Which weighe upon the heart?

Delt. Therin in the Patient
Muft minifter to himfelfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, I eoneoff.

Come, put mine Armour on: give my felfe Staffe:

Seyton, fend our Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:

Come fir, dispatch. If thou could'tt Doctor, call
The Water of my Land, finde her Difaffe,
And purge it to a found and prifuite Health,
I would applau'd thee to the very Echo,
That shoul'd applaud againe. Doftt off I fay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgetiue dragge
Would foverne these English hen fight: heer's 3 of them?

Delt. My good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunfinane.

Delt. Were I from Dunfinane away and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. \(\text{Exeunt}\)

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malefice, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward Somme, Menthe, Calbones, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Male. Cousin, I hope the dayes are necesse at hand
That Chambers will be fale.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sey. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Male. Let euer Soul'dier hem downe a Bough,
And bate before him, thereby falle we shadow
The numbers of our Hooft, and make dicovery
Ere in report of us.

Sold. It fhall be done.

Sey. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will indure
Our setting downe before.

Male. 'Tis his maine hope:

For where there is advantage to be gien,
Both more and leffe haue gien him the Revolt,
And none ferue with him, but contained things,
Whose hearts are abfent too.

Macdu. Let our juft Couriers
Attend the trueuent, and put we on

Industrious
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Indivisious Soul'diership.

 Sey. The time approaches, That will with due decision make vs know What we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculatius, their vntrue hopes relate, But certaine issue, stroules must arbitrate, Towards which, advance the warre. Exeunt marching.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soldiers, with, Drum and Colours.

Mach. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls, The Cry is full, they come: our Castles strength Will laugh a Sedge to scone: Heere let them lye, Till Famine and the Auge ease them vp: Were they not forcd' with thofe that should be ours, We might have met them daarefull, beard to beard, And beate them backward home. What is that noife? A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord. Mach. I have almost forgot the tale of Feares: The time ha's beene, my fenes would have cool'd To hear a Night-thrieke, and my Fell of haire Would at a difmall Trance rowze, and flire As life were in't. I have fupp full with horrors, Difnefle familiar to my flaughterous thoughts Cannot once flart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Mach. She shou'd have dy'd hereafter; There would have beene a time for fuch a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow.

Creepes in this petty pace from day to day, To the left Syllable of Recorded time: And all our yesterdays, have lighted Fooles The way to dufy death. Out, out, breafe Candle, Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player, That flrets and frets his houre vpon the Stage, And then is heard no more. It is a Tale Told by an Idiot, full of foul and fury Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou coul'tt to vtehuy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mef. Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I fay I faw; But know not how to do't.

Mach. Well, fay fir.

Mef. As I did fland my watch vpon the Hill I look'd toward Byrnanac, and anon me thought The Wood began to move.

Mach. Lyar, and Slauze.

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be no fof: Within this three Mile may you fee it comming, I fay, a mooving Grove.

Mach. If thou speake it fife, Vpon the next Tree ftall thou hang alius Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be foon, I care not if thou doft for me much. I pull in Reolution, and begin To doubt th'Equitation of the Fiend, That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnanac Wood Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Mach. They have tided me to a Stake, I cannot flye, But Beare-like I mufli fight the courfe, What's he That was not borne of Woman? Such a one Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

Mach. Thou'st be afraid to heare it.

T. Sey. Not though thou callit thy felfe a hater name Then any is in hell.

Mach. My name's Macbeth.

T. Sey. The diuell himfelfe could not pronounce a Title More hatefull to mine ear.

Mach. No: nor more fearefull.

T. Sey. Thou liefet abhorred Tyraunt, with my Sword Ile prove the lye thou fpeak fit.

Fights, and young Seyward flaine.

Mach. Thou wast borne of woman; But Swords I smilfe at: Weapons laugh to scone, Brandifhed by man that's of a Woman borne. Exit. Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Mach. That way the noife is: Tyrant fhew thy face, If thou beft flaine, and with no stroke of mine, My Wife and Childrens Ghostes will haunt me ftil: I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whom armies Are hyr'd to bear their Stauses; either thou Macbeth, Or elfe my Sword with an unbatterd edge I fhew againe veideed. There thou fhouldt be, By this great clatter, one of greatest note.

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours,

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Maccduff, and their Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now were enough: Your leaue Skreenes throw downe, And fhew like thofe you are: You (worthy Vnakle) Shall with my Cofin your right Noble Sonne Lead out your firft Battall. Worthy Macduff, and wee Shall take vpon what's elfe remains to do, According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well: Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night, Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Mach. Make all our Trumpets speak, give the all breath Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. Exit. Alarums continued.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Macbeth.

Mach. That which you saw was fome fiathing, Prove me to be thy thought, or thou art knit Up in a foul of pathetick fancy, a gaiter fancy, To the black cloath I walk in. I am in truth, A man of more mifery than thou knowest. I will forthwith command you to the field, Where you fhall fee what is my payn. Grace you all.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Mal. This way my Lord, the Caffle gently rendred: The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight, The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warr, The day smoothe it selfe proffesse yours, And little is to do.

Mal. We haue met with Foes That strike beforevs.

Sev. Why should I play the Roman Foulce, and dye On mine owne sword? whereas I fee liues, the gashes Do better vpon them.

Macb. Turne Hell-bound, turne.

Mal. If all mene else I have ayoyded thee: But get thee backe, my foule is too much charg'd With blood of thine already.

Macb. I have no words, My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine Then tearrarens can glue thee out.

Mal. Thou loofest labour As eafe may'though the intrenchant Ayre With thy keene Sword imprefse, as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulerable Crefts, I bear a charmed Life, which mutf not yeeld To one of woman borne.

Macb. Dispaire thy Charme, And let the Angell whom thou full haft serv'd Tell thee, Macduff was from his Mothers womb Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells mee so; For it hath Cow'd my better part of man: And be these Jugging Friends no more beleau'd, That palter with vs in a double fence, That keeps the word of promise to our eare, And brake it to our hope. Ile no fight with thee.

Macb. Then yeold thee Coward, And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time, Wes'th'haue thee, as our rare Monsters are Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ, Heere may you fee the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeold To kite the ground before youg Malcolmse feet, And to be baisted with the Rabbies curfe. Though Byrnes wood be come to Dunfamine, And thou appos'd, being of no woman borne, Yet I will try the last. Before my body, I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduff, And dammed be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Enter Macduff.

Flourish.

Flourish.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourisht, Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Rifhes, Thanet, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miste, were safe arri'd:
Sev. Some must go off: and yet by these I fee, So great a day this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is misting, and your Noble Sonne. Rifhes Your son my Lord, his's paid a Souldiers debt;

Sev. Then he is dead? Rifhes, and brough't off the field: your caufe of sorrow

Mal. He's worth more forrow, And that He spend for him.

Sev. He's worth no more, They say he parred well, and paid his score, And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Flourisht.

Exit Macduff with Macbeths head.

Mal. Haile King, for so thou art.

Behold where stands
Th'Vtupers cursed head; the time is free:
I see thee compait with thy KingdomesPearle,
That speake my vallation in their minds:
Whole voyces I declare allowd with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your feueral loves, And make vs even with you, My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exild Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of warckful Tyanny,
Producing forth the cruel Minifters
Of this dead Burek, and his Friend-like Queene;
Who(as 'tis thought) by felle and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This and what needfull else
That calls vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourisht.

Exit to Omazi.

FINIS.
Enter Barnardo and Francisce two Centinels.

Barnardo.

He's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your selfe.
Barn. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardos?

Fran. He.
Barn. You come most carefully upon your house.
Fran. 'Tis now stroke twelve, get thee to bed Francisce.
Fran. For this releafe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, and I am sicke at heart.
Barn. Haues you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Moufe stirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I hear them, Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leigemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.
Barn. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Barn. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd against to night?
Barn. I haue sene nothing.
Mar. Horatio's folemes, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him.
Touching this dreaded sight, twice sene of vs,
Therefore I have intrested him along.
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night;
That if against this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.
Hor. Truth, truth, 'twill not appear.
Barn. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe attaie your estes,
That are fo fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue sene.
Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Barn. Last night of all,
When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole,
Had made his course tillume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Enter the Gloff.

Mar. Peace, speake thee of:
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler, speake to it Horatio.
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.
Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.
Barn. It would be spoke too.
Mar. Queflions it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that viu'rt't this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke
Did atimes watch: By Heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Barn. See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay: speake: speake: I Charge thee speake.

Exit the Gloff.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answere.
Barn. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the fenible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When the Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He foment the felded Pollax on the Ie.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and at this dead houre,
With Mariell, falke, Iath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State,
Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this fame striet and molt obscurant Watch,
So nightly toyes the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Caft of Beason Cannon
And Porrains of Marle for Implements of warre:
Why such imprefse of Ship-wights, whose disc Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the wecke,
What might be toward, that this fwoetey haft
Doth make the Night ioyn-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can 1,
At least the whisper goes to: Our last King, Whose Image even but now appears to vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway, (Thereto prick’d on by a most envious Pride) Dar to the Combat. In which, our Valiant Hamlet, (For so this side of our knowne world effeem’d him) Did lay this Fortinbras: who by a Seal’d Compact, Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie, Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands Which he flood Gis’d on, to the Conqueror: Against the which, a Moity competent Was gaged by our King; which had return’d To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the fame Cou’nant And carriage of the Article defende, His fell to Hamlet. Now fir, young Fortinbras, Of vnimproved Mettle, hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shark’d vp a Lift of Landeles Refolutely, For Foodie and Diet, to some Enterprise That hath a Flomacke in’t: which is no other (And it doth well appeare unto our State) But to recover of vs by strong hand And terms Compellaciue, those foresaide Lands So by his Father left: and this (I take it) is the name Moiture of our Preparation. The Source of this our Warke, and the chief head Of this part-haft, and Romage in the Land. Enter Ghost againe, But soft, behold, Loe, where it comes againe: He croffe it, though it blast me, Stay illusion: If thou haft any found, or vie of Voyce, Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me. If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate (Which happily fureknowing may avoyd) Oh speake, Or, if thou haft vp-hoarded in thy life Extorted Treasure in the wosome of Earth, (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in death) Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Fortinbras. Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan? Hor. Do, if it will not stand. Barn. Tis there. Hen. Tis true (with). Barn. Tis gone. Exit Ghost. We do it wrong, being so Maleficial To offer in the skew of Violence, For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable, And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery. Barn. It was above to speake, when the Cocke crew. Hor. And then it falted, like a guilty thing Upon a Starfall Summons. I have heard, The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, DOTH with his lofty and shrill-founding Throat Awake the God of Day: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, Th’extrausant, and erring Spirit, hyes To his Confinie. And of the truth herein, This present Object mad preparation. Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke, Some fayes, that ever gain’d that Sesiom comes Wherein our Saviour Birth is celebrated, The Bird of Dawning fingeth all night long: And then (they say) no Spirit can walk abroad, The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike, No Fairy talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme: So ballow’d, and so gracious is the time. Hor. So have I heard, and do in part beleue it, But looke, the Morne in Rufflet miente clad, Walkes o’re the dew of you high Easteene Hill, Breeske we our Watch vp, and by my advice Let vs impart what we have feene to night Vnto young Hamlet. For upon my life, This Spirit dumbo to vs, will speake to him: Do you content we shall acquaint him with it, As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty? Mar. Let do’t I pray, and I this morning know Where we shall finde him most conveniently. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Lauret, and his Sifer Ophelia, Lords and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers deat The memory be Greene: and that vs bisfted To breere our hearts in griefe, and that whole Kingdome To be converted in one bow of woe: Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature, That we with wift field sorow think on him, Together with remembrance of our feluer. Therefore we sometymes Sifter, now our Queen, Th’imperiall Ioyntrefle of this warlike State, Have we, as twiere, with a defeated iny, With one Aufpicious, and one Dropping eye, With mirth in Funnell, and with Dinge in Marriage, In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole Taken to Wife: nor haue we hereins bard’ Your better Wifedomes, which haue freely gone With this affaire along, for all our Thankes. Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras, Holding a weake supposall of our worth: Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death, Our State to be diffoynt, and out of Frame, Collected with the dreames of his Advantage, He hath not faied to repaire vs with Meiffge, Importing the surrender of those Lands Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law To our moft valiant Brother, So much for him.

Enter Velmestemd and Cornelius, Now for our felle, and for this time of meeting Thus much the bufinesse is. We haue heere writ To Norway, Vcete of young Fortinbras, Who Impoines and Bedrid, scarfly hearts Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress His further gate herein. In that the Leues, The Lifts, and full proportions are all made Out of his succit: and we heere dispatch You good Cornelius, and you Velmestemd, For bearing of this greeting to old Norway, Gaining to you no further personall power To bufinesse with the King, more then the scope Of these dilated Articles allow: Farewell and let your haft commend your duty. Velm. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty. King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell. Exeunt Velmestemd and Cornelius. And now Lauret, what’s the newes with you?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You told vs of some finte. What is't Laertes?
You cannot speak of Reason to the Daire,
And your own voice. What would't thou beg Laertes?
That shall not be my Offet, nor thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natue to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.
What wouldst thou have Laertes?

Laet. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France.
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty to your Coronation,
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What layes Polonius?
Pol. He hath my Lord;
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire house Laertes, line be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will;
But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my Sone?

Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not to my Lord, I am too much i'th Sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet call thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy viley lids
Secke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou knowest 'tis common, all that live must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
Why leemes it fo particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes;
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary sutes of Tolemen Blacke,
Nor windy fpiration of forc'd breath,
Nor, no, the fruitfull River in the Eye,
Not the decited hauteur of the Village,
Together with all Formes, Moods, fieves of Griefes,
That can denote me truly. Thefe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which paffeth show;
Thefe, but the Trappings, and the Sutes of we.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature Hamlet,
To give those mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father loft a Father,
That Father loft, loft his, and the Sufierer bound
In filial Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perfuer
In abstinence Condemnment, is a course
Of impious lubbornesse. 'Tis vmanly greffe,
It fieves a will not incorret to Heauen,
A Heart unforftaid, a Minde impatient,
An Understanding simple, and wifeheart'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peeciff Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againft the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reafon most absurd, whole common Theame
is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coriolis, till he that dyed to day,
This must be fo. We pray you throw to earth
This vunpreuyling we, and thinkes of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take more,
You are the oon that didst in thy Coat Laurets,
And with no leffe Nobility of Love,
Then that which dereft Father beares his Sone,
Do I impart towards you. For your intenct
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we befeech you, bend you to remaine
Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheeff Courtier Cofi, and our Sone.

Lb. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I stilll in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a faire Reply,
Be as our felle in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforse accord of Hamlet
Sits fittiing to my heart; in grace whereof,
No lecon health that Denmarke drinks to day,
But the great Canno in the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Roche, the Heavens shall bruize againe,
Repeaking earthly Thunder. Come away,

Excett About Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too so felde Fleit, would melt,
Thawe, and refolve it felfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlafting had not fixt
His Cannon gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, fitte, flat, and unprofitable
Scenes are to me all the wis of this world?
Fie en't? O fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groffle in Nature
Pooffe is meeke. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Eperion to a Satyre: fo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beceme the windes of heauen,
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
MUST I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encreafe of Appetice had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailly, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shoses were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, even she,
(O Heauen) A beaft that wants discourse of Reafon
Whos head have mou'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then to 1 Hercules. Within a Moneth?

Ere yet the fall of most vntrouphous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked spced, to poell
With such dexterity to Incefulous fliets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breakes my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Her. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Herat. I do forget my felle.

Her. The fame my Lord,

And your poore Servant euer.

Ham. Sit my good friend,

Ie change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

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Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Her. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have you presently lay low; Nor shall you doe mine ease that violence, To make it stutter of your owne report. Against my selfe. I know you are no Truant: But what is your affaire in Elfron? 

Weel teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Her. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral, 

Ham. I pray thee do not mock me (fellow student) I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Her. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrice, Hecato; the Funeral Baks-meats Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables; Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven, Ere I had euer seene that day Hecato.

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Her. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (Hecato.)

Her. How saw you him; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all: I shall not look upon his like againe.

Her. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? What?

Her. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Her. Scæon your admiration for a while With an attent care; till I may deliver Vpon the winneffe of these Gentlemen, This marvelly to you.

Ham. For Heauens love let me heare.

Her. Two minutes together, had these Gentlemen (Marcellus and Barnardo) on their Watch In the dead waft and middle of the night Beene thus encountered. A figure like your Father, Arrid at all points exactly, Cup a Pes, Appears before them: and with follemne march Goes slowe and stately: By them thrice he waileth, By their opprest and feare-surprizt eyes. Within his Truncheons length whilst he bestil'd Almost to lelly with the äke of feare, Stand dume and speake not to him. This to me In dreedfull feentic impat they did, And I wish them the third Night kept the Watch, Whereas they had deliver'd both in time, Forme of the thinges: each word made true and good, The Apparition comes. I knew your Father: These hands are not more like, 

Ham. But where was this?

Adam. My Lord upon the place where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Her. My Lord, I did; But answere were made none: yet once me thought It liftet vp it head, and did address: Itefelt to motion, like as it would speake: But even then, the Morning Cocke crew loud; And at the sound it shranke in halfe away, And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Her. As I doe blie my honour Lord's tis true; And we did think he is writ downe in our duty To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lords, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Her. Oyes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Her. A countenance more in sorowe then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Her. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Her. Molt confantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Her. It would have much amaze'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: fluid it long? (dred.

Her. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun.

All. Longer longer.

Her. Not when I sawt.

Ham. His Beard was grisy? no.

Her. It was, as I have seene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd.

(gaine)

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a Her. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers perfon, He speake to it, though Hell it felle should gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this fight Let it bee treble in your silence still: And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night, Givt it an understanding but no tongue: I will require your loues; fo, fareye well:

Vpon the Plaftumes twixt eleven and twelve, He wift you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. 

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well: I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come; Till then fitt fyll my foule: foule deeds will rife, Though all the earth orewelth them to mens eyes. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Lær. My necessaries are imbarke: Farewell:

And Sifter, as the Winds give Benefic, 

And Conouy is affillant: doe not sleepe, 

But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt thes?

Lær. For Hamlet, and the tribling of his soures, Hold it a fashion: and a toy in Bloud; 

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature; 

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting 

The suppliance of a minutes: No more.

Ophel. No more but fo.

Lær. Think ye no more:

For nature creatant does not grow alone. 

In thewes and bulk: but as his Temple waxed, 

The inward surfise of the Minde and Soole 

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now, 

And now no soyle nor earuel cloth befmerch 

The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
"The Tragedie of Hamlet.

His greateste weight', his will is not his owne; For his hyselfe is subiect to his Birth; Hee may not, as vsuall persons doe, Canne for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends The fanciety and health of the woole State, And therefore must his choyce be circumstrib'd Into the voyce and yielding of that Body, Whereof he is the Head. Then if he faile he looses you, It fits your wilde dome to faile to beleue it; As he in his peculiar Seet and force May grave his saying deed: which is no further, Then the maine voyce of Denmark goes withall, Then weigh what loffe you Honour may sustaine, If with too credent eare you list his Songs; Or lofe your Heart; or your chaff Treasure open To your vnmaffred importunity. Fear not Hamlet, for Ophelia, feare it my desir Sister, And kneel within the reare of your Affection; Out of the flot and danger of Defire, The chariety Maid is Prodiggall enough, If the vnmaske her beauty to the Moone: Verue it selfe feares not calamious stroakes, The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd, And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth, Contagious blaultmess are most immanent, Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare, Yours to it selfe rebels, though none else nere. Ophelia. I shall the effect of this good Leonf keep, As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother Doe not as some vngrazierous Fathers doe, Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heaven; Whilft like a putt and reckleffe Libertine Hisselfe, the Primrofe path of dalliance tends, And reaks not his owne reade.

Lear. Oh! feare me not.

If I stay too long: but here my Father comes: A double belling is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second lease.

Polon. Yet here be Laertes Aboard, aboard for shame, The winde fits in the shoulder of your faile, And you are (laid for there: mine belling with you; And these few Precepts in thy memory, See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any yproportion'd thought his Aft: Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar: The friends thou haft, and their adoption ride, Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele: But do not dulle thy palme, with entertainment Of each vnharrest vnheled'd Comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in Beasts that th'opposed may beware of thee. Giue every man shine eare; but few thy voyces; Take each mans sentence; but refere thy judgmen: Ceell thy habit, as thy purse can buy; But not express in fancie; rich, not gaudie: Fee the Apparel of those proclemes the man, And they in France of the best rank and faction, Are of a most select and generous chiefe in that. Neither a borrower, nor a lender be; For none of loves both it selfe and friends; And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry. This aboue all; to shine owne selue be true; And it must folowe, as the Night the Day, Thou canst not then be faile to any man.

Farewell: my Blesings fallon this in thee.

Lear. Moft humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuitem you, goe, your servaunts tend.

Lear. Farewell. 

Ophelia. What if Ophelia he hath faid to you? 

Ophelia. So please you, nothing touching the L. Hamlet. 

Polon. Marty, well bethought: 

Tis told me he hath very off of late Given private time to you; and you your selfe Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous. If it be so, as fo its put on me; And that in way of caution: I must tell you, You doe not understond your felle fo eleetely, As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour, What is betweene you, giue me wp the truth?

Ophelia. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, pah. You speake like a greene Girle, Vnfit in such perillous Circumstance.

Do you beleue his tenders, as you call them? 

Ophelia. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke. 

Polon. Marty, ile teach you; thinke your felle a Baby, That you have tane his tenders for true pay, Which are not lasting. Tender your felle more dearly, Or not to crack the winde of the poore Page, Roaming it thus, you'tender me a foule.

Ophelia. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love, In honourable fashion.

Polon. I fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophelia. And hath giuen countenance to his speech, My Lord, with all the vows of Heaven.

Polon. 1.Springs to catch Woodcocks. I doe know When the Bloud burnes, how Prodiggall the Soule Glues the tongue voyces: these blazes, Daughters, Gluing more light then heastes: extinct in both, Even in their promife, as it is a making; You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter, Be somewhat frantier of your Maiden prescence; Set your entremets at a higher rate, Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet, Behooue so much in him,that he is young, And with a larger teather may he walke, Then may be giuen you. In few, Ophelia, Doe not reverse his voyces: for they are Broakers, Not of the eye, which their insuffest show: But metre implorators of wholy Sutes, Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds, The better to bapule. This is for all: I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth, Haue you so flander any moment leisure, As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet: Lookke too't, I charge you come your wayes, Ophelia. I shall obey my Lord. 

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites (specklyl) is it very cold? 

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hows now? 

Hor. I thinkke it lacks of twelve. 

Mar. No, it is strooke. 

Ham. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes meere the Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke. 

What
What does this mean my Lord? (rouse.)

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his keeps wakefull and the swaggering yspring recells, and as he drains his draughts of Renish downe, the kittle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out the triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry it.

And to my mind, though I am nativite here, and to the manner born: it is a Custom.

More honi'd in the breach, then the obedience. Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Minifters of Grace defend vs; Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd, Bring with thee ays from Heauen, or blasts from Hell, Beth euens wicked or charitable, Thou com'st in such a questionable shape That I will speake to thee. I call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me, Let me not burn in Ignorance; but tell Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death, Haue burst their ceremonies, why the Sepulcher Wherein we saw thee quietly enund'd, Hath o'd his ponderous and Marble Jawes, To call thee vp againe? What may this mean? That thou dead Coarse age me in complect little, Renifheds thus the glimcches of the Moone; Making Nighte hideous? And we foole's of Nature, So horrify'd to make our disposition, With thoughts beyond thee, reaches of our Souls, Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe? Ghoft beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it, As if it some impertinent did desire To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action It wafts you to a more removed ground; But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord,

Ham. Why, what should be the fearre? I do not set my life at a pins fee; And for my Soule, what can it doe to that? Being a thing immortall as it selfe: It wafts me forth against mylofe follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord? Or to the dreadful Sonnet of the Cliffe, That beetles o'ere his base into the Sea, And there assumes some other horribile forme, Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reason, And draw you into madneffe thinkes of it.

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord, Ham. Hold off your hand, Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out, 

And makes each petty Artife in this body, As hardy as the Nemian Lions nere: Still am I call'd? Vhand me Gentlemen: By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghoft of him that lets me: I fly away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Enter Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waives desperare with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; his nor fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after: to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.


Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speake; He goe no furter.

Gho. Make me

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almoft come, When I to fulphurous and tormenting Flames Must tender vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.

Gho. Pity me not, but tend thy serious hearing To what I shall vnsaught.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit.

Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night; And for the day confind't to fitt in Fiets, Till the foule crimes done in my days of Nature Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid To tell the secrets of my Prison-Houfe, I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood, Make thy two eyes like Stars, start from their Spheres, Thy knotty and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to fland an end, Like Quilles upon the firefull Pompomine: But this eternall blazon must not be To cares of fleeth and blood; lift Hamlet, oh lift, If thou didst euer thy deare Father soure.

Ham. Oh Heauen! Gho. Revenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghoft. Murther most foule, as in the Bell it is; But this most soule, strange, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haft, haft me to know it,

T hat with wings as swift As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue, May swepe to my Reuenge.

Ghoft. I finde thee apt,

And dullest should't thou be then the fat wakke That rots if selfe in esee, on Leath Wharfe, Would'st thou not thrive in this. Now Hamlet heare: It's given out, that sleepeing in mine Orchard, A Serpent flung me; to the whole exire of Denmarke, Is by a forged proceffe of my death

Ranckly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth, The Serpente that did fling thy fathers life, Now weares his Crown.

Ham. O my Propheticke foule: mine Vncle?

Ghoft. I thot inequitas, that adulterate Beast With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guirts, Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts that hate the power So to seduce? Won ro to this shamefull Luft The will of my most feeming veruous Queen: Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there, From me, whose lone was of that dignitie, That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow I made to her in Marriage; and to decline U pon a wretch, whose Naturlall gifts were poore To thechose of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be mouted, Though Lewdneffe court it in a shape of Heauen: So Luft, though to a radiant Angel link'd, Will fate it selfe in a Ccelestiallbed, fae prey on Garbage.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But oft, me thinkes I fent the Morninges Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My countome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my face a wher ye stacke hote
With the juice of curfed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eates did poure
The leprous Diffillment; whose effect
Holds fuch an emnity with bloud of Man,
That twift as Quick-flarie, it courth through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a fadisme vigour it doth poifer.
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholesome blood: fo did it mine;
And a moft infant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome cruft,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crownne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vhouzled, disappointed, winnaceld,
No reckoning made, but far to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moft horrible:
If thou haft nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceft,
But howevre thou purfeth this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule continue,
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to thofe Thomnes that in her bofome lodge,
To pricke and fling her. Face thee well at once;
The Glow-wormes howre the Matine to noere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire.
Ade,adue, Hamlet: remember me. Exit.

Ham Oh all you host of Heaven! Oh Earth, what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fee; hold my heart;
And you my finewes, grow not infant Old;
But beat me stiffly vp: Remember thee;
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a feate
In this diftrafted Globe: Remember thee?
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triviall fond Records,
All fawes of Books, all forms, all prelures past,
That youth and obfervation copied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Bookes and Volume of my Braine,
Vamixt with baster manner; yes,yes, by Heaven;
Oh moft pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, flaming damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tablet; meet it is I fet it downe,
That one may flme, and smile and be a Villaine;
At leaft I'm sure it may be fo in Denmarke;
So Vnkle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Ade,adue, Remember me. I have irown.

Hor & Mar within. My Lord,my Lord,
Enter Heratio and Marcheline.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heauen scriue him,

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho,ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo,ho,ho,boys come bird,come.

Mar. How if't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you treasuele it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven,
Mar. Not I, my Lord. (think it?

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be secret?

Both. 1, by Heaven, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villainne dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue,to tell vs this,

Ham. Why right, you are 'tis right;
And fo, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fitt that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desiers shall point you:
For every man ha's businesse and defire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, I goe pray.

Hor. These be all but wild and hurling words,my Lord,
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Mar. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vifion heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweenes,
Ofcaufette as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Gue me one poore requell.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Twb. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but I won't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, nor I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my word.

Marcell. We haue tworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, vpon my word: Indeed.

Gho. Sweare, Ghoft crie under the Stage.

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayefl thou fo. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the felleredge
Confen to sweare.

Hor. Propofe the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that haue scene.

Sweare by my word,

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Hee & whichever? Then we'll fliff for ground,
Come hither Gentleman,
And lay your hands againe vpon my word,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Word.

Gho. Sweare.

(Half)

Ham. Well faide old Mole,cant't work'th ground fo
A worthy Pioneer, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Herats,
Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy.

Then, as before, never so helpe you mercy.

How strange or odde to me I beave my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall think mee
To put an Antick disposition on.)

That you at fuch time seeinge me, never shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head fhake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrafe;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or fuch ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you swear,
Swear.
Swear.

Ham. Relt, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May dote express his loue and niending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joint: Oh cursed night,
That ever I was born to let it right.
Nay, come let's goe together.

Exit.

Alitus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynolda.

Polon. Give him his mony, and the latter notes Reynolda.

Reyn. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe me office wisely: good Reynolda,
Before you visite him you make inquney
Of his behauion.

Reyn. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marcus, well said.

Very well said. Lookes you Sir,
Enquire me what such Daners are in Paris;
And how, and what,what means; and where they keep;
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe not know my fonne: Come you more neere,
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as twere some dilatant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you mark thes Reynolda?

Reyn. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But it hee bee I meane, hee very wilde;
Adulter'd fo and fo, and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none fo ranke,
As may disdounes; take heed of that.
But Sire, such wanton, wild, and vsall filps,
As are Companions noted and moe knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reyn. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing,swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe fo faire.

Reyn. My Lord that would disdounes him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may feacon in the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That hee is open to Incontinentie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quainty,
That they may feeke the taints of liberty,
The flatts and out-breake of a fiesty minde,
A saugenes in vrockeclaim'd block of generall assault.

Reyn. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reyn. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a feech of warrant:
You laying those flight fulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little foill'd it's working:
(found,
Mark you your party in counter; him you would
Having ever scene. In the prenominate crimes,
And leads the will to deliberate Undertakings, At o'ok as any passion under Heaven, That does affect our Natures. I am sure, What have you given them any hard words of late? Ophel. No my good Lord: but as you did command, I did repel his Letters, and deny'd. His accesse to me. Pol. That hath made him mad. I am sure that with better speed and judgement I had not quoted him. I fear he did but trifle, And meant to wrack thee: but bethink me there is What seems it is at proper to our Age, To call beyond our fancies in our Opinions, As it is common for the younger sort To lacke direction. Come, go we to the King, This will be known, whilst being kept close might move More greefe to hide, then hate to utter loose. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern. King. Welcome deere Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Moreover, that we much did long to see you, The neede we have to vfe you, did provoke Our hasty sending. Something howe you heard Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it, Since not the exterior, nor the inward man Refembles that it was. What it Should be More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him So much from th'understanding of himselfe, I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both, That being of so young days brought vp with him: And since to Neighbor'd to his youth, and humour, That you vouchsafe your self here in our Court Somelittle time: fo by your Companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather So much as from Occasions you may gleane, That open'd lies within our remedie.

Que. Good Gentleman, he hath much talk'd of you, And late I am, two men there are not living, To whom he more adheres. If it will please you To shew us so much Gentle, and good will, As to extend your time with vs a-while, For the supply and profit of our Hope, Your Vicitation shall receive such thanks As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties Might by the Soueraigne power you have of vs, Put your dried pleasures, more into Command Then to Entreatie.

Gul. We both obey, And here give vp our felues, in the full bent, To lay our Service freely at your fette, To be commanded. King. Thanks Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern. Que. Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz. And I intreat you instantly to visit My too much changed Sonne. Go some of ye, And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Gul. Heavens make our presence and our prefences Pleasant and helpfull to him. 

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Queen. Amen. Enter Polonious.

Pol. Th'Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord, Are joyfully return'd. King. Thou full haft bin the Father of good Newes. Pol. Have I, my Lord? Affure you, my good Liege, I hold my dutie, as I hold my Sole, Both to my God, one to my gracious King: And I do think, or else this braine of mine Hunts not the tribe of Police, so sure As I have vse'd to do: that I have found The very caufle of Hamlet's Lunacie. King. Oh! speake of that, that I do long to hear. Pol. Giue frifh admittance to th'Ambassadors, My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast. King. Thy felle 0 grace to them, and bring them in. He tells me my sweet Queen, that he hath found The head and foule of all your Sonnes dissemer, Que. I doubt it is no other, but the maine, His life is death, and our o'te-haftily Marriage. Enter Poland, Voltemand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall fit him. We welcome good Friends: Say Poltemand, what from our Brother Norway? Vol. Most faire returnes of Greeting, and Desires. Upon our part, he sent out to fuppresse His Nephews Leues, which to him appeareth'd To be a preparation 'gainft the Polack: But better look'd into, he truly found It was against his Highnee, whereat grieved, That to his Sickness, age, and Impotence Was a falfely borne in hand, fends out Arrests On Fortonbeau, which he (in briefe) obeyes, Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine, Makes Vow before his Vnkle, never more To giue th'asay of Armes against your Majestie. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gues him three thoufand Crownes in Annuat Fee, And his Commifion to impoye those Soldiers So leafted as before, against the Polack: With an inracte heretin further shewne, That it might please you to giue quiefe paffe Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize, On fuch regards of safety and allowance, As therein are yet done.

King. It likes vs well: And at our more confider'd time we'll read, Answer, and think vs upon this Buifeness. Meane time we thank you, for your well-toke Labour. Go to your reft, at night we'll feast together. Moft welcome home, 

Pol. This buifeness is very well ended. My Liege, and Madam, to expouſe What Maiestie should be, what Duett is, Why day is day; nigh;night; and time is time, Were nothing but to wafte Night, Day and Time. Therefore, fince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit, And tediousneffe, the finches and outward flourifhes, I will be briefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad: Mad call I it; for to define true Madnede, What it's, but to be nothing else but mad. But let that go. Que. More matter, with leffe Art. Pol. Madam, I swear I vfe no Art at all: That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie, And pittie it is true: A foffiftu figure, But farewell it: for I will vfe no Art.

Mad


**The Tragedie of Hamlet.**

In the Lobby.

*Qn.* So he'se indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I lese my daughter to him.

Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Make the encounter: if he love her not,

And be not from his reason false thereon;

Let me be no Assailant for a State,

And keep a Farre and Carrers.

*King.* We will try it.

**Enter Hamlet reading a Book.**

*Qn.* But looke where falsly the poore wretch

Comes reading.

*Pol.* Away do I beseech you, both away,

He bold him presently. **Exit King & Queen.**

*Oh* let me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

**Ham.** Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord?

**Ham.** Excellent, excellent well: ye are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my Lord.

**Ham.** Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my Lord?

**Ham.** I sith to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of two thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my Lord.

**Ham.** For if the Sun bred Magors in a dead dogge,

being a good stuffing Carrion—

Hau' ye a daughter?

*Pol.* I have my Lord.

**Ham.** Let her not walke'th Sunne; Concepcion is a blessing,

but not as your daughter may conceive.Friend looke too.

*Pol.* How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter; yet he know me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger: he's a farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love: very near this. He speaks to him again. What do you read my Lord?

**Ham.** Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my Lord?

**Ham.** Betweene who?

*Pol.* I mean the matter you meane, my Lord.

**Ham.** Slanders Sir: for the Sassyricall base sates here, that old men hate gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they have a plentiful locke of Wit, together with weak Hammes. All which Sir, though I moost powerfully, and potently believe; yet I holde it not Honeste to hauie it thus set downe: For you your felte Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there is Method in't: will you walke Out of the syre my Lord?

**Ham.** Into my Grave.

*Pol.* Indeed that is out o' th' Ayre:

How pregurnat (sometimes) his Replies are?

A Happinesse,

That often Madness hits on,

Which Reason and Saneitie could not

So prosperously be deliver'd of.

I will leave him,

And sodainly continue the meenes of meeting

Betwenee him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humble

Takie my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life. To-lem. Fare you well my Lord. Ham. These tedious old foolies. To-lem. You goe to secke my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.


Ham. Then is Doomeaday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, defined at the hands of Fortune, that she lends you to Prisonhither? Guild. Prison, my Lord? Ham. Denmark's a Prison. Rosin. Then is the World one. Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Con-fines, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmarks being one of'th' world.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord. Ham. Why then'tis none to your, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde. Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myselfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams. 

Gold. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very subtance of the Ambitious, is meere the shadow of a Deeme.

Ham. A deeme it felleth is but a shadow. Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow. Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-estrecket Heroes the Beggers Shadows: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my ley I cannot rea-son? Bath. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matters. I will not fort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honofit man: I am moost dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at Elsafower? Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion. Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks; but I thank you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free vitiation? Come, deald intly with me: come, come, my speake.

Gold. What should we say my Lord? Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose, you were sent for; and there is a kinde confusion in your looks; which your modelilies have not craft enougb to co-loit, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you. Rosin. To what end my Lord? Ham. That you might teach me; but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the coniunacy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-pious love, and by what more deare, a better propoerer could charge you withall; be even end direc't with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you? Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you; if you love me hold not off.

Gold. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your servitie to the King and Queene: now nother, I haue of late, but wherelse I haue, not left all my mirth, forgone all cuttense of ex-er-cise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my dispo-ntion that this goodly frame the Earth, seems to me a ter-rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ere-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestifil congregation of va-pours, What a piece of worke is a man? how Noble in Reafon? how infinite in facultie? in forme and mouning how express and admirable? in Action, how like an An-gel? in apprehension, how like a God the beauty of the world, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintesence of Duft? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your fuggling you feme to fay so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such fluffe in my thoughts. Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you; wee costed them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majestye shall haue Tribute of me: the aduenturous Knight shal tye his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not figh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose longs are tickled a'th' fire: and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the blanke Verfe shall halt for: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even though you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaille? their refe-rence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thynke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd? Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it they do grow rufly?

Rosin. Nay, their indevouer keepes in the wondred pace; but there is Sir an eyrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically elps't for: these are now the fithii-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

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The which he loved paffing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not th'right old Iphigen?

Polon. If you call me Iphigen, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love paffing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot : and then you know, it came to passe, as most like it was: The first towre of the Peg Chaffer will throw you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter some or some Players

Y'sere welcome Maiters, welcome all. I am glad to fee thee well: Welcome good friends. O my old Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Comfit thou to bear me in Denmark? What, my yong Lady and Mi"stus? Byrtylady your Ladyship is neere Haesten then when I saw you last, by the attitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a piece of venom in Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Maiters, you are all welcome: we'll e'ne to's like French Foolconers, fit at any thing we see: we have a Speech ftrait: Come come, a tuff of your qualify: come, a passionat speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted: so if it was not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Cauitor to the General: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgment in such matter, criedit in the top of mine) an excellens Play, well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modelle, as cunning. I remember one fad, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter faourous; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectionate, but call'd it an honest method. One chesel Speech in it, I cheetly loud, 'twas Eneas Tite to Didle, and thereabout of it especialy, where he speaks of Priams slaugther. Hic liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me fee, let me fee: The rugged Pyrbou like th'Hyrcanion Beall. It is not so: it begins with Pyrbou The rugged Pyrbou, he whose Sable Armes Blace at his purpose, did the night re semble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe, Hath now this dread and blace Complexion finer'd With Heraldfy more defmall: Head to footoe

Now is he to take Geules, horribly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bskd and impolléd with the parching freets, That lends a tyrannous, and damned light To thei wilde Murthers, roafted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-fixed with esagulate gare, VW ith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrbou Old Grandifie Priam feekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good differetion.

2. Player. Anon he findes him, Striking too short at Greecees. His antique Sword, Rebellionous to his Arme, eyes where it fall's Repugnant to command: unequall match, Pyrbou at Priam drowes, in Rage (rikes wide: But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword, Th'winefull Father falls. Then senelleffe Hliam, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoopes in his Bace, and with a hideous craft Takes Priam: Pyrbou care. For Icic, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuentd Priam, seem'd th'Atv Ayce to flicke.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a Newtroll to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some romers,
A silence in the Heaunts, the Racke stood still,
The bold winds speechless, and the Orbe below
As hoth as death! Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus pause,
A ro wied Vengeance fets him new a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammer fall
On Mars his Armour, fregd for prooffe Eterne,
With lefe remore then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falleth on Prizms.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In general Synd take away her power:
Breathe all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheel,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heaunt,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard, Pryr-
thee fay on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to Hecuba.

3. Play. But who, O who, had feen the inobled Queen,

1. Play. Run bare-foo't vp and downe,
   Threatning the flame
With Biffon R home: A clout about that head,
Where lase the Diadem flood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all one-teamed Laines,
A blanket in the'Arum of feare caught vp.
Who this had feene, with tongue in Verne sleep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treafon have pronounce'd?
But if the Gods themselfes did fee her then,
When the new Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's limbets,
The infant Burt of Clamour that she made
(Vnfeele things mortail move them not at all)
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha'ts notturn'd his colour, and
ha'ts tears in his eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the refl.
foone. Good my Lord, will you fee the Players wel
flow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vo'd: for they are
the Abitrafs and breife Chronicles of the time. After your
dearth, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you lioned.

Pol. My Lord, I will vie them according to their de-
fart.

Ham. Gods bodyskins man, better. We euerie man
after his defart, and who should scape whipping: vie
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they
deferate, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come fis.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'heare a play to mor-
row. Doth thou heere me old Friend, can you play the
mother of Goneril.

Pol. The inobled Queene?

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need fly'd a speach of some defon or fucceente lines, which
I would set downe, and infect in? Could ye not?

Pol. I play my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to Elfnower.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rafin. He does confesse he feeth himselfe distraeted, But that what caufe he will by no meanes speake.

Guild. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded, But with a crafty Madnesse keepes sloafe:

When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true fate.

Oph. Did he receive you well?


Rafin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Molt free in his reply.

Oph. Did you say him to any pale?n

Rafin. Madam, it to fell out, that certaine Players
We once wrought on the way: of these we told him, And there did see in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the Court, And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him,

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beleev'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To hear his case the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so infeind. Good Gentlemen, Give him a further edge, and drue his purpose on
To these delights.

Rafin. We shall my Lord.

King. Sweet Gentlemen, I have vs too,
For we have closely lent for Hamlet hither, That he, as 'were by accident, may there
Afront Ophelia. Her Father, and my felpe (lawfull ephials)
Will fo from our felues, that seeing vsfeene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If the charification of his love, or no,
That thus he sufferes for.

Oph. I shall obeie you,
And for your part Ophelia, I do with
That your good Beauties be the happy caufe
Of Hamlets wildeinesse: so flall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may,

Pol. Ophelia, walk you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Read on this booke,
That shew of such an exercice may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions viage,
And piouse Action, do weighe d'te
The dull himelee.

King. O'h! this true:
How smart a lafh that speech doth glue my Confidence?
The Hallohs Checkett beautifed with pleasing Art
Is not more vgiy to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my molt painted word.
Oh heacie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord,

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:

Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune;
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleep
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The Heart-ace, and the thoufand Naturall shocks

That Fleeh is heyre too? 'Tis a commutation
Doubtly to be with'd. To dye to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to Dreame I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Mufe gie vs pauffe. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of fo longe life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreffors wrong, the poore mans Contumelys,
The pains of dispriz'd Love, the laues delay,
The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Queenes make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Pardles heare
To grunt and sweate under a weasy life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscovered Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those iles we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Confiance does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Revolution
Is sickled o're, with the pale caft of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currents turne away,
And losse the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Oxirons
Be all thy names remembred,

Oph. Good my Lord,

Ham. How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well,

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I issue longed to re-deliver,
I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gav you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so fairt breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume let;
Take thefe againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts waxe poore, when givers prove vnkinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Oph. My Lord. Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
Should admit no diffcours to your Beautie.

Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Comerce then your Honettie?

Ham. I truie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforrne Honettie from what it is, to a Bawd, then
the force of Honettie can translate Beautie into his likenesse,
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time givs it proofes:
I did love you once,

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue fo,

Ham. You should not have beleued me. For verue
cannot so innoculate our old flocke, but we shall selifes of it. I lauded you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnette. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indiffernt honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prov'd, returneful. Ambitious, with more offences at my brecke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to actem them in. What should fheck
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounce'd to it you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lie the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie Tor- rent, Tempelt, and (as I may say) the Whole-winde of Paffion, you must acquire and begar a Temperance that may glie it Smoothly, & orfends mee to the Soule, to fee a robuflous Percy-wig-pated Fellow, tear a Paffi- on to tatters, to verie raggs, to split the ears of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbefe vvepes, & noife: it could haue fuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Ternagant: it ou't.-Herod's Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Difcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Aclion to the Word, the Word to the Aclion, with this specifull obseruance: That you ore-free not the modelle of Naure: for any thing fo ou'er-done, is fo to the purpose of Playing, whole end both at the firft and now, was and is, to hold as twer the Mirror up to Naure; to shew Vrue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preuife. Now, this ou'er-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnksil- full laugh, cannot but make the Judicious greete: the cenfure of the which One, muft in your allowance o're- way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have fee nee Pape, and heard others praife, and that highly (not to speake it prophane) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriftians, nor the gate of Chriftian, Pagan, or Norman, haue fo straffet and bellowed, that I have thought some of Naures Tournay-men had made men, and nor made them well, they imitated Humanity fo abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reformed that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clowmes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of baren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessarie Quetion of the Pape be then to be consider'd: that's Villanous, & thewes a most fullfull Ambition in the Pfole that vses it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polioius, Rofencrance, and Guilmerstone.

How now my Lord, Will the King hear this pece of Workes?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that prefently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft.

Pol. Will you two helpe to haften them?

Bash. We will my Lord.

Ham. Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ha, Horatio?

Hor. Hecce sweet Lord, as your Seruice. Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as I thinke a man As e're my Conuersation copped withall. Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

For what aduancement may I hope from thee, That no Reuennew haft, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd? A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards

Hath 'tane with squall Thankes. And blest are those, Which by true Content of my Soule

Enter thinke prythec, or udcgmcn will f»des my Sxeunt In

That To
And There
And Which
As Obferuiemine

A5lor. words
the

Ham, Ham, Cfiie.

Ham, Hem,

Ham. Oh God, your aneby figge-maker:what should a man do, but be merry. For look ye how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within two Hours.

Ham. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord. Ham. So long? Nay then let the Duel were blacke, for Ic have a suite of Sabres. Oh Heaven! dy two mon-

Ophel. Enter King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embrac- ing him. She knowes and makes them of Protection unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him downe upon a Bank of Flowers. She seeing him so feele, teares him. Amen comes in a Fellow, takes off his Cremer, kifles it, and poverties puffes in the Kings ear, and Exits. The Queene returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionatc Albin. The Payfoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carri'd away: The Payfoner Wears the Queene with Gifts, for femmes loud and envombling amble, but in the end, accepts but lone.

Ophel. What means this, my Lord? Ham. Marry this is Miching malebo, that means Minehefe.

Ophel. Behike this fhew imports the Argument of the Play? Ham. Ille, we shall know by thee Fellows: the Players cannot kepe counfell, they'll tell all. Ophel. Will they tell vs what this fhew meant? Ham. I, or any fhew that you fliow him. Bee not you a fhame to fhew, he'll not blame to tell you what it means. Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, He maketh the Play.

Enter Prologue. For us, and for our Tragedie, Hears floating to your Clemencie: We begge your hearing Patience. Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Prologue of a Ring? Ophel. 'Tis briefe my Lord, Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene. King.Full thiree times hath Phoebus Carr gon round, Neptunes falt Wafh, and Tellus Orbed ground: And thiree dozen Moones with borrowed fheene, About the World haue times twelve thirties beene, Since looke our hearts, and Hyman did out hands Visite comunally in moft sacred Bands. Top. So many lounties may the Sunne and Moone Make vs againe comft o're, ece loute be done. But woe is me, you are fo sicke of late, So farse from cheere, and from your forme flate, That I diftiffue you: yet though I diftiffu, Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muft: For womens Pears and Louis, holds quantitie.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my love is, provest hath made you know,
And as my Love is fit'd, my Fear is so.

King. Faith I must relieve the Love, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and happy, one as kinde.
For Husband thal I howse.

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love, must needs be Treson in my breit:
In second Husband, let me be accur'd,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bap. The influences that second Marriage move,
Are base repuls of Theft, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kiseth me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, off we brake:
Purpose is but the false to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validity:
Which now like Fruitie vinee flickes on the Tree,
But still vnfinish'd, when they mellow bee.
Mofl necessay'tis, that we forgett,
To pay our felues, what to our felues is debt:
What to our felues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose loose.
The Violence of other Greefe or Loie,
Theirown ennemies with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most Reues, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe loies, Joy greeues on tender accident.
This would be not for age, nor'tis not strange
That even our Love should with our Fortunes change.

For 'tis a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you make his favouries flies,
The poore aduan'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hicherto doth Fortune on tender tend,
For who not needs, hall never lacke a Frend.
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seizes him his Enemy,
But ordiery to end, where I begin,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are outsworne,
Our thoughts are ours, theirs ends none of ourne.
So think I will not secon Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Ham. Nor Earth to gie me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locate from me day and night:
Each oppositt that blankest the face of joye,
Meet what I should have well, and it destroy:
Both here, and hence, purifie me laffing blisse,
If once a Widowe, ever I wife.

Ham. If the shoule breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply worne:
Sweet, leave me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faire I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe,

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, sleepe
Antwerp come mist chance between vs trall'n, sleepe
Exit Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady protestt to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but I cleare her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iff, payfon in iff, no Offence i'th world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouche trap: Marry how! Tropicall: This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vrinn. Gonzago is the Duke's name, his wife Beatiffa: you hall fee anon: this is a knaife piece of worke: But what of that? Your Misseffe, and wee that have free foules, it touches vs not: let the gall & tride wincheour withers are vivning.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your Love:
If I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husband.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Kauen doth bellow for Reuenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands ape,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate treason, elfe no Creation feeling:
Thou mixture trake, of Midnight Weeds celebled,
With Heats Ban, thrice blaffed, thrice infected,
Thy natural Majicke, and dire property,
On whoole life, wipre immediately.

Paves the payfon in his cares.

Ham. He payfonns him 'I garden for's efface: His name's Gonzago, the Story is extant and write in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fars my Lord?

Pol. Gie o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light, Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

Masons Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the fruencken Deere go wepe,
The Heart wrinkle Play?

For some must watch, while some must sleepe:
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes rute Turke with me; with two Pouinclall
Rofes on my rat'd Shoes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players fir.

Sir. Halfe a shre.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doth know: Oh Davon deere,
This Realme dismall was of loue himselfe,
And now reigne heere.

A verie verie Palocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatius, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'tt perceue it?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the take of the paysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rarencens and Guildenferrance.

Ham. Oh, ha, Come some Mufick. Come, Recorders For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belyke he likes it not perdie.

Come some Mufick

Gould Good my Lord, voucheffe me a word with you.

Ham.
you make of me; you would play upon me; you would seeme to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my Mystery; you would found me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easie to bee plaid on, then a Piper? Call me what Instrumment you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me, God bleffe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almoost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By' th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say fo.

Ham. By and by, is easilly said. Leave me Friends:

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,

When Churchyards yawn, and Hell it selfe breaths out

Contragion to this world, Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter bulletts as the day

Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother

Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer

The Soule of Nere, enter this firme bofome:

Let me be cruel, not vnnatural,

I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:

My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrisies,

How in my words someuer fhe be thent,

To glue them Scales, never my Soule content.

Enter King, Renewance, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,

To let his madnest range. Therefore prepare you,

I your Commision will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you:

The terms of our eftate, may not endure

Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow

Out of his Luctacies.

Guild. We will our felves prouide:

Most holie and Religious feare is it

To keepe those many many bodies fafe

That hue and feede upon your Maiestie.

Renx. The fingle

And peculiar life is bound

With all the strength and Armour of the minde,

To keepe it felle from meanece: but much more,

That Spirit, upon whose spirits depends and rells

The lives of many, the cries of Maiestie

Dies not alone: but like a Guife doth drew

What's neere, with it. It is a maffe wheele

Fixt on the Sonnet of the hightef Mount,

To whose huge Speakes, ten thousand letter things

Are mortin'd and adinyd: which when it falleth,

Each fmall ammenceme, pettie conuenience

Attend the boyfulfes Ruine. Never alone

Did the King fighe, but with a general groane.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this specifie Voyage;

For we will Fetter put upon this feare.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Enter Polonius.  

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet:  

Behind the Arras I come my selle  

To hear the Proclis. He warrant thee'll tax him home,  

And as you sayd, and wisely was it said,  

*Tis meete that more some audience then a Mother,  

Since Nature makes them partiall, shou'd o' the earth  

The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,  

He call upon you ere you go to bed,  

And tell you what I know.  

King. Thanks desce my Lord,  

Oh my offence is ranke, it finnes to heauen,  

It hath the primall chiefe curse upon't,  

A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,  

Though inclination be as sharpe as will:  

My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,  

And like a man to double burnefse bound,  

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  

And both neglects; what if it were hand  

Were thicker then it felle with Brothers blood,  

Is there not Raine enough in the sweete Heauens  

To wash it white as Snow? Wherefore femes mercy,  

But I confront the vifage of Offence?  

And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,  

To be fore-flafl'd ere we come to fall,  

Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,  

My fault is pall. But oh, what forms of Prayer  

Can ferue my turne? Forgive me my foule Murther:  

That cannot be, fince I am full polleft  

Of fohe effects for which I did the Murther.  

My Crowne, mine owne Ambition and my Queene,  

May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?  

In the corrupted currants of this world,  

Offences giffed hand may fhone by Jullifs,  

And of'tis feene, the wicked prize it felle  

Buyes out the Law but tis not fo abode,  

There's no fluffling, there the Action byes  

In his true Nature, and we our foules compell'd  

Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  

To glue in euidence. What then? What relefs?  

Try what Repentance can. What can it more?  

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  

Oh wretched fife! Oh bofore, blacke as death!  

Oh limed foule, that flurfing be free,  

Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make a flay:  

Blew the fire, and heare with Ringers of Steele,  

Be foy as finewes of the new-borne Babe,  

All may be well,  

Enter Hamlet.  

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,  

And now Ile do't, and fo he goes to Heauen,  

And fo am I reueng'd that would be fcaund,  

A Villaine kills my Father, and for that  

This foule Sonne, do this foule Villaine fand  

To heauen.Oh this is hyre and Salley, not Reuenge.  

He took my Father grofsly, full of bread,  

With all his Crimes broad blowne, as ftreth as May,  

And how his Audt flands, who knows,faue Heauen:  

But in our circumfance and course of thought  

'Tis hyrac with him; and am I then reueng'd,  

To take him in the purging of his Soule,  

When he is ftaf and taken for his pffage?  

Vp Sword, and know thou a more borrid bent  

When he is drunke aftere: or in his Rage,  

Or in the incontinent pleasure of his bed,  

At pluming, fwearinge, or about some afe  

That's no rellifes of Salvation in't,  

Then trip him, that his heelles may flyke at Heauen,  

And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke  

As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother fayers,  

This Phyfcike but prolongs thy flickly daies. Exit.  

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,  

Words without thoughts, never to Heauen go,  

Exit.  

Enter Queen and Polonius.  

Pol. He will come frigh't  

Looke you lay home to him,  

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to beare with,  

And that your Grace harh frefc'nd, and ftoode betweene  

Much heare, and him. He flience me e'ene here:  

Pray you be round with him.  

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother,  

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.  

Withdraw, I hear him comming.  

Enter Hamlet.  

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?  

Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended.  

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.  

Qu. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.  

Ham. Go, go, you quiffion with an idle tongue.  

Qu. Why how now hamlet?  

Ham. What the matter now?  

Qu. Haue you forgot me?  

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:  

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,  

But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.  

Qu. Nay, then Ile feel thee to you that can speake.  

Ham. Come,come, and fit you downe, you shall not bounte:  

You goe not till I let you vp a glaffe,  

Where you may fee the inmold part of you?  

Qu. What will thou do? thou wilt not murther me?  

Helpe helpe, helpe.  

Pol. What haas, helpe, helpe, helpe,  

Ham. How now, a Ruft dead for a Diuerce,dead.  

Pol. Oh I am faine.  

Killeth Polonius.  

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?  

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?  

Qu. Oh what a rafl, and bloody deed is this?  

Ham. A bloody deed, almoft as bad good Mother,  

As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.  

Qu. As kill a King?  

Ham. I Lady, was my word,  

Thou wretched, rafl, intruding foole farewell,  

I took thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,  

Thou find'ft it to be too bulfe, is some danger.  

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe,  

And let me wring your heart, for fo I shal  

If it be made of penetrable flufhe,  

If dammed Caffome have nos braz'd in fo,  

That it is proofs and bulwarke againe Senfe.  

Qu. What haue I done, that thou darst wag thy tong,  

In nofte to rude against me?  

Ham. Such an AET  

That blurs the grace and bulls of Modefic,  

Cal's Verue Hypocriz, takes off the Rofe  

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,  

And makes a bliffer there, Makes marriage vows  

As base as Diuers Oather. Oh furke a deed,  

Aas
As from the body of Controct pluckes
The very soul, and sweate Religion makes
A tapidie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this idoltery and compound mafs,
With trifhfull vilage so against the doome,
Is thought-tick at the sci.
Qu. Huyse me; what sci, that roares fowled, & thunder
in the indies.
Ham. Lookke herevpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet prettiment of two Brothers : See what a grace was leazed on his Brow,
Hypersus curles, the front of hishoumeiftes,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercury
New lighted on a heauen-kiffing hill :
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did teeme to fet his Seale,
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. I louke you now what follows.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd ear
Blazing his whelom breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
And bate on this Moore? Ha! Have you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites upon the Judgement: and what Judgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath coulde you at houmond-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebelous Hell,
If thou couldest mutine in a Mastrons bones,
To faming youth, let Verture be as ware,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no flame,
When the compellace Ardue giues the charge,
Since Froft it felte, as affightly doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.
Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turnst mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I fee fuch blacke and grained spots,
As will not leave their Tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke sweate of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the naffy Syre.
Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers ente into mine ears.
No more sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slabe, that is not twentie part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cupplice of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shefe, the precious Diadem ride,
And put it in his Pockets.
Qu. No more.
Enter Ghost.
Ham. A King of thredts and patchts,
Save me; and honer o'te me with your wings.
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?
Qu. Alas he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That Iaps't in Time and Pallion, lets go by
Thinparrant athing of your dread command? Oh Say.
Ghert. Do not forget; this Visitation
Is but to what thy almost blunted purpofe
Burlooke, Amazonement on thy Mother fits;
O tep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weaket bodys, strongest works.

Speak to her Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eyew on vacancie,
And with their corporall syre do hold discouer.
Foth as at your eyes, your spirits wildly pepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarne,
Your bedded harte, like life in excercmets,
Start vp, and fland an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Upon the heare and flame of thy diffenter
Spirinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause connioid, preaching to ftones,
Would make them capzeble. Do not looke upne me;
Left with this pittious action you conuer,
My fience effets: then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Qu. To who do you speake this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Qu. No, nothing but our felues.
Ham. Why looke you there: looke how it fleets away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. Exit.
Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodifie Creation extaste is very cunning,
Ham. Extaffe.
My Pule as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe
That I have vittered; bring me to the Teft
And I the matter will re-ward: which madneffe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vection to your soule,
That not your trespaft, but my madneffe speaks:
It will but skin and flame the Vicious place,
Whillt ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infetts vifnece. Confeffe your felte to Heauen,
Repent what's paf't, auid what is to come,
And do not sfrep the Compofet or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Verture,
For in the fannelle of this purifie times,
Verture is felle, of Vice mult pardon begge,
Yes court, and woe, for leave to do him good.
Qu. Oh Hamlet.
Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worst part of it,
And line the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkes bed,
Aflume a Verture, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of esfine.
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are defirous to be blest,
He blefing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it fo,
To punifh me with this, and this with me.
That I must be their Scoutage and Minifter.
I will befow him, and will anwer well
The death I gaue him: fo againe, good night,
I must be cruel, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begin, and worse remains behinde.
Qu. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this by no meane: that I bid you do:
Let the blutn King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Moufe,
And let him for a pare of reecchie kisnes,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Or pacing in your necke with his damnd Fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentically am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. Were good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernsings hide, Who would do so,
No in deight of Senic and Secretie,
Vipreg the Basket on the housetop top:
Let the Birds Bye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, crepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Que. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breath
What thou haft laide to me.

Ham. I must to England you know that?

Que. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shal me make packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
Come fit, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius. Enter King.

King. There's masters in these fights.
There profound heues
You must tranlitate; Tis fit we understand.
Where is your Sonne?

Que. Ah my good Lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Que. Mad as the Sea, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mighty in his lawfull fit
Behind the Arras, hearing something flirte,
He whips his Rapiere out, and esies a Rat, a Rat,
And in his braint apprehension kills
The vnfeene very old man.

King. On heavy deed:
It had bin fo with vs had we bene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answerd?
It will be taine to vs, the whole pride
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it be forfeit
Even on the pitch of life. Where is he gone?

Que. To draw aspart the body he hath kild,
The which whom his very madnesse like some Oare.
Among a Minrarall of Mermels bafe
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. On Gertrude, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mounrains touch,
But we will flhip him hence, and this vile deed,
We must with all our Masteit and Skill
Both countenance, and excute.

Enter Ros & Guild.

Ho Guildenstern:
Friends both go kayne you with some further syde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius fhaine,
And from his Mother Cloffets hath he drag'd him,
Go feche him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haft in this.

Exit Gent.

Come Gertrude, we'lt call vp our wifte friends,

To let them know both what we meant to do,
And what's vniuely done. Oh come away,
My foule is full of discord and difmay.

Ham. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely rowed.

Gentlemens within Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noife? Who calls on Hamlet?
Oh bring me into that Chamber. Enter Ros & Guildenstern.

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Composed it with duff, wherefo 'tis Kinne.

Ros. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Ros. Beleue what?

Ham. That I can kepe your counsell, and not mine owne.
Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
pliqution should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. If, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
beft service in the end.) He keeps them like an Ape
in the corner of his law, first mouth't to be f nalewallow
when he needs what you have glean'd, It is but fqueez-
fing you, and Spundge you ftil be dry again.

Ros. I fnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaughty Speech sleeps in a
foolifh ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, Hide Fox, and all
after.

Exeunt.

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to feeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous it is that this man goes looie:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
He's loued of the diffrafter multitude,
Who like not in their judgmemt, but their eyes:
And where 'tis Io, th'Offenders Louis is weigh'd
But neerer the offence to bear all smooth, and even,
This fadora fending him away, muft feme
Deliberate pause, diesafe desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releazed,
Or not at all. Enter Rosantrant.

How now? What hath bafe?

Ros. Where the dead body is beflow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord,guard'd to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Ho! Guildenstern! Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
taine concocation of worrnes are the aim. Your worm
is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures sile
etoas, and we fat our felle for Magets. Your fat King,
and your lean Beggar is but variable feaine to difhes,
but to one Table that's the end.

King. What do'lt thou meane by this?

Ham.
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progreffe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius.

Ham. In heauen, lend thither to see. If your Meflen-ge finde him not there, ferke him i'th other place your felfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nofe him as you go vp the ftrares into the Lobby.

King. Go ferke him there.

Ham. He wil flay till ye come.

K. Ham. this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deereely greue For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence With fierie Quickneffe. Therefore prepare thy felfe, The Barke is rade, and the winde at helfe. Th: Alforthuates tend, and evry thing at bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I. Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knoue our purpoſes.

Ham. I fee a Cherue that fee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father Hamlet.

Ham. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife. man & wife is one felfe, and to my mother. Come, for England. Exit.

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with featboard:

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done That elfe leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haft. And England, by my loue thou holdeft at ought, As my great power thereof may give thee felfe, Since yet thy Gertrude lookes raw and red After the Danifh Sword, and thy free awe Payes homage to vs, thou maſt not coldly fet Our Soueraigne Proceffe, which importes at full By Letters conjuring to that effect.
The prefent death of Hamlet. Do is England, For like the Heftick in my blood he fages, And thou muft cure me: Till I know his done, How ere my happc, my voyes were nere begun. Exit.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me grets the Danifh King, Tell him that by his licence, Fortinbras Claims the concuence of a promis'd March Ouer his Kingdom. You know the Rendeous: If that his Majefty would ought with vs, We will expreffe our dutie in his eye, And let him know fo.

Cpt. I wil not, my Lord.

For. Go fairly on. Exit.

Enter Queene and Haratio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Her. She is inportant, indeed distract, her moode will needs be pitied.

Qu. What would the haue?

Her. She speakes much of her Father; fates five heares There's tricks of i'th world, and hens, and bears her heart, Spermes enoziouly at Straves, speakes things in doubt, That carry but halfe fene: Her fpeech is nothing, Yet the whifhned wide of it doth mue.
The heares to Collectian; they syme at it, And bocht the words wp fit to their owne thoughts;

Which as her winkes, and nods, and geftures yed them, Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, Though nothing fure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good thefe were spoken with, For the may there be dangerous confenures In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

To my fcke foule (as finnes true Nature is) Each toy fennes Prologue, to some great amifie,

So full of Arstefle zealoufe is guilt, it spills it felfe, in fearing to be fpill.

Enter Ophelia diftrauffled.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majefty of Denmark.

Qu. How now Ophelia?

Oph. Her. How should I your true love known from another one? By his Cockie hat and flaff, and his Sendall Shoes.

Qu. Alas, sweet Lady: what importis this Song?

Oph. Say your Nay pray you make.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,

At his head a grave greene Turf, at the heales a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you make.

White his Sham'd as the Mountains Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded with green flowers:

Which beaue to the ground did not go,

With true-foe flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God did you? They fay the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let he have no words of this: but when they take you it meane, fay you this:

To morrow is S. Paulemes day, all in the morning betimes, And I a Maid at your Winder, to be your Paleminne.

Then up heere, or don't your cloaffes, & dup your chamber door,

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never depart but more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed ha' without an oath Ile make an end out.

By gii, and by S. Charity, Alacke, and fie for fame:

True men will doe, if they come too;

By Cakes they are too fame.

Oathes give before you swrred me,

Ten promis'd I to Wed:

So would I be done by yonder Sunne,

And then had not come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot chooſe but weep, to thinke they shou'd ly him i'th cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and fo I thank you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. Exit.

King. Follow her clofe.

Give her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyon of deepe grace, it springing All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude, When favourues comes, they come not sngle spies, But in Battalies. First, her Father flaine, Next your Sonne gone, and he moft violent Author Of his owne lift remove: the people muddied, Thicke and wickeforme in their thoughts, and whispers.

For good Polonius death; and we have done but greatly In hugger mugger to interr him. Peace Ophelia

Divided from her felfe, and her faire Judgement.
The Tragédie of Hamlet.

Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts.
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And was not Buzzers to infect his eare
With profliet Speeches of his Fathers death,
With needlesse of matter Beggard,
Will nothing flice our perions to Arraigne
In care and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Sweaters?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mess. Save your felue, my Lord.
The Ocean (outer-peering of his Lift)
Estes not the Flats with more impetious haste
Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Costume not knowne,
The Ruines and props of every wood,
They cry choofe we? Laertes shall be King,
Cape, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the faffe Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you faffe Dianinh Dogges.

Noife within, Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laert. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.

As. No, let's come in.

Laert. I pray you giue me leave.

As. We will, we will,

Laert. I thanke you: Keep e the doore.

Oh thou vile King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good Laertes.

Laert. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaims me Baffard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlor
Even heere betweene the chaffe uninfriched brow
Of my true Moather.

King. What is the cause Laertes,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go Gertrude: Do not fcare our perion:
There's fuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Trafon can but pepe to what it would,
Aft little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus Incenfe? Let him go Gertrude,
Speake man.

Laert. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fell.

Laert. How came he dead? Ille not be luggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell,
Confidence and Grace, to the profoundef Pitt.
I dare Damnation: to this point I fland,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: oneile I be reueng'd
Moff thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who fhall flay you?

Laert. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ie husband them fo well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good Laertes;
If you defire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
This Soup-flake you will draw both Friend and Foie,
Winner and Lover.

Laert. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

Laet. To his good Friends, thus wide Ie ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Reftap them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am mofi fenfible in greete for it,
It fhall as leuell to your Judgement piecce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laet. How now? what noise is that?

Oh heare driue vp my Braines, teares feuen times falt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnefe fhall be payed by weight,
Till our Scale eurnes the beame. Oh Roie of May,
Deere Maid, kindle Sifter, fweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauen, it's impoffible, a young Maid's wit,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It lends some precious influence of felfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophel. They bare him bare faced on the Beer,

Hey now, now, hey now:

And on his graine rasons: many a tare,

Engrownd with my Downe.

Laert. Had't thou thy wits, and did't perfide Reuenge,
it could not more thus.

Ophel. You mutt finge downe a downe, and you call
him a downe:-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the falle Steward that rofe his mafters daughter.

Laert. This nothings more then matter.

Ophel. There's Roemerry, that's for Remembrance.
Pray love remember, and there is Pruncency, that's for
Thoughts.

A little document in madneffe, thoughts & remembrance fitted.

Ophel. There's Pencilling for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and there's fome for me. We may call it
Herbe-Grace & Sundales: Oh you mutt wear your Rew
with a difference. There's a Dayfe, I would give you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They fay, he made a good end;

For bony finet Robbin is all my joy.

Laert. Thought, and Affiliation, Paffion, Hell it felfe;
She runnes to Favour, and to prettyness.

Ophel. And will he come againe, and will he not come againe;

And will he not come againe:

No, no, be he dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pels:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cafl away more
Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Chrifian Soules, I pray God,

God buye ye.

Exeunt Ophelia

Laert. Do you fee this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I muft common with your greete,
Or you deny me right go but sparse,
Make choice of whom your wives Friends you will, And they shall heare and judge `twixt you and me; If by direct or by Colarisen hand They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome give, Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours To you in satisfaction. But if not, By you consent to lend your patience to vs, And we shall joyntly labour with your soule To give it due content.

Enter. Let this be so: His meanes of death, his obscure burial; No Trophie, Sword, nor Hatchment o'th his bones, No Noble rite, nor formall olication, Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth, That I must call in question.

King. So you shall: And where'thence is, let the great Axe fall. I pray you go with me.

Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me? Ser. Saylors fir, they fay they have Letters for you. Hor. Let them come in, I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. Enter Saylor. Say. God bleffe you Sir. Hor. Let him bleffe thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, and prife him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadors that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it.

Reads the Letter.

Oration. When those flies late have overlook'd this, give these Followes some meanes to the King: They have Letters for him. See we were two days old at Sea, a Pyrate of very warlike appointmece came vs Chase. Finding our selves too owne of Sails, we put on a compell'd Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me, like Theues of Mercie, but they know what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and prepare thou to me with as much boffe as thou wouldest fine death. I have words to speake in your earre, will make thee damne, yet are they much too light for the bote of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Reincarnation and Guidance, hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that knoweth thine, Hamlet, Come, I will give you way for thefe your Letters, And do't the speedier, that you may directe To him from whom you brought them.

Enter King and Lauretis.

King. Now must you confide my acquittance seal, And you must put me in your heart for Friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing care, That he which hath your Noble Father claime, Pursued my life.

Lauretis. It well appeares. But tell me, Why you proceeded not against these feates, So criminefall, and so Capital in Nature, As by your Safety, Wisdome, all things else,

You mainly were fitter'd vp? King. O for two speciall Reasons, Which may to you (perhaps) feme much vnknowned, And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother, Liles almoft by his lookes: and for my felle, My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which, She's fo conjunctive to my life and soule; That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere, I could not but by her. The other Motive, Why a to a publike count I might not go. Is the great love the generall gender bear him, Who dipp'd all his Faults in their affection, Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, Converts his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrows Too flightly timbred for fo loud a Winde, Would have return'd to my Bow againe, And not where I had aim'd them.

Lauretis. And to have a Noble Father left, A Sifter driven into desperate teemnes, Who was (if praises may go backe againe) Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age For her perficions. But my revenge will come, King. Breake not your sleepes for that, You must not thinke That we are made of flufhe, fo flat, and dull, That we can let our Beard be brooke with danger, And thinke it pasyme. You shortly fliall hear more, I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe, And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Meffenger.

How now? What News? 
Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your Majickly this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them? 
Mef. Saylors my Lord they fay, I faw them not: They were giv'en me by Claudius, he receiv'd them.

King. Lauretis you shall hear them: 
Lauretis. 
Exit Mefenger. 

High and Mighty, you shall know I am for naked on your Kingdome. To oversea flall I begge leave to for your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (if it pleasing your Pardon beconce) recoun't the Occasions of my fadaine, and more strange returne.

Hamlet.

What shall this meane? Are all the reft come backe? Or is it some affult? Or no such thing?

Lauretis. Know you the hand? 
Kim. This Hamlet Character, naked and in a Papparce script heere he fayes alone: Can you aduife me?

Lauretis. I'm loft in it my Lord; but let him come, It warne the very fickneffe in my heart, That I shall line and tell him to his teeth; This diddefh thou.

Kim. If it be fo Lauretis, as how fould it be fo: How otherwife will you be turnd by me? 
Lauretis. Ifo you'll not o'cruell me to a peace.

Kim. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd, At checking at his Voyage, and that he means No more to undercafe it: I will work him To an express nowripe in my Deuite, Under the which he shall not choose but fall; And for his death no winde of blame fhall breath, But even his Mother shall encharge the practice, And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence Here was a Gentleman of Normandy, I loue my felle and fue'd against the French, And they ran well on Hotliebacke: but this Glant

Hadh
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Enter Queen.
Queen. One word doth touch on another else,
So fast they'll follow: your Sitter's drown'd! Larrers.
Larr. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow grows att a Brooke,
That withers his bote leaves in the glassie streme:
There with fantastick Garlands did he come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daylyes, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepherdes give a groffie name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingeres call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weaues
Clambringe to hang an enuious fluer brooke,
When downe the weedy Topheyes, and her felly,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes fpered wide,
And Mermaid-like, a white they bore her vp,
Which time the chanted stanches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diffirres,
Or like a creature Nauiue, and induded
Vno that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.
Larr. Alas then, is she drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Larr. Too much of water hath poure Opilias,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trice, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doth it.
Exit.
Kim. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now fare I will give it farr againe;
Therefore let's follow.
Exit.

Enter two Clowns.
Clown. Is shee to bee buryed in Christian burial, that willfully takest her owne salvation?
Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowners hath fate on her, and finds it Christian burial.
Clo. How can that bee, vomiffe shee drown'd her selfe in her owne defence?
Other. Why joyes found so.
Clo. It must be Strifendes, it cannot bee els: for here lies the point; if I doe my selfe wittingely, it argues an Aet: and an Aet hath three branches. It is an Aet to doe and to performe; argall she drowned her selfe wittingely.
Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.
Clo. Ghee me leaque; here lies the water good: here flounds the man good: If the man goe to this water and drowneth him selfe, it is will he will be, he goest make you that? But if the water come to him & drowneth him; here drownes not himselfe. Argall, bee that is not guilty of his owne death, flounders not his owne life.
Other. But is this law?
Clo. I marry it's, Crowners Quet Law.

Other.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio a force off.

Ham. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for thy dull Affe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, say a Grauc-maker: the Honfes that he makes, lifts till Doome-day: go, get thee to Taungh, fetch me a bottle of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did tend, did I tend,
me thoughts it was very freest
To crawl? O the time for a my belove,
O me thoughts there was nothing meete.

Ham. Has't this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Grauc-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it him a property of easine.

Ham. 'Tis e'en for; the hand of little Implemht hath the daintier fende.

Chorus sings.

But Age with his feeling steep
had catched me in his clutch;
And hath stopp'd me untill the Land,
as if I had never beene fuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue lowles it to th' ground, as if it were Common lawe, borne, that did the first murther: It might be the Patece of a Politician which this Affe o'the Offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow (sweet Lord: how doth thou, good Lord?) this might be my Lord such a one, that pratt'd my Lord such a one Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Ham. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapellfe, and knocft about the Mazarid with a Sextons Spade; here's fine Resolution, if wewe had the tricke to fetch. Did those bones coil no more the breeding, but to play at Loggtes with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Chorus sings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade a Spade,
and a fpeaking-Sheet.
O a Pat of Clay for to be made,
for a Grefs is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? and where be his Quiddities now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures? and his Tricks? why do's he fuffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Scence with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? him. This fellow might bein't time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pace full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveynances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Booz: and mutt the Inheritance himfelfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. 1 my Lord, and of Caluce-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Caluces that seek out anfrance in that. I spake to this fellow: whose Graue this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pat of Clay for to be made,
for a Gress is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You liye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not liye in'; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doft liye in', to be in and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quich, therefore thou liest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke Sirye Sir, 'twill a way againe from me to yo'.

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in'

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reft her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is! wee must speake by the Carde, or equinocation will wend vs: by the Lord Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the Age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the Pefant comes fo near the heels of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haft thou beene a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the days i' th' yeare, I came too's that day that our laft King Hamlet o'recame Forinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foon can tell that: It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, bee that was mad, and fent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he fent into England?

Clo. Why, becaufe he was mad; bee shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.
Ham. Why?

Cle. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Cle. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Cle. 'Tis said he is come to Denmark, I have bin execte me there, man and Boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'sh't earth ere he rot?

Cle. If a man be not rotten before he die (as we have many pokey Cosiers now adayes, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eighteene years, or nine yeares. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Cle. Why sir, his hide is taut with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your honifie dead body. Here's a Scull nowthis Scull, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Cle. A whorsefomad Fellowes was it;

Whoe do you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Cle. A pellience on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'ra Flaggon of Rent in his head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull fir, was Toricke Scull, the Kings Jeffer.

Ham. This?

Cle. E'tee that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poor Torick! I knew him Haratio, a fellow of infinite flesh of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rizes at it. Here lie hung those lips, that I hauekift I know not how oft, Where be your ibes now? Your Gamballs? Your Songs? Your fables of Marmint that were wont to set the Table on a Rocke? No one now to mock your own Feasting? Quite chopinall? Now get you to your Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thickke, to this favour the sust come. Make her laugh at that: prythee Haratio tell me one thing.

Her. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke Alexander looks o'this fashion f'th'earth?

Her. E'tee fo.

Ham. And finde fo? Puh.

Her. E'tee fo, my Lord,

Ham. To what base fies we may return Haratio. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of Alexander, till he find it stopp a bunghole. For 'twere to consider: to curiously to consider fo.

Ham. No faith, not a bit. But to follow him thether with moidfifie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into duft: the duft is earth: of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereeto he was converted;) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? Imperiall Carse,dead and turn't to clay. Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, Exellp the winters flaw. But soft, but soft, aside; here come the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendants.

The Queen, the Couriers. Who is that they follow, and with such smauned rites? This doth betoken, The Courfe they follow, did with discreete band, fore do it owne life; twas some Eftate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony els?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony els?

Priest. Her Obsequies have bin as farre inlarg'd. As we have warrant his death was doubtfull, But that great Command, o're-awiseth the order, She should in ground vnandified haue lodg'd, till the left Trumpet. For charitable praiers, Shards, Flints, and Peblees, should be thro wine on her. Yet here's she is allowed her Virgin Rites, Her Maiden feitments, and the bringing home of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We shoule prophane the service of the dead, To sing fage Requrio, and fuch left to her As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her'z's earth, and from her faire and unpolluted fleth, May Violetts spring. I tell thee (churtifh Priefl) A Minifting Angel shall my Sister be, When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire Opheilia?

Queen. Sweets, to the sweet farewel.

I hoped thou shoule haue bin my Hamlets wife: I thought thy Bride bed to haue desk(sweet Maid) And not chas e'red thy Grane.

Laer. O miserable woer, Fall ten times trebble, on that curfed head. Whoe wicked dead, thy most Ingeniousfence Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while, till I have caught her once more in mine armes: Leaps in the grave, Now pyle thy duft, upon the quicke, and dead, Till of this flat a Mountain you have made, To o're top old Pelon, or the skyish head Of blem Olympos.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes

Bares such an Emphatis? whose phrase of Sorrow Conjure the wandering Starres, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The duell take thy foule.

Ham. Thou pratt'rt not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat; Sir though I am not Spleenatious, and rash, Yet haue I someting in me dangerous,

Which let thy wifenesse fear away thy hand.

King. Pluck them sundere.

Qn. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quieter.

Ham. Whay will I fight with him vpon this Theme, Vaffit my eielids will no longer waw.

Qn. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I'ou'd Opheilia; forthe thou fhoulde Frandous Could not (with all these quanticie of Love) Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qn. For loose of God forbare him.

Hein. Come shoue me how thou'lt doe.

Woo't wepe? Woo't fight? Woo't repaire thy felfe? Woo't dothe vp 8li, cave a Crocodile?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Hor. 1, good my Lord.

Ham. An estrayd Conjuriation from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourishe,
As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland wearre,
And fland a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of thee Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lea,
He shoulde the bearers put to iodaine death,
Not thrashing time allowed.

Hor. How was this feald?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heauen ordinaire;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Damith Seal:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gaus'th impression, plaat't safely,
The changeling never knewne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st it already.

Hor. So Guildenfowne and Renfrance, go too't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make long to this employment
They are no wiser on my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insufficencie grow:
'*Tis dangerous, when the bafet nature comes
Betwene the paife, and fell incend'd points
Of mighty oppoittes.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kild my King, and whord my Mother,
Poht in betwene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; 'tis not perfect confence
To quit him with this same? And 'tis not to be damned
To let this Cancer of our nature come
In further euill,

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,

The interim's mine, and a man's life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very Jory good Horatia,
That to Lourest I forgot my felle;
For by the image of my Cauce, I fee
The forrooture of his; He count his favours:
But sure the brauiery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Ofrike.

Of. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den.
Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doth know this waterfle?

Hor. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy fate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crick shall stand at the Kings
Mess; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spawce in the poli-
tess of dirt.

Of. Sweet Lord, if your friendshop were at leyfure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Mieifly.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit,
put your Bonet to his right vfe, for the head,

Of. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northely.

Of. If it indifferent cold my Lord indeed,

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultiy, and hot for my
Complexion.

Ofrike.
Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foul, as 'twere I cannot tell how; but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me fig- nifie to you, that he's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The for King, he's wag'd with him fix Barbary Hor- ses, against the which he impon'd as 'tis take, fixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their affignes, as Girdle, Hangers or fo; three of the Carriages infaite are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hils, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ofr. What call you the Carriages?

Ham. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ofr. The phraze would bee more Gernaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then: but on fixe Barbary Hor- ses against fixe French Swords: their Affignes, and three liberall concerte Carriages, that's the French but a- gainst the Danish: why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betwene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three his; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchesafe the Answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Ofr. I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyleys bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose: I will win for him if I can: if not, He game nothing but my shame, and the odder his.

Ofr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your na- ture will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues elfe for's tongue.

Ofr. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the fame Beowy that I know the droffe age dores onely got the tune of the time, and outward liabite of encounter, a kinde of yeasty collection, which carries them through & through the more fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I deo not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene in continual practice; I shall winne at the odd's: but thou wouldest not thinke how all herea- bout my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey, I will for- stall their repaiile hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; see defte August: there's a speciall Prudence in the fall of a Sorrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: ift beenot to come, it will be seenow: if it be not now, yet it will come, the readinisse is all, since no man's h's outh of what he leaves. What is't to leve be- times?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attend- ants with Foyleys, and Gamellets, a Table and Flags of Wine on it.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong,

But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With fore disgraotion? What I have done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly wake, I heere proclaime was madneffe:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselle, do's wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneffe? It be to,
Hamlet is of the Facion that is wrong'd;
His madneffe is poaste Hamlet's Enemy,

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpoe's eull, Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o'the houfe, And hurt my Mather.

Laet. I am satisfied in Nature,

Who's motive in this case shoul'd strive me moft To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honor I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement, Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor, I have a voyce, and president of pence To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time, I do receeve your offer'd loute like loute, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,

And will this Brothers wager frankly play.

Giv'e vs the Foyleys: Come on.

Lae. Come one for me.

Ham. Ille be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Starre i' th'darkest night, Stickie feryy ofindeede.

Lae. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

Lae. Give them the Foyleys yong Ofrick.

Conuen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Valest weyr my Lord, Your Grace hath laide the oddes a' th'weaker side. King. I do not feare it,

I have fenee you both; But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Lae. This is too heavy,

Let me fete another.

Ham. This likes me well,

These Foyleys have all a length.

Prepare to play.

Ofrick. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stapes of wine upon that Table:

If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,

Or quit in anwser of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlemens their Ordinance fire,

The King shal drink to Hamlet better breath, And in the Cup an union that he throw Richer then that, which foure succesfule Kings In Denmarke Crownes hauve worn.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Give me the Cup: and let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake, The Trumpets to the Cannons without, The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heauen to Earth, Now the King drinkes to Hamlet. Come, begin, And you the Judges heare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir. 
Lear. Come on fir.
Ham. One.
Lear. No.
King. Stay, give me drink.
Hamlet. this Pearle is chine. Here's to thy health. Give him the cup; Trumpets found, and that goes off.

Ham. He play this bout shrif, let by a while.
Come: Another hit: what say you? 
Lear. A touch, touch, I do confesse.
King. Our Sonne shall win. 
Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath. Here's a Napkin, rub thy browses, The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, Hamlet. 
Ham. Good Madam. 
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Qu. I will my Lord; I pray you pardon me. 
King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late, 
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, By and by. 
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Lear. My Lord, I'll heit him now. 
King. I do not think e't. 
Lear. And yet it's almost gainst my confidence. 
Ham. Come for the third. 
Lear.ets, you but dally, I pray you paffe with your heft violence, I am after'd you make a wanton of me.

Lear. Say you so? Come on. 
Ofc. Nothing neither way.
Lear. Haue at you now. 
In scuffling they change Repairs.
King. Part them, they are incens'd. 
Ham. Nay come, againe. 
Ofc. Look to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord? 
Ofc. How is't Learst? 
Lear. Why as a Woodcocke To mine Springde, Ofscs, I am iufly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie. 
Ham. How does the Queene? 
King. She founds to see them bleedde. 
Qu. Noo, noo, the drinker, the drinker.
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinker, the drinker, I am poisnon'd. 
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd. 
Treacherie, fecke it out. 
Lear. It is heere Hamlet. 
Hamlet, thou artaine, 

No Medicine in the world can do thee good. 
In thee, there is not halfe an hour of life; 
The Treacherious Instrument is in thy hand, 

Vexated and environ'd: the foule praife 

Death turn'd it felle on me. 
Lec, heere I lye. 
Neues to tiff againe: Thye Mothers poisnon'd: 
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame. 

Ham. The point euenon'd too, Then venome to thy worke, Hurst the King. 

All. Treason, Treason, 
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt. 
Ham. Here ye thoe incelous, mutruous, 

Damned Dane, Drink off this Potion: Is thy Yrion here? 
Follow my Mother. 
Lear. He is sufficiently.
It is a poysnon temp'rd by himselfe: 
Exchange forigneesse with me, Noble Hamlet; 
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee, Nor chine on me. 

Dyer. 
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew, 
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance, 
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte: 
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death) Is friek'd d in his Arreft) oh I could tell you. 
But let it be Horatio, I am dead, 
Thou liu'ft, report me and my caufes right 
To the unfaftiched. 
Hor. Never beleuee it, 
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane: 
Here's yet some Liquoquet left, 

Ham. As th'ar a man, give me the Cup.

Lear. Go, by Heaven I heau't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name, 
(Things flanding thus unknoune) flall fline beind me. 
If thou di'dt ever hold me in thy heart, 
Absent thee from felcrificie while, 
And in this hatefull world draw thy breath in paine, 
To tell my Storie, 
March afare off, and about within. 

What warlike noyfe is this? 

Enter Ofcick.

Ofc. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland 
To th' Ambassadors of England glues this warlike volly. 

Ham. O I dy'e Horatio: 

The potent poysnon quite ore-crowes my spirit, 
I cannot live to hear the Newes from England, 
But I do prophifie the elelion lights 

On Fortinbras, he has my dying voyce, 
So tell him with the occurrences more and leffe, 
Which have sollicit. The refle is silence. O, o, o, o, Dyer 

Hor. Now cracke a Noble heart: 
Goodnight sweet Prince, 
And flights of Angels finge thee to thy ref. 

Why do's the Drumme com hither? 

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants. 

Fortin. Where is this figh? 
Hor. What is it ye would fee; 
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your search. 
For. His quarrie cries on haucocke. Oh proud death, 
What feaf is toward in thine eternall Cell, 
That thou to many Princes, at a throwe, 
So bloodily hail Brooke: 

Amb. The fight is diſmal, 
And our affaires from England come too late, 
The cares are folellis that should give vs hearing, 
To tell him his comma ndement is fullfil'd,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

That Raisenrnce and Guildenstern are dead:  
Where should we have our thanks?  

Hor. Not from his mouth, 
Had it th'abilitie of life so thanke you:  
He never gave command'ment for their death.  
But since to sumpe upon this bloodie question,  
You from the Polack warres, and you from England  
Are here arrived. Give order that these bodlies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,  
How these things came about. So shall you heare  
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnaturall acts,  
Of accidental judgements, casuall slaukters  
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,  
And in this vphoot, purpures misfooke,  
False on the Inventors heads. All this can I  
Truly deliuer.  

For. Let vs haft to heare it,  
And call the Nobleft to the Audience.  
For me, with forrow, I embrace my Fortune,  
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,  
Which are to claime, my vantagge doth  
Inuite me;  

Hor. Of that I shall have alwaies caufe to speake,  
And from his mouth  
Whole voyce will draw on more:  
But let this same be byndely perform'd,  
Even whiltes mens mindes are wilde,  
Left more mishance  
On plots, and errors happen.  

For. Let foure Captains  
Beare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage, 
For he was likely, had he bene put on  
To have prou'd most royally:  
And for his paßage,  
The Soul'diers Musike, and the rites of Warre  
Speake lowdly for him,  
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this  
Becomes the Field, but here shewes much amis.  
Go, bid the Soul'diers shoote.  

Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of  
Ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. Thought the King had more affected the Duke of A|bany, then Cornwall,

Glo. It did always seeme so to vs: But now in the disunion of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Dukes hee vaules most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choice of either money.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so often blum'd to acknowledge him, that now I am, braz'd too.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young Fellowes mother could; whereupon the greater wound'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cruelle, ere she had a husband for her bed.

Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glo. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yeis no deeree in my account, though this Knave came somthing fawily to the world before he was sent for: yet was his Motherayne, there was good hope at his making, and the homon must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent:

Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My servitude to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better,

Edm. Sir, I shall fludly deferuing.

Glo. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Scenen. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster, Gloucester, and attendants.

Kent. I shall, my Lord.

Exit.

Lear. Meane time we shall expresse our darker purpose.

GIVE me the Map there. Know, that we have divid'd in three our Kingdome: and 'tis our full intent,

To make all Care's and Buffetted from our Age,

Conferrin them on youngest strenth, while we,

Vanish'them d crave tow'rward death. Our son of cornwall,

And you our no lesse loving Sonne of Albany,

We have this hour a consteant will to publish
Our daughters feare all Dowers, that future fishe
May be prevented now. The Princes, France & Burgundy,
Great Rivals in our yongest daughters love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous Scourne,
And here are to answ're. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diu'd vs both of us,

Interst of Territory, Care's of State)

Which of you Shall we say doth love vs moft,
That we, our largest bounty may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more then word can weild ymater,
Decree then eyse-fight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be vewe'd, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childre err'd, or Father found,
A love that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of toouch I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak? Loure, and be glene.
Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrefts, and with Champaignes rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-shirred Meades.
We make thee Lady. To thine and Albenes issues
Be this perpetuall. What fayes our second Daughter?
Our dearst Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-merle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde the names my very deede of love:
Onely he comes too short, that I profess,
My selfe an enemie to all other loyes,
Which the most precious figure of felse professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate,
In your deere Highnesse love.

Cor. Then poore Cordelia,
And yet not to, since I am love my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie ever,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferrd on Gonerill. Now our Toy,
Although our safte and leefe: to whom yong love,
The Vines of France, and Mille of Burgundye,
Sriue to be Interest. Whateuer you say, to draw
A third, more opulent then your Sistres? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?
This hideous taffinelf, ans were my life, my judgement:
Thy young Daughter doth not love thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reuterbe no hollownesse.

Kent. On thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as pawn
To wage against thine enemies, whoe looie to loose it,
Thy fairest being molest.

Kent. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better Lear, and let me fill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Kent. Now by Apollo, Kent. Now by Apollo, King
Thou sweat, fit the Gods in vaine.

Kent. O Vailill I Miser cunt.

Alfo. Cor. Beate Sir forbeare.

Kent. Kill thy Phynition, and thy fee beflove
Upon the toile diface, reuoke thy guilt,
Or whistl I can vent clamour from my throate,
Icle tell thee thou dost enuill.

Lear. Hast thee recrunt, on thine alledgeance hear me;
That thou haft taught to make vs breake our vows,
Which we durft never yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come between our sentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward,
Five daies we do allot thee for provision,
To shift thee from disaste of the world,
And on the fix to tunne thy hated backe
Upon our kingdom; if on the tenth day following,
Thy banifhit trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By lutters,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, shib thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lives hence, and banishment is here:
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That jutily thinkt it, and haft most rightly laid:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of loue:
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew,
He'll shape his old course, in a Country new.

Florijb. Enter Glofier with France, and Bur-

Cor. Here's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first addresse towards we, whoe with this King
Hath riusd for our Daughter, what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Loues?

Bar. Mofl Royall Maiesty,
I craste no more then hath your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender left?

Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,
When the was desse to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there the bands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure pleased,
And nothing more may duly like your Grace,
She's there, she is yours.

Bar. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infernities the owes,
Unfriend, new adopt to our hate,
Dow'd with our curfe, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her orYea.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Come Noble Burgundy, Floursfi. Exeunt.
Car. Bid farewell to your Sisters.
Car. The jewels of our Father, with wrath'd etc e's
Corinlia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as you are named. Loue well our Father.
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, loow I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Regn. Preferbe not vs our dutie,
Car. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortunes aimes, you have obedience seent,
And well are worthy the want that you have wanted.
Car. Time shall not unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at left with shame decide;
Well may you prosper.
Car. Sifter, it is not little I have to say,
Of what most neatly apperaintes to vs both,
I think our Father will hence to night.
(With vs.
Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next month
Car. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-
Feculation we have made of it hath beene little little the always
Loord our Sitter most, and with what poore judgement he
Now hath call her off, appears too grossly.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age yet he hath euer but
Flenely knowne himselfe.
Car. The belt and foundeft of his time hath bin but
Rall, then waft we looke from his age, to receive not a-
alone the imperfections of long ingrained condition, but
therewithall the vnitly waywardifie, that informe
and cholerick yeares bring with them.
Reg. Such vnconstant flatts are we like to hate from
him, as this of Kentz banishment.
Car. There is further completement of leave-taking be-
tweene France and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our
Father carry authority with such disposition as he bears,
this lift surrender of his will but offend vs.
Reg. We shall further thinke of it.
Car. We must do something, and it's heate. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baffard.
Baff. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My services are bound, wherefoe shoul I
Stand in the plague of culfume, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelue, or foureteene Moonthines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baffard? Wherefoe bafe?
When my Dimensions are as well compa,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madam's issue? Why brand they vs
With Bafe? With baftenes Baffardie? Bafe, Bafe?
Who in the Juicie health of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull stale tured bed
Goe to the creasing a whole tribe of Pops
Got'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Baffard Edmund,
As to th'liegitimate: fine word: Legitimate.
Well, my legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund, the bole
Shall o' Lie Legitimate: I grow, I prosper.
Now Gods, stand vp for Badars.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish'd thou, and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prefent'd his powre,
Confined to exhibition? All this done.

Vpon the god? Edmund, how now? What newes?

Baft. So please your Lordship, none.

Glou. Why so earnestly seekes you to put vp y Letter?

Baft. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baft. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needeth then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see, come, if it be nothing, I shall not neede Speckles.

Baft. I beforre you Sir, pardon mee, it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I finde not is fit for your ore-look.

Glou. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Baft. I shall offend, either to detainee, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I understand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's fee, let's fee.

Baft. I hope for my Brothers justification, he wrote this but as an effay, or taste of your Vertue.

Glou.reads. This policy, and reuencement of Age, makes the world witter to the bofe of our times: keeps our Fortune from us, till our owne selfe cannot reliish them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who fors'get not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his Royalty for ever, and live the beloved of your Brother, Edgar.

Edgar. Him? Conspire ye? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enioy halfe his Reuenue; my Sonne Edgar, had hie a hand to write this: a heart and braine to breede it in?

When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baft. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casket of my Cllofery.

Glou. Do you know the character to be your Brothers?

Baft. If the matter were good my Lord, I daint I swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would faine think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baft. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glou. Has he never before founded you in this busines?

Baft. Neuer my Lord, but I have heard him oft maintaine to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuenue.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villain, unnatural, deceitfull, brutifh Villaine; worse then brutifh: Go farra'h, seek him: He apprehend him. Abominable Villaine, where is he?

Baft. I do not well know my L I: it shall please you to suppress your indignation against my Brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shoul' run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own Honor, and shake in pieces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other presence of danger.

Glou. Think you fo?

Baft. If your Honor judge it mee, I will place you where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot be such a Mentlil. Edmund seek him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Buisine after your owne wifedomde, I would vnfixe my selfe, to be in a due resolution.

Baft. I will fecke him Sir, presently: convey the businesse as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend noe good to vs; though the wifedome of Nature can reaon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe enough'd by the frequent effects. Loue cooles, Friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, murmuries; in Countries, difcord; in Pallaces, Treafor; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes under the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falls from byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We have feene the holl of our time. Machinations, hollowneffe, treachery, and all ruinous disorder follow vs disquitely to our Graues. Find out this Villain Edmund, it shall lose the nothing, do it carefully: rend the Noble & true-harted Kent banishd; his offence, honestly. This strange Ewne.

Baft. This is the excellent toppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfers of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our difficulties, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villains on necesse, Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and Teachers by Spherial predominaunce. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforced obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are enuill in, by a disinte thro' fion, An admirable enuion of Where-mother-man, to lay his Goatsish disposition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons tale, and my Nativitv was vs'd by the Maior, so that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should have bin that I am, had the maidenleft Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my barley dizing.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Par: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comade. my Cae is villonous Melancholy, with a figh like Tom o'Bedlam. — O these Eclipses do portend these diuisions. Fo, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serious contem- plation are you in?

Baft. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you abuse your selfe with that?

Baft. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede unhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baft. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houses together.

Baft. Parted you in good terms? Found you no di- pleasur in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baft. Think your selfe wherein you may have offend- ed him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, I will some little time had qualified the best of his dividends, which at this instant fo rageth in him, that with the mis-chiefe
chiefe of your person, it would scarcely slay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my faire, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rigge goeth flower and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will swiftly bring you to hear my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do fist abroad, goe amnd.

Edm. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seene, and heard: But faintly, Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Exit Edm. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truely that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honest, to conferre with him that is wife and faire through, to serue judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doft thou professe? What wouldst thou with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truely that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honest, to conferre with him that is wife and faire through, to serue judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What est thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou beft as poore for a subieft, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou then?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What furious cant thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest comparte, ride, run, make a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of mee, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to loue a woman for singling, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worfe after dinner, I will not parte from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knave my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You are Sirrah, where's my Daughters?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you ______ Fund.

Lear. What faiies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: what's my Foole? Ho, I think the world's asleep, how now? Where's that Mongrel?

Knigh. He faiies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the louse backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgmem what your Highness is not enteretist'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, there a great abatement of kindesse appeares as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha! Saith thou so?

Knigh. I befeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mislaken, for my duty cannot be flient, when I think your Highness wrong'd.

Lear. Thou bucremembrst mee of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiosite, then as a very presence and purpose of yerkindesse; I will looke further into'to: but where's my Foole? I have not seen him this two daies.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France

Sir,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that. I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call bither my Fool, Oh you Sir, you, come you bither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

St. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords know, you whor

fon dog, you slue, you curte.

St. I am none of thefe my Lord, I bezech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascal?

St. Ile not be drucken my Lord,

Kent. Not tript neither, you bafe Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou fent't me, and I loue thee,

Kent. Come fir, arte, away, I he teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length agai

gain, tarry, but away, goe too have you wife dume, fo.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thanke thee, there's earneft of thy service.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcomb.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how doft thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were belte take my Coxcomb.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. Why for taking ones part that's out of favour, may, & thou canst not finle at the wind first, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcomb; why this fellow ha's banifh'd two o'th Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou muft needs were my Coxcomb. How now Nuncle? would I had two Coxcombs and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gue them all my lining, I'd keepe my Coxcombs my felle, there's mines, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog muft to kennell, hee muft bee whip'd out, when the Lady Brach may fland by'th firr and flinke.

Lear. A fervent gall to me,

Fool. Sirrah, he teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Marke it Nuncle; Haue more then thou fhoweft, Speake leffe then thou knowest, Lend leffe then thou oweft, Ride more then thou goeft, Learne more then thou troweft, Settlece then thou throweft; Leave thy drinke and thy whore, And keep in a dore,

And thou fhalt have more,

Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an infeid Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make no vfe of no

thing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,

Nothing can be made out of nothing,

Fool. Prythee tell him, fo much the rite of his land comes to, he will not beleue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Fool. Do'th thou know the difference my Boy, be

tweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Fool. Nuncle, glue me an egge, and Ile glue thee

two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Fool. Why after I have cut the egge t'hmiddle and

excepe the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clooef thy Crownes t'hmiddle, and gaw 'em away both pats, thou boott'sh shine Afe on thy backe 'o' the durt, thou had'lt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gav' thy golden one away, if I speake like my felle in this, let him be whip thatft finds it fo.

Fooles had none leffe grace in a yeere,

For wiemen are crowne foppilh,

And know not how their wifs to weare,

Their manneres are fo affhil.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs firrah?

Fool. I have vied it Nuncle, ere since thou mad'lt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav' them the rod, and put'th downe thine owne breeches, then they for sodalne fyef did weep,

And I for sorrow fang,

That fouh a King should play bo-peep,

And goe the Fooles among.

Prythy Nuncle keepe a Schoenematter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie firrah, weel have you whip.

I prithee what kin thou and thy Daughters are, they'lt have me whipt for speaking true: I'll haue me whip for lying, and sometimes I am whips for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nuncle, thou haft pated thy wit o'both fides, and left nothing t'h'middle; here comes one o'th parings.

Enter Cordelia.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Fronlet on? You are too much of late t'fh Crowne.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an Owhi

out a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing, Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, fo thy face bids me, though you fay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepe not cruft, not crum, Weary of all, shall want fome. That's a fheaf Pecof.

Gow. Not only Sir this, your all-eyec'd Foole,

But other of your Infolent retinue.

Do hourly Carpe and Quarell, breaking forth In rank,e, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.

I had thought by making this well knowne yunto you, To haue found a safe redreffe, but now grow fettfull By what your felle too late haue spoke and done,

That you proteft this course, and put it on

By your allowance, which if you should, the fault Would not leape cenfur, nor the redreffe flegg, Which in the tender of a wholefome weale,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were fame, that then necessitie

Will call different proceeding.

Fool. For you know Nuncle, the Hedge-Sparrow fell the Cuckoo fo long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, fo out went the Cande, and we were left dark

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

(dame

Cord. I entreat you would make use of your good wifes.

(Whereof I know you are fraught,) and put away.

These defpositions, which of late transport you.

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Fool. May not an Aife know, when the Cart drawes the Horse? Whoop Jugge I loue thee.

Lear. Doe any here know me? This is not Lear:

Do's Lear wakke thus? Speakes this thus? Where are his eyes? Either his Nation weakes, his Discernings Are Letharg'd. Hal! Waking? 'Tis not I! Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman? This admiration Sir, is much o'th'loving

Of other your new pranks. I do befeech you To understand my purposes aight: As you are Old, and Reverend, I shou'd be Wife. Hereo do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires, Men do disorder'd, do debash'd, and bold, That this our Court infected with their manners, Swayne'ses like a noyous Lane; Epicurisme and Lust Make it more like a Taverne, or a Broubell, Than a grace'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake For instante remedi. Be then desist'd By her, that else will take the thing the begges, A little to disquinity your Traine, And the remainder that shall fill depend, To be such men as may before your Age, Which know themselves, and you. Lear. Darknese, and Druels, Saddle my horses: Call my Traine together. Degenerate Basftard, Ile not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter. Gen. You strike my people, and your disorder'dable, make Servants of their better.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repeats: Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horse.

Ingratitude! I thou Marble-hearted Fiend, More hideous when thou speakest thee in a Child, Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient. Lear. Detected Kite, thou lyef not.

My Traine are men of choice, and rare parts, Thas all particulars of duty know, And in the most exact regard, support The worships of their name. O must small fault, How eygily did thou in Cordus strow? Which like an Engine, wreneth my frame of Nature From the first place: drew from my heart all love, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Besta at this gate that let thy Folly in, And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltiefe, as I am ignoratant Of what hast moued you. Lear. It may be, in my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddisye, heare; Suspend thy purpose, if thou didt intend To make this Creature fruitfull: Into her Wombe conuey strictility, Drie vp in her the Orphans of increasae, And from her derogate body, neuer spring A Babe to honor her. If the mift seeme, Create her childre of Spieene, that it may live And be a man can tell me who I am; With cadent Tears free Channels in her cheekes, Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits To laugher, and contempt: That she may feele, How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is, To hauie a shankleste Childe. Away, away. Exit. Alb. Now Gods that we adore, Whereof comes this?

Gen. Neuer afflict thy selfe to know more of it; But let his disposition haue that scope As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fittie of my Followers at a clap? Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter Sir? Lear. Ile tell thee:

Life and death, I am a shamb'd That thou haff power to shake my manhood thus, That these bore teares, which breake from me perforce Should make thee worth them, Blaftes and Foggess upon thee: Th'intented wondring of a Fathers curse Pierce euery fende about thee. Old fond eyes, Bewewepe this caufe againe, Ile pluckye ye out, And call you with the waters that you looke To temper Clay. Hal! Let it be fo.

I have another daughter, Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable: When the flall hear this of thee, with her nailes Sh'e'll Rea thoy Wulofh vifage. Thou fast finde, That Ile resume the flape which thou doft thinke I haue caft off for ever.

Gen. Do you make that?

Alb. I cannot be so partiall Generall, To the great Ioue I besiege you.

Gen. Pray you content. What O'swallold, how? You Sir, more know then Foul, after your Master.

Fool. Nunkle Lear, Nunkle Lear, Tarry, take the Foulle with thee: A Fox, when one has caught her, And such a Daughter, Should sure to the Slaughter, If my Cap would buy a Halter, So the Foulle follows after. Gen. This man hath bad good Counsell, A hundred Knights?

Tis politike, and fate to let him kepe At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euery dreame, Each buzz, each faincie, each complaint, disk ke, He may eugard his dotage with their powres, And hold our lives in mercy. O'swallold, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gen. Safen then trull too farre;

Let me still take away the harms I feare, Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart, What he hath wroth I haue writ my Siffer: If the faftanec him, and his hundred Knights When I haue thew'd th'vninfiteffe.

Enter Seward.

How now O'swallold? What hauie you writ that Letter to my Siffer?

Sew. I Madam,

Gen. Take you some company, and away to horse, Informe her full of my particular lear. And there to add suche reasons of your owne, As may compac it more. Get you gone,
Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no farther with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep for my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter.

Exit.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, he would not go flip-flopped.

Lear. Why? Fool. Why to keep one's eyes open to one's nose, that a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail has his house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put his head in, not to give it away to his daughter, and leave his horses without a bafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, to kind a Father? Be my Horsethe ready?

Fool. Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the feuen Starres are no more then feuen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eights.

Fool. Yes indeed, thou wouldst make a good Foor. Lear. To talk against perfons; Moniteringratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my Foor Nunclite, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldn't have been old, till thou hadst been. Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet. Heauens! keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Enter Gustave, and Caron, generally.

Gust. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure, Shall not be a Maid long, vaillese things be cut shorter.

Extenu.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

But that I told him the requenging Gods,
Gains Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a bond
The Child was bound to th' Father; sit in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With this prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprovoked body, dash'd mine arm; and
And when he saw my belt alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel right, roud'd to ch'encounter,
Or whether gaft by the noyse I made,
Full fadinenely he fled.

Glof. Let him fly faire:
Not in this land shall he remaine uncaught
And found, dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall receive our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceals him death.

Glof. When I diffudged him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curt speech
I threaten'd to difcouer him; he replied,
Thou vnprov'fing Baffard, doft thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any truth, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words difh'd? No, what should I deny,
(As this I would, though that did produc
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy fuggiflion, plot, and dammed prafi ple:
And thou muft make a dallard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiel spirits
To make thee feeke it.

Thatet withiin.  

Glo. O thrice and fainted Villaine,
Would be deny his Letter, faid he
ehe,Duke th' Trumpets, I know not when he comes;
All Ports I barre, the Villaine shall not scape,
The Duke muft grant me that: besides, his picture
I will fend faire and neere, that all the kingdome
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Lozall and all called Biffou) He work the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornetall, Regan, and Attendant.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, fince I came hither
(Which I can call now) I have heard trengneffe.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursueth'offender, how doft my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godfonde feeke thy life?
He whom thy Father nam'd, thy Edgard?
Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid,
Reg. Was he not companion with the rixious Knights
That rendred up my Father?
Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Daft. Yes Madam, he was of that confort.
Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To save th'expérience and waft of his Revenues
I have this prefent eucie from my Sifer
Beene well informed of them, and with furc cautions,
That if they come to fétoune at my house,
He ne'er be there.

Corn. Nor if allure the Regent  

Edmund, I hear that you have thnewen your Father.
A Child like Office.

Daft. It was my duty Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his prayers, and receiv'd
This hurt you feue, striving to apprehend him.
Cor. Is he purfued?
Glo. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you pleafe; for you Edmund,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this infiant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deep cruel, we shall much need
You weft felie on.

Daft. I shall fere you Sir truely, how ever elle.
Glo. For him I thank you your Grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?
Reg. Thus out of feasion, bredding darke ey'd night,
Occations Noble Glofter of some prize,
Wherein we must have vfe of your aduice.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sifer,
Of differences, which I beft thought it fit
To anfwere from our home: the fheriff'f Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bellow
Your needfull complaiate to our businesse,
Which craves the infiant vie.
Glo. I fere you Madam,
Your Grace's reigh welcome.  

Exeunt. Hoursfib.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Stewart junctly.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this houfe?
Kent. I.
Stew. Wherefore we fet our horses?
Kent. I th' myre.
Stew. Prythee, if thou loft't me, tell me,
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipbury Pinfoll, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why do'ft thou vfe me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Stew. What do'ft thou know me for?
Kent. A Knave, a Raffell, an eater of broken meates, a
safe, proud, shallow, beggyther, three-fauited-hundred
pound, filthy woofled-tackling knaue, a Lilly-liquered,
potion-taking, whorfon glaffe-gazing fpur-farterible
finicall Rogue, one Trunkine-inheriting flauus, one that
would be a Bud in way of good fervice, and accon-
thin but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrell Bitch,
one whom I will besteto clamours whining, if thou
deny'ft the leaf fitable of thy adition.

Stew. Why, what a monftrous Fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knowes thee?
Kent. What a brazen-faced Vaffal art thou, to deny
that thou knowest me! It is two yeres since I trimm'd up thy
heeles, and beate thee before the King! Draw you roguish
for though it be night, yet the Moon shines, I'll make a forlorn Moonshine of you, wherefore Calleyeny Barber-monger, draw...
Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw you Racallf, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanite the puppets part, against the Royalty of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Hee to carbonado your thanks, draw you Racallf, come your wales, Ste. Halpe, ho, murther, helpe.
Kent. Strike you flauce: hand rogue, stand you next flauce, strike...
Stew. Halpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Baftard, Cornwall, Regan, Gofler, Sarmants.
Baff. How now, what's the matter? Part.
Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile fleth ye, come on yong Master.
Glo. Weapons? Arms? what's the matter here?
Kent. Keep your peace upon your lites, he dies that strickes again, what is the matter?
Reg. The Messengers from our Sifer, and the King?
Cor. What is your difference, speak?
Stew. I am afraid in my breath my Lord.
Kent. No Maruell, you have so beth'd your valour, you cowardly Rascall, natures defeilme in theses Taylor made thee.
Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?
Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not make him so ill, though they had bin but two yeares of trade.
Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?
Stew. This ancient Russton Sir, whose life I have spar'd at face of his grey-beard.
Kent. Thou whoreton Zed, thou vnecessary letter; my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will read this enbouled villain in morter, and daube the wall of Jakes with him. Spare my grey-beard, you wagtail.
Cor. Peace fairah,
Kent. You beastly knave, how now you no reconeure?
Cor. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priniulede.
Kent. Why art thou angrie?
Kent. That such a flauce as this should weare a Sword, Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as thefe, Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine, Which are t'innocent, t'vnloafe; smooth euyon passion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Being oile to fire, know to the colder moods, Reuenge, affime, and turne their Halton beakes With mecry gall, and wary of their Maffers, Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plaue upon your Epilaccke vilage, Smoife you your speeches, as I was a Fooloe.
Gloose, if I had you von Sarum Plaine,
I'd drinke ye cackling home to Canellet.
Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?
Glof. How fell you out, say that?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Then I and such a knave.
Cor. Why do'th thou call him Knave?
What is his fault?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Cor. No more perochence do's mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine, I haue seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, as this infant.
Cor. This is some Fellow,
Who haunging beene prai'd for bluntneffe, doth affect
A fauce roughnes, and contraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake trutth,
And they will take it, if not, he's plaine.
Thefe kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainne
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty filly, ducking obferrants,
That flretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good faith in finerce verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great apfeet,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking Phoebus front.
Cor. What mean'th by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much, I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-guils you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entertaine too's.
Cor. What was th'offence you gave him?
Stew. I neuer gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me upon his construction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind being downe, infixed, sail'd,
And put upon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praifes of the King,
For him attempting, who was fals-subdu'd,
And in the flunfement of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowsards
But Aliver is there Foole.
Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;
You flubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Braggart,
We'll teach you.
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I rescue the King,
On whose employm't I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respeets, Grow too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stacking his Messenger.
Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.
Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vie me fo.
Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will.
Stocks brought out,
Cor. This is a Fellow of the felle fame colour,
Our Sifer speakes of. Come bring away the Stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do fo,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so lightly valued in his Messenger,
Should haue him thus refrained.
Cor. Ile answere that.
Reg. My Sifer may recieve it much more worse,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, affaulted.
Cor. Come my Lord, away,
Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, tis the Duke pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor sloop'Je, Ile entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd' and travaill'd hard,
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest Ile whistle:
A good mane fortune may grow out at heales.

Glo.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Lear. By Jove I swears I.

Kent. By Jove I swears I.

Lear. They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then mutther,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
To refuse me with all modest hale, which way
They might'tt deferue, or they impose this vrange,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at vs home
I did commend you to Your Highness Letters to them,
Ere I was rifen from the place, that flewed
My dutie knelling, came there a seeking Pole,
Stew'd in his hale, hale-breathlesse, painting forth
From Generall his Mfittis, salutations;
Desluer'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They tumn'd vp their money, freight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leasure of their answer, gave me cold lookes, and
And meeting here the other Mfingers,
Whole welcome I percei'd had poifon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Dispos'd for favu'ry against your Highness,
Having more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and cowr'd cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trepoffe paffage
The fire which here it suffers.

(way.

Lear. Fool. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that
Fathers that wear rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that bear bags, shall fee their children kind,
Fortune that arrant whore, here turns the key to'th' poor,
But for all this thou shalt have as many Delors for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother sweete vp toward my heart!

Histories paffage, downe thou cliiming fowry,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Exelte Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None:

How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. And thou hast beene feet th' Stocks for that
question, thou'dt't well defendt'd it.

Kent. Why Fools?

Fool. We'll fet thee to choole to an Ant, to teach theere ther's no labouring th' winter. All that follow their
notes, are led by their eyes, but blindes men, and there's
not a nofe among twenst, but can smell him that's think-
ing; let go thy hold, when a great wheelke runs downe a
hill, fast is breake thy necke with following. But the
great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after:
when a wifeman gives thee betters, the fome will give me mine
again, I would have none but knaves follow it, fince a
Fool gieves it.

That Sir, which fuees and seekes for gaine,
And follo wes but for fonse;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the flamme.
But I will tarry, the Fole will fly,
And let the wifeman fie:
The knave turnes Fools that runs away,
The Fole no knave perdie.

Enter Kent and Fooler.

Lear. Where learn'd you this Fole?

Fool. Not th' Stocks Fool.

Lear.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are fisher, they are wasty,
They have travau’d all the night? meer fetches,
The images of souls and flying off,
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremouable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance,Plague,Death,Confusion :
Fiery? What quality? Why Glober Glober,
I’d speake with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I have inform’d them fo.

Lear. Inform’d them? Do’th thou understand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with Cornwall,
The deere Father;
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tend, fer.
Are they inform’d of this? My blood and breath, (iusse,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the but Duke that
No, but not yer, may be he is not well,
Infamy doth still neglect all office,
Where to our health is bound, we are not our felues,
When Nature being oppruff, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more header will,
To take the indispos’d and fickly fits,
For the found man. Death on my flate: wherefore
Should be fit here t This act perfwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is prudifie only, Give me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and his wife, I’d speake with them;
Now, presently; bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile brake the Drum,
Till it cri e sleepe to death.

Glo. I would have all well beliv wix you.

Exit.

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rifing heart? But downe,
Foul. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eele,
when the put ‘em i’th’ Pittie alitue; the knap, ‘em o’th’ oxcombs with a fickle, and cried downe wantons,
downe; was her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his
Harsh buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace. Kent here sit at liberry,

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. Regan, I think you are. I know what reason
I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would disconce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Seplachting an Adultrefe. O are you free?
Some other time forthat. Beloued Regan,
Thy Siffers naught: oh Regan, she hath tired
Sharpes tooth’d, eynkindnesse, like a vulture-heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou’rt not beleue
With how depra’d a quality. Oh Regan,
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You little know how to value her defect,
Then shee can cleer her dutie.

Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot think my Siffers in the least
Would fraile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrained the Rios of your Followres,
’Tis on fuch ground, and to such wholefome end,
As cleere her from all blame,

Lear. My curies on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be rul’d, and led
By law, cythration, that differnes your flate
Better then you your fyle: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sifer, you do make returne,
Say you have wrong’d her.

Lear. Ask her forgiuenesse? Do you so marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is vnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vnyfithe tricks:
Returne you to my Sifer.

Lear. Neuer Regan:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look’d blace upon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, upon the very Heart,
All the flor’d Vengeance of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with lameneffe.
Corn. Eye fir. ste.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her forcenfull eyes: Infide her Beauty,
You Fent-fuck’d Foggles, drawne by the powerfull Sunne,
To fall, and bliffer.

Reg. O the best Gods!
So will you with me, when the raffh moodie is on.

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt never have my cufe:
Thy tender-hefled Nature flall not giue
That o’re to harminge: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. ’Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hasty words, to feate my fites,
And in conclu(eion, to oppofe the bolc
Against my comming in. Thou better know’n?
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Cuture, dues of Gratudate;
Thy halfe oth’Kingdomne hath thou not forgot,
Wherein thee endow’d.

Reg. Good Sir, to this purpose.

Lear. Who put my man rth’Stockes?

Enter Sternard.

Corn. What Trumpet’s that?
Reg. I know’t, my Siffers: this approvses her Letter,
That she would come &heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickly grace of her followes.
Out Vailer, frommy fight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter General.

Lear. Who stocks my Siffers? Regan, I have good hope
Thou did’lt not know on’t.
Who comes here? O Heauen’s !
If you doe loue old men; if your sweet fway
Allow obedience: if you your futes are old,
Make it your caufe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not affham’d to looke upon this Beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?
Corn. Why not by th’hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All’s not offence that indifcretion finds,
And dortage termes fo.

Lear. O sires, you are too tough !
Will you yet hold?

Corn. I fet him there: Sir: but his owne Diforders.
The Tragedie of King Lear

Scene One. Entr. Lear.

Exeunt. Tooor come will I.

To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pitch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-blooded Frere, that dowerelle tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keep saile a foote; returne with her?
Perfwade me rather to be flue and fump ter
To this defteed groome.

Gen. As your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell!
We'll not more meete, no more fee one another.
But yet thou art my fleth, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a difeafe that's in my fleth,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byte,
A plague forre, or Imbodied Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ie not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thiander,beater (bloat)
Nor tell tales of thee to high-ludging (ern).
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisur,
I can be patient, I can play with Regan,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd on thee for yet, nor am prooid:
For your fit welcome, give ear Sir to my Sister,
For those that single reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But the knowes what the doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare assoch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speerke's gain fo great a number? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.
Gen. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From those that the calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to clacke ye,
We could contromp't him, if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I encurate you
To bring but flue and twentie, so no more
Will I giue place or not Sir.

Lear. I gane you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it,
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,
But kept a reverenciation to be followed
With such a number? What hast, must I come to you
With flue and twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speake't aganinsty Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do look well (uru'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in the name of praise, I go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double flue and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue.

Gen. Heare me my Lord,
What need you fifty and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a house, where twice to many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason nor the need: our base Beggers
Are in the poorest things superfluous
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beafles. Thou art a Lady;
I onely to go where we were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous want'st,
Which fiercely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here (you Gods) a poor old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If I beyou that fiirres thefe Daughters hearts
Against their Father,foole me not so much,
To bear it tamenly:touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapon, water drops,
Staine my mans checkes. No you wraunall Hags,
I will have such reuenges on you both.
That all the world shall — I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall
The terrors of the earth you thinke Ile wepe,
No, Ile not wepe, I have full cause of weeping,
Storme and Tempeste.

But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flouses
Or ere Ile wepe, O Fool, I shall go mad.

Enter. Corin. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ts people,
Cannot be well buffer'd.

Gen. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe fr om ref,
And must needs taffe his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gen. So am I purport'd.

Where is my Lord of Glofter?

Enter Glofter.

Corin. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corin. Whether is he going?

Glo. He calls to Horfe, but will I know not whether.

Corin. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe.

Gen. My Lord, entreate him by no means to flay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do forcefully, for many Miles about.
There's scarce a Buff.

Reg. O Sir, to willfull men,

The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: thus vp your doors,
He is attended with a desperatre traine,
And what they may incende him too, being aps,
To have his eare abud'd, welcome bids ftrate.

Cor. Shat vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a will'd night,
My Regan counsels well: come out oth'flome.

Exeunt. 

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.
Scena Secunda.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cassar's, and Hyrrican's spout,
Till you have drunken'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vain-curiosity of Oste-cleaning Thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-flaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicker Rosundity o' th'world,
Crack Natures moulds, all germains spill at once
That makes ingrateful Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o' doore.
Good Nunkle, in, aske thy Daughters bleffing, here's a night pitties
neither Wifemen, nor Foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowe Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are thy Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse,
I neuer gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subfcription. Then let fll
Your horrible pleafure. Here I stand your Slave,
A poore, infirme, weake, and difpa'd old man:
But yet I call you scourfle Minifters,
That will with two perrinious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Batailles, gainft a head
So old, and white as this. O ho! 'tis foule.

Enter Kent.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will fay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Lear. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loure not fuch nights as these: The waftfull Skies
Gallow the very wanders of the darke
And make them keepe their Caves: Since I was man,
Such sheers of Fire, fuch bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groans of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to have heard. Man Nature cannot carry
Thaffildion nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keep this dreadful pudder o'v our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haft within thee endidgled Crimes
Vawhisp of Juitlece. Hide thee, thou Blandy hand;
Thou Petru'n, and thou Singular of Vrune
That art Inceftuous, Caryiffe, to peeces fhake
Thus vnder couert, and convenient feeming
Ha's pradis'd on mans life. Clofe pent-vp guilts,
Rue your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadful Sumonners grace. I am a man,
More fenn'd against, then finning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Howell,
Somefriendhip will it lend you gainft the Tempef:
Repole you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the flones whereof'is rai'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Den'd me to come in) reuue, and force
Their feanted suretfe.

Lear. My wits begin to fubufe.
Comme on my boy. How doft my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my felfe. Where is this Hraw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things pricipal. Come, your Howel,
Poore Foole, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muf't make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Le. True Boy; Come bring vs to this Howell. Exit.

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curnian:
He speake a Prophette ere I goe:
When Priefles are more in word, then matter;
When Beveres marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Storrs;
When every Cafe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not lie in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Vifuers tell their Gold ith Field,
Enter Gaffer, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pit y' him, they tooke from me the sfe of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, nor any way sustaine him.

Exit. Moth farewells and unnatural.

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is disunion betwixt the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I have receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Cloffet, these injuries the King now beares, will bee reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already rooted, we must incline to the King, I will look into it, and prudently reliefe him: goe you and maintaine talk with the Duke, that my chanty be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no least is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things toward Edmund, pray you be careful.

Exit. This Currus forbid thee, shall the Duke
Infantly known, and of that Letter too;
This leemes a faire defeuing, and must draw me
That which my Father lookest: no leffe then all,
The yonger fyltes, when the old doth fall.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Poore.

Knt. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Knt. Good my Lord enter here. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st'tis much that this contentious
Inades vs to the skinne Pest to thee, (fume)
But where the greater malady is first,
The lefle is scarce felt. Thou'dfl ane a Beare,
But if they fly towad the roaring Seas,
Thou'dst meete the Beare within'th mouth,when the mind's
The bodys delte; the tempeft in my mind, fice,
Both from my fences rake all feeling else,
Sawe what beastes there,Fullall ingratitude,
Is not as this mouth should tare this hand
For lifing food too & But I will punith home;
No'ill my wepeere no more; in such a night,

To shu me out? Poor on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O drags, General.
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaued all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seek the thine owne safe,
This tempeft will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ie goe in,
In Boy, go first. You houseleffe pouer tie,
Nay get thee in, li, pray, and then Ie sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where to ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pistillelle flouiere,
How shal your House-leffe heads, and vnked fides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednelle defend you
From feasons such as these? O I have sene
Too little care of this: Take Phyfick, Pompe,
Epope thy selfe to feele what wretches feel,
That thou maue shake the superflux to them,
And ther the Heauens more tuft.

Enter Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe, poore Tom.
Fool. Come not in here, Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.
Kent. Gived me thy hand, who's there?
Fool. A spirit, a spirit, he fayes his name's poore Tom.
Kent. What art thou that doost grumble there, I 'thaw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule friend follows me, through the shapre Hauhorne blow the winde.

Fool. Didst thou giue all to thy Daughters? And arst thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore Tom? Whom the foule friend hath led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirl-fee, o'te Beg, and Quag-mire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halteres in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a Boy trottting Horie, our foure uicht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor, Bliife thy fine Wits, Tempe cold. O do, do, do, do, do, blice thee from While-Windes, Stare-Balling and Laving, do poore Tom some charitie, whom the foule Friend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there ag ne, and there.

Fool. Nay, he refered a Blanket, else we had bin all sham'd.

Kent. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o'te mens foules, light on thy Daughters.

Fool. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have forbade
To such a lownefe, but his evading Daughters. (Nature
Is it the fation, that diftracted Faders,
Should have thus little mercy on their feths:
Ludicrous punishement, 'twas this feths begot
Thofe Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillcock fat on Pillcock hill, slow, slow, lo0, lo0.
Fool. This cold night will turne vs all to Foolies, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o' thofe friend, obey thy Parents,
Keep thy words Juflice, Sware not, committ not,
Scena Quinta.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glo. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peace out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. Exit

Kent. All the power of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnes.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Farewell, Gloucester, I shall not see you no more. Fool. Pray you, sir, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that he's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee is a mad Yeoman that fees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with burning spites Come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg. Bleffe thy foe wits.

Kent. O pitty! Sit where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to retain.

Edg. My tears begin to take his part too much, They marre my counterffecting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Asquint you Currers, be thy mouth or thy white or grey; Tooth that projectiles if it bite: Matiff, Grey, bound, Mongiill, Grass, Hound or Spaniell, Beache, or Hymn: Or Bobbaile right, or Trouble tail.

Tom will make him weere and waile, For with throwing thus thy head; Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fied.

Do, de, de, de: Come, march to Wakes and Payres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy home is dry.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize Rege: See what seeds about her heart. Is there any raine in Nature that make theke hard-hearts. You fit, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloucester.

Kent. Now good my Lord, ye heete, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, drew the Curtains: so, so, we'll go to Supper, to'morrow.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noone.

Glo. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are goner.

Glo. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy arms; I have one heard a plot of death upon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in'. And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master, If thou shoul'dst daily half an house, his life With chine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in asfured Joie. Take up, take vp, And follow me, that will to come proufion Give thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. Exit

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bafard, and Servants.

Corn. Polle speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seek out the Tragour Glouster.

Reg. Hang him instantiy.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displease. Edmund, keep you our Sitter company: the reuenges we are bound to take upon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most facilituous preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Polites shall be wise, and intelligent between vs: Farewell deere Sitter, farewell my Lord of Glouster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where is the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouster hath coney'd him hence Some fute of six and thirty of his Knighe. Her Queerfifrs after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boaste To have well armed men.

Corn. Get horses for your Missirs.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sitter. Exit

Corn. Edmund farewell: go seek the Tragour Glouster, Pinnion him like a Thieves, bring him before vs; Though well we may not passe upon his life Without the forme of Justice: yet our power Shall do a curtif to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comptrose.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Who's there? the Tragour?

Reg. Ingratefull Fan, tis he.

Corn. Binde yowes coryk armes.

Glo. What means your Graces? Good my Friends confer you are my Ghets: Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.


Glo. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaise binde him, Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glo. By the kinde Gods, tis most ignobly done To placke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Tragour?

Glo. Naughty Ladie.

These hairs which thou dost rath'th from my chin Will quicker and secure thee. I am your Hoof, With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauors. You
You should not rushing thus. What will you do?

CORN. Come Sir,

What letters had you late from France?

REG. Be simple answer, for we know the truth.

CORN. And what confederation have you with the Traitors, late footed in this Kingdom?

REG. To whose hands

You have sent the Lunaticke King: Speak.

GLOM. I have a Letter guesfingly set downe,

Which came from one that's of a newstrail heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunming.

REG. And sallie.

CORN. Where hast thou sent the King?

GLOM. To Doure.

REG. Wherefore to Doure?

WA'st thou not charg'd at peril.

CORN. Wherefore to Doure? Lethim answer that.

GLOM. I am tyed to'th' Stage.

And I must fland the Courfe,

REG. Wherefore to Doure?

GLOM. Because I would not see thy cruel Nails

Plucke out his poore old eyes: not thy fierce Sifter,

In his Annointed flesh, flince boarish phans,

The Ser, with such a Botome as his bare head,

In Hell-blacke-night indu'd, would have buo'y'd vp

And quench't the Stell'd fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heavens to raine,

If Wolves had at thy Gate how'd that flem're time,

That thou'dt have it fai'd, good Porter turne the Key:

All Cruels elfe subfiere: but I shall fee

The wing'd Vengeance outtake each Children.

CORN. See'st thou now neerer. Fellowes hold: 5 Chaire,

Upon thefes eynes of shine, lke fet my footes.

GLOM. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,

Gie me some helps. — O cruell! O you Gods.

REG. One fide will mocke another: Th' other too.

CORN. If you fee vengeance.

SERV. Hold your hand, my Lord;

I have fer'd you ever since I was a Childe.

But better ferue if I never done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dogge?

SIR. If you did weare a beard upon your chin,

I'd take it on this quarrel, What do you mean?

CORN. My Villain?

SERV. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

REG. Gie me thy Sword. A perfant fland vp thus?

Kille him.

SERV. Oh I am shame: my Lord, you have one eye left

To fee some miracle on him. Oh

CORN. Left it fee more, present it; Out vilde gelly:

Where is th' fuffer now?

GLOM. All darke and comfortlesse.

Where's my Sonne Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid afe,

REG. Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call on him, that hates thee. It was he

That made the outenure of thy Trefauns to:

Who is too good to pitry thee.

GLOM. O my Follies! then Edgar was abus'd,

Kinde Gods, forglue me that, and prosper him.

REG. Go shufl him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Douer. Exit with Glosfer.

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Enter Edgar,

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be conteyn'd,

Then fill conteyn'd and flatter'd, to be worfe?

The loweft, and most detested thing of Fortune

Stands full in esperance, lives not in face:

The lamentable change is from the bedd,

The worfe returns to laughter. Welcome then,

Thou vnfulfland'all ayre that I embrace:

The Wretch that thou haft blowne vnto the worfe,

Owes nothing to thy blattis.

Enter Glosfer, and an Oldman.

But who comes here? My Father poorly led? I

World, World, O world! But that thy freedon's mutuons make 's haue thee,

Life would not yeeld to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I have bene your Tenant,

And your Fathers Tenant, these fourere yeares.

Glos. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see thy way.

Glos. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes.

I humbled when I saw. Full oft'is scene.

Our meanes feuer vs, and our moe defeets

Prove our Commodities. Oh deete Sonne Edgar,

The food of thy abus'd Fathers wrath:

Might I but live to fee thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes again.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is it can fay I am at the word?

I am worfe then ere I was.

Oldm. To poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worfe is not,

So long as we can fay this is the worfe.

Oldm. Fellow where goest e

Glos. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glos. He has some reafon, elle he could not beg.

I'fh' tt' night's forme, I Such a fellow faw,

Which made me thinke a Man, a Worne. My Sonne

Came then into my minde, and yet my minde

Was then scare Friends with him.

I haue heard more fince:

As Flies to wanton Boys, are we to th' Gods,

They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that mult play Foole to forrow,

Ang'ring it selfs, and others. Bleffe the Master.

Glos. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I say Lord.

Glos. Get thee away; if for my fake

Thou wilt one-take vs hence a mile or twaine

I'fh' way toward Douer, do is for ancient losse,

And bring some covering for this naked Soule,

Which Ile intereste to leade me.

Old. Attackes, he is mad.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Goneril, Blanford, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I mourn our milde husband Not unet vs on the way. Now, where's your Master? Stew. Madam within, but neuer man to chand'd: I told him of the Army that was Landed: He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming, His answr was, the world. Of Glousters Treachery, And of the loyal Service of his Sonne. When I inform'd him, then he calle me Ser, And told me I had turn'd the wrong Side out: What moit he should dislike, feemes pleasant to him: What like, offensife.

Gon. Then shal you go no further. It is the Cowish terror of his spirit That dare not undertaile: Hee'll not sele wrongs Which eye him to an answr: our wishes on the way May prove effeets. Backe Edmund to my Brother, Haffen his Muffets, and conduct him powres. I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Servant Shall passe betwene vs in the day. You are like to heare (If you dare venter in your owne behalffe) A Misrefles command. Warre this: spaire speech, Decline your head. This kiffe, if it durt speake Would stretcher his Spirits vp into the ayre: Conceive, and fare thee well.

Blaf. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordella, Gentlemon, and Sentinells.

Cord. Alaske, 'is he: why he was met euen now As mad as the next Sea, finging alowe, Crown'd with raine Fenix, and flrowe weede, With Hardoke, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoe flowers,

Danel.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar. 

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill? 
Edg. You do climb vp it now. Look how we labor. 
Glo. Methinks the ground is even. 
Edg. Horrible steepes. 
Heart, do you heare the Sea? 
Glo. No truly. 
Edg. Why then your other Senes grow imperfect. 
By your eyes anguill. 
Glo. So may it be indeed. 
Methinks thy voyce is altered, and thou speakest in better phras, and matter then thou didst. 
Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: In nothing am I chang'd. 
But in my Garments. 
Glo. Me thinkest ye're better spoken. 
Edg. Come on Sir. 
Heere's the place: flame fill: how fairefull. 
And dizie's, to cast ones eyes so low. 
The Crowes and Boughers, that wing the midway aye. 
Shew fear to grapple at Beestes. Halfway downe: 
Hangs one that gathers, Sapph: dreadful Trade. 
Methinks he seemes no bigger then his head. 
The Fihermen, that walk'd vp the beach. 
Appeare like Mice; and yond tall Anchoring Balke. 
Diminish'd to her Coke: her Coke, a Buoy. 
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring Surge, 
That on th'unnamed idle Pebble chafes. 
Cannot be heard so high. Ilke looke no more, 
Least my braine turne, and the deficient fight. 

topple downe headlong. 
Glo. Set me where you fland, 
Edg. Give me your hand. 
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge: 
For all beneathe the Moone would I not lespe vpriht. 
Glo. Let go my hand: 
Heere Friend another pursu: thin it, a Jewell. 
Well worth a poore mans taking. Faytours, and Gods: 
Propser it with thee. Go thou further off, 
Bid me farewell, and let me bare thee going. 
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. 
Glo. With all my heart. 
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his dispaire, 
Is done to cure it. 
Glo. O you mighty Gods! 
This world I do renounce, and in your fighter
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If it could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppositive wiles,
My muffle, and loathed part of Nature should
Burn in its self out. 1, Edg. In, O blissful him:
Now fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasure of life, when life it selfe
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alot, or death
Hoa, you Sirs, Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he resumes.
What are you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had it thone beene ought
But Gossamore, Feathers, Ayre,
... (some in this case downe precipitating)
Thou'lt little thinner'd like an Eggie: but thou don't breath
Haft heavy sub stance, bleed'ft not, speak'lt, are found,
Ten Matts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendiculariy fell,
Thy life's a Mysrake. Speak ye yet againe.

Glou. But have I false, or no t

Edg. From the drench Sonnet of this Challke Bourne
Looke vp a height, the thrill-garg'ld Larke fo faire
Cannot be scene, or heard: Do but looke vp

Glou. Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? Twas yet some comfort,
When milcery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.

Vp, so: How'rt i? Feele you your Legges? You stand,
Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strageneffe,
Vpon the crowne oth Cliffes. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A pore unfortunes Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere belowe, I thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Notes,
Hornes walke'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinkethat the clearest Gods, who make them Honors
Of men imposibilities, hau desired thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth hee beare
Affiliation, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man: often't would say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The farse fence will net te accommodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying, I am the
King himselfe.

Edg. O thou fide-piercing fight!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. Their is your
Prefe-money. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-
keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Lookke, lookke, a
Mouse: peace, peace, this piece of toasted Cheefe will
don't. There's my Guntlet, He proue it on a Guyant.
But the bow the Billete. O well owne Bird: I sh' close,
I sh'll close; Hewgh, Gloue the word.

Glou. Sweet Mariotum.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

rough tatter'd clothes great Vices do appeare: Robes, And Forr'd gowres; hide all. Place smites with Gold, and
the strong Lancce of fufcice, hurtlefle breaks: Azme it in
rages, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend,
one, I say none, Ile aple'em; take that of me my Friend,
who have the gold, make thin ane th'acarcers lips. Get thee
 gladly home; and like a fcurry Politician, feme to fee the
things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my
Bootes: harder, harder, fo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reafon in Madneffe.

Lear. If thou wilt wepe my Fortunes, take my eyes,
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloufier;
Thou muft be patient; we came cryng hither;
Thou know'st, the first time that we flmall the Ayre
We waive, and cry. I will preache to thee; Markes.

Glu. Alas ke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great Stage of Fools: This a good blocke:
It were a delicate ftratagem to shoo
A Troope of Horfe with feet: I ean put't in profe, and
And when I have ftone upon thee Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is. clay hand upon him, Sir,
Your moft deere Daughter —

Lear. No refeue? What, a Prifoner? I am enen
The Natural Fools of Fortune. Vt me well,
You fhall have ranfome, Let me have Surfongs,
I am cut to the Braines.

Gent. You fhall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my felfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To vfe his eyes for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely,
Like a fmuage Bridgefroome. What? I will be Jouvall;
Come, come, I am a King, Mafter, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one. and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You fhall get it by running: sa, fa, fa, fa.

Exit.

Gent. A fight moft pitifull in the meaneft wreath,
Past speaking of a King. Thou haft a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the general turfe.
Which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, friend you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Barbelt toward
Gent. Miftiere, and vulgur:
Every one heares that, which can diftinguifh found.

Edg. But by your favour:
How nears the other Army?

Gent. Near, and on fpeedy foot: the maine deftry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all,

Gent. Though that the Queen on special caufe is here
Her Army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glu. You euer gentie Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worfe Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you pleace.

Edg. Well pray you Father,

Glu. Now good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moft poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,
Am pregnant to go good pitty. Give me your hand,
Ile leade you to some biding.

Glu. Hearrie thanks:

The bountie, and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaffe'd prize: moft happie
That eyeckle head of thine, was firt fram'd fief
And thus put in hiftory:
Thou old, unhappy Traitour,
Briefly thy felfe remember: the Sword is out
That muft defroye thee.

Glu. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Peant,
Daar'll thou fupport a publifh'd Traitour? Hence,
Lefl that th'infecution of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther cation.

Stew. Let go Slawe, or thou dy'lt.

Edg. Good Gentleman doe your gate, and let poore
Volke pofter: and 'chud ha'bin.azaggerd out of my life,
'tould not ha'bin, so long as tis, by a vontight. Nay,
come not neere th'old man: keep out thee worl's, or try
White therof your Ceflard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chill be plaine with you,

Stew. Out Duングhill.

Edg. Chill pick ye your teeth Zir: come, no matter vot
your frownet.

Stew. Slawe thou haft flaine me: Vfaii, take my purfe;
If feu ther will thrive, bury my bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou fhand it about me,
To Edmond Earle of Gloufier: fette he out
Vpon the English party. Oh vntruly death, death.

Edg. I know thee weel. A ferueable Villain.
As dureous to the vices of thy Miftrefs,
As badmiff would define.

Glu. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: refk you
Let's fee thofe Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely forry
He had no other Deathman. Let's fee:
Leae gentle ware, and manaters: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip our hearts,
Their Papers is man very lawfull.

Reads the Lettres.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You haue maine
opportunities to call him off: if your will not come, and
place well be freightly offer'd. There is nothing gane. If he
return the Conqueror, then am I the Prifoner, and his bed, my
Great, from the loaded worlds whereof, deliver me, and sup
the place for your Labour.

Four (wife, fo I would faie) affeftatio
nate Senfors. Gouerllill,
Oh indignif'd face of Womans will,
A plat upon her vertuous Husband's life,
And the echange my Brother: here, in the beds
Thee Ile take vp, the poft enlanchifd
Of muterrous Lechers: and in the mature time,
With this vragorous paper strike the fight
Of the death-prach'ts Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and bufineffe, I can tell.

Glu. The King is mad:

How thife is my vile fene
That I fland vp, and have ingenuous feeling
Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were diftract,
So Shoul'd my thoughts be faint'ld from my greefes,

Drums eafire off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loufe
The Tragedy of King Lear

The knowledge of themselves.

Edge. Give me your hand:
Farre off methinks I heare the beated Drumme,
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend. Exeunt.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I live and work?
To match thy goodness?
My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is one ps'd,
All my reports go with the modell truth,
Nor more, nor less, but so.

Cor. Be better suit'd,
These weeder are memories of those worse hours:
I pray thee put them off,

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shorten's my made intent,
My bouses falcet, that you know me not, Till time, and I think mee.

Cor. Then be't to my good Lord: How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepest still.
Cor. O you kind Gods! Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'vnctum d and iarring fentes, O winde vp,
Of this childe changed Father.

Cor. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?
Cor. Be gouen'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I thy'way of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carri'd by Servants.

Gent. I Madam: in the haunineffe of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him,
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restauratian hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kiffe
Repair those violent harmses, that my two Sifterns
Have in thy Reuence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be opp'd against the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dognge, though he had bit me,
Should have flood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To howell thee with Swineand Rogues fortune,
In short, and mufly fraw? Alaske, alaske,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakenspeake to him.

Cor. Madam do you, 'tis fitteff.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiestie?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' this grave,
Thou art a Soule in bliffe, but I am bound

Vpon a wheel of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scall'd, like molten Lead,

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit: I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, faire wide.

Gen. He's scarce awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I thought I'ms dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not swear these are my hands: nor do's fee,
I feel this pin pricke, would I were aflif'd
Of my condition.

Cor. I looke upon me Sir,
And hold your hand in beneficin o're me,
You muff not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foothl fond old man,
Fortescone and upward,
Not an houre more, nor leffe,
And to deale plainly,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man
Yet I am doubfull: For I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did dodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I think this Lady
To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am: I am,

Lear. Be your teares wet?

Yes faith: I pray wepe not,
If you have povson for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not lesne me for your Sifterns
Hau'e (as I do remember) done me wrong,
You have some caufe, they have not.

Cor. No caufe, no caufe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not abufe me.

Gen. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You fee is kill'd in him'defire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further feiting.

Cor. Wilt please your Highneffe walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:

Pray you now forger, and forgue,
I am old and foolish.

Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Company, Edmund, Regan.

Gentlemen and Soldiers.

Buft. Know of the Duke; if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by oght
To change the coute, he's full of alteration,
And setteringpruing, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sifterns man is certainly miscarried.

Buft. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state, 
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours; Lear, 
Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloucester.

Edg. Here be Faith, take the shadow of this Tree 
For your good hast: pray that the right may thrive: 
I fear I return to you again; 
Ie bring you comfort. 
Glo. Grace go with you Sir. 

Alarum and Retreat within, 

Enter Edgar. 

Edgar. Away old man, give me thy hand; away: 
King Lear hath lost, he and his Daughter ran, 
Glue me thy hand: Come on. 
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even here. 
Edg. What in all thoughts against 
Men must endure 
Their going hence, even as their coming hither, 
Ripeness is all come on, 
Glo. And that's true too. 
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drumme and Colours; Edmund, Lear, 
and Cordelia, as prisoners, Soldiers, Captains.

Edmund. Some Officers take them away; good guard, 
Till their greater pleasures first be knowne. 
That are to censure them. 
Cor. We are not the first, 
Who with bell meaning have incurred the word: 
For three oppress'd King I am cast downe, 
My selfe could elate out-frowne false Fortunes frowne. 
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sifters? 
Lear. No, no, no: come let's away to prison, 
We two alone will sing like Birds in Cage: 
When thou dost sake me bleeding, I'll kneel downe 
And ask thee of these forgiveness: So we'll live, 
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh 
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues) 
Talkle of Court newes, and we'll talkle with them too, 
Who looke, and who wins, who's in, who's out; 
And take upon's the mystery of things, 
As if we were Gods spies; And we'll weare out 
In a wall'd prison, packs and feds of great ones. 
That ebb and flow by the Moons. 
Edmund. Take them away. 
Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my Cordelia, 
The Gods themselves throw Incense. 
Hau'e I caught thee? 
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heaven, 
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes, 
The good years shall deuoure them, felth and fell,
Enter a Herald.  

Tryst to thy single venue, for thy Souldiers  
All leuted in my name, haue in my name  
Tooke their discharge,  
Regan. My fiekke growse vpon me.  
Alb. She is not well, come her to my Tent.  
Come hitter Herald, let the Trumpet found,  
And read out this.  
A Trumpet sounds.  
Herald reads.  
If any man of quality or degree within the life of the Arny, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Glofper, that he is a mansfild Traiter, let him appear by the third found of the Trumpet: be in his defence, 1 Trumpet.  
Her. Again.  
2 Trumpet.  
Her. Again.  
3 Trumpet.  
Trumpet answers within.  

Enter Edgar armed,  

Alb. Ask him his purpose, why he appears  
Vpon this Call oth Trumpet.  
Hir. What are you?  
Your name, your qualitie, and why you answer  
This preuent: Summons?  
Edg. Know my name is loth  
By Treasons tooth: bare, gnawne, and Canker-bit,  
Yet am I Noble as the Adversary  
I come to cope,  
Alb. Which is that Adversary?  
Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earle of Glofper?  
Himselfe, what faid thou to him? (iter?)  
Edg. Draw thy Sword.  
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,  
Thy seeme may doe thee Illuicie, heete is mine:  
Behold it is my princell,  
The princelde of mine Honours,  
My oath, and my profession, I profeft,  
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,  
Despite thy wichor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,  
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traiter.  
Falle to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,  
Conspirant' gainst this high Illuicius Prince,  
And from th'extremest upward of thy head,  
To the dicent and duff below thy foote,
A certain traitor. Say thou, this sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To pour upon thy heart, wherefore I speak.
Thou lief. But how shall I doctor this man?
In truth, I should ask thy name, but since thy out-side looks so fair and Wairike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I did disdain and spurn.
Back do I tolle thee Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, one-whelmeth thy heart,
Which for thy yet glance by, and fearely bruise
This sword of mine shall give them instinct way,
Where they shall fret for euer. Trumpets speake.
This is a prateful Golfer.
Fie, by th'law of Wars, thou wait not bound to answer
An vnowne opposit long thou art voyquith'd,
But cozen'd, and beguiled.
Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I aspire it: hold Sir,
Thou worst then any name, make shme owne euil:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.
Saie if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can assign me for't? Exit.
Most monstrously, O, know'st thou this paper?
Fie. Ask me what I know.
Go after her, she's desperate, goureher her.
What you have charg'd me with,
That haste I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and am I: but what are thou
That haft this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.
Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art Edmond,
If more, the more sh'ft wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are aint, and of our pleasant vices
Make Instraments to plaguer us:
The dark and vitious place where thee he got,
Coft him his eyes.
Thaft. Thaft spoken right, thine true.
The Wheel is come full circle, I am heere.
Me thought thy very gase did prophesie
A Roayll Noblenesse: I must embrase thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.
Worthy Prince I know't.
Where haue you bid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?
By surfeing them my Lord. Lift a breafe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burn.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me to neere,(O our liues sweetnee's,
That we the paine of death would hourly dye,
Rather then die at once)taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rage, andsume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost:became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, fa'd him from dispair.
Neater(O fault)reual'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe hour paft when I was arm'd,
Not fure, though hopen of this good successe,
Ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twist two extremes of passion, joy and greefe,
Burft innatingly.
This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perhanche do good, but speake you on,
You look as you had something more to say.
If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoft ready to disfloue,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.
Edg. What kinde of helpe?
Speak man.
Gen. What meanes this bloody Knife?
Tis hot, it smokes, it came euene from the heart of
O he's dead.
Who speaketh. Speak man.
Gen. Your Lady Sitt, your Lady, and your Sister
By her this paper: she confesses it.
I was contratced to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.
Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.
Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead,
General and Rogers bodishes brought out.
This judgemen of the Heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touche vs not with pity; O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compleat
Which various manners vrges.
I am come
To bid my King and Mafter aye good night.
Is he not here?
Great thing of vs forgot,
Speak Edmond, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?
Seest thou this obiect Kent?
Alacke, why thus?
Yet Edmond was bold:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herselfe.
Euen for couer their faces.
Iapant for life: some good I meanes to do
Delight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it to the Castle, for my Writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:
Nay, lend in time.
Run, run, O run.
Who to my Lord? Who's that the Office?
Send thy taken of repreuce.
Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captaine.
Haft thee for thy life.
He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her owne dispaire,
That she for did her selfe.
The Gods she defend her, bestrut him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of tones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd we them so,
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: send me a Looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or daine the stone,
Why then the liues.

Kent. Is this the promis’nd day?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather flies, the liues: if it be so,
It is a chance which do’s redeem all forrowes
That euer I have felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. ’Tis Noble Kent your Friend.

Lear. A plague upon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might haue fau’d her, now she’s gone for ever:
Cordelia Cordelia, styie a little, Ha:
What is’t thou faist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill’d the Slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. ’Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue seeene the day, with my good bating Faulchion
I would haue made him slip: I am old now,
And these same croes flies spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o’th’best, Ile tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou’d and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull fight, are you not Kent?

Kent. The same: your Servant Kent,

Where is your Servant Camat?

Lear. He’s a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He’ll strike and quickly too, he’s dead and rotten,
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,
Lear. Ile fee that straight.

Kent. That from your sight of difference and decay,
Haue follow’d your sad steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no manelle:
All’s cheerefull, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done them selves,
And desperatly are dead.

Lear. I so I think.

Alb. He knewes not what he faies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him,

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootleffe.

Miff. Edmund is dead my Lord,

Alb. That’s but a trifle here:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli’d, For vs we will refigne,
During the life of this old Mafiey
To him our absolute power, youte your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shal
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their defuerings: O fee fee.

Lear. And my poore Fool is hang’d: no, no, no life?

Why shoulde a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou’rt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.

Pray you vs this Button. Thank you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpone the wraiche of this tough world
Stretch him our longer.

Edg. He is gone indure.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur’d so long,
He but vfarps his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our prsent businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my foule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor’d flace sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, nor what we ought to say:
The oldrest hath borne moff, we that are yong,
Shall never fee so much, nor live so long.


FINIS.
Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Roderigo.

Iago. Enter tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (Iago) who hast had my purse,
As if thy friends were thine, shouldst not know of this.

But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, absorb me.

Rodo. Thou toldst me,

Iago. Despise me.

If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suit to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capi to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no wofule a place.
But he (as losing his owne pride, and purpose)
Exauises them, with a bumbalt Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of ware,
Non-suifts my Mediators. For certes, faith he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-footh, the great Aristian,
One Michael Caffis, a Florentine,
(A Fellow almoft dam'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer fet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuilion of a Battallie knowes
More then a Spinster. Vntleffe the Bookish Theorick:
Wherein the Targued Confils can propone
As Matterly as he. Meerse prattle (without praditce)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had the Cëlotion
And I (of whom his eies had been the profe
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen)must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debtor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) mullt his Lieutenant be,
And I (bless to the marke) his Mooreship's Aumtient.

Rodo. By heauen, I'd rather would haue Bin his hangman.

Iago. Why there's no remedie.

'Tis the curse of Seruice,
Preference goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heere to to shift. Now Sir, be judge your selfe,
Whether I in any iutf termes am Affin'd
To loue the Moore?

Rodo. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.

I follow him to ferue my turn upon him,
We cannot all be Matres, nor all Masters

Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
Many a ducious and knee-crooking knave;
That (doting on his owne obfquious bondage)
Wears out his time,much like his Maft er. ife,
For naught but Prounder, & when he's old Catheder'd.
Whip me such honett knaves. Others there are
Who trynd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepet yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but throwes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thrieve by them.

And when they haue lind their Coates
Doe themselfes Homage.

Theft Fellows have some foule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as fure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but my felle.
Heaven is my Judge, not I for love and dutie,
But fetting of, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The nature & figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after.
But I will weare my heart upon my fleece
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rodo. What a fall Fortune do the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call up her Father:
Rowle him, make after him, payson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenfe her kinmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his joy be Ioy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may looke some colour.

Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populous Cities.


Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theues, Theues.

Brus. Awake. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior is all your Famile within?

Iago. Are your Doorers lock'd?

Brus. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sirs, are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne, 
Your heart is burst, you have loft half your foule
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is toping your white Ewe. Artie, strife,
Awheel the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuil will make a Grand-fire of you
Artie I say,
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Red. Moft return Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Red. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worfer welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainness thou hast hea'd me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madmene
(Being full of Supper, and delfempering draughts)
Vpon malitious knaue, doft thou come
To hart my quiet.
Red. Sir, Sir, Sir.
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my peace haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Red. Patience good Sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice; my house is not a Grange.
Red. Moft graue Brabantio,
In fimpile and pure foule, I come to you.
Ia. Sir, you are one of those that will not ferue God,
if the deuil bid you. Because we come to do you fenrce,
you and you thinke we are Ruffians, you haue your Daughters
cover'd with a Barbary horse, you haue your Neighbours
neigh to you, you haue Courfes for Cozens:
and Genefts for Germaners.
Bra. What prophane wreath art thou?
Ia. I am one Sir, that can tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs,
Bra. Thou art a Villaine.
Ia. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee Roderigo.
Red. Sir, I will answer any thing, but I beleefe you
If't be your pleasure, and most wife confent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odd be Euen and dull watch of night
Transported with no worke nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a Gudeliter,
To the grosse ephes of a lascivious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and faucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue me
That from the fence of all Civilitie,
I thys would play and trie with your Reuencye,
Your Daughter (If you have not given her lease)
I say againe, hath made a groffe revolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortune
In an extraordinar, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where; straightes faftifie your selfe.
If the be in her Chamber, or your houte,
Let looke on me the Jullifie of the State
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Give me a Tapper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
Light, I say, light.
Ia. Farewell: for I must leave you.
It seems not mee te, nor wholefome to my place
To be produc'd, (as if I say, I shall.)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may goll him with some checke)
Cannot with fafticie call him. For he's embark'd
With fuch loud reacon to the Cyprus Wares,
(Which euen now flands in A0,) that for their foules
Another of his Padome, they have none,
To lead their Buinene. In which regared,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apones,
Yet, for necessety of present life,
I must throw out a Flag, and figne of Loue,
(Which is indeed but figne) that you fhal freely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the railed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell.
Exit.

Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euall. Gone the is,
And what's to come of my desipled time,
Is naught but bitternetf. Now Roderigo,
Where diuft thou fee her? (Oh unhappie Girl)
With the Moore faift thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How diuft thou know 'twas fife? (Oh the deceuces me
I Pat thought) what faid the royou? Get more Tapers
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
Red. Truly I thinke they are.
Bra. Oh Heaven, how got the out?
Oh treafon of the blood.
Fathers, from hence truft not your Daughters minds
By what you fee them at. Is there not Charmes,
By which the properties of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abdus'd? Have you not read Roderigo,
Of some fuch thing?
Red. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had her.
Some one way, some other. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore
Red. I thinke I can difcouver him, if you pleafe
To get good Guard, and go along with me,
Bra. Pray you lead on. At euerie house he call,
(I may command at moft) yet Weapons (hoa)
And raife fome speciall Officers of might:
On good Roderigo, I will deferue your pains.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ie. Though in the trade of Ware I haue flaine men,
Yet do I hold is very fuffle ot'th confidence
To do no contru'd Murder: I lacke Inquise.
Some time to do me fervice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought that haue yeck'd him here vnder the Ribber,
Othello. Tis better as it is.
Ia. Nay but he praeted,
And spoke fuch fenrue, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinette I haue
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you falt married? Be afford of this,
That the Magnifico is much below'd,
And hath in his eft a voice potentall
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you,
Or put you pone, what refrraint or greeuance,
The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the railed Father, and his Friends: You were best go in. Othel. No! I must be found. My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule Shall manifest me rightlie. Is it they? Iago. By Janus, I think no. Othel. The Servants of the Dukes? And my Lieutenant? The goodneffe of the Night vpon you (Friends) What is the News? Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (General!) And he requires your haste, Post haste appearance, Even on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you? Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine: It is a bufinesse of some heat. The Gallies Have sent a dozen frequent Messengers This very night, at one anothers heels: And many of the Confort, rais'd and met, Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hasty call'd for, When being not at your Lodging to be found, The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests, To search you out. Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you: I will but spend a word here in the house, And goe with you. Cassio. Anniant, what makes he here? Iago. Faith, he to night hath board'd a Land Caraff, If his proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer. Cassio. I do not understand. Iago. He's married, Cassio. To who? Iago. Marry to ——— Come Captaine, will you go? Othel. Haue with you. Cassio. Here come another Troope to fecke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio; Generall be adus'd, He comes to bad intent. Othello. Holla! stand there, Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moore. Brabantio. Downe with him, Theefe. Iago. You, Roderigo? Cme Sir, I am for you, Othel. Keppe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with yere, then with your Weapons. Brabantio. Oh thou foule Theefe, Where haue thou stoln my Daughter? Damned as thou art, thou haue enchanted her For Ie referre me to all things of sense, (If she in Chains of Magicke were not bound) Whether a Maid, fo tender, Faire, and Happie, So opposit to Marriage, that the Sunnd The wealthy curled Pearl of our Nation, Would euer haue (encouer a generall mocke) Run from her Guardageto the footie before, Of such a thing as thou: to seare, not to delight? Judge me the world, if itis not grossifie in sense, That thou haue prov'd'st oh her with foule Charmes, Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals, That weakens Motion. Ie haue't disputer on, 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking, I therefore apprehend and do attach thee, For an abuter of the World, a praiffer Of Arris inhibited, and out of warrant; Lay hold upon him, if he doe refiit Subdue him, at his peril.

Othel. Hold your hands Both you of my unclining, and the ref. Were it my Cue to fight, I shoule have knowne it Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I go To answere this your charge? Brabantio. To Prisif till fit time Of Law, and course of direc'tion Call thee to answere. Othel. What if do obey? How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd, Who feelefellers are here about my life, Vpon some present bufinesse of the State, To bring me to him. Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior, The Dukes in Counsell; and your Noblefelles, I am fure is fent for. Brabantio. How? The Duke in Counsell? In this time of the night? Bring him away; Mine's not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelfe, Or any of my Brothers of the State, Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne; For if fuch Aclions may haue paffege free, Bond-flaues, and Pagans shall our Statefmen be. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this News, That gives them Credite.

Sen. I. Indeed, they are disproportioned; My Letters fay a Hundred and feven Gallies, Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

Sen. I. And mine two Hundred: But though they lume not on a fuff accompt, (As in thefe Cafles where the yme reports, 'Tis oft with difproportion yet do they all confirm A Turkish Fleece, and beare vp to Cyprus, Duke. Nay, it is fufficient enough to judgement: I do not to feare me in the Erres, But the main Article I do approve In fearefull sense.


Enter Saylor.

Officer. A
Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes, So was I bid report here to the State,

By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How fay you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of reason, 'Tis a Pageant
To keep vs in false grace, when we consider
The importancie of Cyprus to the Turks;
And let our felues againe but understand,
That as it more concernes the Turk then Rhodes,
So my he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such Warlike brace,
But algongeth laces the abilities
That Rhodes is dres'd in, if we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turk is so unskilfull,
To leave that lafte, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profittelse.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes, Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Moffo. The Ottomanes, Reuere't, and Gracious,
Streering with due course toward the Isle of Rhodes,
Hauing, I think, imployed them with an after Frenze.

1. Sen. If I thought: how many, as you guesse?
Moff. Of thirtie Salie; and now they do re-tem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montana,
Your truittle and moist Valiant Senuour,
With his free dutie, recommendes you thus,
And prays you to beleevue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luciccer is not he in Towne?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the Valiant Moore,

Enter Brabantio, Orbella, Caffio, Iago, Redorice, and Officers,

Duke. Valiant Orbella, you must straight employ you
Against the general Enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsail, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did you: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I hearde of this businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care.
Take hold on me. For my particular grief
Is of so loud, greate, and ore-hearing Nature,
That it engulphs, and swallowes other sorrows,
And is still full like.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughters: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd,-done from me, and corrupted
By Speels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so prostitately to err.
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Has thus beguil'd your Daughter after her selfe,
And you of her; the bloudie Book of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne fente: yes, though our proper Son
Stood in your Adition.

Bra. Humbly I thank you Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your spectall Manda'te, for the State affairs
Hath hisser brought.

Bra. We are welle fortres.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you fay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othe. Moll Potens, Graue, and Reuere' Signiors,
My very Noble, and approvd good Masters;
That I have taken away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true; true I have married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extasie no more, Rude am I,
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wafted, they have v't
Their dearst action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feasts of Broiles, and Battaille,
And therefore little shall I grace my selfe,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet,(by your gracious patience)
I will a round or twain't d'Utile deflier,
Of my whole course of Love.

What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magickes,
(Four such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bolds
Of Spirit so fill, and quiet, that her Motion
Blith'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, every thing
To fall in Loue, with what the fear'd to looke on;
It is a judgmen main'd, and most imperfected,
That will confide Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be diuen
To find our practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch a gaine,
That with some Mixtures, powerfull are the blood.
Or with some Drams (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought up on her,
To vouch this fault, no profees,
Without more wiber, and more over Teif
Then these thinhsbliss, and poore likelie-hoods
Of moderate seeming, do prefer against him,

Sen. But Orbella speaks,
Did you, by indirect, and forced course
Subdue, and poynon this yong Maidens affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As foule, to foule affordeth?

Orbel, I do breff you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary
And let her speake of me before her Fathers;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Truth, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Demamou sithers.

Duke. Auncient, concludeth them;
You best know the place,
And tell the come, as truly as to heaven,
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So loyally to your Graucerses, Ile present

How
Enter Desdemona, Sage, Attendants.

Duke. I thinkke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brabantine, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

Bras. Pray you hear her speake?
If the confesse thate she was halfe the woorer,
Defeuction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Misfris,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?

Def. My Noble Father,
I do perceive herte a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both doe leare me,
How to respect you. You are the Lords of duty,
I am hither to your Daughter. But here's my Husband;
And of much dutie, as my Mother they'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So mime I chalenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bras. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affairs,
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (lewell)
I am glad at loue, I have no other Child,
For thy escape would reach me Tirannie

To hang clogges on them. I have done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentense,
Which as a grie, or step may helpe these Louers,
When remedys are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mounte a Mischiefe that past, and gon;
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
What cannot be prevented, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Inuery a mack'ry makes.
The rob'd that smilis, stales something from the Thiefe.
He robs himself, that spends a bootestile griefe.

Bras. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We looie it not so long as we can smilfe:
He bears the Sentence well, that nothing heares,
But the free comfort which from thene he heares,
But he heares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grieves, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both siders, are Equialloed.

But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruised heart was pier'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you to proceed to th'Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparacion makes
for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is bell knowne to you. And though we have there a Substitu-
tute of moft allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more
foueraigne Misfris of Effects, throwes a more faire
voice on you; you must therefore be content to filling
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more rub-
borne, and boyftrous expedition.

Oth. The Tirant Cusforme, moft Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driven bed of Downe, I do ignize
A Naturall and proume Alcartie,
I finde in hardesse: and do vnderstake
This present Warres against the Ottomites,
Most humbly therefore bending to your Seste,
I create fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and beforr
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bras. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there recede,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moft Grauous Duke,
To my unfoldng, lend your prosperus care,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
Taffift me in my pimpleneffe.

Def. What would you Desdemona?

Def. That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My downe-right violence, and force of Fortunes,
My trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Orbiel's cage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my foule and Fortunes conferre.
That (as it were) I'd not the Lord behind
A Towne of Peace and he goe to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are briefe me:
And I a heuse interim shall support.
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affeets
In my deault, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heaven defend your good foules, that you thincke
I will your serues and great businesse feant.
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Caps, feele with wanton dulnifie
My speculatie, and offi'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and rant my businesse:
Let Houte-wiues make a Skillers of my Heime,
And all indigne, and base aduersitie.
Make head against my Estimation.
Duke. Be it as you shall priuate determine,
Either for her flay, or going : th'Affaire cries haft:
And speed must anwer it.

Sen. You must a way to night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine I'm morning, here we'll meete againe.
Orbel, leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Comission bring to you:
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.
Oth. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conueniency I assinge my wife,
With what else needful, your gocd Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue have a delight, let Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Fair then Blacke.
Sen. A dieu brave Moore, ye Deftamme well.
Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast caies to see:
She ha's dece'd her Father, and may thee,
Exit.
Oth. My life upon her faith. Honett Iago,
My Deftamme muff I leave thee to;
I pruythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Deftamme, I have but an houre.
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obay the thetime. Exit. Rod. Iago.
Iago. What faih thou Noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think'ft thou it?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.
Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selle.
Iago. If thou dost, I shall never lose thee after. Why fhoul thy Gentlemen?
Rod. It is liliesesse to live, when to live is torment:
and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our Phyfion.

Iago. Oh villainous: I have look'd upon the world for foure times feven yeares, and since I could distinguish betwixt a Benefic, and an Injurie: I never found man that knew how to love himfelfe. Ere I would fay, I would drowne my selle for the love ouf a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What fould I do? I confeffe it is my fame to be fo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue! A figge, 'tis in our felues that we are thus good men. Our Bouteares are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. Sowre as we shall plant Nettels, or owre Lettice: Set Hifope, and weede vp Time:
Supplyt it with one genger of Heares, or diffraict it with many: either to hau it Berrill with idlenesse, or manuf
with Induftry, why the power, and Contagible authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the frame of our lives had not one Scale of Reson, to poize another of Sentience, the blood, and bafenefe of our Natures would conduc' us to most preposterous Conclusions, But we have Reson to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or unhalted Lufts: wherefore take this, that you call Loue, to be a Seel, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luft of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selle? Drown Cats, and blind Puppets. I have profefted mee thy Friend, and I coufeffe mee knit to thy defiring, with Cabler of perdurable roughine.
I could never better fsee thee then now. Put Money in thy purfe: follow thou the Warres, deffe thy faueur, with an wurg'd Beard. I fay put Money in thy purfe. It cannot be long that Deftamme should continue her love to the Moore. Put Money in thy purfe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou fhalt fee an inferable Sequeftration, put but Money in thy purfe. These Moors are changeable in their wills: fill thy purfe with Money. The Food that to him now is as luitious as Loculla, fhall to him shortly, as bitter as Colacquimida. She must change for youth: when she is fated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put Money in thy purfe. If thou wilt needs damn the selle, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canft: If Sandmonie, and a fraile vow, be twixt an erring Barbarian, and superbable Venetian be not too hard for thy wins, and all the Tribe of hell, then that enjoy him: therefore make Money: a pot of drowning thy selle, it is cleanes out of the way. Secke thou rather to be hang'd in Compailing thy joy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fai of to my hopes, if fdepend on the illus?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I have told thee ofen, and I re-tell thee againe, and again, I hate the Moore. My caite is hearet; thine hath no leffe reason. Let vs be confouline in our renette, againit him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou doft thy selle a pleasure, me a sport. There are many Engins in the Wombo of Time, which wilbe delivered. Truste, go, provide thy Money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where fhall we meete I'm morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you hear Redrige?

Rod. I'll fell all my Land.

Exit.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my Foole, my purfe:

For I mine owne gaine'd knowledge should prophan
I flould with time expend with such Sppe,
The Tragedie of Othello

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.


does, What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:

Mont. I cannot twi' the Heauen, and the Main;

Deffy a Saille.

Mont. Me thinks the wind hath spoke aloud at Land;

A fuller blaste ne'ere shook our Battlements:

If it hath rufflied go upon the Sea,

What ribbes of Oake, when Mountains melt onthem,

Can hold the Morrites. What shall we hear of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:

For do but stand upon the Foaming Shore,

The children in vellum seemes to pel the Clowds,

The wind-shak'd Surges, with high & monstrous Main

Seemes to call water on the burning Bearre,

And quench the Guards of th'ever-fixed Pole:

I neuer did like mollification view

On the enfayled Flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish Fleet

Be not unshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,

It is impossible to bearre it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Ladders: our wares are done;

The desperae Tempeft hath fo bang'd the Turkes,

That their deffignment halts. A Noble ship of Venice,

Hath seen a greuous wracke and suffrance

On most part of their Fleet.

Mont. How? Is this true?

The Ship is here put in: A Verenossa, Michael Cassio

Lieutenant to the warlike Moore. Othello,

Is come on Shore : the Moore himselfe at Sea,

And is in full Commandion here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad out;

To a worthy Governour.

3 But this fame Cassio, though he speake of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loffe, yet he lookes sadly,

And praye the Moore be safe; for they were pasted

With fowle and violent Tempeft.

Mont. Pray Heaven he be:

For I haue fm'd him, and the men commands

Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Seafe-side (hos)

As well to fee the Vessel that's come in

As to shew our eyes for brave Othello,

Even till we make the Main, and th'Eriall blew,

An indifinate regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;

For every Minute is expectance

Of more Antiuance.

Enter Cassio.

Cass. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,

That to approache the Moore: Oh let the Heauens

Give him defence against the Elements,

For I haue left him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cass. His Barke is houly Timber'd, and his Pylot

Of vertue expert, and approu'd Allowance;

Therefore my hope's (not furtsetted to death)

Stand in bold Cume.

Wthos. A Saille, a Saille, a Saille.

Cass. What noile? 

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th Sea

Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saille.

Cass. My hopes do shape him for the Governour.

Gent. They do dischaffe their Shot of Coursifie,

Our Friends, at leaft.

Cass. I pray you Sir, go forth,

And glue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall.

Exeunt.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is yourGenerall win'd?

Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath arch'd a Maid

That patagous descriptio, and wilde Fame:

One that excells the quirkes of Blazoning pens,

And in the effential Veilure of Creation,

Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancienc to the Generall.

Cassio. He's had most favourable, and happie speed:

Tempeft themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,

The gutter'd Rockes, and Congegated Sands

Traitors eneep'd, to en conglo the guileffe Keele,

At haung fence of Beauty, do omit

Their mortall Nature, letting go safely by

The Diaene Desdemona.

Mon. What is thee?

Cassio. She that I speake of.

Our great Captains Captaine,

Left in the conduit of the bold Iago,

Whose footing here anticipated our thoughts,

A Selnights speed. Great Ioue, Othello guard,

And dwell his Saille with thine owne powrfful breath,

That he may bleffe this Bay with his tall Ship,

Make loues quicke pants in Desdemona Armes,

Gue renew'd fire to our extinctd Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodrigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,

The Riches of the Ship is come on Shore:

You men of Cyprus, let her haunt your knees,

Hail to thee Ladie : and the grace of Heauen,

Before, behind thee, and on euery hand

Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thank you, Valiant Cassio,

What trydings can you tell of my Lord?
Caf. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. Oh, but I fear:
How lost you company?

Caffio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gen. They glue this greeting to the Citadell.
That likewhif is a Friend.

Caffio. See for the News:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miftris:
Let it not gauce your patience (good Saige)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold thaw of Curtsie.

Iago, Sir, would the glue you somuch of her lipps,
As of her tongue she oft beforewes on me,
You would hance enough.

Def. Alas, the he's no speech.

Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I have leave to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little caufe to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your
Kitches; Saints in your Injurles: Dues being offended:
Players in your Huftrifires, and Huftrives in your
Beds.

Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rife to play, and go to bed to worke.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Defde. What would it write of me, if thou shouldst't
praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Def. Come on, affay.

There's one gone to the Hat-bour?

Iago. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would it thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Fume, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Mufe labours, and thus she
is deliter'd

If she be faire, and wise, fairest, and wit,
The once for self, the other vish't in.

Def. Well praide';

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be Blacke and thers be a wit,
She'll find a white, but fhe'll fher her backoff fit.

Def. Worfe, and worse.

Æmil. How if Faire, and Foolifh?

Iago. She newer yet was faire than faire,
For even her folly helps her to an heire.

Defde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools
laugh i' th' Alehouse. What miferable praife haft thou
for her that's Foul, and Foolifh.

Iago. There's none so faire, nor so foolish therevrose;
But doth an faire proue, which faire, and wise ones do.

Defde. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praifeft the worst
beft. But what praife could'th thou be built on a deferr-
ing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her

merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it
selfe.

Iago. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Had Tongue as will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,
Left from her wife, and yet paid now I may.
She that being anged, her revenge being vile,
And her wrong flay, and her dille are flile:
She that in wifdom never was & frail,
To change the Code-head for the Salmons tale:
She that could think, and new's deliver her mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind:
She was a night, (if ever such nightes were)

Def. To do what?

Iago. To sackle Failes, and chronicle small Beere.

Defde. Oh most lame and impatent conclusion. Do
not learne of him, Æmilias, though he be thy husband.
How say you (Caffio) is he not a most prophan, and li-
berall Counsllor?

Caffio. He Speakes home (Madam) you may tellifh
him more in the Souldei, then in the Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whif-
per. With as little a web as this, will I encreafe as great
a Fly as Caffio. I sallie vpon her, do: I will glue thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis fo indeed.
I fuch tricks as thefie flrip you out of your Lieuten-
trie, it had beene better you had not kifs'd your three firi-
gers fo of, which now againe you are moft apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kifs'd, and excellent Cuf-
cie: 'tis fo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lipps? Would they were Clufter-pipes for your fake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Caffio. 'Tis truly so.

Def. Let's meete him, and reclue him.

Caffio. Lo, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Wartour.

Def. My deere Othello.

Oth. It gives me wonder great, as my content
To see you here before me,
Oh my Soules Joy.

If after ever' Tempref, some newe Calmes,
May the windes blow till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbes hills of Seas
Olympus high; and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. Ifst were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content fo absolute,
That no other comfort like to this,
Succeedes in uynownde Fate.

Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues,
And Comforts should encrease
Earn as our dayes do grow.

Oth. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stopples me here: it is too much of Joy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well unt'n ow: But Ile fet downe
the pegges that make this Mufick, as honest as I am.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Otho. Come, let's to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warses are done: The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Ilke? (Hony) you shall be well defir'd in Cyprus, I have found great love among it them. Oh my Sweet, I prattle out of fashion, and I doate in mine owne comferts. I pritty the good lady's, Go to the Bay, and disembark me Cofleas: Bring thou the Master to the Citadell, he is a good one, and his worthyneffe. Do's challenge much respect. Come Defdemona, Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be't Valiant,(as they say base men being in Louse, hate then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is native to them) lift me, the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona, is directly in love with him.


Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy foule be instruct'd. Mark me with what violence the first loud't the Moore, but for bragg'd: and telling her fantastical lies. To love him still for prating, let not thy diftinct heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And with delight still to have her gaze on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Aet of Sport, there shou'de be a game to ennadle it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite. Loudelime in favour, simpathy in yeare, Manners, and Beauties; all which the Moore is deficient in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tendervesse will finde it selfe absurd, begin to beate the, gorgie, difpifed and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and voluble position) who stands fo eminent in the degree of this Forune, as Coffee do's: a knave very valuable: no further conceaunce, then in putting on the meere foroue of Cruell, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse of his fall, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none: A filpper, and subfle knaue, a finder of occa- tion: that he's an eye can flaue, and counterfeit Advantage, though true Advantage never pretends it selfe, A diuellish knaue: besides the knaue is handsomme young: and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greediness minde looks after. A pellicon compleat knaue, and the woman hath found him already.

Redo. I cannot beleue that in her, she's full of most blest's condition.

Iago. Blest d'figges-end. The Wine the drakes is made of grapes. Hafhece he beene blest's, fiere would never haue lound't the Moore: Blest's puddling. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not mark it?

Red. Yes, that I did: but that was but curteyse.

Iago. Leacherly by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Luft and foule Thoughts. They met so neere with their lippe's, that their breathes embrad't together. Villanous thoughts Kadarese, when these mutabilities to masthail the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and maine exercise, th incorporate conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you full of me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, he lyes not upon you. Coffee knowes you not, I enot be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

cation to anger Coffee, either by speaking too loud, or tameting his discipline, or from what other cause you please, which the time shal more favorably mi-
nifie.

Red. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's drift, and very foedain in Chollers: and happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may: for euyn out of that will I caue thee of Cyprus to Mutiny. Wholes qualification shal come into true taste sa-
gaine, but by the displaning of Coffee. So shal you have a shorter journey to your defir's, by the means I shal then haue to preferre them. And the impediment most profittably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our propirie.

Red. I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
tunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Citadell. I must fetch his Necessearies a Shore, Fare-
well.

Redo. Adieu.

Iago. That Coffee loues her, I do well beleue: That she loues him, 'tis apt,and of great Credite. The Moore (how beit that I endure him not) Is of a confiant, loving Noble Nature, And I dare thinke, he's proue to Desdemona A most deere husband. Now I do louse her too. Not on of abfolue Luft, (though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a fin) But parlely led to dyet my Revenge, For that I do suspet the lustie Moore Hath leaped into my Seate. The thought whereof, Dost (like a poyflous Minerall) gnaw my inwardes: And nothing can, or shall content my Soule Till I am even'd with him, wife, for wifh. Or saying to yet that I put the Moore, Atlees into a Leloquier fo strong That judgmen't cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poore Traff of Venice, whom I trace For his quicke hunting, and the putting on, He have our Michael Coffee on the hip, Abufe him to the Moore, in the right garbe (For I feare Coffee with my Night-Cape too) Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an Aet, And praizing won his peace, and outer, Euen to madnisse. 'Tis here: but yet confirmt, Kauerie's plain fac'e, is never seen, till v'd. Ext.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Vali-
ant Generall. That upon certaine tidings now arriv'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleet: every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Recell his addition leades him. For besides these benefi-
cesfull News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-
cers are open, & there is full liberty of Feasting from this pre-
Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Otho. Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight.
Let's teach our feloves that Honourable stop,
Not to our sport his discretion.
Cassio. Otho, hath direction what to do.
But not withstanding, with my per seul eye
Will I look to't.
Otho. Iago, is most hon'est;
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my dear Loue,
The purchase made, the fruites are to enue,
That profit's yet to come 'tweene me and you.
Goodnight.

Enter Iago.

Iago. Welcome Iago: we mist to the Watch.
Iago. Not this hour: Lieutenant, this is not yet ten o'clock.
Our Generall ca't us thus early for the loue of his Desdemona.
Whom, let us not therefore blame;
he hath not yet made wan't the night with her:
and the sport's for Ioue.
Iago. She's a most exquisite Lady.
Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.
Iago. Indeed she is a most frefh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has?
Iago. Methinks it sounds a parsley to pronunciation.
Iago. An inuiting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modest.
Iago. And when she speaks,
Is it not an Albat to Loue?
Iago. She is indeed perfection.
Iago. Well: happiness to their Sheetnes. Come Lieutenant,
I have a flope of Wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus Gallantes,
that shal' have a measure to the health of blacke Othello.
Iago. Not to night, good Iago: I have very poor,
and vnappie Bratines for drinking, I could well with
Curtesie would inuent: some other Cullome of entertainment.
Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
drink to you.
Cassio. I have drunk but one Cup to night:
and that was finely qualified too: and behold what inovation
makes here, I am unfortunate in the insirfity,
and dare not cask my weakenesse with any more.
Iago. What man? This night of Reuels, the Gallants define it.
Iago. Where are they?
Iago. Here, at the doore. I pay you call them in.
Cassio. I'd do't, but it dislikes me.
Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath dranke to night alreadie,
He'll be all of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistis dogge,
Now my sickle Poole Roderigo,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to night Carrown'd,
Petitions, portly-deepie: and he's to watch.
These elfes of Cyprus, Noble dwelling Spirities,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distantce,
The very Elements of this Warelike Ile)
Have I to night flieting'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.

Now though this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Cassio in some Action
That may offend the Ile. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen,

If Consequence do but approve my dreame,
My Bose falls freely, both with Whde and Strame.
Cassio. For heaven's sake, they have given me a rowlie already.
Montano. Good-faith a little one: not past a pin's, as I am a Souldier.
Iago. Some Wine hoo.

And let me the Cannacyn clink, clink:
And let the Cannacyn clink,
A Souldiers amas: Oh man! take but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drink.
Some Wine boys.

Cassio. Fore Heaven: an excellent Song.
Iago. I learn'd it in England, where indeed they are
most poete in Postal: Your Dane, your Germaine,
and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoo) are
nothing to your English.
Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your Dane
dead drunk. He sweates not to overthrow your Almaine.
He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
Portie can be fill'd.
Cassio. To the health of our Generall.
Montano. I am for it. Lieutenant: and Ile do you suffic.
Kyn Stephen was and a worthy Peer,
Hs Breuces call him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence alike dere,
With that he call'd the Tailer Lounes,
He was a night of high Rounne,
And thou art hon of too degree:
'Tis Pride that pull the Country downe,
And tory my Lord'd Clack about her.
Some Wine hoo.
Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the oother.
Iago. Will you heare againe?
Cassio. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place,
tho do'to those things. Well shal's uns about all: and
there be foules must be faude, and these be foules must
not be faude.
Cassio. It's true, good Lieutenant.
Cassio. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
or any man of quality; I hope to be faude.
Iago. And do I too Lieutenant.
Cassio. I (but by your lease) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be faude before the Anclet. Let's have
no more of this: let's to our Affairs. Forfice or our
sine: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not
thinke Gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Anclet, this
is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk:
now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.
Exeunt. Excellent well.
Cassio. Why so very well then: you must not chinke then,
that I am drinke.
Montano. To the Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the
Watch.
Iago. You see this Fellow, that's gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to stand by Cassio,
And give direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vesture, a stuff Equinos.
Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here? 

Mont. 1 bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies. 

Oth. Hold for your lives. 

Ing. Hold you: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen: Have you forgot all place of enemie and dutie? 

Hold, The General speaks to you: hold for shame. 

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this? Are turn'd Turks? and so our felues do that Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomats. For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Bratwolfe: He that flies next, sacrifice for his owne rage, Holds his soule light: He dies upon his Motion. Silence that dreadfull Bell; it frights the Ile, From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters? Honell Ing., that lookest dead with greewing, Speake: who began this? On thy loun I charge thee? 

Ing. I do not know; Friends all, but now, even now. In Saughter and in saughter I am beleve recei'd: From hence you fell, some strange Indignities, Which patience could not passe.

Swords out, and tilting one at other breaste, Hypothesis bloody: I cannot speake Any beginning to this pestilious oddes, And would, in Adrian glorious, I had lost Those legges, that brought me to a part of it, 

Oth. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot? 

Ing. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill: The grauite, and fullmelle of your youth The world hath noted. And your name is great In months of Willye Geniture. What's the matter That you vnlace your reputation thus, And spend your rich opinion, for the name Of night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger, Your Officer, Ing., can informe you, While I spare speech which something now offends me. Of all that I do know, nor know I ought By me, that's said, or done amiss this night, Vaillese faire-charitable at some times a wise, And to defend our felues, it be a finne When violence affaires vs.

Oth. Now by Heaven, My blood begins my first. Guides to rule, And passion (hauing my bent judgment collud) Affairs to leade the way. If once fir, Or do but lift this Arme, the beft of you Shall drinke in my rebuke. Give me to know How this foule Rout began: Who set it on, And he that is appro'd in this offence, Though he had twinn'd with me both at a birth, Shall loofe me. What in a Towne of ware, Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of offere, To Manage private, and domfelfe a Quarrell? In night, and on the Court and Guard of fistety? 'Tis monftrous: Ing., who began it? 

Ing. If partially Affid, or league in office, Thou doft deliver more, or else the Truth, Thou art no Souldier. 

Ing. Touch me not fo neere, 

I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth, Then it should do offence to Michael Caffo. Yet I periwade my selfe, to speake the truth Shall nothing wrong him. This it is General; Montano and my selfe being in speech, There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe, And Caffo following him with determin'd Sword To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman, Steppes in to Caffo, and entreats his paule: My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue, Left by his lamen (as it so fall out) The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foot) Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather For that I heard the clike, and fall of Swords, And Caffo high in earth: Which till to night I nere might fay before. When I came backe (For this was briefe) I found them clofe together At blow, and thrust, even as againe they were When you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report, 

But Men are Men: The beft sometimes forget, Though Caffo did some little wrong to him, As men in ragerike choce that with them beft, Yet fairely Caffo in termeles recei'd: 

From him that fell, some strange Indignities, Which patience could not passe.
the Moore of Venice.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look'd if my gentle Loue be not rais'd v p
It make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)

Oth. All's wel, Sweeting,
Come away to bed. Sit for your hurt's,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Iago, lookes with care about the Towne,
And silence thefowhom this will'd brawlie distracted.

To make 'Desdemona,'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Baliy flammers wak'd with firle.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Caf. I pass all Surrey,
Iago. Marry blessen forbid.

Caf. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have left my Reputation: I have left the immorall part of myselfe, and what remains is but ill, My Reputation, My Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had receu'd some bodily wound; there is more lence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most fale imposition; or got without merit, and got without defenening. You have left no Reputation at all, unless you repute your selfe such a looter. What man, there are more ways to recover the Generall againe, You are but now call in his mood,(a punishment more in policie,then in malice) even so as one would beate his offencelesse dogge so affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Caf. I will rather fue to be despis'd, then to desire so good a Commander, with so flight, so drunken, and so indifferent an Officer. Dranke? And speake Parrot? And squabble? Swagge? Swere? And difcourse Futilian with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. It's poiffible.

Caf. I remember a maffe of things, but nothing di

Iago. Quarel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an Enemy in their mouthes, to steele a-way their Braines? that we should with joy, pleasance, revell and applaus, transforme our felies into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enougb: how came you thus recouered?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to give place to the diuell wrath, with one vnaerse, threw me another to make me frankly despie my selfe,

Iago. Come, you are too severe? Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country flands I could hartily with this had not bene, but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caf. I will take him for my Piece againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many monthes as Hybla, such an answer would flape them all. To be now a fomba

Iago. Man, by, and by a Poole, and pretend ly a Beast. Oh strange! Every inordinate cup is vnable'd, and the ingredient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well v'd: exclude no more against it.

Caf. And good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I dranke?

Iago. You or any man living, may be dranke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our Generals Wife, is now the Generall. I may say fo, in this respect, for that he hath deuoted, and given vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotion of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of to free, to kinde, to apt, to bleffed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is request. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow flinger, then it was before.

Caf. You aduise me well.

Iago. I protest in the fincercity of Loue, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will befech the veruous Desdemona to undesrake for me: I am deparate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, must to the Watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago,

Iago. And what's he then,
That faies I play the Villaine?
When this aduise is free I gue, and honfe,
Prob' to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most eafe
This inlyning Desdemona to subdue
In any honesell Shte. She's fram'd as fruitfull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Symbols of redeemed sin;
His Soule is so onfetter'd to her Loue,
That she may make,vonake, do what she lift,
Even as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine;
To Counsel Caffio to this parallell course,
Directly to his good. Diounsile of hell.
When diuells will the blacke lines put on,
They do fugget at first with heavenly shoes,
As I do now. For white this honest Foole
Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him,pleads strongly to the Moore,
He poure this petitenance into his eare:
That she repeales him,for her bodies Luft?
And by how much the stiuies to do him good,
She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en-mash them all.

How now Rodrigo?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rodrigo. I do follow here in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the Crie, My Money is almost spent; I have bin to night exceedingly well Cadgell'd: And I think the ifue

E.
The Tragedie of Othello

will bee, I shall have so much experience for my pains;
And lo, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not Patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou knowest we work by Wit, and not by Witchcraft
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Do'st not go well? Caffio hath broken thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cast heer'd Caffio:
Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
Yet Fruits that blossome first, will first be ripe:
Content thy selfe, a while. Intrep't his Morning:
Pleasure, and Aion, make the houtees seem short.
Retire thee, go where thou art Billied:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gone. Exit Rodrigo.

Two things are to be done:
My Wife must move for Caffio to her Misfits:
Ile fer her on my selle, a while, to draw the Moose apart.
And bring him happe, when he may Caffio finde
Soliciting his wife; I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldnexe, and delay. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffio, Mursters, and Clounes.

Caffio. Masters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe; and bid, goodmorrow General.
Clon. Why Masters, have you your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake 'tis Noe thus?
Cass. How Sirs how?
Clon. Are the' I pray you, winde Instruments?
Cass. I marry set they fit.
Clon. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.
Cass. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?
Clon. Marry fit, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here's money for you: and the General so likes your Muffick, that he desires you for loue fake to make no more noise with it.
Cass. Well Sirs, we will not.
Clon. If you have any Muffick that may not be heard, too' again. But (as they say) to hear Muffick, the General do not greatly care.
Cass. We have none, Sir.
Clon. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ie away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. Exit Muns. 
Cassio. Doft thou hear me, mine honest Friend?
Clo. No, I hear not your honest Friend: I hear you.
Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlemaw that attends the General be flunting, tell her, there's one Caffio encourazgs her a little favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?
Clo. She is flunting; if the will flirr hithe, I shall seeme to notice unto her. Exit Clo.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.
Iago. You have not bin a-bed then?
Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted,
I have made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife:
My suit to her is, that the will to vertuous Desdemona

Procure me some acceffe.
Iago. Ile fend her to you prefently;
And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your construe and business
May be more free.
Cassio. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florence more kinde, and honest.

Enter Desdemona.

Des. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenants) I am forrie
For your delightfulness: but all will fure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it,
And the speakers for you fluently. The Moore replies,
That he is hurt of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholesome Wisdom he might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in again.
Cassio. Yet I befeech you,
If you thinkne fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some breefe Discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Des. Pray you come in:
I will below you where you shall have time
To speake your bofore freely.
Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentleman.

Oth. These Letters giue (Iago) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Wekes,
Repair there to mee.
Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.
Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we fee't?
Gent. Well wait upon your Lordship. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, andDesdemona.

Des. Be thou asfer'd (good Cassio) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Desdemona. Good Madam do:
I warrant it greeues my Husband,
As if the caufe were his.
Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Cassio.
But I will have your Lord, and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cassio. Bounteous Madam,
What ever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.
Des. I know't: I thank you to do love my Lord;
You have knowne him long, and be you well asfer'd
He shall in strangeaffes fland no farther off,
Then in a politticke diance.

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either lift fo long,
Or fede upon fish nice and watterish diet,
Or breede it felie fo out of Circumstances,
That I being absten, and my place fully'd
My General will forget my Love, and Service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before Desdemona here,
the Moor of Venice

I giunte thee warrant of thy place. Affure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it,
To the last Article. My Lord shall never reft,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shift,
Ile intermingle every thing he do's
With Caffio's fate: Therefore be merry Caffio,
For thy Solicitor shall eather dye,
Then gues thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Aemilius. Madam, heere comes my Lord.
Caffio. Madam, I take my leaue,
Def. Why stay, and hear me speake,
Aemilius. Madam, not now: I am very ill at eafe,
Vast for mine owne purpose.

Def. Well, do your discretion.
Aemilius. Hah! I like not that.
Othello. What do's thou say?
Aemilius. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Othello. Was not that Caffio parted from my wife?
Aemilius. Caffio my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would itake away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming,

Othello. I do beleue 'twas he.
Def. How now my Lord?
Aemilius. I have bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Othello. Who is't you mean?
Def. Why your Lieutenant Caffio; Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That error in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgemen in an honest face.
I prithee call him backe.

Othello. Wente he hence now?
Def. I sooth so humble,
That he has left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him, Good Loue, call him backe.

Othello. Not now (sweete Defdemona) some other time.
Def. But shall't be shortly?

Othello. The sooner (sweet) for you,
Def. Shall't be to night; at Supper?

Othello. No, not to night.
Def. To morrow Dinner then?

Othello. I shall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Citadell.

Def. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Trepall, in our common reacon
(Since that they lay the warres must make example)
Out of her beaft, is not amelo a fault
T'enquire a private checke. When shall he come?
Tell me Othello. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or fland fo maming on? What? Michael Caffio,
That came a woing with you? and fo many a time
(When I have spoke of you disapproving)
Hath one that say, to issue for much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Othello. Pritythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why, this is not a Boone:

Tis as I should entreat you weare your Gloses,
Or feeke on nourishing dishe, or keepe you warne,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne perfon. Nay, when I have a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poizes, and difficult weight,
And fearfull to be granted,

Othello. I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Whereupon I do beleeve thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my life.

Def. Shall I deny you? No; farewell my Lord.
Othello. Farewell my Defdemona, Ie come to thee strait.

Def. Aemilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What e're you be, I am obedient.
Exit.

Othello. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos come againe,

Othello. My Noble Lord.

Def. What do's thou say, Iago?
Othello. Did Michael Caffio
When he wo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Othello. He did, from first to last:
Why do's thou askes?

Def. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Othello. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with him.

Othello. Oyes, and went betwene vs very off.

Othello. Indeed?

Othello. Indeed? I indeed. Differr't thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Othello. Honest, my Lord?


Othello. My Lord, for ought I know.

Othello. What dost thou thinke?

Othello. Thinke, my Lord?

Othello. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou eechast me;
As if there were some Monifter in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean somthing:
I heare thee say eu'n now, thou likit not that,
When Caffio left my wife, What didn't not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaille,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou criedst, Indeccc?
And dost not contract, and pursie thy browe together,
As if thou then haddst that vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Othello. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Othello. I thinke thou dost:

And for I know thou'st full of Loue, and Honestie,
And weight'th thy words before thou giu'est them breath,
Therefore these flets of thine, fright me the more:
For such things as falle disloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Caffisms: but in a man that's just,
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That Passion cannot rule.

Othello. For Michael Caffio,

I dare be surenest, I thinke that he is honest.

Othello. I thinke it to.

Othello. Men should be what they feeme,\nOr thinke that be not, would they might feeme none.

Othello. Certaine, men should be what they feeme.

Othello. Why then I thinke Caffio's an honest man.

Othello. Nay, yet there's more in this?

Othello. I prityth ee speake to me, as to thy thinckings,
As thou dost ruminante, and giue thy worst of thoughts.
The world of words.

**Othello.** Good my Lord pardon me,

Though I am bound to every Acte of dutie,

I am not bound to that: All Slaves are free;

Yet your Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and false?

As where's that Palace, whereto foule things

Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that boast to pure,

Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions

Keep Lelles, and Law-dayes, and in Session sit

With meditations lawful?

**Oth.** Thou don't confire against thy Friend (**Iago**) 

If thou but think'd him wrong'd, and mak'st his care

A stranger to thy Thoughts.

**Iago.** I do beseech you,

Though I perchance am vicious in my guelfe

(As I confess it is my Natures plague

To spy into Abuses, and of my lealouie

Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdome

From one, that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble

Out of his scatering, and vofure obliuion:

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my Manhood, Honestly, and Wifeomede,

To let you know my thoughts.

**Oth.** What doth thou mean?

**Iago.** Good name in Man, & weomane(declare my Lord)

Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;

Who Feales my purfe, steales trash:

'Tis something, nothing:

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin fluoe to thousands:

But he that fiches from me my good Name,

Robe's me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poore indeed.

**Oth.** I he know thy Thoughts.

**Iago.** You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,

Nor shall not, whist 'tis in my cufodie.

**Oth.** Ha?

**Iago.** O, beware my Lord, of lealousie,

It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke

The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in bliffe,

Who certaine of his Fare, loseth not his wronger:

But oh, what damned minutes rels he ore,

Who dotes, yet doubtes: Suspeccs,yet soundly loves?

**Oth.** O miserie.

**Iago.** Poor, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,

But Riches fineleffe, is as poorle as Winter,

To him that euer feares he shall be poore:

Good Hauean, the Soules of all my Tribe defend

From Jealousie.

**Oth.** Why? why is this?

Think't thou, I'd make a Life of Jealousie;

To follow fill the changes of the Moon

With Fretful fuppiition: No; to be once in doubt,

Is to be refolvd: Exchange me for a Goat,

When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule

To such exccfflftle, and blowd's Surmifes,

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,

To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,

Is free of Speech, Singes, Plays, and Dances:

Where Vertue is, there are more vertuous.

Nor from mine owne wracke merites, will I draw

The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuots,

For she had eyes, and chose me. No **Iago**,

I fea before I doubt: when I doubt, prove;

And on the prooafe, there is no more bushts,

Away at once with Loue, or Jealousie.

**Iago.** 1. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason

To shew the Loue and Duty that I bear you

With franker spirit. Therefore {as I am bound}

Receive it from me. I speake not yet of profe:

Look to your wife, obferue her well with *Cajus*,

Weare your eyes, thus: not Jealous, nor Secure:

I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,

Out of felle Bountie, be abus'd: **Look to too**:

I know our Country dispoftion well:

In Venice, they do let Heauen fee the pranke

They dare not shew their Husbands.

Their beit Confeience,

Is not to leave's vndone, but kept vnknowne.

**Oth.** Doft thou say so?

**Iago.** She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,

And when the feem'd to flake, and fear ye lookes,

She lou'd them moft.

**Oth.** And so the did.

**Iago.** Why go too then:

Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming

To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oakes.

He thought twas Witchcraft.

But I am much too blame:

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon

For too much houing you.

**Oth.** I am bound to thee for ever.

**Iago.** I see this hath a little daftr'd your Spirits:

**Oth.** Not a jot, not a jot.

**Iago.** Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke

Comes from your Loue.

But I do let ye's mouro'd:

I am to pray you, not to tiraine my speech

To groffer iucce, not to larger reach,

Then to Suppicion.

**Oth.** I will not.

**Iago.** Should you do fo (my Lord)

My speeche should fall into such wilde fisceffe,

Which my Thoughts aym'd not:

*Cajus* my worthy Friend:

My Lord Ife ye're mouro'd.

**Oth.** No, not much mouro'd:

I do not think but *Deidamon* is honest.

**Iago.** Long live the fo;

And long liue you to thinke fo.

**Oth.** And yet bow Nature erring from it selfe,

**Iago.** 1, there's the point:

As (to be bold with you)

Not to affect many proposed Matches

Of her owne Clime; Completeon, and Degrees,

Whereo we fee in all things,Nature tends:

Foh, one may finel in fuch, a will moft ranke,

Foule diisproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall,

But (pardon me) I do not in position

Difinantly speake of her, though I may fear

Her will, recyling to her better judgement,

May fal to match you with her Country forms,

And happily repent.

**Oth.** Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dont perceiue, let me know more:

See on thy wife to obferue.

Leave me **Iago**.

**Iago.** My Lord, I take my leave.

**Othel.** Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doublelefe)

Sees and knows more, much more then he vnfolds.

**Iago**.
**The Moor of Venice.**

_**Iago.** My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor._

_To see this thing no farther; Leave it to time, Although 'tis fit that_ Caffio _haue his Place;_  
For sure he fiftes it vp with great Abilily;  
Yet if you pleafe, to him off a while:  
You fhal be to that paceue him, and his meanes:  
Note if your Lady brace his Entertainment  
With any Strong, or vehement importunitie,  
Much will be fene in that; In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too bufe in my feares,  
(As worthy caufe I have to feare I am)  
And hold her free, I do befearch your Honor.  
_Oth. Fear not my government._  
_Iago. 1 once more take my leave._

_Exit._

_Oth._ This Fellow's of exceeding honestly,  
And knowes all Quantities with a leaned Spirit  
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,  
Though that her lefles were my deere heart's strings,  
I'd whifte her off, and let her downe the winde  
To prey at Fortune. Heply, for I am blacke,  
And haue not those soft parts of Conversation  
That Chambardes haue: Or for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)  
Shall's gone. I am abud, and my relefe  
Muff be to loath her. Oh Cufte of Marriage!  
That we can call thefe delicate Creatures ours,  
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a Dungeon,  
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue  
For other vies. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,  
Pretogario d' are they left when the Bafe,  
'Tis deftiny vffuall, like death,  
Euen then, this forcked plague is Fated to vs,  
When we do quicke. Looke where the comes:  

_Enter Desdemona and_ Ejmil._

Ifhe be falle, Haue not mock'd it felle:  
Ie not beleue.'t

_Dif. How now, my deere Othello?_  
_Your dinner, and the generous Ilanaders_  
_By you inquired, do attend your presence._

_Oth. I am too blame._

_Dif. Why do you speake fo fain?_  
_Are you not well?_  
_Oth. I have a paine upon my Forehead, heere._

_Dif. Why that's with washing, 'twill way againe._  
_Let me but binde it hard, within this hour._  
_It will be well._  
_Oth. Your Napkin is too little._

_Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you._

_Dif. I am very fotty that you are not well._

_Ejmil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:  
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,  
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times_  
Woo'd me to fleate it. But she loues the Token,  
(For he couer'd her, she Shoulde euer keepe it)  
That she referves it evermore about her,  
To kife, and talk too. He haue the worke tane out,  
And ght's_ Iago: _what he will do with it._  
_Haue not knownes, nor I:  
Nothing, but to pleafe his Fantife._

_Enter Iago._

_Iago. How now? What do you here alone?_  
_Ejmil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you._  

_Iago. You have a thing for me?_  
It is a common thing —

_Ejmil. Hah?_  
_Iago. To have a foolish wife._

_Ejmil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now._

_For that fame Handkerchiefe._

_Iago. What Handkerchiefe?_  
_Ejmil. What Handkerchiefe?_  
_Why that the Moore fift gaue to Desdemona,  
That which fo often you did bid me fleate._

_Iago. Haft fline is from her?_  
_Ejmil. No: but the let it drop by negligence,  
And to th'advantage, I being heere, took't vp:  
Looke, heere 'tis._

_Iago. A good wench, give it me._

_Ejmil. What will you do with't, that you have bene  
so easie to haue me flich it?_  
_Iago. Why, what is that to you?_  
_Ejmil. If it be not for some purpofe of inport,  
Giu't me againe. Poor Lady, fie'll run mad._  
_When the fhall laeke it._

_Iago. Be not aknowne on't:_  
_I haue vile forit. Go, leaue me._

_Exit_ Ejmil._

_Iago. I will in_ Caffio's _Lodging loofe this Napkin,  
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,  
Are to the leselout, contemptions strong.  
As proffes of holy Writ. This may do fomethong._  
The Moore already changes with my poyfon:  
Dangerous conceits, are in their Natures poyfons,  
Which at the first are fceafe found to diflafes:  
But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did fay fo._

_Enter Othello._

_Looke where he goes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,  
Not all the drower Syrurops of the world  
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe  
Which thou ow'dit yesterdav._

_Oth. Ha, ha, falfe to mee?_  
_Iago. Why how now Generall! No more of that._

_Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou haft let me on the Racks:  
I fware 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Then but to know't a little._

_Iago. How now, my Lord?_  
_Oth. What fencf had I,n her fline hours of Luft?  
I faw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:  
I fleepd the next night well, fteet well, was free, and merrie,  
I found not_ Caffio's _hifes on her Lippes:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is flinee,  
Lett him not know's, and he's not robb'd at all._

_Iago. I am fotty to hear this?_  
_Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,  
Pyrones and all, had tafted her sweete Body,  
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer  
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;  
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warrë,  
That makes Ambition, Vetricue! Oh farewell,  
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ftrill Trumpë,  
The Spirit-fliring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,  
The Royall Banner, and all Quallities,  
Pride, Pompe, and Circumtance of glorious Warrë:  
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude thraeathes  
Th'immortal Loues dread Clemours, counterfeit,  
Farewell: _Othello's Occupation's gone._

_Iago. Is't pooffible my Lord?_  
_Oth. Villaine, be fure thou proue my Loue a Whore;  
Be fure of it: Give me the Oecular proofe,_
Or by the worth of mine eternal Soule,
Thou hadst bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'ld wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation laste no hings, nor Loops,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost flander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make Heauen weepes, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greatest then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soule? or Senfe?
Oh buy you; take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'nt to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and hon nef, is not safe.
I thank e for this profit, and from hence
Ile be a Friend, for loue breeds such offence.

Iago. Nay Bay: thou shoul'nt be hon nef.

Iago. I shoul'd be wife; for Honflee'ts a Foole,
And loofes that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be hon nef, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art true, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prove. My name that was at fift
As 'Dianes Village', is now begint'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives,
Poylon, or Fire, or suffocating flameis,
Ile not induce it. Would I were fatis fied.

Iago. I fee you are eaten vp with Paflion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you,
You would be fatisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How fatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vifion groffely gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Profeß: Damne them then,
If ever mortall eyes do fee them boulter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfacion?
It is imposible you should fee this,
Were they as stones as Goates, as hot as Monkeys,
As tall as Wolues in pride, and Foolos as groff:
As Ignorance, made drunkne. But yet, I fay,
If impuation, and stronge circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you Satisfacion, you might have.

Iago. Give me a luling reafon she's diffayled.

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But fith I am entred in this caufe fo farre
(Prick'd not by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I fay with Caffio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not fleep. There are a kinde of men,
So loofe of Soule, that in their Sleepees will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is Caffio:
In fleep he heard him fay, sweet Delemona,
Let the fweet Devil hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would be grinne, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kill me hard,

As if he pluckt vp kiffes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippers, laid his Leg on my Thigh,
And giff, and kiff, and then cry curfed Fate,
That gauze there to the Moore.

Oth. O monftrous monftrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a firew'd doubts, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile care her all to pieces,

Iago. Nay yet be wife: yet we fee nothing done,
She may be hon nef yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not fometimes feene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wifes hand?

Oth. I gaue her fuch a one: twas my firft gift.

Iago. I know not that: but fuch a Handkerchiefe
(I am fure it was your wifes) did I to day
See Caffio wipeth his Beard with.

Oth. Fit be that

Iago. Hit be that, or any, it was hers.

It breaks againft her with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the Slaue had forty thoufand lues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I fee'tis true. Looke herce Iago,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arife blacke vengeance, from the hollow bell,
Yeild vp (O Loue) thy Crownes, and heerfed Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell baſome with thy fraughts,
For 'tis of Afpikes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I fay: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer Iago. Like to the Pottickie Sea,
Whole Icic Current, and compulflue courfe,
Neue's keepes retyring ebbes, but keepes due on
To the Propotnicke, and the Hellefpont:
Even fo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne'er looke backe, ne'er ebb to humble Loue,
Till that a capable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuereuence of Sacred vow,
I herce enage my words.

Iago. Do not rife yet;

Witness you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clipp ypon round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give vp
The execution of his wont, hands, heart, head,
To wrong'd Otello's Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody bufinefe euer.

Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanke, but with acceptence bounteous,
And will upon the infant put thee too't.

Within thee three dayes let me hear thee fay,
That Caffio is confu'd.

Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at you're Request.

But let her live.

Oth. Damme her lawde Minx:
O damme her, damme her.

Come goe with me a part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift memnes of death
For I am arfed by a fweet hiftory.

Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt. Scene.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Dofldemns, Aemilia, and Clown.

Def.: Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Coffe
lyes ?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Def.: Why man ?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, I
'tis flabbing.

Def.: Go too : where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where
lye.

'Def.: Can any thing be made of this ?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for to de-
uise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or be liest there, were
to lye in mine owne throat.

'Def.: Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-
port ?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
Questions, and by them answer.

Def.: Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I
had sent my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be
well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of mans Wit, and
therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exit Clo.

Def.: Where should I looke the Handkerchiefe, A-
emilia ?

Aemili. I know not Madam.

Def.: Believe me, I had rather have loft my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no fuch baseneffe,
As zealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Aemili. Is he not leisous?

Def.: Who, lest I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Aemili. Lookke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Def.: I will not leisse him now, till Coffe be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble:
How do you, Dofldemns?

Def.: Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand.

This hand is moiff my Lady.

Def.: It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitefullness, and liberal hert.

Hot, hot, and moryt. This hand of yours requires
A friend from liberty: fasting, and prayer,
Much Catiestion, Excrucie deuour,
For here's a yong, and sweating Diuell here
That commonly rebelles: 'Tis a good hand,
A frante one.

Def.: You may (indeed) say so:

For 'twas that hand that guse away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, guse hands:
But our new Heraldy is hands, not hearts.

Def.: I cannot speake of this :
Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuckew ?

Def.: I have fent to bid Coffe come speake with you.

Oth. I have a fool and fiery Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Def.: Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Def.: I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Def.: No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Egyptian to my Mother give:
She was a Charme, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, when she kepe it,
'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her loye: But if she lost it,
Or made a Gift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gave me it,
And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wind')
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To looke'at, or giue'it away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match,

Def.: Is't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A Sybil that had numberd in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
In her Prophecticke sute fow'd the Wooke :
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breathe the Silke,
And it was dyke in Mumey, which the Skilfull
Conserv'd of Maidens hertes.

Def.: Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most verisible, therefore looke too well.

Def.: Then would to Heaven, that I had never seene't;

Oth. His? wherefore?

Def.: Why do you speake so flattering, and rash ?

Oth. Is't loffe? Is't gone? Speak, is't out of the way?

Def.: Bleffe vs.

Oth. Say you?

Def.: It is not loffe: but what and if it were ?

Oth. How ?

Def.: I say it is not loffe.

Oth. Fette, let me see't.

Def.: Why so? I can but I will not now:

This is a tricke to put me from my faire,
Pray you let Coffe be receiv'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde misgues.

Def.: Come, come: you never meete a more sufficient
man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Def.: A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your love;
Shוד' danger with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Def.: Infouth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Aemili. Is not this man leisous?

Def.: I ne'er faw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchifle,
I am most unhappy in the loffe of it.

Aemili. 'Tis not a yeare or two fheues vs a man:
They are all but Stomasses, and we all but food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Coffe.

Looke you, Coffe and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis the must do't:
And loe the happinnesse I go, and importune her.

Def.:
Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kill in priuate? 

Oth. An unauthoriz'd knife?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed, 

An hour, or more, not meaning any harme 

Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not mean harme?

It is hypocrisie against the Diuell.

They that mean vertuously, and yet do so, 

The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:

But if I give my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,

She may (I think) beforw't on any man.

Oth. She is Proteus'esse of her honor too:

May he gue that?

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Sue you (Friend Caffio.)
As he shall minute, Othello shall go mad:
And his vocation heoule must continue.
Poor Caftio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Caf. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Oth. Ply DiSdema well, and you are sure on't
Now, if this Suit lay in Bianca's dowre,
How quickly should you speed?
Caf. Alas poor Caftio.
Oth. Look how he laughs already.
Caf. I never knew woman loue man so.
Caf. Alas poor Rogue, I think indeed she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughs it out.

Caf. Do you hear Caftio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
to tell it or to go too, well said, well said.

Oth. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Caf. Ho, ho, ho.
Oth. Do you triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?
Caf. I marry, What? A customer spyteth beare
Some Charlotte to my wit, do not shunke it
So wholefome. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winner.

Caf. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.
Caf. Prythee say true.
Caf. I am a very Villain else.
Oth. Have you coax'd me? Well.
Caf. This is the Monkeys owne giving out:
She is persuad'd I will marry her.
Out of her owne love & flattery, not out of my promise.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Iago becomes me; now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now: the haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabank with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere Cassio, as it were: his illture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me: so shaketh, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha. Iago. Now he tells how the placke him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nofe of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must laue her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cassio 'Tis fitch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bianca. Let the duell, and his dam haunt you: what did you mean by that fame Handkerchief, you gave me evene now? I was a faine Poole to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? There, give it your Hobbes-horfe, wherefore you had it; I'll take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete Bianca? How now? How now?

Othello. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchief. Bianca. If you'll come to suppet to night you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepa'd for. Exit Iago.

Iago. After her: after her.

Cassio. I must, fhee't ratle in the streets elfe. Iago. Will you lup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend fo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faire speake with you.

Cassio. Pr'ythee come: will you?

Iago. Go to: say no more.

Othello. How shall I murther him? Iago. Did you percewe how he laught at his vice?

Othello. Oh, Iago. And did you see the Handkerchief?

Othello. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him, and he had it in his whorde.

Othello. I would have him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. l, let her rot and perifie, and be damn'd to night, for the shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to flone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: the might lie by an Emporous Fide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othello.Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delatice with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh the will sing the Suavagesse out of a Beare: of so high and plenteous wit, and invention?

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Othello. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othello. Nay that's certaine: But yet the pitty of it, Iago: oh Iago, the pitty of it...
Exeunt.

V.ache.

Let the Moore of Venice.

Oth.  Miftfia.  
Def.  My Lord.  
Oth.  What would you with her, Sir?  
Lod.  Who is, my Lord?  
Oth.  I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:  
Sir, she can turne, and turne; and yet go on  
And turne againe. And the can weep, Sir, weep.  
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.  
Very obedient; proceed you in your earnest.  
Concerning this Sir,(oh well-painted passion)  
I am command'd home: get you away:  
I shall send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,  
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:  
Caffio shall have my Place. And Sir, to night  
I do entreat, that we may fup together,  
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus,  
Goates, and Monkeys.  

Exit.  
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our foll Senate  
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature  
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue  
The shot of Accident, nor dare of Chance  
Could neither graze, nor pierce?  
Jago. He is much chang'd.  
Lod. Are his wits fals? Is he not light of Braine?  
Jago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.  
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,  
To be heauen to him.  
Lod. What? Strike his wife?  
Jago. Faith that was not to well: yet would I knew  
That stroke would prove the worst.  
Lod. Is it in his vfe?  
Or did the Letters, worke upon his blood,  
And new create his fault?  
Jago. Alas, alas:  
It is not honefie in me to speake  
What I have feene, and knowne. You fhall observe him,  
And his owne courtes will deote him fo,  
That I may fave my speech: do but go after  
And make hee howe he continues.  
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.  

Exeunt.  

Scene Secunda.  

Enter Othello and Emilia.  

Oth. You have feen nothing then?  
Emil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did fufpeft.  
Oth. Yes, you have feene Caffio, and the together.  
Emil. But then I faw no harme: and then I heard,  
Each syllable that breath made up betwene them.  
Oth. What? Did they never whisper?  
Emil. Neuer my Lord.  
Oth. Nor fend you out o'th'way?  
Emil. Neuer.  
Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor no.  
Emil. Neuer my Lord.  
Oth. That's strange.  
Emil. I durft(my Lord)to wager, she is honeft:  
Let heauen requite it with the Serpents curfe,  
For if she be not honeft, chaffe, and true,  
There's no man happy. The purport of their Wives  
Is foule as Slanders.  
Oth. Bid her come hither: go.  
She fakes enough: yet she's a simple Baud  
That cannot fay as much. This is a subtile Whore:  
A Clodfer Lockead Key of Villainous Secrets,  
And yet she's kneele, and pray: I have feene her don't.  

Enter Defdemona and Emilia.  

Def. My Lord, what is your will?  
Oth. Pray you Chuckle come hither.  
Def. What is your pleasure?  
Oth. Let me fee your eyes: looke in my face.  
Def. What horrible Fancie's this?  
Oth. Some of your Function Miftfia:  
Leave Procrustes alon, and thin the doore:  
Cough, or cry hem, if any bod ycome:  
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.  
Def. Def. You may kneele, what doth your speech import?  
I understand a Fury in your words.  
Def. Why? What art thou?  
Oth. Your wyffe Lord: your true and loyal wife.  
Othello. Come fware it: damme thy felfe, least  
Being like one of heauen, the diuels themfelves should  
Fear to excece thee. Therefore be double damn'd: fware  
that art honeft.  
Def. Heaven doth truely know it.  
Oth. Heaven truely knowes, that thou art falle as hell.  
Def. To whom my Lord?  
With whom? How am I falle?  
Oth. Ah Defdemona,away,away,away.  
Def. Alas the heauy day: why do you wepe?  
Am I the motife of thofe teares my Lord?  
If happly you my Father do fufpeft,  
An Instrument of this your calling backe,  
Lay not your blame on me: if you have left him,  
I haue left him too.  
Oth. Had it ples'd heauen,  
To try me with Affiftion, had they rain'd  
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:  
Stee'd me in povertie to the very lippes.  
Given to Captiviitie, me, and my vnoft hopes,  
I fhould have found in some place of my Soule  
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me  
The fixed Figure for the time of Scarne,  
To point his bow, and mouing finger at  
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:  
But there where I haue garned vp my heart,  
Where either I muft live, or beare no life,  
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,  
Or els dries vp: to be deftard knowne,  
Or keepes it as a Ceterne,for foule Todes  
To knot and gender in. Turne thy compliation there:  
Patience thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,  
I heere looke grim as hell.  
Def. I hope my noble Lord esteemeth me honeft.  
Oth. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles  
That quicken eu'en with blowing. Oh thou weede:  
Who art fo louelie fair, and fmmell fo sweete,  
That the Senfe skyes at thee,  
Would thou had't never bin borne.  
Def. Alas,what ignorant in hate I committted?  
Oth. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke  
Made to write Whore up? What committted,
The Tragedie of Othello

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,  
I should make very Forges of my cheeke,  
That would to Cynder's burne vp Madeflee,  
Did I but speake thy deedes, What commiss'd?  
Heauen flippes the Nofe at it, and the Moonke withks  
The budy winde that kiffes all its meetes,  
Is huth'd within the hollow Myne of Earth  
And will not heart. What commiss'd?  
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.  
Otbe. Are not you a Strumpet?  
Def. No, as I am a Christian,  
If I preferre this velfell for my Lord,  
From any other foule unlawfull touch  
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.  
Otbe. What, not a Whore?  
Def. No, I shall be fau'd,  
Otbe. Is't poftible?  
Def. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.  
Otbe. I cry you mercy then.  
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice;  
That married with Othello. You Miffris,  
Enter Amilia.  
That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you; you.  
We haue done our course: there's money for your pains:  
I pray you tune the key, and keep out our countafe. Exit.  
Amilia. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?  
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?  
Def. Faith, halfe a steepe.  
Amilia. Good Madam,  
What's the matter with my Lord?  
Def. With who?  
Amilia. Why, with my Lord, Madam?  
Def. Who is thy Lord?  
Amilia. He that is yours, sweet Lady.  
Def. I have none: do not talke to me, Amilia,  
I cannot wepe: nor anfwerees haue I none,  
But what shou'd go by water. Praythee to night,  
Lay on my bedmy wedding fettees, remember,  
And call thy husband hither.  
Amilia. Here's a change indeed. Exit.  
Def. 'Tis meeke I should be vs'd so; very meeke.  
How hau'e I bin behau'ed, that he might stick?  
The small'ft opinion on my left mittie?  
Enter Iago and Amilia.  
Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?  
How'st with you?  
Def. I cannot tell: thofet that do teach yong Babes  
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.  
He might haue chide me fo: for in good fafh  
I am a Child to chiding.  
Iago. What is the matter Lady?  
Amilia. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath fo bewhor'd her,  
Throwne fuch difflight, and heave termes upon her  
That true hearts cannot bear'te it.  
Def. Am I that name, Iago?  
Iago. Whaf name, (sire Lady?)  
Def. Such as he faid my Lord did fay I was.  
Amilia. He call'd her whore: a Beggar in his drinks:  
Could not have laied fuch termes uppon his Caller.  
Def. Why did he fo?  
Iago. Do I not know? I am fure I am none fuch.  
Iago. Do not wepe, do not wepe: alas the day.  
Amilia. Harf the forfooke to many Noble Matches?  
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?  
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one wepe?  
Def. It is my wretched fortune.  
Iago. Behoth him for't.  
How comes this Tricke upon him?  
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.  
Amilia. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,  
Some bufie and intufuating Rogue,  
Some coggling, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,  
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elfe.  
Iago. Tie, there is no fuch man: it is impoffible.  
Def. If any fuch there be, Heauen pardon him.  
Amilia. A helter pardon him.  
A noble granu his bones.  
Why should he call her Whore?  
Who keeps her companie?  
What Place? What Time?  
What Forme? What likelihood?  
The Moore's a'bus'd by some most villainous Knaue,  
Some baie notorious Knaue, some fenuy Fellow.  
Oh Heauens, that fuch companions thou f'ft unfold,  
And put in every heart his hand a whip  
To tickle the Baccalls naked through the world,  
Even from the Eaft to th'Weft,  
Iago. Speake within doore.  
Amilia. Oh fie upon them: some fuch Squire he was  
That turn'd thy wit, the feamy-fide without,  
And made you to fulpeef with the Moore,  
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.  
Def. Alas Iago,  
What shall I do to win my Lord again?  
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,  
I know not how I loe him. Here I kneele:  
Ifere my will did trefpaffe 'gainft his Love,  
Either in difcourfe of thought, or actual deed,  
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence  
Delighted them: or any other Forme,  
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,  
And euer will, (though he do make me off  
To beggerly diuerrnement) Loue him deerely,  
Comfort forweare me. Unkindneffe may do much,  
And his unkindneffe may defeat my life,  
But never taun's my Loue. I cannot fay Whore,  
It do's abhorre me now I fpeak the word,  
To do the A't, that might the addition earne,  
Not the worlds Maffe of vanitie could make me.  
Iago. I pray you be content: it's but his humour:  
The bufineffe of the State do's him offence.  
Def. If't were no other.  
Iago. It is but fo, I warrant,  
Hearke how these Instruments fummone to supper:  
The Meffengers of Venice flie the meate,  
Go in, and wepe not: all things shall be well,  
Exeunt Desdemona and Amilia.  
Enter Roderigo.  
How now Roderigo?  
Rodr. I do not finde  
That thou creat'ft fully with me.  
Iago. What in the contrarie?  
Roder. Every day thou daftes me with some detufe.  
Iago, and rather, as it feemes to me now, keep'st from me all conveniencie, then suppliest me with the leaft ad- 
vantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perfwaded to put vp in peace, what already I  
have foolishly suffere.  
Iago. Will you hears me Roderigo?  
Roder.
Othello. I have heard too much: and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Othello. With naught but truth: I have wasted my false out of my veins. The jewels you have had from me to deliver Desdemona, would have hunte corrupted a votarist. You have told me the hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodain respect and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go to: very well.

Rod. Very well, go to: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is curvy: and begin to finde my false fort in it.

Iago. Very well.

Othello. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my false knowne to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation. If not, affure your false, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Othello. I and said nothing but what I profess'd intentment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's metre in thee: and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then ever before: give me thy hand Rodorigo. Thou hast taken against me a most ill exception: but yet I profess I have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

Rod. It hath not appeas'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeas'd: and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to beleue now then euer (I mean purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with Trescheue, and devise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compass?

Othello. Sir, there is especial Commission from Venice to depoite Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then Othello and Desdemona return against Venice.

Iago. Oh no: the goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire Desdemona, vellese his abode be Lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determine, as the removing of Cassio.

Iago. How do you meane removing him?


Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He fups to night with a Harlory: and thither will I goe to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall our betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be necte to second your Attemp, and he shall fall betweene us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a receffitie in his death, that you shall thinke your false bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night groves to wait.

About it.

Iago. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be fastis'd.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Othello

So get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do it ch: Doth that balde weeping?

Emit. 'Tis neyther here, nor there.

Def. I have heard it said fo. O these men, these men! Do'th thou in conference thinke (tell me Emit): That there be women do abuse their husbands In such groffie kinde?

Emit. There be (some such, no question.

Def. Would'thou do such a deed for all the world?


Def. Would'thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emit. The world's a huge thing: It is a great price, for a small vice.

Def. Intoth, I think thou would't not.

Emit. Intoth I thinke I should, and vn'do't when I had done. Marty, I would not doe such a thing for a lover's lining, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why, who would not make her husband Caekold, to make him a Monarch! I should venture Purigourty for't.

Def. Befowre me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

Emit. Why, the wrong is but a wrong I' th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you mighte quickly make it right.

Def. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Emit. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the world they plaed for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults If Wives do fall: (Say, that they flacke their duties, And powre our Treatises into foraigne laps; Or else brake out in peasilfull leuancies, Throwing restraint upon vs: Or fay they strike vs, Or fram our former hauing in delight.) Why we have galles and though we have some Grace, Yet have we no Reuenge. Let Husbands know, Their wives have fenne like them: They fee, and smell, And have their Paras both for sweete, and sourwe, As Husbans have. What is it that they do, When they change vs for others? Is it Sport? I thinke it is: and doth Affection breede it? I thinke it is doth. It is Fruity that thus cresses? It is too. And have not we Affections? Desires for Sport? and Fruity, as men have? Then let them vfe vs well: else let them know, The ille we do, their ille insuffic vs fo.

Def. Good night, good night: Hot even me fuch vfe fend, Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behinde this Barkes, Straight will he come: Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home: Quicke,quicke, feare nothing. I be at thy Elbow, It makes vs, or it matters vs, thinke on that, And fixe most firmes thy Resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may mistarfy in't.

Iago. Thee ye, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy fand. Rod. I haue no great devotion to the deed, And yet he bath given me satisfying Reaons: 'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword; he dies.

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the fense, And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill Caffio, Or Caffio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gaine. Lue Roderige, He calleth me to a restitution large Of Gold, and Jewels, that I hold'd from him, As Gifts to Desdemona. It must not be: if Caffio do remaine, He hath a dayly beauty in his life, That makes him vgy: and besides, the Moore May unfold me to him: there fland I much peril: No, he must dye. But I, heard him comming. Enter Caffio.

Rod. I know his gue',tis he: Villaine thou dost dye! Caff. That thral had bene mine enemy indeed, But that my Coate is better then thou know'st: I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am laine.

Caffio. I am may'd for ever: Helpe hoa: Murder, murderer.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of Caffio, Iago keepest his word. Rod. O Villain that I am.

Oth. It is even fo. Caff. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon. Oth. 'Tis he: O brave Iago, honest, and just, That haft such Noble fene of thy Friends wrong, Thou teach'st me. Minion, your dere yeere dies dead, And your vnbleist Fate highes: Stumpe! I come: For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted. Thy Bed luft'dain'd, shall with Lufts blood bee spott'd.

Enter Othello.

Enter Ladiows and Gratiana.

Caff. What how? no Watch? No passage?

Murthel, Murthel. Gra. 'Tis some mistachne, the voyce is very direfull.


Rod. Oh wretched Villaine. Lado. Two or three groane. 'Tis heavy night; These may be counterfeites: Let's thinke vnfaile To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death. Enter Iago.

Lado. Hearte.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?

Who's noylo is this that cries on muther?

Lado. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Caff. Here, here: for heauen fake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it, Lado. The fame indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greecouly?

Caff. Iago? Oh I am spoy'd, vn'done by Villaines: Give me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant! What Villaines have done this?

Caff. I thinke that one of them is hereabout, And
He's almost wine, and Rodrigo quite dead.

Amid. Alas good Gentleman : alas good Cassio.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Pero the Amilias.
Go know of Cassio where he fug'to night.
What, do you shake at that?
Brut. He fups at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O did he do? I charge you go with me.
Amil. Oh fie upon thee Strumpet.
Brut. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Iago. As 12 Fie upon thee.
Amil. Kinde Gentlemen :
Let's go fee poore Cassio deat.
Come Miftis, you must let's another Tale.
Amilias, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd :
Will you go on afre? This is the night.
That either makes me, or foredores me quight. Exit

Scene Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Caufe, it is the Caufe (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaffe Stauer,
It is the Caufe. Yet fie not fird her blood,
Nor feare that white's skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alabifler:
Yet the muff dye, eile thee'll betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minifler,
I can againe thy former light ref tore,
Should I repent me. But once put our thy Light,
Thou cunning! Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Præter bourn bate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I have pluck'd thy Rofe,
I cannot give it virtil growth againe,
It needs muff wither. He fmeel thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that doft almoft periwide
Jujlice to break her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou ars dead, and I will kill thee.
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the laft,
So sweet, was nee so farall. I muft wepe,
But they are cruel Teares : This sorrow's heavenly,
It frikes, where it doth love. She wak
Def. Who's there ? Othella ?
Oth. I Desdemona.
Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pra'd to night, Desdemona?
Def. I my Lord.
Oth. If you behinkle your felfe of any Crime
Vnreconcile'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Sollicite for it Straight.
Def. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that ?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brefee, I will walke by :
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend I would not kill thy Soule.
Def. Talke you of kiling ?
Oth. I, I do.
Def. Then Heauen have mercy on mee.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fastall then
When your eyes rowle for.

Why I should fear, I know not.

Since guiltiness I know not: But yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sinner.

Def. They are Louis! I brare to you.

Oth. I, and for that thou dy't.

Def. That death's a naturall, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so thy nether-lip?

Some bloody passion latches your very Frame:

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be full.

Def. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchief

Which I so loud, and gauze there, thou gauze'to Caffio.

Def. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,

And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,

Thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. I, but not yet to dye,

Oth. Prettily,

Therefore confess thou freely of thy sinner:

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove the choake the strong Conception

That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.

Def. O Heauen have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Def. And haue you mercy too. I never did

Offend you in my life: never loud Caffio,

But with such general warrant of Heauen,

As I might loue. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchief in's hand.

O perjured woman, thou'st done my heart,

And makes me call, what I intend to do,

A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.

I saw the Handkerchief.

Def. He found it then :

I never gave it him: Send, for him hither:

Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess.

Def. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath s'd thee.

Def. How? unlawfully?

Oth. 1.

Def. He will not say so.

Oth. No: his mouth is sopp'd:

Honou'rs Iago hath 'tane order fort.

Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haires bin lues, my great Reuenge

Had romacke for them all.

Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.

Oth. Out Strumpet: weep't thou for him to my face?

Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe Strumpet.

Def. Kill me to morrow, let me die to night.

Oth. Nay, if you trie.

Def. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being done, there is no paufe.

Def. But while I lay one pray'r.

Oth. It is too late.

Æmilist at the door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! What hoo?
Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke upon't, I thinke: I smelle; O Villany:
I thought fo then: Ie kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?

Emil. Good Gentleman, let me have leave to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and rose:
For thou haft kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. Oh fie, fie was fowle!
I care did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly flopp'd:
I know this efe fiewes horrible and grim.

Gran. Poor Defence:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy March was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his fide,
And fall to Reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitifull: but yet Iago knows
That fife with Caffo, hath the Act of fame,
A thousand times committed: Caffo confefs it,
And she did gratife his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antique Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen I oh heavenly Powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake at libetall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie fame against me, yet Ie speake.

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gran. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
This Handkerchief thou speake'ft of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:
For often, with a solemne carnifhne,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She give it Caffo? No, alas I found it,
And I did giue my Husband.

Iago. Fills, thou lyest.

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentleman:
Oh murdrous Caxcombe, what should fuch a Foole
Do with fo good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what ferues for the Thunder?

Precious Villaine.

Gran. The woman falles:
Sure he harf't kill'd his Wife,

Emil. I: oh lay me by my Miftiris fide.

Gran. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. Tis a notorious Villain; take you this weapon
Which I haue recover'd from the Moore?
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ie after that fame villaine,
For 'tis a damnd Slave.

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I thinke upon't, I thinke: I smelle; O Villany:
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But kill him rather. Ie after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damnd Slave.

Exit.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Poxie whisperer gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.

Aemilius. What did thy Song boast Lady?

Hend. Canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Mufficks: Willough, willough, willough,

Moore, the she chaste: She loud the, cruel Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I think, alas, I dye.

Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh here it is. Vnlke I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attemptst it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will affault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better neuer did it fell to fallaine
Upon a Soldiers Thigh, I have seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I have made my way to through more impediments
Then twenty times your flop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controul his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do feeme weapon'd:
Here is my lornnes end, here is my butt
And verie Sea-make of my vnmoated Salle.

Do you go backe dilmad? 'Tis a lofte feare:
Man but a Ruff against Othello's brest,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now how dought thou looke now? oh ill-Start'd wench,
Pale as thy Smooke: when we shall meete at compart,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Friends will snar at. Cold, cold, my Girls?
Euen like thy Chafity. O curfed, curfed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels;
From the poftellion of this Heavenly fight:
Blow me about in windes, rostf me in Sulphure,
Waff me in steep-downe gulles of Liquid fire.

Oh Desdemones! dead Desdemones! dead. Oh oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caffio, Montaunoe, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this raffh, and most vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello: here he I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.

Gra. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that hee be't a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not forry neither, I'd have thee live:
For in my fente, 'tis happening to die.

Lod. Oh thou Othello, that was once to good,
Falne in the proufifie of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be fale to thee,

Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confett his Villany:
Did you and he confent in Caffio's death?

Oth. 1.

Caffio. Dire Generell, I never gane you cause.

Oth. I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,

Why he hath thus enfradir'd my Soule and Body.

Lod. Demand me nothing: what you know,you know.

From this time forth, I never will speake word.

Lod. What not to pray?

Oth. Torments will urge your lips,

Lod. Well, thou dost beft.

Lod. Sir,
You shall understand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I think,you know not) here is a Letter
Found in the pockets of the flaine Roderige,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of Caffio, to be vnderooke

By Roderige.

Oth. O Villaine!

Caffio. Moft Heatheene, and moft grosse.

Lod. Now,here's another disconcerted paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Roderige meant t'haue sent this damned Villaine:
But that (belike) Iago in the interim
Came in, and latis'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pertinuous Caftiffle;
Hornet you (Caffio) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my priuys?

Caffio. I found it in my Chambers:
And he himselfe confett it but even now,
That there he dropped it for a speciall purpofe,
Which wrought to his defire.

Othel. O Poole,foole,foole!

Caffio. There is besides, in Roderiges Letter,
How he wpbrades Iago, that he made him

Braue me vpon the Watch: wheretoe is come
That I was caft: and even but now he fpake
(After long feeming dead) Iago hurt him,

Iago fet him on.

Lod. You must forfake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And Caffio rules in Cyprus. For this Stae,
If there be any cunning Cruelie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall clofe Prisoner reft,
Till that the Nature of your falt be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State some feruice, and they know's
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall teeue these vluckie deeds relates,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Not farre downe ought in malice.

Thee thou shalt take
Of one that lou'd not wifely, but too well:
Of one, not easilly fealous, but being wontone,
Perplex in the extreame: Of one, whole hand
(like the bafe ludean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose labd'Eyes,
Albeit vn-vted to the melting moode,
 Drops tears as fall as the Arabian Trees
Their most declicous gumme. Set you downe this:
And fay besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Betea a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumscribed Dogge,
And fimeate him, thus,

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke, is mari'd.

Oth. I kill thee, ere I kill'd thee; No way but this,
Killing my fells, to dye vpon a kife.
Caeci this did I feare, but thought he had no weapon: For he was great of heart.

Let it be hid. Gratiano, kepe the house, And feize upon the Fortunes of the Moore, For they succede on you. To you, Lord Governor, Remaines the Censure of this hellish villain: The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it: My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State, This beautie Act, with beautie heart relate.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

Othello, the Moore.  Montano, Governor of Cyprus.

Brabantio, Father to Desdemona. Gentlemen of Cyprus.

Iago, a Villaine. Lodouico and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.

Rodorigo, a gall'd Gentleman. Sylver's.


Senators. Desdemona, wife to Othello.

Montano, Governor of Cyprus. Aemilia, wife to Iago.

Gentlemen of Cyprus. Bianca, a Curtzan.
Enter Demetrius and Philip.

Phil. Ay, but this doage of our Generals Over-rows the measure; those his goodly eyes That o'er the Files and Musters of the Wars, Have glowed like plated Mars:

Now bend, now turne
The Office and Doctour of their view
Upon a Fawny Front. His Captains heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brief, renages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To cool a Gypses Luft.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the Trunche, with Emmons fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Folio. Behold and see.

Clea. If he be Looke indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckond

Cleo. Ile set a bourn how farre to be beloud,

Ant. Then must thoe needs finde out new Heauen,

Enter a Meffenger,

Mes. Newer(my good Lord)from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the fomme.

Cleo. Nay hear me them Anthony.

Fulvia perhance is angry: Or who knowses,
If the scarfe-bearded Cæfar have not fent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchifie that;
Perform't, or else we damme thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and mod like;
You shall not lay here longer, your diffmission
Is come from Cæfar, therefore hear to Anthony
Where's Fulvia Proceefst? (Cæfar I would say both?)
Call in the Meffengers: As I am Egypt's Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæfar homage; else fo thy cheeke payes thine
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia soolds. The Meffengers:

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Here is my face,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungle earth alike

Feeds Beauf as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutual pare,
And such a wife can do't, in which I binte
One name of punishment, the world to wete
We stand vp Peccelefe.

Cleo. Excellent falthood:
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
Ile feeme the Foele I am not. Anthony will be himfelf.

Ant. But fhall'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the lore of Lous, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harfhs;
There's not a minute of our lifes should flretch
Without some pleafure now. What fport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambaffadors.

Ant. Une wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: who every passion fully ftrites
To make it felle (in Thee)fair, and admir'd.
No Meffenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wife'll wander through the ftreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Lift night you did deifie it. Speke not to vs.

Exeunt with the Trunche.

Dem. Is Cæfar with Anthony priz'd fo flight?
Phile. Sir fometimes when he is not Anthony,
He comes too fhort of that great Property
Which till should go with Anthony,

Dem. I am fmall forry, that hee approves the common
Lyar who fhus spake of him at Rome, but I will hope
Of better deede to morrow. Reft you happy.

Exeunt

Enter Euphorbus, Lamprius, a Southfayer, Rannius, Lucilius,
Cleopatra, Lyca, Michael the Emmons,
and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost moft abfolute Alexas, where's the Southfayer
that you prate'd fo to the Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you fay, must change his Horses with
Garrands.

Alex. Southfayer.

South. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you fit that know things?

South. In Natures infinite booke of Secretes, a little I

Char. Shew him your hand.

Emob. Bring in the Banketer quickly; Wine enough,

Cleo.
Enter Anthony, with a Messanger.

Cleo. We will not look upon him:

Enter Cleopatra.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Save you, my Lord.

Emm. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirche, but on the fodeine

A Romane thought hath stroke him.

Emm. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither: where's Alexias?

Alex. Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke upon him:

Go with vs.

Mef. Fulnest thy Wife.

First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?

Mef. I: but soone that Wars was ended,

And the times flate

Made friends of them, laying the ior force gainst Cesar,

Whole better issue in the ware from Italy,

Upon the first encounter drowe them.

Ant. Well, what was.

Mef. The Nature of bad newes in facts the Teller,

Ant. When it concenets the Foolie or Coward: On

Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mef. Laibinius (this is fiftie-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner shottoe, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionias, whilist---

Ant. Anthony thou wouldst say,

Mef. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:

Roile thou in Fulnia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full Licens, as both Truth and Malice

Hawe power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs

Is as our eating: i' thee thee well awhile.

Mef. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scireon how the newes? Speake there.

1. Mef. The man from Scireon,

Is there such an one?

2. Mef. He fraies upon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:

These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,

Or loose my felie in dosage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Mef. Fulnias thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Mef. In Scireon, her length of sickness,

With what else more ferious,

Immoreth thee to know, this beares.

Ants. Forbear me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I defeate it:

What our comptence doth ofter hurle from vs,
We with it ours agaie. The present pleasure, 
By resolution lowring, does become 
The opposite of it selfe: the's good being gon, 
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on. 
I muft from this enchanting Queene brake off, 
Ten thousand harms, more then the ifles I know 
My idlenesse doth hark. 

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Anth. I muft with haffe from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how 
mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
parrate death the word.

Anth. I muft be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compeling an occasion, let women die. 
It were pitty to caft them away for nothing. though be-
twene them and a great caufe, they shou'd be esteemed
nothing, Cleopatra catching but the leaff noyfe of this, 
dies instantly: I have feene her dye twenty times vypon 
fare poorer moment: I do think there is mistle in death, 
which commits some loung acte vpon her, the hath such 
a celerity in dying.

Anth. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Allake Sir no, her passions are made of nothing 
but the finelst part of pure Loue. We cannot call her winds 
and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes 
and tempeff then Almanacks can report. This cannot be 
cunning in her: if it be, the makes a fhowre of Raine 
as well as loue.

Anth. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left vnten a wonderfull 
peace of worke, which not to have bene blest withall, 
would have diffcrrted your Trausalle.

Anth. Fulvia is dead, 

Eno. Sir.

Anth. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Anth. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice: 
when it please them, their Deities to take the wife of a man 
from him, is newes to man the Talors of the earth com-
forting therein, that when old Robes are wore out, 
there are members to make newe. If there were no more 
Women but Fulvia, then had youindeed a cut, and the 
cafe to be lamented: This greefe is crownd with Conso-
lation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, 
and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water 
this forrow.

Anth. The businesse the hath broached in the State, 
Cannot endure my abscence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere 
can not be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which 
wholly depends on your abode.

Anth. No more light Anfweres:

Let our Officers 
Hauce notice what we purpose. I shall brake 
The caufe of our Expedition to the Queene, 
And get her loue to part. For not alone 
The death of Fulvia, with more vifgent touches 
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too 
Of many our contriving Friends in Rome, 
Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius 
Haue given the dare to Caesar, and commands 
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people, 
Whose Loue is never link'd to the defeter, 

Till his deferts are past, begin to throw 
Pompy the great, and all his Dignities 
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power, 
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp 
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on, 
The fide of the world may danger. Much is breeding, 
Which like the Couriers here, hath yet but life, 
And not a Serpents poyfon, Say our pleafure, 
To such whose places vnder vs, require 
Our quicke remark from hence.

Anth. I shall doe.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmision, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him face.

Cleo. See where he is.

Whoe with him, what he does:
I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myths report
That I am fowne wicked. Quick, and returne.

Char. Madam, I thingkes if you did louse him dearly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croffe him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foolke: the way to love him.

Char. Tempt him not to so faire. I will forbear,
In time we hate that which we often feete.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes Anthony.

Cleo. I am fiche, and fullen.

Anth. I am foyre to guie breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away deere Charmion, I fhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature 
Will not futfaine it.

Cleo. Now my deere Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Anth. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that fame eye the's some good news.

Whate fayes the married woman you may goe?

What fayes the married man you may goe?

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene 
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I aw the Treasons planted.

Cleo. Why should I thinkke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in sweating shake the Throated Gods)
Who haue bene fale to Fulvia?

Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 
Which break themfalues in sweating.

Anth. Moft sweet Queene,

Cleo. Nay pray you fiche no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:

When you feede flaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Bliffe in our browes bene there our parts to poore,
But was a race of Hecuen They are to fill,
Or thou the greateft Soulater of the world,
Art turn'd the greateft Lyer.

Anth. How now Lady?
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst all know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hears me Queene?
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruicis a-while: but my full heart
Remains in vie with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with cliuft Swords; Sexius Pompelius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domestick povrs,
Breed tumultuous fits: The hated grown to strength
Are newly growne to Loue: The commend'd Pompel,'s
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thirsted
Upon the present flate, whose Numbers threaten,
And quiuettely growne scife of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which moift with you should faye my going,
Is Fulvius death.
Cleo. Though age from fully could not give me freedom
It does from childifhneffe. Can Fulvia cry?
Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Look heere, and at thy Soveraigne legifireread
The Garboyle fix the awak'd: at the Iaff,beft,
See when, and where thee died.
Cleo. O moft fale Loue! Where be the Sacred Violies thou shouldft fill
With farrowfull water? Now I fee, I fee,
In Fulvius death, how mine receiv'd fhall be.
Ant. Querell no more, but bee prepared to know
The purpofes I beeare which are, or efece,
As you fhall give th'aduice. By the fire
That quickeens Nylus fame. I go from hence
Thy Soulfull, Seruans, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charles, charmtim come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony loves.
Ant. My precious Queene fortheare,
And give true evidence to his Loue, which fhands
An honourable Triall.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me,
I prythee turne aside and weep for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and fay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good night, play one Scene
Of excellent difcouragement, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.
Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is muftly
Ant. Now by Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends,
But this is not the beft. Look prythee Charles,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chaft,
Ant. He laue you Lady
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lou'd, but that's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Obligation is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten,
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idenell's fubieft, I fhould take you
For Idenelle? I felle.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To bear such Idenelle I never the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgueme,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor cafles you hence,
Therefore be defeate tromy vupilitred Fally.
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
Be frewd before your feate.
Ant. Let us go.
Come; Our flparation fo abides and flies,
That thou reiding here, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away,

Enter Othellio reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Train.

Caf. You may fee Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar Natural vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandri
This is the newes: He fifies, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then Cleopatra: nor the Queene of Ptolomy
More Womanly then he.Hardly gauue audience
Or vouchefafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is the abstrafts of all faults,
That all men follow.
Lep. I muft not thinke
There are, euils enow to darkne all his goodneffe
His faults in him, feme as the Spots of Heaven,
More fpotfull by nightes Blackneffe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchafe, what he cannot change,
Then what he choofes.
Caf. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amiffe to rumble on the bed of Ptolomy,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to fit
And keep the turne of Tipling with a Slave,
To ruffle the streets at noone, and fland the Bufleet
With knaves that fmeles of sweare: Say this becomes him
(As his comporture must be rare Indeed,
Whom thefe things cannot blemifh) yet muft Anthony
No way excufe his foyle, when we do beare
So great waight in his flihnesse. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuousneffe,
Full furges, and the drinffe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound fuch time,
That drummes him from his paufe, and speaks as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to bechild:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their prefent pleafure,
And so rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Hecure more newes.
Mef. Thy biddings have beene done, & every hour
Mofl Noble Caesar, shall thou have report
How this brave Pompel is strong at Sea,
And it appeareth, he is belou'd of choice
That only have receiv'd Caesar to the Ports
The difcontents report, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Caf. I shou'd have knowne no leffe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primail flate
That he which is was wisft, wvill have was,
And the ebb'd man
Ne'er lou'd, till ne'er worth bore,
Comes feard, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Sreamse,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varting yde

To
The Tragedie

To rot it else with motion.
Mifs. Cafar. I bring thee word,
Monastres and Menas famous Pyrastes
Makes the Sea serve them, which they care and wound
With Keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thynke on't, and thus youth revolt.
No Veeful can pepe forth: but 'tis as stone
Takem as fence: for Pompeys name strikes more
Then could his Wre steatified.

Cafar. Anthony,
Leave thy licentious Vassailers. When thou once
Was beaten from Medesia, where thou stealt
Hirfiau, and Pafca Confuls, at thy heele
Did Finame follow, whom thou forgett' against
(Though daringly brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou didst drinke
The plase of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beast would cought at. Thy pollat the did daine
The roughet Berry, on the rudeft Hedge.
Yea, like the Saggie, when Snow the Pature flires,
The barkes of Trees thou brow'st. On the Alps,
It is reported thou didst eare strange flires,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(If wounds thine Honor that I speake it now.)
Was borne fo like a Soldiour, that thy cheaque
Snatch as land'd not.

Lep. Tis pity of him.

Cafar. Let his thames quickly
Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our felues it's Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, Pompey
Thrilles in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To mowre Cafar,
I shall be furnift to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cafar. Til which encounter, it is my buffines too Farwell.

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shall know mean time
Of their abroad, I shall beseaue you Sir
To let me be parterake.

Cafar. Doubt not fr, I knew it for my Bond. Extnt
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, &c. Mor dian.
Cleo. Charmian.

Cle. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke Mandragor.

Cle. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:

My Anthony is away.
Cleo. You thynke of him too much.

Cleo. O'tis Treafon.

Cleo. Madam, I trust not fo.

Cleo. This, Euxuch, Meridian?

Mer. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Now not to hear thee thee fing, I take no pleasure
In ought in Euxuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnleman'd, thy faire thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Haft thou Affeotions?

Mer. Ye gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mer. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deed is beneted to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affeotions, and thynke
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmian:

Where think't thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to bear the weight of Anthony!

Do brauely Horfe, for wo'th thou whom thou mou'lt,

The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arme
And Burgante of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For so he calleth me) Now I feele my feile

With moft delicius poyfon. Thynke on me
That am with Phoebus amoroues pinches blacke,
And winkt deep in time. Broad-fronted Cafar,
When thou was heere above the ground, I was
A morfell for a Monarke: and great Pompey
Would tand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Alpe, and dye

With looking on his life.

Enter Alexius from Cafar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou Mark Anthony?

Yet comming from him, that great Medicine hath
With his Tint prepared thee.

How goes it with my braue Mark Anthony?

Alex. Laff thing he did (deere Qu ene)

He kift the laft of many doubled killes.
That Orient Peerle. His speech tickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare muft plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the fitne Roman to great Egyptens fends
This treafure of an Oyster; at all feaft
To mend the petty prefent, I will peece
Her ouplent Throne, with Kingsdomes. All the Eaf,
(Say thou) shall call her Miffits. So he nodded,
And forber did mount an Atme-gaunt Steede,
Who neight'd fo hye, that what I would haue spoke,
Was braually dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he fad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'year, between 3 extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor fad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided difposition; Note him,

Note him good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him
He was not fad, for he would thine on throne
That make their looke by his. He was not merrie,

Which feem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy, but betwene both.
Oh heavyly mingle! Bees thou fad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do'st no mans elfe. Met'thoy my Pofts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty feuerall Messengers.

Why do you fend so thickes?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to fend
to Anthony, shall dye a Baggier. Inke and paper Charmian.
Welcome my good Alexius. Did I Charmian, euer love Cafar fo?

Charm. Oh thee braue Cafar!

Cleo. Be chock'd with fuch another Emphaffs,
Say the braue Anthony.

Charm. The valiant Cafar.

Cleo. By Ift, I will give thee bloody teeth,
Thou with Cafar Paragon ageaine:

My man of men.

Charm. By your moft gracious pardon,
I finge but after you.

Cleo. My Salted dyes,
When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To fay, as I fide then. But come, away,

Get me Inke and Paper,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter Euborbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Euborbus, 'tis a worthy deed, and shall become you well, to intreat your Capitaine To soft and gentle speech.

Eub. I shall intreat him To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him, Let Anthony look on Cæsar's head, and speak as loud at Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the waster of Anthony's Beard, I would not loose't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private fondaking. Eno. Every time ferues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must glue way. Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you frifie No Embrers vp. Here comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Messenias, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia: Heareke Ventidius.

Cæsar. I do not know Messenias, soke Agrippa.


That which combin'd was most great, and let not A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,

May it be gently heard. When we debate Our trivial difference loud, we do commit Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners, The rather for I earnestly bezech, Touch you the fawreft points with sweetefl tears, Nor curtifhne grow to'th matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies, and to fight, I should do thus.

Flourish.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit fir.

Cæs. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so: Or being concerned you not.

Cæs. I must be taught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I should say my felle offended, and wish you Chiefly I'th'world. More laught at, that I should Once name you derogatly: when to found your name It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt Cæsar, what was't to you? Cæs. No more then my reciting here to Rome Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there Did prattice on my State,your being in Egypt Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, prattis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine Intent, By what did heere befell me. Your Wife and Brother Made warres vpon me, and their contentions' Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do omitake your bunies, my Brother never Did vrg me in his Act: I did inquire it, And have my Learning from some true reports That drew their swords with you, did he not rather Difcred my authority with yours, And make the warres alike against my Ramecke, Hating alike your caufe. Of this, my Letters Before did satisfie you. If you'll match a quarrell, As matter whole you hauet to make it with,
The Tragedy of

We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge
Arr world! I would perfure it.

Agri. Give me leave Cesar.
Cesar. Speak ye Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a Sinner by the Mothers side, admitt'd
Othoia: Great Mark Anthony is now a widower.
Cesar Say not, say Agrippa: If Caius heard you, your
provess were well deferred of rashness.

Anb. I am not married Cesar: let me here Agrippa
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amite,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-flipping knot, take Anthony,
Othoia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vertue. By this marriage,
All little Leoues which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spake,
For 'tis a fluided fit of a pretent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anb. Will Cesar speake?
Cesar. Not till he heares how Anthony is toucht,
With what it spake already.

Anb. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say Agrippa, be it so,
To make this good?

Cesar. The power of Cesar,
And his power, unto Othoia,

Anb. May it ever
(To this good purpose, that so fairly shewes)
Dreams of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gourne in our Louses,
And sway our great Definitions.

Cesar. There's my hand:
A Sinner I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer love so dearely. Let her be
Tooyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and never
Flie off our Louers againe.


Anb. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him onely,
Leavt my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of thee, defece him.

Lep. Time calls vpon's,
Of vs much Pompey prefently be sought,
Or else he seekes us vs.

Anb. Where lies he?

Cesar. About the Mount-Mesena.

Anb. What is his strength by land?
Cesar. Great, and encreaing:
But by sea he is an absolute Master.

Anb. So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Haft we for it,
Yet ere we put our seules in Armes, dispatched we
The businesse we have talkt of.

Cesar. With most gladness,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,
Whether straight he lead you.

**Anth.** Let vs Lepida not lacke your companie.

**Lep.** Noble Anthony, not tuckneffe should detaine me.

**Flourish. Exit ammas.**

**Maced.** Welcome from Egypt Sir. 

**Eno.** Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Macedon. My honoured friend Agrippa.

**Agr.** Good Embassadors. 

**Maced.** We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well disfgetted: ye fluid wall by's in Egypt. 

**Eno.** Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.

**Maced.** Eighte Wilde-Boares rotted whole at a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true? 

**Eno.** This was but a flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstros matter of Feasts, which worthily deferved noting. 

**Maced.** She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be true to her. 

**Eno.** When the first met Mark Anthony, the putt of his heart was upon the River of Sidonius. 

**Agr.** There she appeared indeed: or my reporter de-ur'd well for her.

**Eno.** I will tell you, 

The Barge the fast in, like a burningf Throne 
Burnt on the water: the Poole was beaten Gold, 
Purple the Sails: and so perfumed that 
The Windes were Love-ficke. 
With them the Owers were Siluer, 
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made 
The water which they beare, to followfitter; 
As amorous of their strokes, For her owne person, It begg'd all dissipation, she did dye 
In her Paullition, cloth of Gold, of Tiffie, 
O'the drawing that Venus, where we fee The fancie out-workes Nature. On each side her, 
Stood pretty Dimpled Boys, like smilling Cupids, 
With divers colour'd Fanes whose winde did stence, 
To glowe the delicate colours which they did coole, And what they vudid did. 

**Agr.** Oh rate for Anthony, 

**Eno.** Her Gentlement,waile the Nereides, 
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes, And made their bends adornings. At the Helme. A feeming Mer-maide fleeters: The Silken Tackle, Swell with the touches of shofe Flower-soft hands, That yardly frame the office. From the Barge A strange imuable perfume hits the sence Of the adjacent Wharfes, The City caft 

Her people out upon her: and Anthony 

Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did fit alone, Whilft to th'ayre: which but for vacanee, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in Nature.

**Agr.** Rare Egyptian. 

**Eno.** Vpon her landing, Anthony sento her, 

Invited her to Supper: she replied, 
It should be better, he became her guest: 
Which she entreated,our Courteous Anthony, 

Whom were the word of no woman hard spake, Being barber'd ten times or regoes to the Feast; 
And for his ordinary, pales his heart, 

For what his eyes see onely.

**Agr.** Royall Wench: 

She made great Caesar lay his Sword to bed, 
He plough'd her, and the cropt. 

**Eno.** I saw her once 

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete, 
And bauing loft her breath, the spoone, and panted, 
That the did make defect, perfection, 
And breakthelfe powre breath forth. 

**Maced.** Now Anthony, must leave her witty. 

**Eno.** Neuer he will not: 
Age cannot wither her, nor cufome flate 
Her infinite variety: other women cloy 
The appetites they feede, but she maketh hungry, 
Where moff the tisshes. For vildelf things 
Become themselfes in hers, that the holy Priest 
Bliff her, when she is Rigghit. 

**Maced.** If Beauty, Wife, some, Modely, can fetle 
The heart of Anthony: Olymaria is 
A blefed Lottery to him. 

**Agr.** Let vs go. Good Embassadors, make your selfe 

my guest, whilft you abide here. 

**Eno.** Humbly Sir I thank you. 

**Exit.**

Enter Anthony, Caesar, Olymaria between them.

**Anth.** The world, and my great office, will 
Sometimes detuite me from your bosome. 

**Olla.** All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my prayers to them for you. 

**Anth.** Goodnight Sir. My Olymaria. 

Read not my blemishes in the world report: 
I haue not kept my square, but that to come 
Shall all be done by't Rule: good night deare Lady: Good night Sir. 

**Caesar.** Goodnight. 

**Exit.**

Enter Sotheby. 

**Anth.** Now sirrah: do you with vs in Egypt? 

**South.** Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither. 

**Anth.** If you can, your reason? 

**South.** I see it in my motion: shew it not in my tongue, But yet he you to Egypt againe. 

**Anth.** Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher 

Caesar or mine? 

**South.** Caesar,therefore:oh Anthony)I stay not by his side 

Thy Damson that thy spirit which keepes thee, is 

Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable, 

Where Caesar is not. But see him, why Angell 

Becomes a feare: as being o'the-pow'd,therefore 

Make space enough between you. 

**Anth.** Speak this no more. 

**South.** To none but thee no more but: when to thee, 

if thou dost play with him at any game, Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall luckes, 

He beats thee'gainst the oddes. Thy Lufter thickens, 

When he shineth: I say againe,thy spirit 

is all afraid to gouerne thee neete him: 

But he alway's thy Noble. 

**Anth.** Get thee gone. 

**South.** Say to Vs ingenius I would speake with him. 

He shal to Parthia, he is Art or hap, 

He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him, 

And in our spots my better cunning faints, 

Under his chance,if we draw loss he spreds, 

His Cocks do winne the Battaile, full of mine, 

When it is all to naught: and his Quails ever 

Beat mine(in hoops) at odd's. I will to Egypt: 

**Exit.**
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'd Eaft my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigias.

Enter Ventigias.

You must do Parthen, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and pray.

Exeunt

Enter Lepidus, Menanias, and Agrippa.

Lepidus: Trouble your selves no further; pray you
hasten your Generals after.
Agg. Sir, Mark Anthony, will cede but kiss Ofelation,
and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers drfe.

Wife. We shall: as I conceive the journey, 
be at Mount before you Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is thore, my purposes do draw me much
about; you'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Itea, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick; Musick, moody foode
of that trade in Loue,

Ommus. The Musick, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Emune.

Cleo. Let a lone, let's to Billiards: come Charmian.
Char. My ame is fore, bell play with Mardian.

Clepe. As well a woman as an Emune plaide, 
as with a woman. Come you'll play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Thought's come to short
The Achor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Give me mine Angier, weele to the Rive there
My Musick playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fihres, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their flemy tawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinkem every one an Anthony,
And say, ah haye' are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angier,
when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with feruency drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laugh'd him out of patience: and that night
Ihaught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I dranke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him,whilffe
I wore his Sword Phillipian. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messinger.

Ramme thou thy fruiteful tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Cleo. Madam, Madám.

Cleo. Anthony's dead,
If thou say to Villaine, thou kill'd thy Milkris:
But well and free, if thou say'd him.

There is Gold, and beere
My bleeve's an bives to kiffe: a hand that Kings
Haue lip, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First Madam,he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But sirrah mark, ye vfe
To lay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I gie thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy illitering throat.

Mef. Good Madam heare me.
To scourge th'ingratitud'ed, that despightful Rome
Caft on my Noble Father.

Cesair. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us Pompey with thy failes.

Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'lt
How much we do re-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed

Thou dost o're count of my Fathers house:
But since the Cuckoo builds not for himselfe,
Resume in't as thou maiest.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,

(For this is from the present how you take)
The offers we have sent you.

Cesair. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,

But waige what it is worth imbrace'd

Cesair. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer.

Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I mutt

Rid all the Sea of Pirates. Then, to send

Measures of Hese to Rome: this greed vpon

To part with vnhack edges, and beare backe

Our Targevs undinted.

Omes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here,

A man prepar'd to

To take this offer. But Make Anthony,

Put me to some impatience: though I loafe

The praise of it by telling. You must know

When Cesair and your Brother were at blowes,

Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde

Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it Pompey,

And am well studied for a liberal thanks,

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:

I did not thinke Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds th'Est is left, and thanks to you,

That cal'd me timelier then my purpose bither:

For I have gained by't.

Cesair. Since I saw you last, there's a change vpon you.

Pom. Well, I know not;

What countenanz Fortune cal'ds upon my face,

But in my bosome shall the newe come,

To make my heart her vafile.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so Lepidus, thus we are agreed:

I cause our composition may be written

And feald betwene vs,

Cesair. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I Pompey.

Pompey. No Anthony take the lot: but first or last,

your fine Egyptian cookerie shall have the same, I have heard that

Julius Cesair, grew fat with feasting there.

Antb. You have heard much.

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir,

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then do much haue I heard,

And I have heard Appedalorus carstled.

Ero. No more that she did so.

Pom. What I pray you?

Ero. A certaine Queene to Cesair in a Matrit.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'thou Sonlidi?

Ero. Well, and well am I like to do, for I perceive
The Tragedie

As when they haue made this Treaty. You, and I have knowne Sirs, and you haue done well by water. Men. We haue Sirs, and you haue done well by water. Men. I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land. Men. No what I have done by water. Emb. Yes some thing you can deny for your own safety; you have bin a great Theefe by Sea. Men. And you by Land. Emb. There I deny my Land seruice: but give mee your hand Memus, if our eyes had authoritie, heere they might take two Theuses kising. Men. All mens faces are true, whatsoeuer their hands are.

Emb. But there is never a faire Woman, he's a true Face.

Men. No slander, they flatter hearts.

Emb. We came hither to fight with you. Men. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drink-

ing. Pompmy doth this day laugh away his Fortune. Emb. If he do, for he cannot weep's backe againe. Men. Y'haue said Sirs, we lock'd not for Mark Anthony here, pray you, Is he married to Cleopatra? Emb. Cephal Sifter is call'd Ollania. Men. True Sirs, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus. Emb. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius. Men. Pray ye Sir, Emb. This true. Men. Then Cesar and he, for ever knit together. Emb. If I were bound to Disuise of this volley, I would not Prophefie so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parries.

Emb. I think so too. But you shall finde the hand that formes to rye their friendship together, will bee the very tyrant of their Amity: Ollania is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who's that new wife his so?

Emb. Not the that himselfe is not so: which is Mark Anthony he will to his Egyptian dith againe: then shall the sights of Ollania blowe the fire vp in Cesar, and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their Amity, shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony will vie his affections where it is. Hee married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sirs, will you aboord?

I have a health for you.

Emb. I shall take it Sir; we haue ye'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.
Rise from thy floote.

Pom. I thinke that's mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou haft fer'd me with much faith: what's elle to say? Be iolly Lords.

Antb. These Quicke-fands Lepidus,

Keep off, then you for ake.

Men. What thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What faith thou?

Men. What thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will glue thee all the world.

Pom. Haft thou drunk well.

Men. No Pomp'y, I haue kept me from the cup,

Thou art if thou dar'n't be, the earthy love:

What e're the Ocean pale, or skie incldes,

It shine, if thou wilt ha'.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. Thefe three World-facers, thefe Competitors

Are in thy vellis. Let me cut the Cable,

And when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shoul'dst have done,

And not haue spoken on. In me 'tis villanie,

In thee, 'tis bad good seruice: thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:

Mine Honour it. Repent that e're thy tongue,

Hath so beraide thine afe. Being done unknowne,

I shoul'd have found it afterwards well done,

But mutt condemne it now: defift, and drink.

Men. For this, I ne'er follow

Thy paul'd Fortunes more,

Who feake and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never finne it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Antb. Bear him a shore,

Ile pledge it for him Pomp'y.

Eno. Here's to thee Menas.

Men. Enthusiast welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be bid.

Eno. There's a strong Fellow Menas.

Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world man: feelest not?

Men. The third part, then he's drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drink thee: encreafe the Reedes.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast,

Antb. It riseth towards it: strike the Vellis hoa,

Here's to Caesar.

Caesar. I could well forbear, it's monftous labour when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Antb. Be a Child o'th'ime.

Caesar. Poffefle it, He make answer: but I had rather fall from all, fourde dayes, then drink so much in one.

Enob. His brane Emperour, shall we dauncce now the Egyptian Backemals: and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't good Soullier.

Antb. Come, let's all tak hand,

Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't out fene,

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take his neds:

Make battery to our ears with the loud Musick,

The while, Ipe place you, then the Boy shall finge.

The holding every man shall beate as loud,

As his strong fides can volly.

Musick Player. Enthusiast places them hand in hand,

The Song.

Come, these Menarch of the Pines,

Plume Bacchus, with plume yone:

In thy Faires one? With thy Grapes our hairs be crowne'd,

Cup vs til the world go round,

Cup vs til the world go round.

Caesar. What would you more?

Pomp'y goodnight. Good Brother

Let me requell you of our grauer businesse

Frownes at this Intitude. Gentle Lords let's part,

Here we have burnt our checkes: Strong Enthusiast

Is weake then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet's what it feakes: the wilde dliftique hath almoft

Antick't as all. What needs more words? goodnight.

Good Anthony your hand.

Pom. I let you on the shore.

Antb. And shal Sir, glies your hand.

Pom. Oh Anthony, you have my Father house.

But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not Menas: ile not on shore,

No to my Cabin: thefe Drummes,

Thefe Trumpets,Flutes: what

Let Neptune heare, we bid aloue farewell

To thefe great fellows. Sound and be hang'd,found out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Eno. Hoo faies there's a there's my Cap.

Men. Ho, Noble Captaine, come.

Enter. Vesidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Paco-

rum borne before him.

Pom. Now daring Parthy art thou stroke: and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus death

Make me reuenger. Bear the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy Pacorus Ordes.

Paires this for Marcus Crassus.

Roman. Noble Vesidius,

Whil'st ye with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitius Parthians follow. Sperre through Medis,

Mefapamia, and the fletters,whether

The roued fie. So thy grand Captain Anthony

Shall fet thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head,

Vom. Oh Sillius, Sillius.

I have done enough. Alower place note well

May make too great an act. For learnes this Sillius,

Better to leave vndone, then by our deed

Acquire too high a fame, when we ferues away,

Caesar and Anthony: haue euer wonne

More in their officer, then perfon. Sillius

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renowne,

Which he arri'd by th'minute, Jo'ft his favour.

Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,

Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition

(The Souldiers venueur) rather makes choice of loffe

Then galone, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Anthony good,

but 'twould offend him. And in his offene
The Tragedie of

Oth. Sir, look well to my Husbands house: and—

Cesar. What Othania?

Oth. Ille tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart informe her tongue.

The Swannes donee feather

That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide: And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cesar fare weep?

Agri. He ha's a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

Agri. Why Enobarbus?

When Anthony found Julins Cesar dead,

He cried aloud to roaring: and he wept,

When as Phileillus he found Brutus shaine.

Eno. That yearindeed, he was troubled with a rheume,

What willingly he did confound, he wold'd,

Beleev'till I weepe too.

Cesar. No sweet Othania,

You shall hear from me fill: the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,

He wrasse with you in my strenght of love,

Looke here I have you, thus I let you go,

And youe give to the Gods.

Cesar. Adieu, be happy,

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres glue light To thy faire way.

Cesar. Farewell, farewell.

Oth. Othania.


Enter Cheiraptra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Chro. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Half a theerd to come.

Chro. Go too, go too; come hither Sir.

Enter the Meffengers at before.

Alex. Good Maletie; Herod of Jurdy dare not looke upon you, but when you are well pleased.

Chro. That Herods head, Ill haue: but how? When Anthony is gone, through whom I might command it: Come thou near.

Mes. Most grastous Maletie.

Chro. Did yout take you behold Othania?

Mes. I dread Queene.

Chro. Where?

Mes. Madam in Rome, 1 lookt her in the face: and saw her led between her Brother, and Mark Anthony.

Chro. Is she as tall as she was?

Mes. She is not Madam.

Chro. Didst hear she speake?

Is she shrill tongue or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voice'd.

Chro. That's not so good; she cannot like her long.

Chro. Like her? Oh I's: 'tis impossible.

Chro. I think to Charmian; dull of tongue, & dawfish.

What Maletie is in her gate, remember Ifere thou look't on Maletie.

Mes. She creepes her motion, & her station are as one. She shews a body, rather then a life.

A Statuor, then a Breather.

Chro. I saw this certaine?

Mes. Or I have no obseruance.

Chro. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Chro. He's very knowing, I do perceive,

There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow's a good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guestes at her yeares, I pray thee.

Meff. Madam, she was a widdow.


Meff. And I do think she's th'chirrie.

Cleo. Beat'ft thou her face in mind? Is't long or round?

Meff. Round, even to faultineffe.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.

Meff. Browne Madam: and he's forehead.

As low as she would with it,

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,

Thou must not take my former harpenesse.

I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee

Moff fit for business. Go, make thee ready,

Our Letters are prepar'd,

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he's so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why me thinkes by him,

This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing Madam,

Cleo. The man hath seene some Malefice, and should know.

Char. Hath he seene Malefice? Ifs else defend: and

serving you to long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet good

Charman: but th' no matter, thou that bring him to me

where I will write still may be well enough,

Char. I warrant you Madam,

Enter Anthony and Othulaua.

Ant. Nay, say Othulaua, not only that,

That were excuable, that and thousands more

Of remembrance: he must be, as he was

New Warses' gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,

To publique care, spoke familiarly of me,

When perforce he could not

But pay me terrors of Honour: cold and sickly

He vended then moff narrow measures lent me,

When the beft hint was given him: the not look'd,

Or did it from his teeth

Othulaua. Oh my good Lord,

Beleue not all, or if you must beleue,

Stomacke not all. A more whapplie Lady,

If this detraction chance, ne'te'd betweene

Praying for both parts:

The good Gods will mocke me presently,

When I shall pray;Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband,

Vndo that prayers, by crying out as loud,

Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,

Prayes, and displease the pray, no midway

Twixt these extremes at all,

Ant. Othulaua.

Let your best love draw to that point which feck

Bel to preferue it: if I loose mine Honour,

I loose my selfe; better I were not yours

Then your so branchless. But as you request,

Your selfe shall go betweene's, the meane time Lady,

He rafe the preparation of a Warre

Shall flaine your Brother, make your soulneest saile,

So your defires are yours,

Oth. Thanks to my Lord,

The Ioue of power make me most weak, most weake,

You reconcile: Warses' twist you swaine would be,

As if the world shou'd cleave, and that flaine men

Should roaste vp the Ruff.
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Tull
That noifies it again't vs.

Ola. Is it so fit?

Caf. Moft certaine: Sifer welcome; pray you
Be ever knowne to patience. My deere St Sifer.

Enter Cleopatra and Eumabbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoken my being in these warres,
And say'lt it is not fit.

Eno. Well: Is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd again't vs, why should not
we be there in person,

Eno. Well, I could reply: if we should ferue with
Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were merely loft:
the Mares would bear a Soldiour and his Horfe.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs much puzzle Anthony,
Take from your heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be fpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leueny, and 'tis fai'd in Rome,
That Parthenius in Bunch, and your Maidens
Mamnage this warre,

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues not
That speak against us. A Charge we bear: 'tis Warre,
And as the prefident of your Kingdome will
Appear there for a man. Speake not againft it,
I will not lay behind.

Enter Anthony and Camidus.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange Camidus,
That from Tarentum, and Brandium,
He could fo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You have heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is newer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To raunt at flackneffe. Camidus, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Eno. By Sea, by Sea, what else?

Cleo. Why will my Lord, do fo?

Ant. For that he dares not too.

Eno. So beth my Lord, da't him to single fight,

Cleo. I, and to wage this Battel at Pharsallia,
Where Cafar fought with Pompey. But these offers
Which ferue not for his vantage, he flakes off,
And fo shoud you.

Eno. Your Ships are not well mann'd,
Your Marriettes are Militeis, Reapers, people
Inroyfted by wilfull Imprufes. In Cafar's Fleete,
Are thole, that ofen have'gainft Pompey fought,
Their shippes are rare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refuing him at Sea,
Being prefard for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Moft worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abolute Soldierfhip you have by Land,
Diftarct your Armitie, which doth moft confift
Or Warre-markts-footmen, lease uexed
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite furgoe
The way which promises affurance, and
Give vp your felte meely to chance and hazzard,
From firme Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cloe. I have fifty Sailes, Caesar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burne, and with the rest full man'n'd, from the head of Action Betake the approaching Caesar. But if we fail, we then can do't at Land. Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mef. The Newes is true, my Lord; he is despatch'd, Caesar's taken Troyne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible.

Strange, that his power should be. Camillus, our ninetenee legs thou shalt hold by Land, and our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship, Away my Thesil.

Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Soulidier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea, Truth not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and thefe my Wounds; let the Egyptians
And the Phcenicians go a ducking: woe Haue ye't to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot. Ant. Well, well, away, exit Anti. Clear, End. Soul. By Hercules I think I am'th right.
Cam. Soulidier thou art: but his whole action grows Not in the power on't: so our Leaders lead, And we are Womans men.

Soul. You kepe by Land the Legions and the Horse whole, do you not? Dem. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Infineus, Publiecus, and Celius, are for Sea:
But we kepe whole by Land. This speede of Cesars Carries beyond belief.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome, His power went out in such diffractions, As beguile all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, hear yyou? Soul. They fay, one Towera.

Soul. Well, I know the man. Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The Emperor calls Camillus.
Cam. With Newes the times wit a Labour, And throwes forth each minute, home, enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Cef. Strike nor by Land.

Keep whole, prouoke not Battale Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed The Preferits of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes Upon this jumpe.

Ant. Enter a Messenger, and Enderbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrions on yond side o'th'Hill, Ineye of Cesars Battale, from which place We may the number of the Ships behold, And fo proceed accordingly.

Camillus Marcheth with his Land Army one way veer the stage, and Towera the Lieutenant of Cefar the other way.

After those going off is heard the noise of a Sea fight. Alarum. Enter Enderbus and Scoura.

Eso. Naught, naught, a naught, I can behold no longer Thonienid, the Egyptian Admiral, With all their fifty fpy, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blind.

Enter Scoura.

Scor. Good day! Goddesell, all the whol fyndom of them! End. What's thy passion.
Scor. The greater Cannele of the world, is lost With very ignorance, we have kif away Kingdomes, and Prouinces.
End. How appears the flight?
Scor. On our side, like the Taken Peffilence, Where death is fure, Your rihauded Nagge of Egypt, (Whom Leprofe o'ye-take) 'tis medly o'th' right,
When vantare like a payre of Tummes appeard Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder: (The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in Inne, Hoife Sailes, and flyes.
End. That I beheld.

Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not Indure a further view.

Scor. She once being looof, The Noble raine of her Magikke, Anthony, Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard) Leaving the flight in height, flyes after her: I never saw an Action of such fame:
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, myr're before, Did violate to it felle.
End. Alacke, alacke.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breathe, And finkaes most lamentfully, Had our General Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well: Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight, Moft groffely by his owne.
End. I, are ytherabouths? Why then goodnight indeed.
Cam. Toward Peloponness were they fled. Scor. 'Tis eftic too.
And there I will attend what further comes. Camid. To Cefar will I render My Legions and my Horfe, fit Kings alreadie Shew me the way of yeiding, End. He yet follow The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more ypon't, It is ash'm'd to beate me. Friends, come hither, I am so lated in the world, that I Have loft my way for euer, Ihaue a fhippe, Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye, And make your peace with Cefar.

Ant. I haue feld my felle, and have infructed cowards To runne, and fhow their shoulders. Friends be gone, I haue my felle refolu'd upon a courfe, Which has no neede of you. Be gone, My Treasures in the Harbour, Take it: Oh, I follow'd that 1 blufhe to looke ypon, My very hairyes do mutiny: for the white Reprouce the brownie for raffelnelle, and they them For feare, and doing. Friends be gone, you shall Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will Sweep your way for you. Pray you looke not fad, Nor make replies of loathnelle, take the hint Which my difpare proclames. Let them be left Which leaves it ifles, to the Sea-side straight way; I will poftiffle you of that ifip and Treasures.
Leue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: forindeed I have loft command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile fee you by and by.  
Sir, downe.

Enter Cleopatra let by Charisian and Eras.
Eras. Nay gentle Madam, so him, comfort him.
Iras. Do moit dece Queene.
Char. Do, why, what elfe?
Cleo. Let me fit downe: Oh Iamo.
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eras. Seek you here, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.
Eras. Sir, sir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled Coffin, and 'twas I
That he must Briues endeed: he alone
Deals on Lieutenantry, and no praifice had
In the brave suares of Warre yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah fland by.
Eras. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
Hee's displeased with very flame.
Cleo. Well then, fulfill me: Oh,
Eras. Moit Noble Sir arife, the Queene approaches,
Her heede's declin'd, and death will ceaue her, but
Your comfort makes the refuge.
Ant. I have offended Reputation,
A moit vnable swerving.
Eras. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether haft thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my flame, out of shine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew't too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th' tringles,
And thou shouldst flowe me after. O'th' my spirit
The full supreame thou knew't, and that
Thy beoke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treasures, dodsge
And parcel in the shifs of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o' th' world payd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Give me a kiffe,
Even this repays me.
We lent our Schoolemaister, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead; some Wine
Within there, and our Vliands: Fortune knowes,
We forece her meit, when moit the offers blowers.  
Exeunt.

Enter Cesur, Agrippa, and Dellekele, with others.
Cesa. Let him appeare that's come from Anthony.
Know you him.  

Della. Cesur, undis his Schoolemaister,
An argument that he is plucks, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassadors from Anthony.
Cesa. Approache, and speake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As the Morn'dew on the Merkle leafe.
To his grand Sea.
Cesa. Beet, to declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he fullere thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted
He Leftens his Request, and to thee uses
To let him breath betweene the Haeness and Earth
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confesse thy Greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the Ptolemies for her heyes,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cesa. For Anthony,
I have no cares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, to thee
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his right Noble Sir arise. This if thee performes,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune pursue thee.
Cesa. Bring him through the Bands:
To try the Eloquence, now 's time, dispatch,
From Anthony winne Cleopatra, promise
And in our Name, what the requires, add more
From thine inention, offers. Women are not
In their bell Fortunes strong; but want will pierce
The nee'touch'd Vaffal. Try thy cunning Thiknes,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will anfwer as a Law.

Thid. Cesur, I go.
Cesa. Observe how Anthony becomes his faw,
And what thou think't his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thid. Cesur, I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.
Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Thinkke, and dye.
Cleo. Is Anthony, or we lack fault for this?
Eno. Anthony only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whole featerall ranges
Frighed each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nick'd his chopp, or cap't him, or fish a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppo'd, he being
The mered question? 'Twas a shame no leffe.
Then was his loffe, to courye your flying Flaggges,
And leave his Navy gazing.
Cleo. Prystee peace.

Enter the Ambassadors with Anthony.
Ant. Is that his anwer?  
Amb. I my Lord.
Ant. The Queene shall then have courtere,
So the will yeeld vs vp.
Amb. He fayes so.
Ant. Let her know't. To the Boy Cesur lend this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wisifies to the brinne,
With Principalties.
CLeo. That head my Lord?
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Act. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would presuade
Under the severce of a Child, as soone
As it's Command of Cesar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answere me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our felines alone: He write it: Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough: I gave base I'd Cesar will
Vextate his happiness, and be Stag'd co'th thew
Against a Sworder. I see mens judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunates, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreams,
Knowing all measures, the full Cesar will
Antwite his emptiness: Cesar thou haft fidb'd de
His judgement too.

Enter a Senator,

Sen. A Meffengr from Cesar.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they flop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.

Eno. Mine honestly, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty will held to Foole, does make
Our Plant more folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allogeance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. Cesar will.

Thid. I heare it apart.

Cleo. None but friends say boldly.

Thid. So happy are they Friends to Anthony.

Eno. He needs as many (Sir) as Cesar ha's,
Or needs not vs. If Cesar please, our Maffrs
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is Cesar.

Thid. So thus you most renown'd, Cesar intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou standst
Further then he is Cesar.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not Anthony
As you didlous, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The feare's upon your Honor, therefore he
Does piey, as constrained blemishes,
Not as detered.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knows what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeeld'd, but conquer'd meereely.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will ask Anthony.

Sir, sir, thou art so lesse
That we must leave thee to thy finking, for
Thy deceipte quire thee. (Exit Enoch.)

Thid. Shall I lay to Cesar,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a stiffe
To leave upon. But it would warme his spirits
To hears from me you had left Anthony,
And put your felle vnder his fireowd, the vnuseful Land.

Cleo. What's your name? (lord.

Thid. My name is Thidias.

Cleo. Most kinde Meffenger,
Say to great Cesar this in diputation,
I kiss his conquering hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feet, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hear
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. Tis your Nobleft courso:
Wifedome and Fortune combatin' together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may make it. Give me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cesar's Father off,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdome's in)
Beflow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kisse.

Enter Anthony and Enochardus.

Ant. Pauoest By yowr these thunders. What art thou
Thid. One that but performs
(Fellow?) the bidding of the fallen man, and worthieth
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approach there; ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuell
Authority melt's from me of late. When I cried ha's,
Like Boyes into a maffe, Kings would scarce forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares? I am Anthony yet.
Take hence this lack, and whisp him,

Enter a Senator.

Eno. Tis bettwer playing with a Lions whelpes,
Then with an old one dyng.

Ant. Moore and Starres,
Whipp him: we're twentie of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge Cesar, should I find them
So fawny with the band of the heere, what's her name
Since the was Cleopatra? Whipp him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you set him erudge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marry Anthony.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whisp
Bring him againe, the lachke of Cesar shall
Bear vs an arrant to him. (Exit with Thidius)

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a lom of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Fedelettes?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have been a boggler euer,
But when we in our viciounesse grow hard
(Oh mistery on't) the wife Gods feele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh'st while we fluist
To our confulsion.

Cleo. Oh it's come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morrell, cold vpon
Dead Cesar Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of Gneuus Pompeyes, besides what hotter houses
Vntregiftted in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously plekt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guifie what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play. fellow, your hand, this Kingly Seales,
And pligter of high hearts. Othat I were
Vpon the hill of Bafan to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue faughe cause,
And to proclaime it cuilly, were like

F 3
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thankes,
For being assay'd about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thatdes.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou forre.
To follow Cesur in his Triumph, since
Thou haft but whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Featur thes,
Shake thou to looke on't. Give thee backe to Cesur,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time must cause 'tis to dont's.

When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If the milleke,
My speach, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quite me. Venge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Cesur. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alacke out Terence Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

Cesur. I must lay his time?

Ant. To flatter Cesur, would you mingle eyes
With one that yses his points.

Cesur. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cesur. Ah (Deere) if it be so,

From my cold heart let Haueen ingender halfe,
And payyon it in the fourfe, and the fist (tone
Drop in my necke as it determines so
Disfolwe my life, the next Caefarin smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brase Egyptians all,
By the difordering of this pellett storme,
Lye gruellefe, till the Fliers and Gnatt of Nyle
Have burnt them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cesur lets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Face. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly hold, our feuer'd Nauie too
Have knit againe, and Fleece, threatening moft Sea-like.
Where halfe thou bin my heart? Deft thou heart Lady?
Iffrom the Field I shall returne once more
To kille their Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
And my Sword, will eareme our Chronicle,
There's hope in't ye.

Cesur. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be creble fineewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight malioulsly for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome luyes
Of me for leff: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And fend to darknesse all that flop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my dead Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cesur. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought't haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cesur. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do fo, wee'll speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peep for these fastes,
Come on (my Queene)
There's fap in't ye. The next time I do fight
He make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his petifent Sycke,

Exit. Cara. Now hee's out-flare the Lightning,so be furious
Is to be frighted out of seare, and in that moode
The Doule will pecke the Effridge; and I fee still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Reflores his heart; when valour prays in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will leeke
Some way to leave him.

Exit.

Enter Cesur, Agrippa, & Mecona with his Army,

Cafur reading a Letter.

Cafur. He calleth me Boy, and chides as he bad power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, darest me to personal Combat.

Cafur to Anthony: let the old Russian know,
I have many other ways to dye: meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. Cesur must chinke,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Euen to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it self.

Cafur. Let our haid heads know,
That to morrow, the laft of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that feard Markes Anthony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo's,
And they haue earn'd the wafe, Poore Anthony. Excens.

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Ira, Alexus with others.

Ant. He will no fight with me, Demitian?

Ena. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Ena. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will lie,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it line againe. Wou't thou fight well.

Ena. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Hould&Seruants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Serviers.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,
Thou haft bin rightly honste, fo haft thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seerd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes,
Cesur. What means this?

Ena. Tis one of those odds tricks which sorrowhoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honste too?
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An Anthony that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes.
Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1. Sol. Brother, goodnight; to morrow is the day.
2. Sol. It will determine one way: Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.
1. Naching: what news now?
2. B.ReadFile is but a Rumour, good night to you.
1. Well sir, good night.

They meet other Soldiers.
2. Souldiers, have careful Watch.
1. And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.
2. Here we: and if to morrow

Our Navie thriue, I have an absolute hope.

Our Landmen will stand up.
1. Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musick of the Hobes is under the Stage.

Peace, what noise?
1. Lift lift.
2. Hearke.

Musick's th' Ayre.

Vnder the earth.

If it goe well, do's it not?
1. No.

Peace I say: What should this mean?
2. Tis the God Hercules, whom Anthony loved.

Now leaves him.

Walks, let's see if other Watchmen

Do hear what we do?

Ommets. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1. 1, it's not strange?
3. Do you hear Masters? Do you hear?

Follow the noyse so farre as we have quarter.

Let's see how it will give off.

Enter and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eras. mine Armour Eras.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No my Chaque. Eras, come mine Armour Eras.

Enter Eras.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on, If Fortune be not ours to day, it is

Because we braue her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too Anthony.

What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my heart: Falfe, falfe: This, this,

Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, we'll shall thrive now.

Seel thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

Eras. Briefly Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that un buckleth this, till we do please

To daft for our Repose, fill hear a storne.

Thou fumblest Eras, and my Qeenens a Square

More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch, O Loue,

That thou couldft fee my Wares to day, and knewell

The Royal Occupation, thou shouldst see

A Workeman's.

Enter an Arm'd Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,

Thou looke like him that knowes a warlike Charge:

To businesse that we loue, we rife betime,

And go'tt with delight.

Sof. A thousand Sir, only thouk't be, hauing on their

Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. Showe.

Trumpet flourish.

Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.

Alx. The Mome is faire: Good morrow General.

All. Good morrow General.

Ant. Tis well blowe Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes,

So as: Come give me that, this way, well-fed,

Fare thee well Dame, what euer becomes of me,

This is a Soldiers kiffe: debukeable, And worthy Shamefull checkes it were, to fland

On more Mechnick Complement, Ile leaue thee.

Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,

Follow me clofe, Ile bring you too's: Adieu. Exeunt.

Chyr. Plesse you returne to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and Caesar might

Determine this great Warr in single fight

Then Anthony; but now. Well on.

Trumpet found.

Enter Anthony and Eras.

Eras. The Gods make thys a happy day to Anthony.

Ant. Would thou, & thro' thy tears had once prou'd

To make me lift at Land.

Eras. Had 't thon done fof...

The Kings that have retuned and the Soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have full

Followed thy heales.

Ant. Whole gone this morning?

Eras. Who'ere one more thee, call for Eumabw.,

Hee
The Tragedie of

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarrin wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed.
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clawless heads, and owld rabboushe.
Far off.
Ant. Thou blest it ope. But now 'stis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes. I have yet
Room for fix scotches more.
Exit. Enter Eras.
Eras. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage ferues
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let vs scorce their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maue a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spightfully comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. He halt after.

Ant. We have beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of ourguests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall fee's, we'll spill the blood
That ha's to day espy'd. I thank ye all,
For doughty handes are you, and have fought
Not as ye for'd the Caufe, but as't had become
Each man like mine: you have fwayne all Hell's.
Enter the City, clip your Wius, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyfull tears
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kiss
The Honour'd-gaffers whole.
Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. Glue me thy hand,
To this great Fairety, I commend thyself.
Make her thanks bleffe thee. Oh thou day othworld,
Chaine mine arm'd neckes, leape thou, Astyrie and all.
Through proof of Harnesfe to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Verrue, commit thou smiling from 3
The worlds great fames vnaught.

Ant. Miss Nightngale,
We have beate them to their Beds,
What Gyfte, though gray
Do somthing mingle with your yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can
Get golfe for golfe of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy favourable hand,
Kiffe it my Warrtou: He hath fought to day,
As it a Gold in hole of Manke,had
Destroyed in such a thapse.

Cleo. Ile glue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has defer'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phobus Carre. Glie me thy hand,
Through Alexandris make a jolly Match.
Beare our hace Targets, like the men that owe them,
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoale, we all would sup together,
And drink Carowles to the next days Fase.
Which promises Royall perf, Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Citie's ear,
Make mingle with our rating Tabouines,
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,
Appauling our approach.  

Exeunt.

Enter a Centeris, and his Company, Eucarbus follows.

Cont. If we be not releue'd within this hour,
We must returne to'th'Court of Guard : the night
Is thiny, and they say, we shall embastle
By't's second hour t'h'Morne.

Whyt. This last day was a firew'd one too's.

Exeunt. Oh hear me wiselet night.

What man is this?

1. Stand close, and lift him.

Exeunt. Be wiselet to me (O thou blessed Moone)

When men resolted shall upon Record
Bear hatefull memory : poore Eucarbus did
Before thy face repent.

Cont. Eucarbus?

2. Peace : Henrie further.

Exeunt. Oh Soueraigne Midtris of true Melancholly,
The poynous dampe of night dispunge upon me,
That Life, a very Rebly to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which being dried with greese, will breake to powder,
And finall all soule thoughts, Oh Anthony,

Nobler then my resolt is Infamous,
Forgive me in thine owne particulars,
But let the world rank me in Regifter
A Master leuuer, and a fugitive:
Oh Anthony! Oh Anthony!

Let's speake to him.

Cont. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern the Caesar.

2. Let's do so, but he speakes.

Cont. Swoons rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for freere.

1. Go we to him.

2. Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

1. Hear ye sir?

Cont. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummers sware off.

Henrie the Drummes demurely wake the speakes:
Let vs beache him to'th'Court of Guard : he is of note:
Our house is fully out.

Come on then, he may recover yet.

Enter Anthony and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight t'h'Fire, or t'h'Airre,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foe's
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the City
Shall fray with vs. Order for Sea's is gien,
They have put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And looks on their endeavour.

Enter Caesar, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be fill by Land,
Which as I taka we shall, for his beft force
Is forth to Man his Gallies, To the Valer,

And hold our beft aduanage.  

Alarum sware off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyned:
Where you'd Pint does stand, I shall discover all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how 'ris like to goe.  

Scar. Swallows haue built
In Cleopatra's Sailer their nefft.  The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. Anthony,

Is valiant, and defected, and by flats
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and fere
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loft :
This sawle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleece hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder
They call their Caps vp, and Carowse together
Like Friends long loft. Triple, turn'd Whose, 'tis thou
Half fold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Make onely Warses on thee. Bid them all flye :
For when I am reueng'd upon my Chares,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, begone.
Oh Sunne, thy sprite shall I see no more,
Fortune, and Anthony part heere, even here.
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heelles, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do dif-Candle, melt their fweetes
On blossoming Caesar: And this Pine is thine,
That once-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt, this graue Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whose Bofome was my Crownes, my chife end,
Like a right Gypifie, hath at fast and loffe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loffe.

What Eros, Eros?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Ausaut.

Cle. Why is it my Lord enrag'd against his Lows?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy defencery
And blesseing Caesar Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the foating Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest foot
Of all thy Sex. Mof t Monfteir-like be thyname
For poor'r Diminiuties, for Doits, and let
Patient Odelia, plough thy vifege vp
With her prepared nailes.

Tis well thart gone,
If it be well to live. But better'twere
Thou fell't into my furie, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, hos!

The flirt of Nefia is vp on me, teach me
Aiside, thou mine Ancesto, thy rage.

Let me lodge Licu on the hornes o th' Moone,
And with those hands that graffit the haruest Club,
Subdue my worsthef fells. The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boye the hals fold me, and I fall
Under this plot. She dyet for't, Eros hoa?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, Mardian.

Cle. Help me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Thefely
Was never fo inboit,

Char. To'th Monument, there locke thy felse,
And send him word you are dead:

The
The Tragedie of

The Soule and Body slate not more in parting, Than greatness felfe going off.

Enter Toth' Monument:

Mardian, go tell him I have flame my felfe:
Say, that the left I spoke was Anthony,
And word it (praysee) piteously. Hence Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my dem Toth' Monument.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou saye behold' me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometimes we fee a cloud that's Dragoni
To vapour sometime, like a beare, or Lyon.
A toward Cittadell, a p dames Rocke,
A forked Mountain, or blew Pronomante.
With Trees upon't, that nodde into the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou haft fene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespres Pages.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horfe, even with a thought
The rocke diflumes, and makes it indifferent
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body: Here I am Anthony,
Yet cannot hold this vifible fhape (my Knaue)
I made thee warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whoeft whom I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whilft it was mine, had annex vnto't
A Million moe, (now loft) thee Eros has
Packe Cards with Cefero, and falls plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs
Our felues to end our felues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy wille Lady, she has robd me of my Sword.

Mrs. No Anthony.

My Miftris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence favcy Eumuch peace, she hath betrail'd me,
And shall dye the death.

Mrs. Death of one perfon, can be paide but once,
And that he's difharg'd, What thou would'ft do
Is done vnto thy hand: the left the fpare
Was Anthony, moft Noble Anthony:
In then the mid'd a tearing grone did breake
The name of Anthony: it was diuided
Betimes her heart, and lipes: she tendered life
Thy name fo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mrs. Dead.

Ant. Vnname Eros, the long dayes taskte is done,
And we must flepe: That thou depart'ct hence faile.
Does pay thy labour richly: Go.

exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off,
The feuen-fold shield of Alack cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my fides,
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy frailte Cafe. Apace Eros, space,
No more a Soldier: bruitled pieces go,
You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile, exit Eros
I will o're-take thee Clypero, and
Wepe for my pardon. So it muft be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out.
Lye downe and fray no farther. Now all labour

Mares what it does: yea, very feren entangles
It felfe with strength: Seale then and all is done.

Eros! I come my Queene, Eros! Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our fprightly Port make the Ghoftes gaze:
Dido, and her Aenea shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I have li'd in fuch dilfounion, that the Gods
Doetell my batteines. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunesbacke
With Ships, made Cities; condemn me my felle, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lefte Noble minde
Then the which by her death, out Cefar tells
I am Conqueror of my felfe. Thou art fowe Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I fhoold feelbe behind me
The ineutiable profession of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'ft kil me.

Do't, the time is come: Thou strik'ft not me,
'Tis Cefar thou defeat'ft. Put colour in thy Checke.

Eros. The Gods with hold me,
Shall I do that whiche all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) loft syne, and could not.

Ant. Eros,
Would'ft thou be window'd in great Rome, and fee
Thy Muter thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdue'd
To penetrative flame: whilft the wheel'd feste
Of Fortune Cefar drawne before him, branded
His Bafeneffe that enfued.

Eros. I would not fee't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cut'd.
Draw that thy honeft Sword, which thou haft wonne
Most felfefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh fire, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworl'd not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnapurpos'd, Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne me from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worfhip of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo the.

Eros. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haft drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me fay
Before I strike this bloody Stroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis faid man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now Eros.

Eros. Why there then:

Thus I do escape the fowre of Antioch's death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my felle,
Thou retchest me: Oh valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'ft not, my Queene and Eros
Have by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride groome in my death, and run into't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and Eros,
Thy Mifer dies thy Scholler: to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.
Enter a Guard,  
1. Guard. What's the noise?  
Ant. I have done my work: my Friends:  
Oh make an end of what I have begun,  
2. The Starre is farre.  
And time is at his Period.  
All. Alas, and woe,  
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.  
1 Not.  
2 Not.  
3 Not any one.  

Enter Diomedes,  
Dis. Where's Anthony?  
Deere. There Diomedes there.  
Dis. Lines he: wilt thou not answer man?  
Ant. Art thou there Diomedes?  
Dis. Draw thy sword, and give uie,  
Suffering strokes for death.  
Dis. Most absolute Lord:  
My Mistisson Cleopatra sent me to thee.  
Ant. When did thee send thee?  
Dis. Now my Lord.  
Ant. Where is she?  
(Stops.)  
Dis. Looks in her Monument: she had a Prophesying  
Of what hath come to pass: for when the saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cesar, and that the rage  
Would not be pur'd, the fent you word the was dead  
But fearing fierce as it might worke, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come  
I dread, too late.  
Ant. Too late good Diomedes: call my Guard I pray thee.  
Dis. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,  
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calleth.  
Enter 9, or 9. of the Guard of Anthony.  
Ant. Bear me good Friends where Cleopatra bides,  
'Tis the last reflexus that I shall command you,  
1 Woe, woe are we sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true Followers out,  
All. Most heavy day,  
Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp face  
To grace it with your forrowes. Bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish vs, and we punifh it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me vp,  
I haue led you off, carry me now good Friends,  
And haue my thanks for all.  
Exit bearing Anthony  

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with  
Charmian & Iris.  
Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.  
Charm. Be comforted dear Madam.  
Cleo. No, I will not:  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comfort we dispise; our size of forrow  
Proportion'd to our caufe, must be as great  
As that which makes it.  
Enter Diomede.  
How now? is he dead?  
Dis. His death's upon him, but not dead.  
Look out o'th'other side your Monument,  
His Guard haue brought him thither.  

Enter Anthony and the Guard,  
Cleo. Oh Sunne,  
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ft in, darkling stand  
The varying fume o'th world, O Anthony, Anthony, Anthony  
Helps Charmian, help Iris help: helps Friends  
Below, let's draw him hither.  
Ant. Peace,  
Not Caezar Valour hath o'throwne Anthony,  
But Anthony's hath Triumph'd on't selfe.  
Cleo. So it should be,  
That none but Anthony should conquer Anthony,  
But woe 'tis so.  
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying: onely,  
I haue importune death a while, vntill  
Of many thousand kifes, the poore laft  
I lay upon thy lippes,  
Cleo. I dare not Deere,  
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,  
Leafe I be taken: nor th'impertious shew  
Of the full-Fortune's Caezar, euer shall  
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue  
Edge, fing, or operation. I am safe:  
Your Wife Olfinia, with her modest eyes,  
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour  
Demurring upon me: but come, come Anthony,  
Help me my women, we must draw thee vp:  
Affift good Friends.  
Ant. Oh quicker, or I am gone.  
Cleo. Here's good indeed:  
How heavy weigthes my Lord?  
Our strength is all gone into heavinesse,  
That makes the weight. Had I great Innes power,  
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,  
And set thee by Jouses side. Yet come a little,  
Witnes were euer Fools. Oh come, come, come,  
They haue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra,  
And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haft liid,  
Quick'en with kifing: had my lippes that power,  
Thus would I waere them out.  
All. A heavy sight,  
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying,  
Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.  
Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle fo yhe,  
That the falle Huswife Fortune, brake her Wheels,  
Prouok'd by my offenece.  
Ant. One word (sweet Queene)  
Of Caezar lecke your Honour,with your safety. Oh.  
Cleo. They do not go together.  
Ant. Gentle heare me,  
None about Caezar truft, but Proculines.  
Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile truft,  
None about Caezar.  
Ant. The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor forrow at: but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes  
Wherein I liued, The greatest Prince o'th world,  
The Noblest: and do now not safely dye,  
Nor Cowardly put off my Helmet to  
My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,  
I can no more,  
Cleo. Noblest of men, woot dye?  
Halt thou no care of me, I shall abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better then a Stryke? Oh my women:  
The Crowne o'th earth doth melt. My Lord?  
Oh witter'd is the Garland of the Warr.
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tyding To wash the eyes of Kings Del. And strange is it That Nature must compass vs to lament Our most perfibled deeds Mrs. His raimes and Honours wag'd equal with him Dcdn. A Rarer spirit never Did there a humanity but your Gods will give vs Some faults to make vs men Cesar is touch'd Mrs. When such a spacious Mirror's fet before him He needs must see him felle Cesar Oh Antonio I have followed thee to this, but we do launch Disfales in our Bodies I must perforce Have the wriie to thee such a declining day Or looke on time; we could not fall together In the whole world But yet let me lament With tears as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts That thou my Brother, my Competitor In top of all defigne; my Mate in Empire Friend and Companion in the front of Warre The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres Unreconcilable should divide our equalneffe to this Heart me good Friends But I will tell you at some meeter Season The businesse of this man looks out of him We'll hear him what he fayes. Enter an Egyptian Whence are you? Aegy. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my misriff Confid'n ell, she has her Monument Of thy intents, desires, instruction That she preparedly may frame her felle To this way she's forced too Cesar. Rither her have good heart, She soone shall know of us, by some of ours How honourable, and how kindly Wee Determine for her. For Cesar cannot leave to be vengent Aegy. So the Gods prefer thee Cef. Come hither Proculius. Go and say We purpose her no shame: gie her what comforts The quality of her passion shall require Let in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke She does defeate vs. For her life in Rome Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go And with your fpee'deift bring vs what the fayes, And how you finde of her. Prs. Cesar I shall. Exit Proculius. Cesar Gallus go you along: where's Dolabella, to second Proculius? All. Dolabella. Cef. Let him alone: for I remember now How he's imployd: he shall in time be ready Go with me to my Tent, where you shaff see How hardly I was drawne into this Warre, How calm and gentle I proceeded stil In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee What I can fiew in this. Exit Cleopatra, Charsmain, Ira, and Mandarin. Clos. My defolation does begin to make A better life Tis policy to be Cesar Not being Fortune, he's but Fortunes knasse A minister of her will: and it is great To
To do th'thing that ends all other deeds,
Which huckles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which fleters, and never palliates more the dung,
The beggars Nurse, and Cesars,
Enter Proculius.

Pro. Caesar, doth giveth to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee fly duly on what faire demands
Thou mean'st'to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deci'd
That have no vie for truing. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Malady to keep her, must
No lefe beggar be a Kingdome: If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneel to him with thankles.

Pro. Be of good cheere:
Y'are false into a Princeely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reteence freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowers ouer
On all that need. Let mereport to him
Your sweet dependance, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in yde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too,
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaill, and I lend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly hearne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him th'Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easly he may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till Caesar come.

Pro. Royall Queene.

Cher. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.

Pro. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold;
Do not your selfs such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish
Pro. Cesars, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'envying of your selfe. Let the World see
His Noblenesse well set'd, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where are thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggeters,

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meate, Ie not drinke fis,
If little talk will once be necessary
Ie not flepe neither. This morrow Ile ruine,
Do Caesar what he can. Know fis, that I
Will not waite punisht at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the falter eye
Of unlO'sania. Shall they haft me vp,
And shew me to the showing Variotarie
Of cenfuring Rome? Rather a dish in Egypt,
Be gentle grave vnto me, rather on Nylus muddie
Lay me flake-nak'd, and let the water-fishes
Blow me into ahbortion, rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibber,

And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in Caesar.

Enter Daelibla.

Dol. Proculius,
What thou hast done, thy Master Caesar knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
He take her to my Guard.

Pro. So Daelibla,
If shall content me be! Be gentle to her,
To Caesar I will speake, what you shall plesse,
If you'tll employ me to him.

Cleo. Iaie, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Emperesse, you have heared of me,
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter sir, what I have heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreams,
It's not your triche?

Dol. I wnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreame there was an Emperor Antony,
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. If it might plesse ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heaut's, and thetien slanke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, 

Dol. The little e'ath earth

Cleo. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges beftird the Ocean, his read'arme
Crested the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he means to quail, and shake the Orbe,
He was as rasing Thunder. For his Bunny,
There was no winter in't. An Antony it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe about
The Element they liv'd in; In his Litury
Walk'd Crownes and Crowneats: Realms & Islands were
As places dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Thinkes you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreame of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lye vp so the heathing of the Gods:
But if there be, not one were one feth
It's past the fize of dreaming: Nature wants flufhe
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet't imagine
An Antony were Natures pece, 'gainst Fancie,
Condemning shadoyres quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beeit
At aswering to the weightes, would I might neuer
One-take purfur'd face.
But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that foule
My very heart as roote.

Cleo. I thanke you fis:
Know you what Cesars meaning to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you fis.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know's.

Procuri. Enter Procuri. Cesars, Gallus, Mecenas,
And of his Traine.

All. Make way there Cesars.

Cleo.
The Tragedie of

Ces. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperour Madam.

Cles. knees.

Cles. Sir, the Gods will hate it thus,

My Master and my Lord I must obey,

Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts,

The Record of what inuries you did vs,

Though written in our flock, we shall remember

Cles. Solr Sir o' th' World,

I cannot praise mine owne cause so well

To make it clear, but do confesse I have

Bene laden with like faults, which before

Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Ces. Cleopatra know,

We will extenuate rather then informe:

If you apply your selfe to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde

A benefit in this change. but if you seeke

To day on me a Cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave your selfe

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruciton which Ie guard them from,

Itheron you reluye. Ie take my leave.

Cles. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we

your Scutchcons, and your signes of Conquest shal

Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Ces. You shall aduise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cles. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewel.

I am possed of, tis exclayled valley,

Not petty things admitted. Where’s Selene?

Sel. Here Madam.

Cles. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)

Vpon his perill, that I have refered

To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth Selene.

Sel. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,

Then to my perill speake what which is not.

Cles. What have I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Ces. Nay bluffs not Cleopatra, I approue

Your Wifedome in the deede.

Cles. See Ces. Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,

And should we flit effates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Selene, does

Even make me wilde. Oh Selene, of no more trust

Then loue that’s by’d? What goeth thou backe, f shall

Go backe I warrant these: but Ie take thine eyes

Though they had wings. Selene, Soule-sell, Villain, Dog,

O rarely base!

Ces. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cles. O Ces, what a wounding shame is this,

That thou vouchefaiing heere to visit me,

Doing the Honour of thy Lordinesse

To one so meaker, that mine owne Servant should

Parcell the fumme of my disgraces, by

Addition of his Endy. Say (good Ces)

That I some Lady tripes have referd,

Immonet toymes, things of such Dignitie

As we greet modern Friends withall, and say

Some Nobler taken I have kept apart

For Littie and Olivia, to induce

Their mediation, must I be unfolded

With one that I have bred: The Gods! it smites me

Beneath the fall I have. Prythee go hence,
Cleo. Why that's the way to fool their preparation, And to conquer their most abjur'd intents.

Enter Charmian. No Charmian. Show me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch My best Atayres. I am againe for Citron, To meet Mrk Antony. Siros is to go (Now Noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,) And when thou hast done this chare, Ile give thee leave To play till Doomsday: bring our Crowne, and all. A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise? Enter a Guardman. Guard. Here's a rustick Fellow, That will not be deny'd your Highness presence, He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. Exit Guardsman. What poore an Instrument May do a Noble decide: he brings me liberty: My Revolution's pla'd, and I have nothing Of woman in me: Now from head to face I am Marble confinant: now the fleeting Moone No Planet is of mine. Enter Guardman and Cleone. Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. Exit Guardsman. Haft thou the pretty worme of Nylius there, That killeth and pains not?

Cleo. Truly I have him: but I would not be the par- ticle that should desire you to touch him, for his byring is immortal: those that doe dye oft, doe feldone or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'lt thou any that haue dyed on't?

Cleo. There are many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honest, how she dyed of the byr- ting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, he makes a very good report on't worme: but he that will beleue all that they say, shall never be fased by halfe that they do: but this is most fallable, the Wormes are no odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Cleo. I, with you all joy of the Worme. Farewell. Cleon. You must think this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kindes.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Cleo. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for indeed, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Cleo. Very good: giue it nothing I prays you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it ease me?

Cleo. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the diuell himselfe will not ease a woman: I know, that a woman is a diuell for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her not. But truly, these famous whoreen diuelles doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tene that they make, the diuelles maffe leur.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Cleo. Yes fortooth: I with you joy on't worme. Exit Cleo. Glue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue Immortal longings in me. Now no more The Ioyce of Egypte Grape shall mould this lip. Yare, yare, good Irae: quicke: Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call I fite him rowle himselle To prase his Noble Aft. I heare him mock The sucke of Cefar, which the Gods giue men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title. I am Fire, and Ayre: my other Elements I giue to fette him. So haue you done?

Ceo thene, and take the last warm of my Lippes, Farewell kind Charmian, Irae, long facewell. Haue I the Afpickeme in my lippes? Doff fall? If thou, and Nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinche, Which hurts, and is def'td Doff thou lye still? If thou than vanisheft, thou tell'st the world, It is not worth leaue-taking.

Chor. Diffloue thiche clowde, & Raine, that I may fay The Gods themselfes do wepee.

Cleo. This proves me bafe:

If the first meete the Curled Anthony, Hee I make demand of her, and spend that knife Which is my heaven to have, Come thou mortal wretch, With thy sharpes teeth this knot intreufe, I Offlfe at once vntie: Poores venomous Poole, Be angry, and dispight. Oh could'th thou speake, That I might heare the call great Cefar Asle, unpolicied, Chor. Oh Estrene Steare.

Cleo. Peace, peace:

Doft thou not see my Baby at my brest, That tickes the Nurse asleep.

Chor. O breake! O breake! Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.

O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I tell thee? Dyer Chor. In this wide Worlde? So fare thee well: Now boast thee Death, in thy poifon line Ies.

A Little vnparsell'd. Duwane Windows cloze, And golden Phæbus never be held. Eyes againe to Royall: your Crowness away, Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guardmen, and Delolabella. 1 Guard. Where's the Queene? Chor. Speake softly, wake her not.


1 Approach hoa All's not well: Cefar's beguill. 2 There's Delolabella from Cefar: call him. 3 What worke is heere Charmian? Is this well done?

Chor. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeffe Defended of fo many Royall Kings.

Ah Soul'dier. Charmian gores.

Enter Delolabella. Delol. How goes it heere? 2 Guard. All dead, Delol. Cefar, thy thoughts Touch their effectes in this? Thy felse art comming To fee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou So fough't to hinder.

Enter Cefar and all his Traiines, marching. All. A way there, a way for Cefar.
The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did scarce is done.
Cesar. Braueft at the last,
She jeueill'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was left with them?
1 Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cesar. Poyson'd then.
1 Guard. Oh Cesar:
This Charman liv'd o' but now, the flood and spake:
I found her trimmings up the Diadem;
On her dead Mis'tris tremblingly the flood,
And on the sodaine dropt.
Cesar. Oh Noble weakenesse
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but the looks like sleepe,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong tytle of Grace.

Dol. Here on her brest,
There is a vent of Blood, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1 Guard. This is an Apsike's traile,
And these Figge-leaues have flame up on them, such
As th' Apsike leaues upon the Causes of Nile.
Cesar. Most probable
That to the dyed: for her Physitian tells mee
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
Of suite ways to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her Anthony.
No Graue upon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous; high events as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No leffe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemnne thewe, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Delabela, fee
High Order, in this great Solennitie.

FINIS.
Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

OU do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heavens
Then our Courtiers: I
Stilrome, as do's the Kings.
2. Gent. But what's the matter?
1. His daughter, and the heire of his kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wittes sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath refer'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; he imprison'd; all
Is outward forrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.
2. None but the King?
1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they fowle at.
2. And why lo?
1. He that hath mis'd the Princece, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, alake he good man,
And therefore banish'd) Is a Creature, such,
As to feake through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such fluffe Within
Endowes a man, but he.
2. You speake him faire.
1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crouth him together, rather then unfold
His measures duly.
2. What's his name, and Birth?
1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd Secllarm, who did loyne his Honore
Against the Romane, with Cofhwan,
But had his Titles by Tenature, whom
He feru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, Tenature.
And had (before this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warrs o'th time
Dye'd with their Swords in hand. For whiche, their Father
Then old, and fond of ytfe, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceat
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him Pelfibnus Leomax,
Brecdes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the recettor of, which he tooke
As we do agree, fall as 'twas mislaidled,
And in's Spring, became a Hanuuell: Lie'd in Court
(Which rate it is to do) most prais'd, most loud,
A sample to the youngue to sti'more Mature,
A glaffe that teazed them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotsards. To his Misfer,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclames how the often'd him; and his Vertue
By her eleclio may be truly read, what kind of man he is.
2. I honor him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is the sole child so to the King?
1. His only child.
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old
I th'washing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were ftoile, and to this house, no ghielle in knowledge
Which way they went.
2. How long is this ago?
1. Some twenty years.
2. That a Kings Children should be so cunning'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.
1. Howsoeuer, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.
2. I do well beleue you.
1. We must forbeare. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princece.

Enter the Queene, Pelsibnus, and Isomem.

Qu. No, he afford you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the flander of most Steep-Mothers,
Euill-e'yd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Glares shall deliver you the keyes

369

THE TRAGEDIE
OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

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Yet is it true Sir.
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Scena Secunda.

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369
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

That lookst vp your restraint, for you Pofhumus,
So soon as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'were good
You leant'd into his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdome may informe you.

Pofh. 'Please your Highness,
I will from hence to day.

Q. You know the pretext:
Ille feech a tune about the Garden, peping
The pangs of bare Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit.

Q. O dalieming Courtie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounds? My deere Husband,
I sometimr fear'd your fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to line,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Pofh. My Queene, my Ministros:
O Lady, weep no more, leafl I giue caufe
To be suspected of more tenderneffe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyal'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Florio's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowe but by Letter, which write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gail.

Enter Queene.

Q. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shal incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Pofh. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we haue to live,
The lostnest to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petry. Lookke lesse (Loure)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
Buckepte it till you woo another Wife,
When image is dead.

Pofh. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this Haue,
And fare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou here,
While senfe can keepe I on; And sweeteef, fairest,
As I (my poore felfe) did exchange for you
To your to infinite lofse; 'tis in our tristles
I still winne of you. For my fake were this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Upon this fayref Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shal we fee againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Pofh. Alaske, the King.

Cym. Thou bafeft thing, suoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vainworthineffe, thou dyeft. Away,
Thou'tt pouzon to my blood,

Pofh. The Gods protect you,
And bleffe the good Reminders of the Court:
I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp then this is.

Cym. O diſſlay all thing,
That should'lt repayre my youth, thou hesp'lt
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech thee Sir,
Harte not your felie with your vexation,
I am feekeſtle of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Paff Grace? O obedience?
Imo. Paff hope, and in difpaire,that way paſt Grace.

Cym. That might'lt haue had
The lofe Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O bleffe, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did suoyd a Pattocke.

Cym. Thou took't a Begger, would'lt haue made my
Throne, a Se氮e for basenelle.

Imo. No, I rather added a luffe to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd Pofhumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is.
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the summhe hy pes.

Cym. What art thou mad?

Imo. Almoft Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neare-heards Daughter, and my Looenous
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolilh thing,
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Q. Befeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leave vs to our felues, and make your selfe some comfort
Out of your befte advisce.

Cym. Nay lecher languifh
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Enter Pifanio.

Q. Fye, you muſt glaue way:
Here is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pifa. My Lord your Sonne, draw'd on my Mafter.

Q. Hah?

No harme I truſt is done?

Pifa. There might have beene,
But that my Mafter rather plaide, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Q. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,
I would they were in Affricken both together,
My felie by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Mafter?

Pifa. On his command: he would not sufter mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When'rt pleas'd you to employ me.

Q. This hath beene
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine fo,

Pifa. I humbly thank your Highness.
Enter Cloten and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Aion hath made youreck as a Sacrifice: where Ayre comes out, Aire comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Haue thou him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a passible Carcasse if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own:

But he added to your haung, gave you some ground.

2. As many inches, as you haue Oceans.(Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betwene vs.

2. So would I, till you had measured how long a Foose you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that thee shoulde love this Fellow, and re-fuse me.

2. If lie be a fin to make a true election, she is damnd.

1. Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty & her Braine go not together, She's a good signe, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. She finnes not upon Foolies, leaft the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: it would there have beene some hurt done.

2. I with not so, unleafe it had bin the, fall of an Aife, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with vs?

1. Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well my Lord.

As he could make me with his eye, or care,
Distinguishing from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glauce, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Stilling waueing, as the fits and fitures of his mind
Could best expresse how low his Soule lay'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a Crow, or leffe, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-stringes;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharper as my Needle.

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The finalneffe of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him,

Pisa. Be affoord Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certaine hours,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him swere,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interests, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
At the first hour of Monre, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orifions, for then
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kiffe, which I had let
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do; get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Enter Phalare, Lachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Credent note, expected to proue so worthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to perfute him by Items.

Phal. You speake of him when he was left furnisht'd, then now he is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as faire eyes as shee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighe determ'd by her value, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. 1, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to
to extend him, be it but so, to fortify her judgement, which else an espie battery might play, flat, for taking a Bagger without life, but by what comes it is to loue, with what? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I wereSoldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no life then my life.

Enter Felthumus.

Here comes the Britania. Let him be so entertained as thou, as fortiies with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, will I leave to appere hereafter, rather then toly him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we have knowne togethier in Orleance.

Poft. Since when, I have bin debitor to you for countiies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poor kindnesse; I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you; but have beene pitty you should have beene put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then such bore, upon importance of so flight and such a nature.

Poft. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather than to go euene with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offered to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether by flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the abatement of Swords, and by such twain, that all likeliehood have confounde one the other, or have faisne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, take what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in prais of our Country- Misritesses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more faire, vertuous, Wife, Chaste, Compliant, Qualified, and felie attemptable then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this, wore out.

Poft. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind

Iach. You must not so faffe preferre her, for ore ours of Italy.

Poft. Being so faffe profoud as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my felie her Adore, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good a kind of hand in hand comparison, had bene sometimie too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britania; if she were before others, I have feene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could not beleue the excelled many: but I have not feene the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poft. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Poft. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Misrit is dead, or the's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poft. You are miskaten: the one may be folde or giuen, or if there were weight enough for the purchase, or merite for the gife. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have giuen you?

Poft. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know how strong it is to light upon neighbours Ponds. Your Ring may be foiloue too, for your brace of unprizesable Emissions, the one is but fraile, and the other Cash-all; A cunning Thieve, or a (that way) accomplisht Courtier, would hazard the winning both of fault and laift.

Poft. Your Italy, contrines none so accomplisht a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Misrit: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you have Rose of Theues,notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Poft. Let vs leave here, Gentleman.

Iach. With five times so much consteruation, I should get ground of your faire Misrit; make her go backe, euen to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportuniteit to friend.

Poft. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon paven the movoye of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something; but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your ofence hencein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Poft. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a peruation, and I doubt not you confaine what are worthy of your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poft. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) defends more a punishment too.

Poft. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too foudanly, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquistant.

Iach. Would I had put my Fitate, and my Neighbours on th'overture of what I have spoke.

Poft. What Lady would you chose to affaye?

Iach. Yours, whom in confiancye you thinke flonds fo safe, I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your La-

Poft. Inwith standing your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies fith at a Million a Dram, you cannot presue it from sainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Poft. This is but a commodo in your tongue: you bear a grauer purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would un-dergo what's spoken, I foreare.

Poft. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your return, I let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Misrit excesses in goodnesse, the hugheness of her vnworthy thinking, I dare you to this match: there's my Ring.

Iach. I will have it no lay.

Poft. By the Gods it is so: if I bring you a suffi-
cient testimony that I have enjoy'd the deereft bodily part of your Misrit: my ten thousand Duckets are yours;
fo is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have truft in: See your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: Provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Pof. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: only thus farre you shall anfwer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underftand, you have presu'd, I am no further your Enemy, fhed not what is not worth our debate. If there remain undeue'd, you not making it appear otherwife: for your ill opinion, and that it's blame you have made to her chriftianty, you fhall anfwer me with your Sword.

Jach. Your hand, a Courante: we will have these things set down by lawfull Council, and straight away for Britaine, leat the Bargaine fhould catch cold, and flree: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Pof. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior Luchoins will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladyt, and Cornelius.

Qu. While's yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make halfe, Who ha's the note of them?
Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?

Car. Please your Highnes, I here they are, Madam:
But I defire your Grace, without offence
(My Confiquence bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poiffonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languishing death:
But though now, deadly,

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Queftion: Have I not bene
Thy Pulpit long? Haft thou not learned me how
to make Perfumes? Diftill? Prefeue? Yea so,
That our great King himfelf doth wooe me oft
For my Confiquences; having thus farre proceeded,
(Venfele thou think'st me diuellish) is not moette
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worse the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their feuerall verues, and effects.

Car. Your Highnesse
Shall from this prafife, but make hard your heart:
Before, the feene these effets will be
Both noyfome, and infectious.

Qu. I content thee.

Enrer Pinfano.

Here comes a flattering Rofelle, upon him
Will it fit wofe: Hee's for his Maffe,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pinfano? Doctor,
your fervice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Car. I do fuppofe you, Madam,
But you fhall do no harme.

Qu. Hearkne thee, a word.

Car. I do not like her. She doe thinke thee ha's
Strange ling'ring poiffons: I do know her spirit,
And will not truft one of her malice, with
A drugg of such dam'd Nature. Those the ha's,
Will happe and tall the Seife a while,
Which h最有percance thee! prove on Catt and Dogs,
Then afterwaqrds higher: but there is
No danger in what flew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more free, rejuving. She is fool'd
With a moft falle eftect: and I, the traer,
So to be falle with her.

Qu. No further fervice, Doctor,
Vintill I fend for thee.

Car. I humbly take your leave.

Qu. Weepes the fife full?(call thow?)

Doft thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let inciuitions enter
Where Folly now poiffeles? Do thou worke;
When thou shalt bring me word the loves my Sonne,
Hie thee on the infuiue, thou art then
As great as is thy Maffe: Greater, for
His Fortune all ye speechleffe, and his name
Is as falt gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To fhift his being,
Is to exchange one mirrifer with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What fhall thou expect?
To be depender on a thing that leannes?
Who cannot be new built, not ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'll not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I tryther take it,
It is an earneft of a farther good
That I meant to thee. Tell thy Miftris how
The rafe flands with her: don't, as from thy felfe;
Thinke what a chance thou chang'deft on, but thinke
Thou haft thy Miftris ftil, to bofte, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. He moue the King
To any fpife of thy Preferment, fuch
As thou'de defire: and then my felfe, I cheerefly,
That fet thee on to this defef, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.

Exit Pinfano.

Thinke on my words. A flye, and conftant knowe,
Not to be flank'd: the Agent for his Maffe,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fall to her Lord. I have gien him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vappe people her.
Of Leigders for her Sweete: and which the after
Except the bende her honor, fhall be afford'd
To rife of too.

Enrer Pinfano, and Ladyt.

So, fo: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowliffeys, and the Prime-Rofes
Bear to my Cloffe: Fare thee well, Pinfano.

Thinke on my words.

Pinfano. And fhall do:
But when to my good Lord, I prove venture,
He croke my felfe: there's all it e do for you.
Scena Septima.

Enter Imagens alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepmame falle.
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My surpream Crownes of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stole,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the defires that's glorious. Bleffed be thofe
How meane fo er, that have their honest wills,
Which feafons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Piffarius and Iachimo.

Piff. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy {Comus} is in safety,
And gettes your Honoursdaily.

Imo. Thanks good Sir.

Iach. You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, moeft rich:
If Ibe furnifh'd with a mind for rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Have loft the wager. Baldinelli be my Friend:
Arm me Audacie from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly by.

Imos reads,

He is one of the Noblest men, to whose kindneffe I am most in-
finitely tied. Reftleff upon him accordingly, as you value your

Imogens reads.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th'effection, and roke it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it fo
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks faireft Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature givne them eyes
To fee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land; which can distinguish'twixt
The firie Orbis aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Speckles fo precious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be th'eyes: for Apes, and Monkeys
Twixt two fuch She's, would chauffer this way, and
Comtemne with mowes the other. Nor th'judgment:
For Idiors in this cafe of fauuour, would
Be wilfully deftin: Nor th'Appetite.
Slut ery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make defire vomit emptinellce,
Not fo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the master tow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That fattiates yet vifiatiid defire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rouening fift the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Befeech you Sir,
Defire my Man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ftrange and penuifh.

Piff. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?

His health befeech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is,

Iach. Exceeding pefant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and fo gamefome: he is call'd
The Britifhe Reueller.

Iach. When he was here
He did incline to fadneffe, and oft times

Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer faw him fad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monfeur, that is feemes much lowes
A Gallian-Gifte at home. He furnifhes
The chicke fidges from him, whiles the illary Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from his free lungs series oh,
Can my fides heold, to think that man who knows
By Hiftory, Report, or his owne provee
What woman is, yea what the cannot choose
But mufi be will's free hours languifhes:
For affured bonage?

Imo. Will my Lord fay fo?

Iach. Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's no fome men are much too blame.

Iach. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauens bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himfelfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents,
When I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.

Iach. What do you pity Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrecck difcerne you in me
Defecute your pitty?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and folace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe;

Iach. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more openneffe your anfveres
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do.

(Exit Iachomo.)

Iach. That was a good, I joyed your — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do feeme to know

Some thing of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are path remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Diffcuer to me
What both you fpare and ftop.

Iach. Had I this checke
To bathe my lips upon this hand, whole touch,
(Whofe euer touch) would force the feelers foule
To th'oath of loyalty. This obfct, which
Takes prisoners the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiercing it onely heere, fhould I (damn'd then)
That which he is, new o’re: And he is one
The truest manner’d: such a holy Witch,
That he enchanteth Societies into him:
Hath all men hearts are his.

I. You make amends.

I. He fits ‘mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinder of Honor fets him off,
More then a mortal seeming. Be not angrye
(Most mighty Princeffe) that I have aduentur’d,
To try your taking of a falt report, which hath
Honour’d with confirmation your great Judgement,
In the election of a Sir, to rate,
Which you know, cannot erre. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffellie. Pray your pardon.

I. All’s well Sir:

Take my powre in’t Court for yours.

I. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
I intertay your Grace, but in a small requeft,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my fife, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the buftinefe.

I. Pray what’s this?

I. Some dozen Romances of vs, and your Lord
(The beft Feather of your wing) have mingled fummes
To buy a Prentef for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the ref) haue done
In France: ’s Plate of rare deudce, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquifite forme, their valuees great,
And I am something curious, being strike
To haue them in fafe flowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

I. Willingly:

And pawme mine Honor for their safety, fince
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepem
In my Bed-chamber.

I. They are in a Trunk

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To fend them to you, onely for this night:
I muft aboord to morrow.

I. O no, no.

I. Yes I bifeech: or I fhall flort my word
By length’ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croft the Seas on purpofe, and on promife
To fee your Grace.

I. I thank you for your pains:
But nor away from my prefent.

I. O I muft Madam.

Therefore I fhall bifeech you, if you pleafe
To gather your Lord with writing, don’t to night,
I haue out-flood my time, which is materiell
To’tender of your Prentef.

I. I will write:

Send your Trunk to me, it fhall befe kept,
And truly yeilded you: you’re very welcome. Extinct.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clatton, and the two Lords.

Clat. Was there ever man had fuch lucke? When I lift
the Jacke upon my palf-caft, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound o’t: and then a whorfon Jacke-on-Apes,
must
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.
1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowle.
2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would have run all a man.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any flanders by to curtail his oaths. Ha?
2 No my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clot Whorof dog? I gave him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Rank?
2. To have smell'd like a Poole.

Clot. I am not vex't more at any thing in the earth: a pox on't. Had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother: every Jacke-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cocke, with your comb out.

Clot. Sayest thou I
5. It is not you Lordship should undertake every Combation, that you give offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. It is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.
5. Did you heare of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I know not on't?
2. He's a Strange Fellow himeselfe, and knowes it not.

Clot. There's no Italian come, and I'thought on one of Lacedemus Friends.

Clot. Lacedemus? A banish'd Rascal, and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?
5. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke upon him? Is there no deregation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easilie I thinke.

2. You are a Poole granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile goe see this Italian: what I have lost day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship.

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yield the world this Asse: A woman, that Bears all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas poore Plaintell. Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endure'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gou'nd, A Mother hourly coping plots: A Woor, More hateful then the foule expiacion is. Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act

Of the divorce, he'd make the Heauens hold fime The walls of thy deere Honour. Keeps vanish'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou muft fland T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land, Exsur.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: Helene? 
La. Pleased you Madam, Imo. What house is Is?

Lady. Almoft midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leaves where I have left to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by fount, of clock, I pryethee call me. Sleepe hast criz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me befeech yee.

Sleep.

La. Chimbos from the Trunk.

Lach. The Crickets sing and mans ore-labor'd tense
Repairs is felle by reft: Our Targine thus
Did foftly preff the Rubes, ever he wak'ned
The Chaflite he wounded. Cytherea,
How braly thou becom'b thy Bed, fair Llly,
And whiter then the Sheeete that I might touch,
But kiffe, one kiffe. Rubies unparagon'd,
How deceitly they dont': Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th Taper
Bowes to toward her, and would vnder-perpe her lids.
To see th'inficled Light, now Canopied
Vnder th'itlows, White and Azure lake'd
With Blow of Heauens owne tinct. But my deign.
To note the Channel, I will write all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why fuch, and such: and the Contens o'th Story,
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moeables.
Would telleffe, t'ennish mine Inventorie.
O kiffe, thou Ape of death, ye fute upon her,
And be her Sentif but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As flipperly as the Gordonian-knot was hard.
Tis mine, and this will witneffe outwardly,
As strongly as the Confidence do's within: 
To th'madding of her Lord. On her left brefl
A moile Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Here's Voucher,
Stronger then ever Law could make; this Secret
Will force him think, I have pick'd of the lock, and 'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: so what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's insteccted,
Screw'd to my memory. She bath ben reading late,
The Tale of Tereus, here the leave's turn'd downe
Where Philema gave vp. Th'owe enough,
Toth'Trunke againe, and thus the fpring of it.
Swit, Swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear the Rausens eye: I fonde in feare,
Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is here.

Clots strikes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loffe, the most coldset that ever turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loffe.

2. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most ho't, and furious when you winne.

Clot.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this footloose Image, I should have Gold enough; it's almost morning, it's not yet?

CLOT. I would this Musick would come: I am advis'd to give her Musick a morning's, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fin- gering, I sweerly try with song too: if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give 'ee leave. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Handy, brooky, the Lark at Heaven's gate sings; and Phæbus' guns arise.

His Steeds to water at those Springs on cheery'd Flowers that bees And singing Mary-buds begin to rise their Golden eyes With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet aires: Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen trare, I will consider your Musick the better: if it do not, it is a voice in her ears which Horse-haters, and Calves-gets, nor the voice of unpaused Eunuch to boot, can never amazed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2. Heere comes the King.

CLOT. I am glad I was vp so early, for that's the reason I was vp so early: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to your gracious Mother.

CYM. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will the not forth?

CLOT. I have assay'd her with Musick, but the vouch- safes no notice.

CYM. The Exile of her Mioinion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on't, And then she's ours.

LO. You are most bound to his King, Who's let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be fromed With spinnel of the seafon: make denials Encrese your Services: so sheme, as if You were inpirit to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senefalle.

CLOT. Senefalle? Not so.

Mef. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is Callus Lucius.

CYN. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receave him According to the Honor of his Sender. And towards himselfe, his goodneffe fore-spent on vs We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you have giten good morning to your Miftris, Attend the Queen, and vs, we shall haue neede To employ you towards this Romane, Come our Queen.

Exeunt.

CLOT. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her ye face fill, and dreame: by your leave here, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (or is doth) yes, and makes Diana's Rengers saile themselfes, yeild vp Their Deere to'th Hand o'th' Stalker: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and faues the Theefe: Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vando? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the ease my selfe. By your leaue. Enter Knockes.

LAD. Who's there that knockes?

CLOT. A Gentleman.

LAD. No more.

CLOT. Yes, and a Gentlewoman Sonne.

LAD. That's more

Then some whole Taylors are at deere as yours, Can iutly boaste of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

CLOT. Your Ladies perdon, is the ready?

LAD. I, to keepe her Chamber.

CLOT. There is Gold for you, Sell me your good report.

LAD. How, my good name? or to repaye of you What I shall think is good. The Princeffe.

Enter Image.

CLOT. Good morrow faireish, Sitter your sweet hand.

IMO. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I give, Is telling that I am poor of thankes, And scarce can parle them.

CLOT. Still I swere I loue you, IMO. If you but fald fo, 'twere as deere with me: If you swere a still, your recompence is still That I regard it not.

CLOT. This is no answere.

IMO. But that you shall not say, I yeld being silent, I would not speake, I pray you spare me, 'tath I shall yold noth eqvall discourtese, To your bell kindesse: one of your great knowing Shoud learne (being taugt) forbearance.

CLOT. To leaue you in your madnisse, 'tweare my fin, I will not.

IMO. Foorie are not mad Folkes.

CLOT. Do you call me Foolc?

IMO. As I ammad I do: If you'll be patient, Ile no more be mad, That curest vs both. I am much sorry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so verbale: and learnere now, for all, That I which know my heart, do bee: pronounce By th'rey thing of it. I care not for you, And am so neere the lacke of Chrisitie To accufe my felse, I hate you which I had rather You felt, then make't my boast.

CLOT. You fonne again?

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contrary you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almes, and soliter'd with cold dishets, With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contrary, none; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their foules (On whom there is no more dependance But Brats and Beggery) in felle-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that employment, by

uo3
The consequence o'th' Crown, and must not joye
The precious note of it; with a bafe Slaue,
A Hilding for a Luister, a Squares Cloth,
A Pantler; not fo eminent.

Ino. Prophane Fellow
Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wert to be bafe,
To be his Groom; thou wert dignified enough
Even to the point of Envy. If'twere made
Comparative for your Vertue, be fill'd
The vnder Hangman of his King; and hated
For being prefer'd fo well.

Cloth. The South-Fog rot him.
Ino. He never cau metre more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanit Garment
That ever hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires about thee,
Were they all made such men? How now Pifano?

Enter Pifano,

Cloth. His Garments? Now the diuell.
Ino. To Dost thy my woman bie thee presently,
Cloth. His Garment?
Ino. I am frighted with a Fools,
Frighted, and angred worfe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Matters. Shew me
If it would loose it for a Reveue,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I can't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night' was on mine Arme; I kifs'd it,
I hope it be not gone; to tell my Lord
That I kifs'd aught but he.

Pif.: Twill not be lost.
Ino. I hope so: go and search.
Cloth. You have abus'd me.
His meanest Garment?
Ino. I, I said so Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.
Cloth. I will enforce your Father.
Ino. Your Mother too?
She's my good Lady; and will conclude, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To'th' worst of discontent.

Cloth. He becurrend's:

His meanest Garment? Well.

Enter Pothumbos, and Philaria.

Pof. Fearce is not Sir: I would I were fo sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Phils. What means do you make to him?

Pof. Not any; but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters stare, and with
That warmer days would come: In thefe fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they sayling,
I must die much your debtor.

Phils. You're very goodme, and your company,
One-pays all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Angius's Caius Lucinus,
Will do Commission throughly. And I think

He'll grant the Tribute: land th'Arrages,
Or looke upon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe.

Pof. I do beleue
(Statu'though I am none, nor like to be)
That this shall prose a Warre, and you shall heart
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our deiring-Britaine, than haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Coutrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Julius Csesar
Smild at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the worlde. Enter Lucihno.

See Lucihno.

Pof. The firstt Hart, have poited you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kids your Sails,
To make your vessell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir,
Pof. I hope the briefeness of your answere, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

lach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon
Pof. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Lookke thorough a Calemnent to allure faire hearts,
And be faire with them.

lach. Here are Letters for you.

Pof. Their tenure good I trust.

lach. 'Tis very like.

Pof. Was Caius Lucinus in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

lach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd,
Pof. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is not
Too dull for your good wearing?

lach. If I have loft it,
I should haue loft the worth of it in Gold,
Ie make a journey twice as farre, 'tis joye
A second night of fuch sweet shortnife, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Pof. The Stones too hard to come by.

lach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being fo easy.

Pof. Make note Sir
Your loffe, your Spore: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

lach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Misfirs home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profelemy lefle the winner of her Honor,
Together with your King; and not the wronger
Of her, or you having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Pof. If you can make't apparant
That you have tailet her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honours names, or lookes,
Your Sword, or mine, Maisterfiesle leafe both
To who shall finde them.

lach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being no more the Truth, as I will make them,
Mall first induce you to beleue; whose strength
I will confirme with hoth, which I doubt not
Who knows if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolen it from her.

_Pol. Very true,
And lo! I hope he came by't: back my ring,
Renderer to me some corporall signe about her
More evident then this: for this was thine.

_Inf. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

_Pol. Hearke you, be sweares: by Jupiter he sweares,
'Tis true, nay keep the Ring: 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it ther Attendants are
All sweorne, and honourable: they indued'to sleaze it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinencie
Is this: the hath bought the name of Whore,thus dazely
There, take thy hyre, and all the Friends of Hell
Divide themselves betweene you.

_Phid. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleu'd
Of one perswaded well of.

_Pol. Neuer talk on't:
She hath bin contented by him.

_Inf. If you seeke
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her prizing): by, O Vale, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I lift it, and it gau me pretius hunger
To feeke againe, though full. You do remember
This flaine upon her?

_Pol. I, and it doth confirme
Another flaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

_Inf. Will you heare more?

_Pol. Spare your Aretchmatricke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

_Inf. Ile be sweorne.

_Pol. No swearing:
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do't deny
Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

_Inf. Ile deny nothing.

_Pol. O that I had her heare, to teeze her Limb-meales
I will go there and, I in't Court; before
Her Father. He do something.

Exit. _Phid. Quitse besides
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruse the pretius wrath
He hath against himselfe.

_Inf. With all my heart,
Exeunt.

_Enter Puffinamus._

_Pol. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Baltards,
And that moost venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, I know not where
When I was stampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother feem'd
The Day of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-parrel of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance! I
Me of my lawfull pleasure the restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie to Roife, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as sv-Sun'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow _Infamia_ in house, was't not?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in Seats, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door; and at another, Caesar, Lucius, and Attendants.

Gym. Now say, what would Auguisus Caesar with us? Luc. When Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lutes in men's eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues Be Theame, and hearing euerwas in this Britain, And Conquer'd it, Caffellian shine Valile (Famous in Cæsar prays'rs, no whit leafe Then in his Feasts deferving (it) for him, And his Succession, granted Rome's Tribute, Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately Is left intender'd. Luc. And to kill the meruall, Shall be so euer. 

Clet. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius: Britaine's a world By it selfe, and we will nothing pay For wearing our owne Notes. Luc. That opportunity Which then they had to take from's, to refume We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege, The Kings your Antecessors, together with The natural bravery of your Life, which stands As Neptunes Parke, rib'd, and pale'd in With Oakes vnlakeable, and roaring Waters, With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boates, But forc'e them up to'tis Top-mauff. A kind of Conqueft Cæsar made heere, but made not here his brande Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came, with flame The (first that euer touch'd him) he was carried From off our Coasts, twice beaten: and his Shipping (Poore ignorant Baulbles) on our terrible Seas Like Enge-sheils mou'd upon their Surges, crack'd As easily gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof, The fam'd Caffellian, who was once at point Of Cæsar Fortune, to maller Cæsar's Sword, Made Ladi-Steve with rejoycing-Flares bright,
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Is faire into thy ears? What faire Italian,
(As poylonous tongue &dashed;hathe preuiald
On thy too ready hearing? Dilfoy all I No,
She's punf'd for her Truth; and underpore
More Goddes-like, then Wife-like, such Aflauts
As would take in some Vereue. Oh my Mather,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I Should mistrue her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Have made to thy command? I bet ? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good service, neuer
Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I,
That I should reeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to Doon; the Letter.
That I have sent her, by her same command
Shall gine thee opportuinasie. Oh donna'd paper,
Blakke as the Inke that's on those fenfible glosses,
Art thou a Pedariate for this Act; and look't
So Virgine-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imagion.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pifania?
Pif. Madam, here's a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Whom, or Thy Lord? That is my Lord Lonatus?
Oh, lest're I'd diuere were that Altonomer.
That knew the Streeres, as this Characteres,
He'll lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contaid, reflih of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet note
That we two are sifter, let that giue true him;
Some grieues are medicable, that is one of them,
For it doth phislie Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wox,y thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make thes Lockes of counsaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike,
Though Forayours you call in prision, yet
You clarify young Cephal Tables: good Newes Gods.

Pifania and your Fathers worth (should be take me in his
Dominion could not be so cruell to me: as (oh the des-
reeof Creatures) would even renoun with your eyes.
Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what yous
owne Love, will one of this aduice you follow. So be taken
all happiness, that remains loyal to his Pow, and your encrea-
ing in Loue.

Leonatus Polthuanus

Oh for a Horse with wings: Heart thou Pifania?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How rate't his thither. If one of meane aires
May plod it in a week, why may not
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pifania,
Who long'll like me, to see thy Lord; who long'll
(Oh let me bare) but not like me: yet long'll
Butch a fainer kind, Oh not like me:
For mine beyond, beyond is say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counsillor should fill the boyes of hearing,
To th'hmothering of the Senfe)how farrest it is
To this fame blesseld Milford. And by' the way.
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T'inderith such a Hauen. But first of all,
How weasny fcele from hences and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hences-going,
And our returne, to execute: but first, how get hence,
Why should excude be borne or ege begot?
Wecle talke of that heereafter. Prytho seake,
How many ftre of Miles may we well rid

Twixt house, and house?
Pif. One score'twixt Sun, and Sun.
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Exeution Man,
Could never go so fast: I have heard of Riding wigers,
Where Hories have bin nimble then the Sand's
That run'th't Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolish,
Go, bid my Woman figure a Sickenfe, say
She'll home to her Fader; and prouide me preferably
A Riding Suit: No costler then would fir
A Franklins Hufwife.

Pif. Madam, you're bell consider.

Imo. I leave before me (Man) nor here, nor here;
Nor what comers but have a Fog in them
That I cannot look through: Away, I pryshee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say,
Acceptable is none but Milford way.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Belis saux, Guiderius, and Arvirauus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keep houfe with such,
Whole Rooke's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how to adore the Heaven's; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Montches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Halle thou faire Heaven,
We houfe th't Roce, yet we thee so hardly
As prouder liver do.

Guld. Halle Heaven.

Arvir. Halle Heaven.

Bel. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yonge: Ile tread these Fiars. Consider,
When you shoule perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lett'en, and set off.
And you may then reuole what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courses, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre,
This Service, is not Service; fo being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draws vs a profite from all things we fee:
And often to our comfort, still we finde
The sharded-Beetle, in a faler hold.
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babbe.
Prouder, then ruffling in vpuy'd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Booke vnread'd so life to ours.

Gnl. Out of your prooufe you speake: we poore entiled
Have noer wing'd, from view of minits; nor knowes not
What Ayr's from home. Happily this life is bell,
(If quires life be bed) longer to you
That have a cheaper knowne. Well corresponding
With your fliffe Age; but vnto vs, its
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prifon, or a Debtors, that nor dures
To stride a limit.

Arvi. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The Raines and while on the darke December. How
In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse

The
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are brutally subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we ext're
Our labour is to chase what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quite, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And fong our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak.
Did you but knoe the Cities Visites,
And felt them knowingly: the Arts oth Court,
As hard to leave, as keep: whose top to clime
Is certaine falling: or so flipp'rly, that
The faire's as bad as falling: the toyle oth'Waste,
A paine that onely seems to feoke out danger
Ib's name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes I'search,
And hath as of a hand'yous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill defere, by doing well: what's worse
Moft curt'ly at the Centrure. Oh Boyes, this Store
The World may reade In me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the heft of Note. Cymbeline loud me,
And when a Soullier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruits. Bur in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: may my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gu. Vercatinia fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you off)
But that two Villaines, whose name Ou'they preciou'd
Before my perfect Honor, I wrote to Cymbeline,
I was Confedurate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and therse Demesnes, have bene my World,
Where I haue li'd at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fare no poyzon, which attends
In place of greater State?
Ile meete you in the Valleys,
How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature?
Thefe Boyes know little they ate Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanly
I'th'Caste, whereon the Bowse their thoughts do hit,
The Rooffes of Palaces: and Nature promis them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladouur,
The heyre of Cymbeline and Britannie, who
The King his Father call'd Gudieriu. Joute,
When on my three foot flooe I fit, and tell
The warlike fear I haue done, his spiritts flye out
Into my Story: fay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I let my footo on's necke, even then
The Princeely blood flowers in his Cheekke he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerves, and purpos himselfe in poiture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother Cadwall,
Once Arminous, is in like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and thewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rous'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou didst it mutilly banish me: whereon

At chese, and two years old, I hole these Babes,
Thinking to bare thee of Succession, as
Thou resse me of my Lands. Everplshe,
Thou was't theur Nurse, thou took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grace:
My felle Belarum, that am Morgan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pifiano and Imagen.

Imo. Thou toldst me when we came fir'st horese, yplace
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me fir'st, as I have now: Pifiano, Man;
Where is Piffummo? What is in thy mind
That makes thee file thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From th'ward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing periloud
Beyond felse-explication. Put thy felse
Into a hauour of felse fear, eare wildniffe
Vanquish my fayder Senfes. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? It's be Summer Newes
Smile too before: if Winterly, thou needst it
But keep thee that courst hance fill. My Husbands hand
That Drug-dam'd Italy, hath out-crafted him,
And bee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremeart, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.
Pif. Please you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most diidain'd of Fortune.

Imagen reads,

My Belifsp (Pifiano) hath plaine the Strumpet in my Bed: the Testimonies whereof, fye bleeding to me. I spoke not out of weak Seruises, but from proffes as strong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expel my Revenges. That part, shou (Pifiano) must alle for me; if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of her; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Melford Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make once certaine it is done, thou art the Powder to her diisoun, and equally to me dismayd.
Pif. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throast already? No, this Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the poffing windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, may the Secrets of the Graue
This veprous flander enters. What cheere, Madam? Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false? To ly in watch here, and to thine on him
To wepe 'twixtw clock and clock? I fleft charge Nature,
To breake it with a feallful dreame of him.
And cry my felle awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?
Pisa. Alas good Lady,
Imo. I false? Thy Confession witnesse Jachinos,
Thou didst' accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'd as like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Thy favours good enough. Some lay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) bath betrayed him:
Poor I am sale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am sticher then to hang by th'walleas,
I must be ript: To Peececes with me: Oh! I
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reques (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Brace for Ladies,
Pisf. Good Madam, hearre me.
Ims. True honeft men being heard, like fafe aEneas,
Were in his time though fafe: and Sycem weeping
Did strandall many a holy care; tooke pitty
From most true wretchedneffe. So thou, Pofhumus
Wilt lay the Leasu on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be fafe and perius'd
From thy great fafe: Come Fellow, be thou honeft,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou feest him,
A little with thee my obedienc. Looke
I draw the Sword my fafe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loe (my Heart:)
Fearnot, is't empty of all things, but Grece:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Though not be valiant in a better caufe;
But now thou feem'st a Coward.
Pisf. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt nor damme my hand,
Ims. Why, I muf dy:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-Slaughters,
There is a prohibition so Divine,
That causers my weake hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's a foote: Soft, soft, we'll no defence,
Obedient as the Seabadd. What is herea,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leomon,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poor Poolees
Beleeue fafe Teachers: Though thele that are besaid
Do feele the Treason farh, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Pofhumus,
That didst not fent up my disobeience gainst the King,
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the flutes
Of Principall Fellows, that hereafter finde
It is no act of common pasage, but
A Rofine of Rarrenesse: I greue my fafe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be dideged by her,
That now thou prey'ft on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Brythee dispartch,
The Lambe entrates the Butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou are too flow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.
Pisf. Oh gracious Lady;
Since I receu'd commend to do this busineffe,
I have not flert one wink.
Ims. Doe's, and to bed then.
Pisf. I will wakke mine eye-dalles first.
Ims. Wherefore then
Didst thou undertake it? Why haft thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horafe labour?
The Time imitating thee? The perdurt'd Count
For my being abient? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why haft thou gone to faire
To be in-beat when thou haft tane thy hand,
Th'elected Deere before thee?
Pisf. But to win time
To looke for bad employment, in the which
I have confide'ed of a coures: good Ladie
Hearre me with patience.
Ims. Talek thy tongue weary, speake:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ease
Therein false brooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bosom that. But speake,
Pisf. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.
Ims. Moft like,
Bringing me herete to kill me.
Pisf. Not so neither.
But if I were as wife, as honeft then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
And singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed inuirs,
Ims. Some Roman Curnezan?
Pisf. No, no
On my life:
Ie give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody figue of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do; you shall be mist as Courts,
And that will well confirm it.
Ims. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the white? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Pisf. If you'll backe to't, Court.
Ims. No Court, no Father. nor no more aoe
With that harth, noble, simple nothing:
That Clater, whose Lous-juice hath bene to me
As fearfull as a Siege.
Pisf. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.
Ims. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th worldes Volume
Our Britaine seems as of it, but nor in't:
In a great Poole, a Swanes-neft, pthy thee think
There's flutes out of Britaine.
Pisf. I ammost glad
You think of other place: Th'ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow.
Now, if you could weare a minde
Darker, as your Poole is, and but difguise
That which appears it fafe, muft not yet be,
But by felle-danger, you should tread a coure
Pretty, and full of view: yes, happily, neere
The residence of Pofhumus; so nie (as left)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report shoulde render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he movees.
Ims. Oh for such means,
Though prevail to my modeifie, not death on't
I would adventure.
Pisf. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fear, and Nieceffele
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty felle) into a waggift courage,
Ready in gybes, quickke-answer'd, fawce, and
As quarrelous as the Wazazz: Nay, you must
Forget that rare Treafure of your Cheekes,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alack
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Alacke no remedy to the greedy touch Of common-living Tires and forget Your labourome and dainty Trimmes, wherein You made great false angry.

Imo. Nay be breafe? I see into thy end, and am almost A man already.

Pif. First, make your selfe but like one, Fore-thinking this. I have already fit (Tis in my Closkie-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoge, all That answer to them: Would you in their feaung, (And with what imitation you can borrow From youth of such a season) fore Noble Lucius Present your selfe, desite his fervice; tell him Wherein you're happy; which will make him know, If that his head hauie ease in Muicke, doubleffe With hoy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable, And doublding that, most holy. Your meanings abroad: You have me rich, and I will never fale.

Beginning, nor fupplyment.

Imo. They are all the comfort The Gods will diet me wish, Prynthee away, There's more to be confider'd: but we'll euen All that good time will gie vs. This attempt, I am Souldier too, and will abide it with A Princes Courage. Away, I praythee.

Pif. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell, Leafe being mift, I be suspected of Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miftresse, Here's a box, I had it from the Queene, What's in't is precious: if you take it treafe, Or Stomacks-quain'd at Land, A Dramme of this Will drive away defperm. To some fhade, And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods Direc't you to the best.


Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus faire, and do faire well, Lce. Thanks, Royall Sir: My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence, And am right fory, that I must report ye My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Sutherland (Sir) Will not endure his yoke: and for our felfe To flew leffe Soueraigny then they, mutt needs Appear vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I desire of you A Conduct our Land, to Milford-Haute, Madam, all joy befall thy Grace, and you, Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office: The dute of Honor, in no point omit So farewell Noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth I wear it as your Enemy,

Luc. Sir, the Event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucinus, good my Lords Till he have croft the Seuern, Happiness. Exit Lucinus, &c

Cym. He goes hence frowning: but it honorvs us That we have given him caufe.

Clot. 'Tis all the better, Your valiant Britaine heue their wishes in,

Cym. Lucinus hath wrote already to the Emperor How it goes here. It flite vs therefore ripply Our Chaftion, and our Horiffemen be in readiness: The Powres that he already hath in Gallia Will soone be drawn to head, from whence he moves His warre for Britaine.

Cym. 'Tis not sleepy business, But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene, Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd The duty of the day. She looke vs like A thing more made of malice, then of duty, We have noted it. Call her before vs, for We have beene too flight in suffereance.

Roy. Since the exil of Ptolemanu, most rejoy'd Hach her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord, 'Tis time muft do. Befeech you Mafiey, Forbear sharpes speecches to her. Shee's a Lady So tender of rebukes, that words are froke,

And frokes death to her.

Enter a Messenge.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How Can her contempbe be answer'd?

P. Plesse you Sir,

Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer That will be gien to'th'lowd of noise, we make,

Qu. My Lord, when Ift went to vift her, She pray'd me to excufe her keeping clofe, Whereeto confrain'd by her iniftrurte, She fhou'd that duty leave vnside to you Which daily shou was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?

Nefte of fere vs? Grant Heauens, that which I

P. P. proue falle.

Qu. Sonne, I lay, follow the King,

Clot. That man of hers, Pifamia, her old Seruant I have not ferue these twa days.

Qu. Go, looke after:

Pifamia, thou that fland'f to for Ptolemanu, He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his abfence Proceed by following that. For he beleues It is a thing moft precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Hapy dispair hath feiz'd her: Or wing'd with ferour of her love, she's flowne To her defint Ptolemanu: gone she is, To death, or to dis honor, and my end Can make good vie of either. Shee being downe, I have the prizing of the Britifh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled:

Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may This night fore-flie him of the comming day. Exit Qu.

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and Royall, And that she hath all eourly parts more exquifite Then
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The beft the hath, and the best of all compounded
Out-for them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favour on
The love. Pothumus, flanders to her judgemenr,
That what's elfe rare, is shoak'd and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, may indede,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Foolcs shall—
Enter Pifanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing forth?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elfe
Thou art at rightway with the friends.

Pif. Oh, good my Lord.
Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter, I will not ask againe. Clofe Villaine,
Hae he this Secret from thy heart, or tip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with Pothumus?
From whole so many weightes of balefetie, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne, with
Pif. Alas, my Lord,
How can he be with him? When was the mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is the Sir? Come nearer:
No farther halting: fatifie me home,
What is become of her?

Pif. Oh, my all-worshy Lord.

Clo. All-worshy Villaine,
Difcover where thy Miftis is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy fience on the infant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pif. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's fee't: I will pursuie her
Euen to Angelus Throne.

Pif. Or this, or perhapes
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May prove his resuell, not her danger.

Clo. Hum.

Pif. Hee write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe may it thou wander, safe returne a gen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is Pothumus hand, I know't.
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vndergo those Employments wherein I should have cause to vfe thee with a ferious industry, that is, what villainy feece I bid thee do to performe it, direcly and truly, I would thinke thee an honest man: thou shouldest neither want my means for thy reliefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Clo. wilt thou seruice me? For since patientely and
constantly thou haft flucke to the bare Fortune of
that Beggar Pothumus, thou canst not in the course of grati-
ude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou seruie
once?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give mee thy hand, here's my purse. Haft any
of thy late Mifters Garments in thy poche? 

Pifas. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suete he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mi-
trefle.

Clo. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suete
hithcr, let it be thy first seruice, go.

Pif. I shall my Lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to ask
him one thing, he remember's anon.) There's, thou
Villaine Pothumus will I kill thee. I would shee Gar-
ments were come. She faide upon a time (the bitternesse
of it, I now béth from my heart) that shee held the very
Garments of Pothumus, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall perfon; together with the adomement
of my Qualities. With that Suete upon my backe will I ra-
ush her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shal the fee
my valour, which will then be a torment to his contemptes.
He on the ground, my speech of infultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Luft hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
prais'd) to the Courte Ile knock her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath despis'd mee rejoycingly, and Ile bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pifanio.

Be thole the Garments?

Pif. I my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since the went to Milford-Hauen?

Pif. She can feare be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Muse to my designe. Be
but duties, and true preferment shall render it felle to
thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come, and be true.

Pif. Thou bidst me to my lyfe: true to thee,
Worke to prove false, which I will never bee
To him that is mott true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purfuite bee.
Flow,flow
You Heauenely blessings on her: This Fools speede
Be crost with Lownecke; Labour be his mede.

Enter Imagin.

Scena Sexta.

Two. Tis a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue ey'd my felloe: and for two nights together
Haus made the ground my bed. I shou'd be fickes,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountain top, Panias thould thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Loue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meanes,
Where they should be retend. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poor Follks lye
That haue Afflications on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich'ones fcarce tell true. To lapipe to Fuline
Is forser, than lye for Neede: and Falthem
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one of thole Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to fincke, for Food. But what is this?
Here's a path too: 'tis some fawage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleanes it o're-throw Nature, makes it valliant.
Plente, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnffe euer
Of Hardnffe is Mother. Ho! who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if fawage,
Take, or lend, Hoa? No answer? Then I enter, Beft draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy But fear the Sword like me, he's fearfully looke on't. Such a Foot, good Heaunt. Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Gilderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Poldark's have prou'd beft Woodman, and Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match: The sweat of industry would dry, and dye But for the end it worketh too. Come, our Ramsakes Will make what's homely, fauntry; Weariness Can store upon the Flint, when retifie Sloth Finds the House-paw'd head. Now peace be here, Poor house, that keep it thy self. Gui. I am throughly weary. Arr. I am wheeke with coyle, yet strong in appetite. There is cold meat in'th'Caue, we'll brown on that Whil't what we have kill'd, be Cook'd. Gill. Stay, come not in: But that it esteth our virtualles, I should thinke Heere were a Fairey. Gui. What's the matter, Sir? Bel. By Jupiter an Angell: or if not An earthy Paragon, Behold Diuineneffe No elder than a Boy. Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters hame me not: Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took:good tooth I haue nolme nought, nor would not, though I had found Gold strew'd th'th'Floor. Here's money for my Meate, I would haue left it on the Board, so soone As I had made my Meate; and parted With Pray'r's for the Provider. Gui. Money! Youth? Arr. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt, As 'tis no better reckond, but of those Who worship dutly Gods. Imo. I see you're angry: Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have dyed, had I not made it. Bel. Whither bound? Imo. To Milford-Haven. Bel. What's your name? Imo. Fidelis Sir: I haue a Kniffman, who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford, To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am falne in this offence. Bel. Prythee (faire youth) Thinks vs no Charliers: nor measure our good mindes By this rude place we haue in. Well encounter'd, 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere Ere you depart; and thanke's to fray, and este it: Boys, bid him welcome. Gui. Were you a woman, youth, I shou'd woo hard, but be your Gromme in honestly: I bid for you, as I do buy. Arr. He makes: my Comfort He is a man, I love him as my Brother: And such a welcome as I'd giue to him (After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome: Be frigibly, for you all mong't Friends. Imo. Young Friends? If Brothes: would it had bin so, that they Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize Bin lefe, and so more equall ballasting To thee Posthumus. Bel. He wrings at some diffrefes. Gui. Would I could free't, Arr. Or what ere it be, What paine is col, what danger: Gods! Bel. Hearke Boys. Imo. Great men That had a Court no bigger then this Caue, That did attend themselfes, and had the vertue Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laving by That nothing-guilft of differing Multitudes Could not out-peer thse twaine. Pardon me Gods, I'd change my faze to be Companion with them, Since Leonato fafe. Bel. It shal be fo: Boyes we'll go dreffe our Hunt. FAire youth come in; Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we haue supp'd We'll manerly demand thee of thy Story, So farre as thou wilt speake it. Gui. Pray draw neere. Arr. The Night to th'Owe, And Morne to th'Laske lefe welcome. Imo. Thanks Sir. Arr. I pray draw neere. Exit.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ: That since the common men are now in Action 'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians, And that the Legions now in Gallia, are Full weake to undertake our Warses against. The fanke-off Britains, that we do insite The Gentry to this businesse. He creates Lucius Pro-Conful: and to you the Tribunes For this immediate Legy, he commands His absolute Commandion. Long live Caesar. Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces? 2 Sen. 1. Tri. Remaining now in Gallia? 2 Sen. With those Legions Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuele Muff be suppliant: the words of your Commandion Will tye you to the numbers, and the time Of their dispahtch. Tri. We will discharge our duty. Exit.

Enter Cloten above.

Clot. I am neere to the place where they should meet, if Posthumus have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments tewe me? Why shoold his Milktis who was made by him that
that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (fauing
tercence of the Word) for 'tis faide a Womans finnetle
comes by firs: therein I must play the Workman, I date
fpeak it to my felf, for it is not Vanglorie for a man, and
his Glafs, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lefle
young, more strong, not benefit him in Fortunes, be-
und him in the aduantage of the time, abufe him in
Birth, alke conuenient in generall feruices, and more re-
markable in single oppofitions; yet this imperfeuerant
Time loues him in my delight. What Mortallitie is?
Pathetneus, thy head (which now is growing upon thy
shoulders) shall within this house be off, thy MILFins
inforced, thy Garmens cut to pieces before thy face: and
all this done, (purue her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my fough wage: but my
Mother having power of his effettnele, shall turn all in-
to my commendations. My Horfe is tyed vp fafe, out
Sword, and to a fore purpofe: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
and the Fellow dares not deceit me:  

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arinogus, and
Imogens from the Cane.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine here in the Cane,
We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arin. Brother, I am well here?

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differ in dignitie,
Whofe duft is both alike. I am very feke,

Gai. Go you to Hunting, He abide with him.

Imo. So feke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not fo Citizen a wanton, as
To feme to dye, ete fice: So pleafe you, leave me,
Stick to your Journal courfe: the breach of Cufome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, no comfort
To one not fociable: I am not very feke,
Since I can reafon of it: pray you truft me here,
Ile rob none but my felfe, and let me dye
Stealing fo poorly.

Gai. I loue thee: I have feke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What's how? how?

Arin. If it be finne to fay fo (Sir) I poyoke me
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I have heared you fay,
Loue's reafon's, without reafon. The Beeke at doore,
And a demand who is (thall dye, I'd fay."

My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble braine!
Oh wonderneffe of Nature, breed of Greatteffe!

"Cowards father Cowards, & Bafe things Syre Bacce;
Nature hath Meale, and Bean; Contempt, and Grace;
I'me not their Father, yet who this fhould bee,
Deth myracle it felfe, loud before me.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morn.

Arin. Brother, farewell.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Why I should yield to thee?
Clos. Thou Villaine bse.
Know'lt me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor tby Taylor, Hafell:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it feemes) make thee.
Clos. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank.
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foolo, I am loath to beate thee.
Clos. Thou ininitious Thieve.
Heere bu my name, and tremble.
Gui. What is thy name?
Clos. Cloten, thou Villaine.
Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine by thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
T'would move me sooneer.
Clos. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy mere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Some to th'Queene.
Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clos. Art not afraid?
Gui. Thosethat I reverence, those I feare: the Wife:
At Foolos I laugh: not feare them.
Clos. Dyre the death:
When I have flaine thee with my proper hand,
Ie follow those that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Lud. I fomce your heads:
Yield Ruffike Mountaineer, Eighth and Executioner, Enter Belarius and Arragon.
Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arr. None in the world: you did make him fure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blur'd those fide line of Favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'twas very Cloten.
Arr. In this place we left them;
I with my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is foell.
Bel. Being fesse made vp,
I meanes to man; he had not apprehenstion
Of roaring terror: For defect of judgement
Is oft the caufe of Fear.

Enter Guidersia.

But fee thy Brother.
Gui. This Cloten was a Foolo, an empty pursse.
There was no money in't: Not Herouer
Could have knockt it out his Braveens, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foolo had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What haft thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Clotens head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who calld me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne finge hand he'll take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks to the Gods) they grow
And let them on Lud. Towne.
Bel. We are all vndone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to looke,
But that he swore to take, our Lives t' the Law
Protestus not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant pece of flesh threat vs?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
The Tragedic of Gymbeline.

I have sent Cloten Clot-pole down the frame, in Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage for his returne.

So thetmi cannot

Thou no, thou

For his returne.

Sueton Mistick

Gii. My ingenious Instrument, (Heartie Poldaire) it sounds: but what occasion

Hath Caderall now to give it motion? Heartie,

Gii. Is it at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gii. What does he mean?

Since death of your deere Mother

It did not speake before. All sollemne things

Should anwser sollemne Accidents. The matter?

Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,

Is sollyrie for Ape, and greeves for Boyes.

Is Caddell mad?

Enter Arimigues, with Imagen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Looke, here he comes, and brings the dire occasio in his Arms,

Of what we blame him for.

Ari. The Bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather

Haste chris from fifteene years of Age, to fancy:

To have cast'd my leaping time into a Crunch,

Then havee seene this.

Gii. Oh sweete self,因子 Lilly

My Brother weares thee not the one hafte so well,

As when thou grew'th thy selfe,

Bel. Oh Melancholly,

Who ever yet could found thy bortome? Finde

The Ooze, to shew what Coall thy flaggish care

Might'th castl'd harbour in. Thou blessed thing,

Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,

Thou dyed'th a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.

How found you him?

Ari. Starke, as you see:

Thus fumling, as some Fly had tickled flumber,

Not as deathes dart, being laugh'd at: his right Checke

Reposing on a Cushion.

Gii. Where?

Ari. Oth's Floores:

His armes thus leag'd, I thought he slept, and put

My clostow Brogues from off my feetes, whose rudeenesse

Answerd my stepps too loud.

Gii. Why, howe, but sleepees:

If he be gone, hee'th make his Graue, a Bed:

With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,

And Wormes will not come to thee.

Ari. With fayret Flowers

Whil'st Sommer lefts, and I live here, Fidele,

Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke

The Flower that's like thy face, Pale-Primofoe, nor

The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor

The leafe of Eglantine, whom nor to stander,

Out-sweeten out thy breath; the Raddocke would

With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore famed

T hose rich-left-heyetrs, that let their Fathers lye

Without a Ceremone) bring thee all this,

Ye, and fur'd Maffe before.

When Flowers are none

To winter-ground thy Coarie——

Gii. Pythee have done, and

Do not play in Wench-like words with that

Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,

And not prostrate with admiration, what

Is now due debt. To' th' grave.

Ari. Say, where shall I lay him?

Gii. By good Euriphile, our Mother.

Ari. Bee'th fo:

And let vs (Poldaire) though now our voyces

Hau'e got the manfull strike, finge him to'th'ground

As once to our Mother: vie like note, and words,

Sauce that Euriphile, must be Fidelle.

Gii. Cadwell,

I cannot sing: Ile wepe, and whatl it with thee;

For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse

Then Priests, and Phanes that lyce.

Ari. Weet I speake it then.

Bel. Great greeues I see med'eine the leffe: For Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,

And through he came our Enemy, remember

He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rosting

Together haue one duft, yet Reuerence

(That Angel of the World) doth make distillation

Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,

And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,

Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gii. Pray you fetch him hither,

Thebrest body is as good as Alace.

When neither are alike.

Ari. If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin,

Gii. Nay Cadwell, we must lay his head to the East,

My Father hath a reason for't.

Ari. Tis true,

Gii. Come on then, and remove him.

Ari. So, begin.

SONG.

Guild. Fear no more the beate o'th' Sun,
Not the furious Winters rage,
Thos' thy worldly task'hit down,
Home art go', and take thy wages.
Golden Lade, and Gloves all muf't,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.
Ari. Fear no more the frieume o'th' Great.
Thos' art past the Tirants froake,
Care no more to cloath and eat.
To thee the Reede is as the Oak:
The Sceptre, Learning, thy fierce muf't,
All follow thee and come to dust.

Guild. Fear no more the lightning flut.
Ari. Nor th'blest dredd'ed Thunderstone.
Gii. Fear not Slanders, Conquerer's eal.
Ari. Thou biffd seck'd thy baffle and more.
Both. All Lones' young, all Lovers muf't
Confide to thee and come to dust.

Gii. No exercise for harms thee,
Ari. Nor with-craft-craft charm' she thee.
Gii. Ghost unald forbeare thee.
Ari. Nothing ill come more thee.
Both. Quet confirmation hate,
And remember be thy graue.

Enter Belatine with the body of Cloten.

Gii. We have done our obfieques:

Come lay him downe.

Bel. Here's a few Floweres, but 'bout midnight more:

The hearebess that hau'e on them cold dew o'th'night

Are firewings fin't for Graues: spon their Faces.

You were as Floweres, now wither'd even so

Theire Herbeless shal, which we upon you shew.

Come on, away, apart upon our knees:

The ground that gave them first, he's there again.

Their pleasures, here are past, so are their paine.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pifanio.

Cym. A brave state; and hearing me say 'twas with her,
A feare our with the absence of her sonne;

Scene Tertia.

Imogen awakes.
Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thank you: by yond bush? say how farre theither?
'Od pittis'kins it can it be mile or two.
I have all night: Faith, he lay downe, and sleepe.
But so, no Bedfellow: Oh Gods, and Godfelles!
These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honett Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, nothing at all,
Which the Brake makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our judgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble full with feares: but if there be
Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrent eye; fast'd Gods, a part of it,
The Dreame heere full: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headleffe man? The Garments of Pollyanna?
I know the shape of Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh.
The brawne of Hercules: and his Masculine face:
Murder in Heauen? How? 'tis gone. Pifano,
All Curles madded Heues: the Greciues,
And mine to boot, be dastard on thee thou.
Confant with that Irregulous dull Cletsen,
Haft heere curf off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damned Pifano,
Hath with his forged Letters (damnd Pifano)
From this most bruased vellifi of the world
Strooke the mine top! Oh Pufliamnu, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pifano might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pifano?
'Tis he, and Cletsen: Mallice, and Lucre in them.
Haued this Woe heere. Oh'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gave me, which hee faid was precious
And Cordiall to me, haued not found it
Murd'rous to th' Senfes! That confirmes it home:
This is Pifano's deed, and Cletsen: Oh!
Gue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to these
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
Enter Lucius, Captain, and a Souldier.
Cap. To them, the Legions garnis'd in Gallia
After your will, have croot the Sea, attend
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in hand. Lucius.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The Senate hath firlt'd up the Conftiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, moft willing Spirits,
That promife Noble Service: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold Aftichines,
Sennen's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefi of'whinches.
Luc. This forewa'keth
takes our hopes far. Command our prefent numbers
Be multated and the Captaines look to't. Now Sir,
What have you dreame'd of late of this warres purpose.
South. Left night, the very Gods shewed me a vision
(I fa, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Loues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the Ispungy South, to this part of the Weft,
There vanisht'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Valeffe my fames abuse my Distraction)

Scenen's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefi of'whinches.
Luc. This forewa'keth

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There vanisht'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Valeffe my fames abuse my Distraction)
A madness, of whick her life's in danger: Heaven,  
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort gone: My Queen  
Upon a deprese a bed, and in a time  
When fearful Wars point at me: Her Sonne gone,  
So needfull for this present? I strike me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Doft seeme so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharper Torrour.  

By. Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly let it at your will: But for my Miftis,  
I nothing know where multitude's, why gone,  
Nor where the purposes returne. Beheefe your Highnesse,  
Hold me your loyal Servant,  
Lord. Good my Liege,  
The day that she was missing, he was heere:  
I dare bebound hee's true, and shall performe  
All parts of this subjection loyally. For Cleomen,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will no doubt be found,  
Cym. The time is troublesome:  
We'll flip you for a feasen, but our stelouse  
Do's yet depend.  
Lord. So pleafe your Maiestie,  
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply  
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senare lent.  
Cym. Now for the Courtaile of my Son and Queen,  
I am amaz'd with matter.  
Lord. Good my Liege,  
Your preparration can afronot no leffe  
(ready): Then what you heare of, Come more, for more you're  
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,  
That long to move.  
Cym. I thank you: let's withdraw  
And meete the time, as it ffrekes vs. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy vs, but  
We greeue at chances heere. Away.  

Enter Belarius, Guidoerma, & Arviragus.  

Guil. The noyse is round about vs.  
Bel. Let vs from it.  

Arri. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it  
From Adonion, and Adonitusive.  

Guil. Nay, what hope  
Hau we in hiding vs? This way the Romanses  
Muf, or for Britaines fly vs or receve vs  
For barbarous and wainsatorial Reuolts  
During their vfe, and fly vs after.  

Bel. Sonnes,  
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us.  
To the Kings party there's no going: newes of  
Of Claten's death (what being not knowne, nor matter'd)  
Among the Bands) may flie vs to a render  
Where we haue flu'de; and so extort from's that  
Which we have done, whose awwers would be death  
Drawne on with Torture,  
Guil. This is (Sir) a doubt  
In such a time, nothing commencing you,  
Nor satisfying vs.  

Arri. It's not likely,  
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes  
And cares so cloy'd importanly as now,  
That they will waste their time so poni out noise,  
To know from whence we are.  
Bel. Oh, I am knowne  
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres  
(Though Claten then but young) you fee, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And besides, the King  
Hath not deferu'd my Service, nor your Loutes,  
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;  
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopefull  
To haue the countrefull your Cradle promis'd,  
But to be fill hot Summers Tenlings, and  
The shrinking Staves of Winter.  
Guil. Then be fo,  
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army;  
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe  
So out of thought, and thereto fo ore-growne,  
Cannot be queftion'd.  

Arri. By this Sunne that fhillnes  
Ille thither: What thing is't, that I never  
Did fee man dye, scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?  
Neuer befrond a Horse faue one, that had  
A Rider like my selfe, who e're wore Rowell,  
Nor Iron on his heele? I am afe'nand  
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to hauie  
The benefice of his blest Beames, remaining  
So long a poore vnknowne,  
Guil. By heauen I le go,  
If you will bleffe me Sir, and glue me leas.  
Ile take the bater care; but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romaines.  
Arri. So say I, Amen.  

Bel. No reaon I (since of your liues you fet.)  
So flight a valeation should refere  
My crack'd one to more care. Hauie with you Boyes  
If in your Country waith you chance to dye,  
That is my Bedrou (Ladie) and there ile lye.  
Lead'dles; the time seemes long, their blood thinks scorn  
Till it flye out, and fhow them Princes borne.  


Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.  

Enter Pofi burnus alene.  

Pofi. Ye bloody cloth. Ile keep thee: for I am wittie  
Thou should't be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Muff mutther Wives much better then themselves  


For
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

For dicts but a little? Oh Pisanim,  
Every good Servant do's not all Commandes:  
No Bond, but do Iauff once. Gods, if you  
Should have tane vengeance on my fault, I neuer  
Had liu'd to put on this: I so you sav'd  
The noble Imogen, to repent, and stisroke  
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But slake,  
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love  
To have them fall no more: you some many  
To feconu' illcs with illcs, ecale  
And make them drea'd, to the doores thrist.  
But Imogen is your owne, do your beft wiltes,  
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither  
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight  
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough  
This (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Mytifs: Peace,  
Ie gue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauen,  
Hear patiently my purpose. Ie disfrace me  
Of these Italian weedes, and fulte my felfe  
As do's a Britaine Peasant: so Ie fight.  
Against the part I come with Ile dye  
For thee (O Imogen) eu'en for whom my life  
Is every breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,  
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of perill -  
My felle Ie dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me, then my habits shew.  
Gods, put the strength o'th Leonato in me:  
To dra'me the guile o'th world, I will begin,  
The fashion lefte without, and more within.  

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army as one doore:  
and the Britaine Army as another: Leonato Posthumus  
following like a poor Soldierr. They march out, and goe  
out. Then enter againe in Shrortifs Iachimo and Posthumus  
be vanguished and disarmed Iachimo, and then  
leaves him.

Luc. The beauness and guilt within my bofore,  
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,  
The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't  
Reuengingly enfleeles me, or could this Carle,  
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me  
In my profession Knights, and Honors borne  
As I wasere mine are titles but of scorne.  
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before  
This Lown, so he exceedes out Lords, the oddes  
Is that we care,-are men, and you are Goddes.  

Bel. Stand, stand, we hawe th'advantage of the ground,  
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but  
The villany of our feares,  
Gun. Arm. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and Nóinds the Britaines. They Refuge  
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.  
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and sauze thy selfe:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's sugh  
As warre were hood-wink'd,  
Luc. 'Tis their fresh supplies.  
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangety; or betimes  
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Can't thou come from where they made the stand?  
Poif. I did,  
Though you it seemes from the Flies?  
Le, I did.

Poif. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loft,  
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe  
Of his wings dilatable, the Army broken,  
And but the backes of Britaines seeone; all flying  
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the Tongue with flighting' haue worke  
More plentiful, than Tooles to doo't: strooke doone  
Some mortally, some lightly touch'd, some falling  
Mosteely through fear, that the strate paffe was damn'd  
With deadmen, hurt behindes, and Cowards lying  
To dyde with lengthned flamme.  
Lor. Where was this Lane?  
Poif. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with surph,  
Which gave advantage to an ancient Solidier  
(An honeste one I warrant) who defen'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to  
In doing this for's Country. Athis the Lane,  
He, with two flippings (Lads more like to run  
The Country bafe, then to commit such slauers,  
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayeres  
Then thofe for perfecution cas'd, or shame)  
Made good the passage, erey'd to thofe that fled.  
Our Britaines hearts dyce flying, not our men,  
To darknede fliete frouse that flye backwards; fland,  
Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
Like beaifs, which you shun beaflly, and may faue  
But to looke backe in frowne; fland, fland. These three,  
Three thousand confiderate, in a few as many:  
For three performers are the Fife, when all  
The reft do nothing. With this word fland, fland,  
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming  
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd  
A Difcafe, to a Lance, guidde pale lookes;  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward  
But by example (Oha finite in Warre,  
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke  
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons  
Vpon the Piker o'th Hunters. Then begun  
A flop it's Chafer; a Retyre: Anon  
A Rowt, confufion thickst: forthwith they flye  
Chickens, the way which they hope Eagles: Slaues  
The frides the Vidors made: and now our COWARDS  
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became  
The life o'th need: hauing found the backe door open  
Of the vanguard heardis: heauens, how they wound,  
Some faine before some dyne; some these; Friends  
Ore-borne it's former vaine, sen chace'd by one,  
Are now each one the slauter-man of twenty:  
Thofe that would dye, or ere reftift, are growne  
The mortall bugs o'th Field.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Lord. This was strange chance: A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys. Poet. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made Rather to wonder at the things you hear, Then to work any. Will you Rime vpon't, And make it for a Mockie Trye? Here is one: "Two Boys, an Old man (twice a Boy) a Lane, "Prefered the Britaines, was the Romains base. Lord. Nay, be not so angry Sir. Poet. Lacke, to what end? Who dares not find his Foe, I'll be his Friend: For if he'll do, as he is made to doo, I know he'll quickly flye my friendship too. You have put me into Rime. Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit. Poet. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misrley To be th'Field, and aske what newes of us; To day, how many would have given their Honours To have fa'd their Carkasses? Took eche heele to doo', And yet dyd too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd Could not finde death, where I did hear him groane, Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monster, 'Tis strange he hide him in th'fresh Caps, ffor Beds, Swore words; or had more ministers then we That draw his kniues e'ot'War. Well I will finde him: For being now a Favourer to the Britaine, No more a Britaine, I bane refum'd againe The part I came in. Fight I will no more, But yeold ye to the verifie Hinde, that shall Once touch my shoulder. Great the laughters is Here made by'th Romane; great the Answer be Britaines must take. For me, my Rafeome's death, On eyther side I come to spend my breath; Which neyer heere heere Il ekepe, nor beeace azen, But end it by some meanes for Imagin. Enter two Captaine, and Soldiers. 1. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken, 'Tis thought the old man, and his fones, were Angels. 2. There was a fourth man, in a filly habit, That gaue th'Affront with them. 3. So 'tis reported: But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there? Poet. A Roman, Who had not now beene drooping here, if Seconds Had answer'd him. 2. Lay hands on him: a Dogge, A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell What Crows haue pext them here: he brag's his service As if he were of note: bring him to th'King. Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guilder, Arvirginius Pfinian, and Romane Captaine. The Captaine present Poffhumus to Cymbeline, who delivres him over to a Gaster. Groan in perpetytun, then be cur'd By' th'fure Phyfician, Death; who is the key I vnharde thefe Lockes. My Confiance, thou art better'd More then my thanks, & wifts:you good Gods give me The penent Instrument to pike that Bolt, Then freee for euer. Is't enough I am sorry? So Children temporall Fathers do appeale; Gods are more full of mercy. Muff I repent, I cannos do it better then in Gyues, Defir'd, more then confirn'd, to fatisfe I of my Freedom 'tis the maine part, take No stricter render of me, then my All. I know you are more clement then vilde men, Who of their broken Debtors take a third, A fixt, a tenth, letting threm thrive againe On their abatement; that's not my desire, For Imagens deere life, take mine, and though 'Tis not to deere, yet 'tis a life: you cown'd it, Tweene man, and man, they weigh not every flame: Though light, take Pecceas for the figures take, (You rather) mine being yours: an to great Powres, Ifyou will take this Audit, take this life, And cancill thole his Bonds. On Imagin, Hee speake to thee in silence. Salome Muficke. Enter (as in an Appearance) Sicilian Leo- mais, Father to Poffhumus, an old man, arrayed like a war- rior, leading in his hand an ancient Mauren (his wife, & Mother to Poffhumus) with Muficke before them. Then after other Muficke follows the two young Leonati (Bro- thers to Poffhumus) with wounds as they did in the wars. They circle Poffhumus round as he lies sleeping. Stell. No more thou Thunder-Mater schoe thy sight on Mortall Flies: With Mars fall out with Two chide, that thy Adulteries Race, and Reuenges. Hath my poore Boy done ought but well, whole face I never saw: I dy'de whil fl f in the Womb he flaise, attending Nature Axe Law, Who's Father then (as men report, thou Orphanes Father are) Thou shouldt have bin, and sheelded him, from this earth-exeing s'mart. Mere. Lucina lent not me her syde, but tooke me in my Throes, That from me was Poffhumus rip't, came cries, mourning Hiss Foes. A thing of pity. Stell. Great Nature like his Anceftris, moulded the fluffe to faire: That he ered the praise o'th'World, as great Sicilium heyre. y. Bro. When once he was masure for man, in Britaine where was sue That could stand up his parallel? Or fruitfull obf'ec bee? In eye of Imagin, that beft could deeme his dignitie. Mdn. With Marriage wherofe was he mockt to be exil'd, and throwne From Leonati Seathe, and catt from her, his dearest one: Sweete Imagin? Stel. Why did you suffer Jacomo, flight thing of Italy, b b b 3 To

Scene Quarto.

Enter Poffhumus, and Gaster. Gm. You shall not now be Solne, You have lockes vpon you: So graze, as you finde Pasture. 2.Gm. Ior a flamacke. Poet. Moll welcome bondage; for thou art a way (I think) to liberry: yet am I better Then one that's sick o'th'Gower, since he had rather
The Tragedy of Gymbeline.

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesteeleously, And to become the geche and forme of other's vilany? 2 Bro. For this, from Gillier Sears we came, our Parents, and vs twaine, That strinking in our Countrie saute, fell brately, and were blame, Our Fealty, & Tenetiously right, with Honor to maintaine. 1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumous hath to Cymbeline perform'd: Then Jupiter, its King of Gods, why hast thou adjourn'd The Graces for his Merits due, being so to dolors turn'd? Sicil. Thy Chriftall window ope, looke, looke out, no longer exercise Upon a ralisit Race, thy hart, and potent injuries: Mort. Since (Jupiter) our Son is good, take off his mierics. Sicil. Pepee through thy Marble Mansion, helpe, or we poore Ghostes will cry To th'finning Synod of the refl, against thy Deity. Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale, and from thy justice flye, Jupiter defends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on their knees.

Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low Offend our hearing; beth. How dare you Ghostes Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know) Sky-plantet, batters all rebelling Coasts. Poor shadowes of Elizium, hence, and refn Upon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowers. Be not with mortall accidents oppreft, No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours. Whom best I loue, I trole; to make my guift The more delay'd, delighted. Be content, Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift: His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent: Our louiull Starre reigne at his Birth, and in Our Temple was hee married: Right, and fade, He shall be Lord of Lady images, And happier much by his Affiliation made.

This Tablet lay upon his Brevet, wherein Our pleaure, his full Fortune, doth confine, And so away: no farther with your dinne Expreffe Impatience, leaff you firre vp mine: Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriftalline. Ascends Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle Stooped, as to foone vs: his Ascention is More sweet than our Blet Field: his Royall Bird Puntes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beke, As when his God is pleas'd. All. Thankes Jupiter.

Sir. The Marble Paument clozes, he is enter'd His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest Let vs with care performe his great behof. Vanish. Poff. Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandifie, and begun A Father to me, and thou haft created A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh shame) Gone, they went hence so soon as they were borne: And so I am awake, Poore Wretches, that depend On Greatness, Favour; Dreame as I have done, Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I sweare; Many Dreame not to finde, neither delire, And yet are sleepe'd in Favour; so am I That hauie this Golden chance, and know not why: What Favouries haunt this ground? A Book; Oh rare one, Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers, As good, as promis. Read.

When a Lyon whols, shall to himself unknown, without seeking sundae, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be bisp branches, which being dead many years, foall after arte, bee ignoed to the old Sprakes, and freshly green, then shall Posthumous and his mierics, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

'Tis still a Drame: or else such stufse as Madmen Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing. Or senflesse speaking, or a speaking such As tenfe cannot vnty. Be what it is, The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keep: If but for simpathy.

Enter Galsler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death? Poff. Ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago. Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee ready for that, you are well Cook'd. Poff. So if I proue a good repaill to the Spectators, the dill pays the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you shall be calld to no more payments, far no more Taurine Bills, which are often the ladneffe of parting, as the procuting of mirth: you come in fiant for want of meate, depeat reeling with too much drinke: forre that you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed too much: Punce and Braine, both empty: the Brain the heauer, for being too light; the Punce too light, being drawne of humaneffe. Oh, of this contradition you shall now be quit: Oh the charitty of a penny Cord, it summes vp thousands in a tree: you have no true Debiter, and Creditor but it: what's paft, is; and to come, the discharge: your necke (Sir) Pen, Bookes, and Counters to the Acquittance followers.

Poff. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live. Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feele not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Poff. Yes indeed do I, fellow. Gao. Your death has eyes in a head then: I have not feene him so paflur'd: you must either bee directed by some that take vpon them to know, or take vpon your selle that which I am sure you do not know: so jump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your journies end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Poff. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but fuch as winke, and will not vfe them.

Gao. What an infinute mocke is this, that a man shold have the belft vs of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Me. Knocke of his Manacles, bring your Prifoner to the King.

Poff. Thou bringit good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

Gao. Ie be hang'd then.

Poff. Thou shalt be then freer then a Galsler; no bolos.
for the deed.

Cyn. Valiente a man would marry a Gallows, & beget young Gibbes, I never saw one so prone; yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there were desolation of Gallowes and Gallows: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Belleriss, Guidenrius, Arminius, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Prefaters of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poor Soildier that so richly fought, Whose raggs, tham'gelded Armes, whose naked brest Stept before Targes of proofes, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can finde him, if One Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing; Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought But beggary, and poore looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Fijs. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & living; But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde To you (the Lier, Heart, and Braine of Britaine) By whom (I grant) the liues. 'Tis now the time To ake of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir, in Cambria we are borne, and Gentlemen: Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest, Valiente I ade, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:

Arise my Knights o'th Bestall, I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With Dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Lucan.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly Greet you our Victory? you look like Romans, And not o'th Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,

To fowe your happiness, I must report The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worke then a Physician Would this report become? But I confider, By Medecinell may be prolong'd, yet death Will fete the Dacfer too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life, Which (being cruel to the world) concluded Most cruel to her felfe. What the confett, I will report, so place you. Thehe her Women Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet chekkes Were present when the finisht'd.

Cym. Pythreex say.

Cor. First, faw, do the never loud you'lonely Affected Greatnese got by you; not you: Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

Cyn. She alone knew this:

And but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loose With such integrity, she did confesse Was a Scorpion to her fight, whole life (But that her flight prevented it) she had Tane off by poiyon.

Cym. O most delicate Friend! Who is it can trade a Woman? Is there more?

Cor. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had For you a mortal Mineral, which being tooke, Should by the minute feede on life and living, By inches wafte you. In which time, the purpos'd By watching, weeping, tendance, hasting, to Ocreome you with her thrust; and in time (When the he had fitted you with her craft, so worke Her Sonne into the adoption of the Crowne: But sayling of her end by his strange absence, Grew framelesse desperate, open'd (in delight Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented The euls she hatch't, were not effected: so Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, fo please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

We're not in fault, for she was beautifull: Mine eares that hear her Batterie, not my heart, That thought her like her freeming. It had beene viciou To have mistruitful her; yet (Oh my Daughter) That it was folly in me, thou mayst fay, And proue it in thy self. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucius, Jachimo, and other Roman Prisoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou committ't not Carna now for Tribure, that The Britaines have rasc'd ou't, though with the loffe Of many a bold one: whome Kinmen have made suft That their good foules may be appeas'd, with slaughter Of you their Captives, which our felle have gained, So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs, We should not when the blood was cool, have threatend Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth, A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer: Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing onely I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne) Let him be ransomed: Neuer Mutter had A Page so kinde, so dourous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, So fearc, so Nurtur'd: let his versus lome With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme, Though he have fener'd a Roman. Sute him (Sir) And spare no blood before.

Cym. I have furily fecene him:

His fauour is familiar to me: Boy, Thou haft look'd thy felfe into my grace, And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore, To fay, but thou art not enough for thy Maller, lie; And ask of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt, Fitting my bowny, and thy state, Ile give it: Yes.
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Yes, though thou do demand a Psifolier
The Noblest tane.

I will, I humbly thank your Highness.

Lort. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Com. No, no, alas, Sir.

There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must fluffe for it felse.

Lort. The Boy diffaints me,
He leas me, seems me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrtes, and Boyes.

Why stands he fo perplexed?

Com. What wouldst thou Boy?

I houe thee more, and more: beke more and more
What's beft to stike. Know'ft thou him thou look'd on?
Speak with hau'ning, Sir? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Ilo. He's a Roman, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highness, who being born your vassal,
Am somehost meeter.

Com. Wherefore eye'lt him so?

Ilo. Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing:

Com. 'Tis, with all my heart,
And lend me my best attention. What's thy name?

Ilo. Fiddle Sir.

Com. Thou'st my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Master: walske with me: speake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy renew'd from death?

Aris. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad.

Who dyed, and was Fiddle: what thinkes you?

Gus. The fame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, peace, further: he eyes vs not, forbear
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have speake to vs.

Gus. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pifa. It's my Misfrit:
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Com. Come, fland thou by our side,
Make thy demand an here. Sir, leep you forth,
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Gratnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honours) better torture fhal
Winnow the truth from falhood. One speake to him.

Ilo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Pof. What's that to him?

Com. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'st me torture to me leave vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Com. Howl me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vetter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas Lezatua Iwell,
Whom thou didst banish: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Noble Sir, me'te leu'd
(three,
Twist sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Com. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quelle to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

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Some upright Nurturers. Thou know'st such as are not Totturers ingenuous: it is not so. For all things are as I am Pothosius, that kill's thy Daughter: Villain-like, I see, That caus'd a devilish villain now thy selfe, As a faulchicrous Theefe to do't: The Temple Of Vertue was fly, yea, and the selfe. Spirit and shadow flies, cannot more upon me, fe't The dogsge o'th street to bay mee, every villain be call'd Pothimus Leonatus, and be villany leffe then 'twas. Oh Imogen! My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen, Imogen. Imo. Peace my Lord, hear me. Puf. Shall I have a play of this? Thou from full Page, there my spirit, part. Puf. Oh Gentlemen, help me. Mine and your Missis: oh my Lord Pothosius, You're kill'd Imogen till now: helpe, helpe, Mine honour'd Lady. Cym. Does the world go round? Puf. How come these flaggers on mee? Pufa. Wake my Missis. Cym. If this be so, the gods do meane to strike me To death, with mortal ray. Pufa. How farse my Missis? Imo. Oh get thee from my sight, Thou gai'lt mee poyfon: dangerous Fellow hence, Breath not where Princes are. Cym. The tune of Imogen. Pufa. Lady, the gods throw flies of sulphur on me, if That box I gave you, was not thought by mee A precious thing, I had it from the Queene. Cym. New matter fill. Imo. I't poyfon'd me. Car. Oh Gods! I left out one thing which the Queene confest, Which must approve thee honest. If Pafanto Hau'd said thet given my Missis that Confession Which I gave him for Cordiall, she's lend me, As I would ferre a Rat. Cym. What's this, Curtesius? Car. The Queene (Sir) very oft important me To temper poyson's for her, till pretending The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogsges Of no esteeme. I dreeding, that her purpose Was of more danger, did compound for her A certaine fluxse, which being tune, would cease The present powre of life, but in shorte time, All Offices of Nature, should againe Do their due Functions. Have you tune of it? Imo. Mott like I did, for I was dead. Bel. My Boyes, there was our error. Gui. This is fure Fidele. Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you? Think not that you are upon a Rocke, and now Throw me again. Pufa. Hang there like fruites, my soule, Till the Tree dye. Cym. How now, my Fiehat my Childe? What, mak'st thou me a dudall in this Act? Wilt thou nor speake to me? Imo. Your bleffing, Sir. Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not, You had a motieue for't. Cym. My tears that fall Prove holy-water on thee; Imogen. Thy Mothers death. Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord. Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was That we meet here so strangely: but her Sonne Is gone, we know not how, nor where. Pufa. My Lord, Now feare is from mee, I speake truthe. Lord Cym. Upon my Ladies missing, came to me With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore If I discour't not which way she was gone, It was my infant death. By accident, I had a seignor Letter of my Masters Then in my pocket, which directed him To seek her on the Mountains nere to Milford, Where in a frenzoe, in my Masters Garments (Which he impos'd from me) away he pou'd With vnchaste purpoe, and with oath to violate My Ladies honor, what became of him, I further know not. Gui. Let me end the Story: I flew him there. Cym. Marty, the Gods forefend. I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips Plucke a hard sentence: Phryse a valiant youth Denys a againe. Gui. I hau'e spoke it, and I did it. Cym. He was a Prince. Gui. A most inciuiue one. The wrongs he did mee Were nothing Prince-like for he did profoke me! With Language that would make me spurne the Sea, It cou'd no roste to mee. I cut off his head, And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine. Cym. I am forrow for thee: By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must Endure our Law: Thou're dead. Imo. That headleffe man I thought had bin my Lord Cym. Binde the Offender, And take him from our presence. Bel. Stay, Sir Kings. This man is better then the man he flew, As well descendent as thy selfe, and bath More of thee merited, then a Band of Cloten Had ever care for, Let his Armes alone, They were not borne for bondage. Cym. Why old Soldier: Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for By taffying of our wrath? How of deponents As good as we? Arui. In that he spake too farre. Cym. And thou shalt dye for't. Bel. We will dye all three, But I will prove that two one's are as good As I have giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must For mine owne part, vndole a dangerous speech, Though haply well for you. Arui. Your danger's ours. Guat. And our good his. Bel. Have se it then, by leave Thou hadst't (great King) a Subject, who Was call'd Belarius. Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor. Bel. He it is, that hath Affi'd this stage: indeed a banish'd man,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I know nor how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence, The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot; First pay me for the Nurturing of thy Sonne, And let it be confiscate all, to foone As I have see'd it.

Cym. Nurturing of my Sonnes? Bel. I am too blunt, and fawcy: here's my knee: Ere I steafe, I will preffure my Sonnes, Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir, These two young Gentlemen that call me Father, And think they are my Sonnes, are none of mine, They are the office of your Looynes, my Liege, And blood of your begetting.


Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgen) Am that Belarian, whom you sometimes banish'd: Your pleasures was my noore offence, my punishment It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd, Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes For them, and for them) these twenty yeares Have I train'd vp; those Arts they have, as I Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir) As your Highness knowes: Their Nurse Euréphile (Who for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children Upon my Banishment: I mou'd her root, Hating recey'd the punishment before For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty, Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse: The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd Votro my end of feeling them. But gracious Sir, Here are your Sonnes againe, and I must looke Two of the sweetest Companions in the World, The beneficence of these enquiring Heavens Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie To inlay Heaven with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st: The Service that you there have done, is more Vnlike, than I thou'st tell. I loft my Children, If these be they, I know not how to wish A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd d'awhile; This Gentleman, whom I call Poldner, Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius: This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Arisaragus, Your young Prince't Son, be Sir, was lapp In a most curious Mantle, wrought by thos'd Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation I can with ease produce,

Cym. Guiderius had Upon his necke a Mole, a fanguine Starre, It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he, Who hath upon him fill'd that natural stamp: It was wise Natures end, in the donation To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I! A Mother to the byth of three? Nere Mother Rejoic'd, delirious more: Blest, pray you be, That after this strange flattering from your Orbes, You may reign in them now: Oh Images, Thou hast loft by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:

I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers, Have we thus met? Oh neuer say hereafter

But I am truth speaker. You call'd me Brother When I was but your Sifer: I you Brothers, When we were fo indeed.

Cym. Did you so meete?

Arn. I my good Lord.

Cym. Great, and at first meeting loud, Continew'd so, untill we thought he dyed, Corn. By the Queenes Dranvme she owlaw'd, Cym. O rare infin'd!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce aribgment, Hath to it Circumstantial branches, which Defination should be Stich'd in. Where how liu'd you? And when came you to serue our Romane Captive? How past with your Brother? How well met them? Why Red you from the Court? And whether these? And your three motiers to the Bataile? wish I know not how much more should be demanded, And all the other by-dependances From chance to chance? But not the Time, nor Place Will serue our long, Interrogatories. See, Pulpitius Anchors upon Images: And she (like harmeoffe Lightning) throws her eye On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting Each object with a Toy: the Counter-change Is severally in all, Let's quit this ground, And invoke the Temple with our Sacrifices. Thou art my Brother, fo we'll hold thee ever. Imo. You are my Father too, and did reteuce me: To se this gracious season.

Cym. All one-too'y'd

Save thes in bonds, let them bejoyfull too, For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service. Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soul'dier, that no Nobly fought He would have well become'd this place, and grac'd the thankings of a King.

Poff. I am Sir The Soul'dier that did company these three In poore befeeming: I was a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, Speake Laximis, I had you downe, and might Have made you finish.

Arch. I am going againe: But now my hennie Conscience sinks my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, befeth you Which I so often owe: but your Ring firft, And here the Bracelet of the truthfull Princes That ever spore her Faith.

Peff. Kneel not to me: the powre that I haue on you, is to spare you: The malice towards you, to forgo you. Lues And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly done:

W'e'll learn our Frencenee of a Sonne-in-Law: Pardon's the word to all.

Arn. You holpe vs Sir, As you did meane indeed to be our Brother, toy'd are we, that you are.

Peff. Your Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome, Call forth your Scotch-fayer: As I flipp'd, me though Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd Appear'd to me, with other fprightly sheaves Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found This Label on my bosome: whofe containing Is so from fene in hardnesse, that I can
Make a Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Phalarumus.
South. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Read.  

When a Lyon whelp, shall to himselfe unknown, withou't seeking ends, and hee embrac'd by a peace of tender Ayre: And when from a faire Ceder shall be loft branches, which being dead many years, shall after reviving, be lined to the old Styringe, and freshly grow, then shall Ptolemus end his misfortunes. Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The peace of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter
Which we call Multus Aer, and Multus Aer
We terme it Mater; which Mater I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
South. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline
Perfonates thee: And thy lost Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarmo Holme
For many years thought dead, are now resou'd
To the Maiesticks Cedar toyn'd; whole Iffue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And Caesar Lucius,
Although the Vlctor, we submit to Cefar,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were disswayed by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Juffice both on her, and hers,
Hauing laid most heauy hand.

South. The fingers of the Powres above, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vifion
Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke
Of ye this faile cold-Buttlaile, at this instant
Is full accomplisht: For the Romans Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Leffed her felse, and in the Beames o'th Sun
So vanisht; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall Cefar, should againe vince
His Favour, with the Radiant Cymbeline,
Which thines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes clime to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars, Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Britishe Ensigne wave
Friendly together: so through Ludis-Towne march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace we'l rattle: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceaze
(ERE bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

FINIS.

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