SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES

1623

FACSIMILE
LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
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INTRODUCTION

The First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, which was published at the end of the year 1623, more than seven years after the author's death, and is here reproduced in exact facsimile, forms the greatest contribution made in a single volume to the secular literature of any age or country. By the English-speaking peoples it must always be regarded as the proudest monument of their literary history. Its publication first gave permanent record to the full range of Shakespeare's work. Of the thirty-six plays which appeared in the volume, only sixteen had been printed at earlier dates—fifteen in the author's lifetime, and one, 'Othello,' posthumously. (One play, 'Pericles,' which was also issued in the author's lifetime, was excluded from the collection.) No less than twenty dramas, of which the greater number rank among the literary masterpieces of the world—nine of the fourteen comedies that were here brought together for the first time, five of the ten histories, and six of the twelve tragedies—were rescued by the First Folio from urgent peril of oblivion. Whatever be the typographical or editorial imperfections of the First Folio, it is the fountain-head of knowledge of Shakespeare's complete achievement.

There is nothing exceptional or mysterious in the bibliographical fortunes that befell Shakespeare's dramatic writings either in his lifetime or in the years that followed his death. His written word, in spite of the supremacy of his genius, suffered at the hands of publishers and printers the fate common to all contemporary drama. However widely the magic of his pen differentiated his work from that of his contemporaries, his experience and practice in all professional relations were identical with those of his fellows. He and his colleagues wrote for the stage and not for the study. They intended their plays to be spoken and not to be read. It was contrary to the custom of the day for dramatists to print their plays for themselves or to encourage the printing of them by others or to preserve their manuscripts. Like all dramatists of his age, Shakespeare composed his plays for the acting-company to which he attached himself; like them he was paid by the company for his writings, and in return made over to the company all property and right in his manuscripts.

The theatrical manager viewed the publication of plays as injurious to his interests, and until a play had wholly exhausted its popularity on the stage, he deprecated its appearance in print. But however indifferent the Elizabethan dramatist was to the reading public, and however pronounced were the manager's objections to the publication of plays, there developed among playwrights and others at the close of the sixteenth century a wish to peruse in private dramas that had achieved success in the theatre. Publishers quickly sought to gratify this desire for their own ends. In the absence of any statutory prohibition, they freely enjoyed the right of publishing any MS., whatever might be the channel through which it reached their hands, provided that they purchased a licence for its publication of the Stationers' Company. At times failure on the part of an author to keep his MSS. in safe custody, at times the venality of an amanuensis, rendered MS. literature accessible to the publisher without the author's personal intervention. In such circumstances it was not the publisher's habit to consult an author about the publication of his work, and in the case of plays it was the rule rather
rather than the exception for the MS, to reach the publishers through other hands than those of the dramatist. The publisher was, moreover, wont to ignore the claim to ownership in a play that was set up by the theatrical manager who had bought it of the writer. The wrong done the dramatic author passed unrecognized for nearly a hundred years, nor in Shakespeare's day was any endeavour made to protect the manager's interest. But the encroachments of the publishers on the manager's title were so manifestly inequitable that early in the seventeenth century—before 1630—the Lord Chamberlain, the public official who controlled the theatres, strove to restrain the publisher's piratical practices. Such efforts, however, at first met with qualified success. The sole ethical principle, which the publisher in good repute was ready to acknowledge in practice, concerned his business relations with members of his own profession. The grant to him by the Stationers' Company, to which he belonged, of a licence to publish a literary composition gave him in his eyes an exclusive and perpetual right in the licensed publication, and he respected his neighbours' exclusive and perpetual rights to their licensed publications as fully as he defended his own. The Stationers' Company stoutly resisted any lawless endeavour on the part of one of its members to issue a work which had already been licensed to another. At the same time it was always prepared to sanction the transfer of a licence from one publisher to another by mutual arrangement. But no conscientious scruple deterred members of the Stationers' Company from defying the natural sentiment which would assign to the author some exercise of control over the public fortunes of the written product of his brain.

It is not easy to exaggerate the narrowness of policy which actuated the Elizabethan publisher's treatment of plays. In his crass endeavour to satisfy the new-born taste for the published drama, he ignored not merely the material interest of author or manager, but the intelligent interest of the reader. If he cared little about the manner in which he acquired a copy of a play, he cared not at all whether or no it correctly presented the author's text. Both the author's manuscript and the authentic transcript which was in the hands of the theatrical manager frequently lay beyond the publisher's reach. Often he printed a crude draft of a piece which had been taken down, whether in shorthand or in longhand, by an enterprising visitor to the playhouse, from the actors' lips in course of the performance. Incoherence and confusing omissions commonly characterized the result. It is thus that may best be accounted for the strange defects and perversities of the original editions, printed in Shakespeare's lifetime, of his 'Henry V' (by Thomas Millington) in 1600, of his 'Merry Wives' (by Arthur Johnson) in 1602, and of the first quarto of 'Hamlet' (by Nicholas Ling and John Trundell) in 1603. More frequently the publisher would bribe a scrivener, or perhaps an actor, into procuring for him a rough copy of the play which had been carelessly transcribed for some subordinate purpose of the playhouse. Such a transcript seldom proved faithful to the author's intention. In most instances it was unsparingly abridged, or it was defaced by actors' interpolations, and by ignorant errors of the copyist which the printer's reader made little effort to amend.

The greater number of the quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays which were published in his lifetime seem to have been printed from more or less imperfect and unauthorized playhouse transcripts which were obtained by publishers more or less dishonestly. The quartos of 'Richard III' and 'Second Part of Henry IV,' with the second quarto of 'Hamlet' (although its defects are small compared with those of the first), present versions that were unsatisfactorily abridged. The original impressions of 'Troilus,' 'Othello,' and 'Lear' abound in proofs of copyist's carelessness and printer's incapacity.
INTRODUCTION

incapacity. Comparatively few faults are visible in ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’ ‘Much Ado,’ ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ ‘Merchant of Venice,’ ‘Richard II,’ ‘First Part of Henry IV,’ ‘Titus,’ and the 1599 quarto of ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ and in these cases the authorized playhouse transcript or ‘prompt-copy’ may have been at the publisher’s disposal, but none give absolutely convincing evidence at all points of complete authenticity.

Shakespeare cannot be credited with personal responsibility for the issue of any of the quarto editions of his plays. Like most of his fellow dramatists, he often saw book-stalls laden with unwarranted and corrupt versions of his work. The only redress open to him as to other authors was to supplant the piratical ventures by the production of authentic editions under his own auspices. But to such procedure the assent of the theatrical manager was necessary, and that assent was not readily forthcoming. It was also needful to conciliate and perhaps to compensate the piratical publisher, who was first in the field and had it in his power on an appeal to the Stationers’ Company to prevent the substitution of a genuine version by a second publisher for his own corrupt but fully licensed property. It was, therefore, in rare instances that dramatists sought remedy for the injuries that publishers inflicted on their writings. It is certain that Shakespeare endured such wrongs passively and with equanimity. Like Goethe, one of the greatest of his successors, he attached small importance to the fate of his written word.

Yet, despite their unprincipled efforts, publishers of the Elizabethan and Jacobean era sent to press only a fraction of the acted drama of the day. The greater part of it never found its way into print. The bulk of every dramatist’s labours remained in manuscript at his death, and fell as a rule an easy prey to oblivion. Dramatic manuscripts were seldom long preserved; the many which escaped the press remained for a time in the theatrical manager’s coffers, and then, their life on the stage being over, went the way of waste paper. The mass of the acted drama of the epoch has long since perished. Time has only dealt gently with such distinguished examples as held the stage for any length of years. Shakespeare in this regard has probably, as he deserved, fared better than any of his colleagues. He won in his lifetime commanding reputation alike with playgoers and with professional associates. After his death a large number of his plays maintained their position in the repertory of the theatre. The managers of his company cherished his memory as that of a beloved friend, and they took pride in their past association with him and his work. Therein publishers perceived their opportunity. The force of theatrical managers’ objections to publishing the plays that belonged to them dwindled when the dramatist was dead, and his vogue on the stage inevitably diminished, although it might be, as in Shakespeare’s case, by slow degrees. Seven years after Shakespeare’s death an imposing partnership of publishers conquered the scruples with which the managers of Shakespeare’s company of players regarded the publication of their literary property. With the managers’ full assent the publishers undertook the issue of all the dramatic work by Shakespeare on which they could lay their hands. Shakespeare’s friends and fellow actors engaged in the enterprise as an act of piety.

In the years that immediately followed Shakespeare’s death in 1616 publishers trafficked little in his work. No play of his was issued or reissued posthumously until three years had elapsed, and then two pieces reappeared. In 1619 Arthur Johnson produced a second edition of his corrupt version of ‘The Merry Wives,’ and Thomas Pavier brought out a fourth edition of ‘Pericles.’ Marked activity however characterized the year 1623, which just preceded the year of the First Folio. Then Matthew Lawe issued sixth editions of both ‘Richard III’ and ‘First Part of Henry VI,’ and Thomas Walkley brought out the previously unprinted ‘Othello’; while Shakespeare’s name first appeared in full on the title-page of a third edition of ‘The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,’ a play of which he was not the author. Possibly the insolence of Augustus The
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The responsibility for the first attempt to give the world a complete edition of Shakespeare's plays mainly lay with the publishers. John Heminge and Henry Condell, the managers of Shakespeare's company, were ready to furnish all the 'copy' that the playhouse archives afforded. It is clear that the amount under their immediate control was far from representing the whole, but they, as equitable owners of an appreciable part of the 'copy,' signed, in accordance with custom, the dedication to the joint patrons, the earl of Pembroke (the lord chamberlain) and his brother the earl of Montgomery, as well as an address 'To the great Variety of Readers.' But there were well-marked limits to the range of their active participation. They contributed no capital, they disclaimed pecuniary advantage: they merely sought to facilitate an endeavour which they had been brought to believe would do honour to the memory of 'so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare.' The five members of the publishing fraternity who printed and published the work must be regarded as its effective promoters. They undertook the whole pecuniary burden, and they shared among themselves whatever profits accrued. They searched out such copy as was no longer in the managers' possession and purchased it of its present holders. One or other of them prepared and arranged the plays for press, and corrected the proofs. All were well-established members of their profession, and had shown ambition of the usual unscrupulous kind to publish portions of Shakespeare's work in his lifetime. None had displayed more care or capacity in producing plays than was usual in the trade, and no high level of textual accuracy was to be anticipated from their editorial control.

Chief of this syndicate of promoters was William Jaggard, printer since 1611 to the City of London, who was established in business, first in Barbican, afterwards in Fleet Street at the East end of St. Dunstan's Church. As the piratical publisher of 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' a collection of poems falsely assigned to Shakespeare, he had long known the commercial value of the great dramatist's name. In 1613 he had extended his business by purchasing the stock and rights of a rival publisher, James Roberts, who had printed quarto editions of 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream' in 1600, and the revised quarto of 'Hamlet' in 1604. Roberts had enjoyed for nearly twenty years the right to print 'the players' bills' or programmes, and he made over that title to Jaggard, with other literary property. The acquisition of the right of printing 'the players' bills' brought Jaggard into close personal relations with playhouse managers, which lasted from 1613 until his death in 1624. Jaggard associated his son Isaac with the enterprise. They alone of the members of the syndicate were printers. Their three partners were publishers or booksellers only. Two of these, William Aspley and John Smethwick, had already produced plays of Shakespeare. Aspley had, in partnership with another publisher, Andrew Wise, published in 1600 for the first time both 'The Second Part of Henry IV' and 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and in 1609 he took charge of half of Thorpe's impression of Shakespeare's 'Sonnets.' Smethwick, whose shop was in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, near Jaggard's, had, on November 19, 1607, acquired the publishing rights in 'Hamlet,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'Love's Labour's Lost,' which formerly belonged to Nicholas Ling, and he had accordingly published in 1611 no less than two editions of 'Romeo and Juliet' and one of 'Hamlet.' Edward Blount, the fifth partner, unlike his companions, is known to have had some taste in literature. He had been a friend and admirer of Christopher Marlowe, and had aided in

Mathewes, the publisher of 'The Troublesome Raigne,' in openly assigning it to Shakespeare, helped to persuade his friends of the wisdom of the proposal to bring out an authorised collection of his works. 1 Smethwick and Smethwick are the spellings of the name which its bearer commonly employed, but in the colophon of the First Folio it takes the exceptional form Smithweeke.
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the posthumous publication of two of Marlowe's poems. In 1601, too, he had published that collection of mystical verse entitled 'Loves Martyr,' by Robert Chester, one poem in which, 'A poetical essay of the Phoenix and the Turtle,' was signed 'William Shakespeare,' and on May 29, 1608, the right to publish 'Pericles' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' had been assigned to him. But he had disposed of his title in 'Pericles' to Henry Gosson of Paternoster Row, who produced two editions of the play in 1609, and he had not availed himself of his title to 'Antony and Cleopatra,' which remained unpublished until it figured in the First Folio.

The main part of the First Folio was printed in Jaggard's printing-office near St. Dunstan's Church, but the work was done expeditiously, and probably some presses of Jaggard's friends were requisitioned for parts of the volume. The printing was in progress through the summer of 1623, and was pushed forward so hastily that by November 8 publication was in sight. On that day, Edward Blount and Isaac (son of William) Jaggard took the first step in the final direction by obtaining formal licence from the Stationers' Company to publish sixteen of those plays which were to be now issued for the first time, and had not been previously entered 'to other men' in the Stationers' Company Registers. The pieces, whose early publication was thus announced, were of supreme literary interest. The titles ran: 'The Tempest,' 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'Measure for Measure,' 'Comedy of Errors,' 'As You Like It,' 'All's Well,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'The Third Part of Henry VI,' 'Henry VIII,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Timon,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Macbeth,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and 'Cymbeline.'

A careful scrutiny of this list illustrates the perplexities which characterized the conduct of the enterprise. Two of the enumerated plays, 'As You Like It' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' had been licensed before, although neither had been printed. It is true that the right to publish 'As You Like It' had been 'stayed' or suspended in 1600, but the order of suspension had lapsed and a new licence seemed supererogatory. On May 29, 1608, Blount had obtained a perfectly regular licence for 'Antony and Cleopatra,' which still held good. At the same time the list omitted four pieces about to figure in the First Folio—'The First and Second Parts of Henry VI,' 'King John,' and 'The Taming of the Shrew'—all of which were hitherto unprinted. To two of them, 'The First and Second Parts of Henry VI,' licences had, as in the case of 'As You Like It' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' been accorded some years earlier. Thomas Millington had acquired the right to publish 'The First and Second Parts of Henry VI' at the opening of the century; but though he had published two other of Shakespeare's histories he did nothing with these two pieces beyond transferring his right in them on 19th April, 1602, to Thomas Pavier, a publisher of evil repute, who had acquired a large interest in Shakespeare's work. Pavier had already issued three editions of a gross perversion of 'Henry V,' and afterwards gained control of 'Titus Andronicus' and 'Pericles,' as well as of two non-Shakespearean plays, 'Sir John Oldcastle' and 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' on the title-pages of each of which he had unjustifiably set Shakespeare's name. Both 'The First and Second Parts of Henry VI' were revisions by Shakespeare of older plays by other writers. The First Part remained unprinted in any shape before the issue of the First Folio. Nor was any attempt made to print the Second Part after Shakespeare finally recast it; but the earlier and obsolete form of this piece which was known as 'The True Contention' had been published in more than one edition, the last being produced as recently as 1619 by the perverse Pavier. It rested with Pavier, who owned

1 The dates of the licences for publication are derived in all cases from Aube's Transcripts of the Registers of the Stationers' Company.
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the full licence in the first two parts of 'Henry VI,' to give or withhold permission to the syndicate to include them in their collection.

In the case of 'King John' and 'The Taming of the Shrew,' the remaining two unprinted plays for which no licence was sought by Blount and Jaggard, both were based by Shakespeare on earlier plays of like designation by other hands, and these earlier pieces were already in print. The pre-Shakespearean play of 'King John' had indeed been republished as recently as 1622 by one Augustus Mathewes, with Shakespeare's name fraudulently paraded on its title. The Stationers' Company's officers, or the editors of the First Folio, perhaps left these two plays out of account, in the transaction with the Company of November, 1623, because, through similarity of titles, they confused the old pieces by Shakespeare's predecessors, which had been previously licensed and published, with the genuine plays by Shakespeare which had not yet suffered the like fortune. At any rate Blount and Jaggard failed on November 8 to bring within the purview of the Stationers' Company the whole of the plays of Shakespeare that they ultimately succeeded in publishing in the First Folio for the first time.

The syndicate had indeed to undertake much other complex negotiation before their path was quite clear. Besides Pavier there were seven publishers outside the ranks of the syndicate who held licences to produce certain plays by Shakespeare, and the exclusive rights of these men could not be safely ignored. Happily copyright in six plays that had previously appeared in quarto was vested in various members of the syndicate itself. Jaggard had command of 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which he had bought with Roberts' stock; Aspley had command of 'The Second Part of Henry IV' and of 'Much Ado'; Smethwick owned 'Hamlet,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

With the seven outside owners of plays in quarto, the syndicate reached an understanding which was sufficiently good to silence opposition. Aspley no doubt carried weight with Matthew Lawe, who owned copyright in 'Richard III,' 'Richard II,' and 'The First Part of Henry IV'; Lawe had bought these copyrights on June 25, 1603, of Andrew Wisc, who was at one time Aspley's partner. The unscrupulous Pavier came to terms with the syndicate in regard alike to 'Henry V,' of which he had issued a grossly perverted quarto, to 'Titus,' copyright in which he had acquired of Edward White, and to 'The First and Second Parts of Henry VI,' which he controlled as owner of the unused licences. The equally disreputable Nathaniel Butter, who had published the careless quarto of 'Lear' in 1608 as well as 'The London Prodigal' of 1605, which he falsely ascribed to Shakespeare's pen, also proved amenable. Nor was difficulty experienced with Arthur Johnson of St. Paul's Churchyard, who owned the copyright in the corrupt quarto of 'Merry Wives'; nor with Richard Bonian and Henry Walley of St. Paul's Churchyard, who owned the copyright of 'Troilus'; nor with Lawrence Heyes, who had on July 8, 1619, been allotted the copyright in 'The Merchant of Venice,' formerly the property of his father, Thomas Heyes; nor finally with Thomas Walkley, who had as lately as October 6, 1621, acquired for the first time the unpublished 'Othello.'

The only play by Shakespeare that had been previously published in quarto and was not included in the First Folio was 'Pericles.' The copyright of 'Pericles' was owned in 1623 by Pavier, who had brought out a third quarto edition in 1619 in a volume which also contained 'The True Contention,' the obsolete version of 'The Second Part of Henry VI.' The syndicate may have either overlooked the piece by inadvertence or they may have deemed the hands of collaborators to be too visible in it to justify them in treating it as Shakespeare's handiwork. But most probably Pavier perversely refused to sanction its admission
admission to the First Folio. It was not until long after Pavier and his immediate representatives passed away, and the Folio reappeared in a third impression in 1664, that “Pericles” was added to the collected plays of Shakespeare.

Obvious are the signs in the First Folio of the syndicate’s direct indebtedness to many of the quartos, the First Folio projectors abstained from open acknowledgement of obligation to any versions of Shakespeare’s plays that were previously accessible in print. The co-operation of the theatrical managers, it was advertised, placed the playhouse MSS. at the disposal of the publishers and it was left to be inferred that thence alone was the ‘copy’ derived.

On the title-page of the First Folio, ‘Mr. William Shakespares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies’ were declared to be ‘Published according to the True Originall Copies.’ In the sub-title of the preliminary pages, ‘The Works of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,’ were said to be ‘Truely set forth according to their first Originall.’ ‘It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished,’ remarked the actor-managers in their address ‘To the great Variety of Readers,’ ‘that the Author himselfe haue liu’d to haue set forth, and oversee his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain’d otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish’d them.’ At the same time the actor-managers warmly, if vaguely, condemned earlier attempts that had been made to print Shakespeare’s plays (in quarto). The reading public, they wrote, had been ‘abus’d with diverse [i.e. some] stolne, and surreptitious copies, main’d, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos’d them.’ But the day of the corrupt quartos was done. ‘Euen those, are now offer’d to your view cur’d, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued them.’ ‘Wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers,’ the actors added. Clearly they wished to suggest that the printers worked exclusively from Shakespeare’s undefiled autograph.

No greater attention should be paid to these declarations than to work-a-day publishing advertisements, which are commonly prone to exaggeration. When in 1647 the first attempt was made to issue a collected edition in folio of Beaumont and Fletcher’s plays, on the model of Shakespeare’s First Folio, the publisher Humphrey Moseley gave identical assurances that he presented for the first time ‘the perfect full originals without the least mutilation,’ and that he had employed the author’s own MS., which was ‘free from interlining’ or correction. He added, ‘As it is all new, so here is not anything spurious or impost’d. I had the originalls from such as received them from the Authors themselves.’ The text of the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher did not justify these virtuous professions, any more than they were justified in the case of the Shakespeare First Folio. The boast on the part of early seventeenth-century publishers of access to
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a dramatist's uncorrected autographs should be regarded as a trade-convention rather than a serious historic statement.1

No genuine respect was paid to a dramatic author's original drafts after they reached the playhouse. Scenes and passages were freely erased by the managers, who became the owners, and other alterations were made for stage purposes. Ultimately the dramatist's corrected autograph was copied by the playhouse scryvenner; this transcript became the official 'prompt-copy,' and the original was set aside and destroyed, its uses being exhausted. The copyist was not always happy in deciphering his original, especially when the dramatist wrote so illegibly as Shakespeare, and, since no better authority than the 'prompt-copy' survived for the author's words, the copyist's misreadings encouraged crude emendation on the actor's part. Whenever a piece was revived, a new revision was undertaken by the dramatist in concert with the manager or by an independent author, and in course of time the official playhouse copy of a popular piece might come to bear a long series of new interlineations. Thus stock-pieces were preserved, not in the author's autograph, but in the playhouse-scryvenner's interlined transcript, which varied in authenticity according to the calligraphy of the author's original draft, the copyist's intelligence, and the extent of the recensions on successive occasions of the piece's revival.

1 Many valuable clues to the precise history of the publication of the Shakespeare First Folio are accessible in the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies and tragedies which was published in 1647. Its preliminary pages are rich in illustrative material. Of the fifty-two plays assigned to Beaumont and Fletcher (the majority of them were really the work of Fletcher either writing alone or in collaboration with Massinger), no more than nine were published—in separate quartos—before Fletcher's death in 1645, while eight others appeared in similar form for the first time between 1645 and 1647. The first folio of 1647 collected all the Beaumont and Fletcher plays that had not been previously printed. No arrangement was reached with the publishers of the seventeen pre-existing quartos by which it was possible to include any of those. Thirty-four new pieces were brought together; the MS, of one—'The Wild Goose Chase'—was not found in time, and was first issued separately five years later. The leading actors of the King's company to which Fletcher had been attached as playwright co-operated in the venture with an enterprising publisher, Humphrey Moseley, who in conjunction with a partner, Humphrey Robinson, paid all expenses and undertook every manner of responsibility. The theatres had been closed owing to the Civil War in 1641, and the playhouse archives had for the most part been long scattered. Moseley, in advertisements from 'The Stationer to the Reader' which he prefixed to the volume, announced how the 'copy' had been dispersed in numerous private hands, how he experienced great difficulty in gathering it together, and how it was only purchasable at high prices. The printed text of the plays failed to answer the hopes that the publisher's protestations of its authenticity roused, and the typography, which, he explained, was under his sole superintendence, showed abundant marks of hasty and careless composition and inefficient revision. The actors who aided the scheme played a very subordinate part in its execution. They did nothing beyond securing Moseley's efforts in securing the 'copy,' and signing their names—to the number of ten—to the dedicatory epistle which was addressed to the lord chamberlain of the day, Philip, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. Shakespeare had himself of old belonged to the same company, and at least four of the signatories had been personally associated with him. The dedicatory epistle avowed that the players who signed it emulated the example of their deceased colleagues, Heming and Condel, who stood in the same relation to the Shakespeare First Folio as they now sought to stand to the Beaumont and Fletcher first folio. They could have wished to address themselves to the two brothers—William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, formerly lord chamberlain, Philip Herbert, earl of Montgomery—to whom the authors Heming and Condel addressed themselves in the opening pages of the Shakespeare First Folio. But the earl of Pembroke was dead, and his brother Philip, his successor in that title and in the office of lord chamberlain, alone survived to receive their homage. The dedicatory words ran rather clumsily thus—:

But directed by the example of some who once steered in our quality and so fortunately aspired to choose your Honour—joined with your (now glorified) Brother—Patrons to the then exprest great Swan of Avon Shakespeare; and since, more particularly bound to your Lordships most constant and diffusive Goodness from which we did for many calm years derive a subsistence to ourselves and Protection to the Scene (now widdowed and condemned, as we fear to a long Winter and sterility), we have presumed to offer to your Seile what before was never printed of these Authors.

The volume numbered in all 876 pages, i.e., thirty-two fewer than the Shakespeare First Folio. The signatures were continuous throughout, but the pagination was repeated begun afresh and consequently presented much irregularity and repetition. The typographical errors were numerous. A new folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works was published by a number of other stationers in 1679, and that volume included the eighteen plays which had been formerly published in quarto in addition to the contents of Moseley's 1647 edition. The 1679 text was carefully revised.

But
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But even if it were the ultimate hope of the publishers of the First Folio to print all Shakespeare's plays, in the inevitable absence of his autograph MSS., from the finished theatrical transcripts or official 'prompt-copies,' their purpose was again destined to defeat by accidents on which they had not reckoned. In 1623 the day was far distant when Shakespeare first delivered his dramatic MSS. to the playhouse manager. In some cases thirty years had elapsed, in none less than twelve, and during the long intervals many misadventures had befallen the company's archives. Since Shakespeare began his work, the company's stock of plays had been continually replenished, and the 'prompt-copies' of old pieces that had ceased to appeal to the public were quickly discarded. Shakespeare's plays had a far longer life on the stage than those of any contemporary. But only eighteen (or with 'Pericles' nineteen) of his thirty-seven dramas remained in 1623 in the repertory of the theatre. 'Much Ado,' 'The Merry Wives,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' 'The Tempest,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Winter's Tale,' among comedies; the two parts of 'Henry IV,' 'Henry V,' 'Richard III,' and 'Henry VIII,' among histories; 'Othello,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,' 'Lear,' and 'Romeo,' among tragedies, could still count on an appreciative hearing. But the rest of Shakespeare's plays had lost their theatrical vogue. There is no evidence of the revival in the late years of Shakespeare's lifetime, or during the years following his death, of any of the eighteen remaining plays of the First Folio. Some of these, like 'The Two Gentlemen,' 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'All's Well,' 'King John,' 'Richard II,' the three parts of 'Henry VI,' and 'Titus,' quickly disappeared altogether from the seventeenth-century stage.

To the official theatrical transcripts of many of Shakespeare's plays the playhouse manager would therefore have had in normal circumstances no ready means of access in 1623. But the normal difficulties of gathering the 'copy' from playhouse archives were increased by a comparatively recent catastrophe. In 1613 fire had demolished the Globe theatre, where the company and its archives had been housed for fourteen years.

The publishers of the First Folio had therefore to depend on other sources than the playhouse in their task of collecting 'copy.' Fortunately it was the habit of actors occasionally to secure a more or less perfect transcript of a successful piece either for themselves or for a sympathetic friend. Though some private owners easily mislaid dramatic MSS., others carefully preserved them, and it was clearly through the good offices of private owners that the publishers of the First Folio were able to supplement the defects of the playhouse archives. By such means transcripts, occasionally even 'prompt-copies,' of plays that had passed out of the actors' repertory reached the printers' hands. Private transcripts were, as a rule, characterized to a greater degree than official transcripts by copyists' carelessness and by general imperfections: they rarely embodied the latest theatrical revisions; they omitted stage directions. But in 1623 they filled, as far as Shakespeare's work was concerned, an important gap in the playhouse resources.

Finally, in the case of sixteen of Shakespeare's plays, the publishers of the First Folio had at their command previously printed quartos, a few of which embodied, by whatever surreptitious means, fairly complete theatrical texts. The First Folio text was therefore derivable from three distinct sources: firstly, the finished playhouse transcripts, or 'prompt-copies'; secondly, the less complete and less authentic transcripts in private hands; and thirdly, the quartos.

The sparse appearance in the First Folio of theatrical annotations—i.e. complete divisions of a play into acts and scenes, stage directions, indications of 'the scene,' and lists of dramatis personae—proves that the second class of 'copy,' the private transcript, was more abundant than the first, the finished playhouse transcript. The theatrical annotations
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Annotations were only set out in detail in a completed playhouse transcript or 'prompt-copy,' and it is rare to find them in entirety in the First Folio. Even so rudimentary a theatrical feature as a full distribution of the text into acts and scenes is only found in twenty-one pieces; the 'copy' of the fifteen plays which lack a detailed distribution of acts and scenes had clearly never been put to theatrical uses. To only seven plays is attached a list of dramatis personae, which is another essential characteristic of a perfect playhouse transcript, and in the case of two of these seven plays, 'Henry V' and 'Timon,' the lists of dramatis personae are printed in such a manner as to indicate that they formed no part of the printer's 'copy;' they were interpolated on detached leaves from other sources after the play was printed. Detailed stage directions are also infrequent. In only a dozen of the more popular pieces are they elaborated. 'The Tempest,' the opening play, which was probably the latest of Shakespeare's efforts, and long remained a favourite stock piece, is especially wealthy in them, and it also shares with 'Measure for Measure' the peculiar distinction of supplying an express indication of the scene? (The scene of 'The Tempest' is 'an uninhabited island,' that of 'Measure for Measure' 'Vienna.') In a few instances peculiarly distinct traces of theatrical influence on the 'copy' have accidentally survived. In 'The Taming of the Shrew,' in 'Much Ado,' and in 'The Third Part of Henry VI' subordinate players' actual names here and there supplant the names of the characters which fell to their lot. The name of the actor Sinklo figures instead of his rôle—of 'second player' in the first case and 'second keeper' in the second—in both 'Taming of the Shrew' (Induction, sc. 1, l. 88) and in 'The Third Part of Henry VI' (iii. 1); and in the second play two actor-friends of Sinklo, Humphrey (Jeffes) and Gabriel (Spenser) are mentioned in like manner with himself. Similar confusions are met with in quartos of 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Much Ado,' which suggest that they were drawn from the playhouse transcript. In the 'Romeo' quartos of 1599 and 1609 Will Kemp's name is substituted for that of his assumed character of Peter, but this error the Folio corrects. In 'Much Ado' (iv. 2), however, not only does the Folio retain the quarto's introduction of the names of the actors Kemp and Cowley in place of their respective rôles of Dogberry and Verges, but in 'Much Ado' (ii. 3) a third actor's name (not mentioned in the quarto) is introduced, that of 'Jacke Wilson,' who filled the singing part of Balthazar. Such eccentricities indicate that the printers worked (whether in quarto or folio), in the case of the plays in which they figure, on more or less official playhouse transcripts which prompter or manager had annotated.

The 'copy' for the First Folio was brought together with difficulty from the various sources that were open to its promoters. When the publication was first suggested, no definite knowledge of the material that would be at the printers' disposal was accessible. Additions were made to their stores while the work was in progress. In some cases the drafts which were first procured were defective, and others had to be found to fill palpable gaps. An epilogue, or a prologue, or a list of dramatis personae, was recovered after the play to which it belonged had been set up, and was hurriedly and clumsily inserted. In the case of 'A Winter's Tale' and 'Troilus and Cressida,' the whole play was thrust into the book at the last moment. The promoters were so anxious to avoid delay in the issue of the volume that they left the printers little time in which to obliterate the marks of interpolation.

The First Folio consisted when complete of 454 leaves or 908 pages. Numerous folio volumes of far larger compass were produced at the same period. Every Elizabethan or Jacobean library contained books of greater bulk. In point of typographical elegance and accuracy, too, the book was constantly surpassed in its own day. The failure of the

The in-gathering of the 'copy.'

Outward characteristics of the volume.

Actors' names in theatrical transcripts.
promoters of the First Folio, or of the printers William Jaggard and his son Isaac, to bring the volume into competition with the best book-production of the period, may be assigned to excessive haste in completing the design, which deprived the work of the benefit of adequate revision. None the less, although the publishers were clearly moved in this and other regards by economic considerations, there were signs that they desired the Folio, even if they aimed at no superfine merit, to be within inexpensive limits a presentable volume. The paper was of good although not of the best quality. Prynne complained in his 'Histriomastix,' 1633 (‘To the Christian Reader,’ fol. 1 back), that Shakespeare's plays, which had grown in his day 'from quarto into folio,' were 'printed on the best crowne paper, better than most bibles.' But this is a prejudiced exaggeration. Crown paper was of various kinds. That of the finest and most enduring texture is met with in such a handsome folio as James I's 'Works,' printed by the royal printers Robert Barker and John Bill in 1616; there the elaborate water-mark of a crown surmounting a shield measures more than three inches lengthways. The inferior paper of the First Folio bears a smaller and simpler water-mark of a crown, with a broad bottom band enclosing the initial letters of the papermaker, apparently H. C. The paper throughout is of the same texture, but it was clearly manufactured in two moulds, in one of which the water-mark lacked the bottom band and showed other signs of deterioration.

Ornamental head- and tail-pieces and initial letters appear at the beginning or end of the plays. In all fifteen patterns are employed, but there is nothing distinctive about any of them. Most of them are much worn, and belonged to the stock of ordinary 'blocks' and types which was to be found in all well-equipped printing-places of London and on the Continent. The pattern was usually of early invention and possibly of foreign origin. The archer head-piece, which appears four times in the First Folio (before the dedication, before the 'catalogue,' 'The Tempest,' and epilogue to 'Second Part of Henry IV') is met with in all manner of English books dating between 1590 and 1632, including the Book of Common Prayer (1603) and Spenser's works (1611). The large tail-piece which is at the end of twenty-five plays is also at the end of the first folio of Spenser's works, which was printed by Humphrey Lownes for his brother Matthew in 1611, and in books printed at Strassburg and Frankfurt. Jaggard, the printer of the Folio, invariably used the majority of the First Folio ornamental blocks in all his large undertakings of similar date. Some of the initial letters (cf. the large F in 'To the great Variety of Readers') he had acquired with the stock of James Roberts. Most of the head-pieces and initial letters which figure in the First Folio are met with in Augustine Vincent's 'Discoverie of Errours' (1621), a volume on which Jaggard's compositors were engaged just before they set to work on the
the First Folio. The large tail-piece appeared in no less than three of Jaggard's recent publications, in Mexia's 'Treasure' (1619), pt. 2, in Brooke's 'Catalogue' (1619), and in 'The Decameron' (1620). There are only two ornaments which cannot be matched in Jaggard's books, or indeed elsewhere: one is the conventionally scrolled head-piece (above Digges' and I. M.'s verses in the preliminary pages), which is repeated at the opening of eleven plays, and may have been newly cut for the volume; the other is the tail-piece on the page containing the actors' names before 'Henry V'; this is a greatly worn block, must have been frequently employed before, is only used on this single occasion in the First Folio, and was doubtless soon afterwards destroyed as worthless.

The only pictorial embellishment of the volume is the engraved portrait of Shakespeare (7\frac{3}{8} in. \times 6\frac{1}{8} in.), which is printed on the title-page. The engraver, Martin Droeshout, belonged to a Flemish family of painters and engravers long settled in London, where he was born in 1601. The engraving was therefore produced when the artist had only completed his twenty-second year, and may be regarded as the effort of an apprentice. It followed a painting, possibly the 'Flower' portrait of Shakespeare now in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon. That picture is believed to have been painted in Shakespeare's lifetime, in 1609, by a Flemish artist, who has been conjecturally identified with the engraver's uncle, also named Martin Droeshout. In the verses on the page facing the title of the volume Ben Jonson congratulates 'the graver' on having satisfactorily 'hit' the poet's face. But the impressions that are usually met with are too coarsely printed to give the likeness verisimilitude. Defects in the original design, the disproportion between the dimensions of the head and the half-length of the body, cannot be laid to the engraver's charge. Nor is Droeshout's ability to be fairly judged from the ordinary condition of his engraving. His work was obviously deemed too delicate to bear frequent reproduction, and the plate was coarsely retouched more than once after it left his hands. In the first state the engraving is clear in tone and the shadows are somewhat delicately rendered. The light falls softly on the muscles of the face, especially about the mouth and below the eye. The hair is darker than the shadows on the forehead and flows naturally, although the engraver omitted to make the hair throw any shadow on the collar. In ordinary impressions a shadow has been introduced into the collar, and all the shadows on the face have been darkened by cross hatching and cross dotting, especially about the chin and the roots of the hair on the forehead. The moustache has been roughly enlarged. As a result the expression is deprived of character; the forehead has an unnaturally swollen appearance, and the hair might easily be mistaken for a raised wig. The reproductions in extant copies of the First Folio show many slight variations, but all bear witness to the deterioration of the plate. Only one copy of the engraving in its first state is now known. This was extracted by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps from a First Folio in his possession, and framed separately by him; it now belongs to the American collector, Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. The copy of the First Folio, to which this fine impression of the engraving originally belonged, is now in the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon.

I am indebted to Mr. Horace Hart, the Controller of the Oxford University Press, for the following valuable Notes on the Typography of the First Folio:

The founts of type used in printing the First Folio bear unmistakable marks of Dutch origin. Apart from the display- and catch-lines used in the title-page and in some of the title-headings, five

1 Mr. A. W. Pollard, M.A., of the British Museum, was kind enough to supply me with most of these valuable notes on the ornaments.

2 The pagination referred to in the description of the types is the Press numbering at the foot of each page of the Facsimile.
founts are employed. In body, three of these are English and two Dutch. I have numbered them (i) to (v) in the description which follows.

As to the roman and italic font used for (i) the text of the work in two columns, I am convinced that this is not only Dutch in face, but Dutch in body, viz. that it is Median, equal to 11-points according to the Didot system; and I suggest that it was specially chosen, for excellent reasons, and could not easily be improved upon if type had to be selected for a similar work to-day. It is condensed, in order to get the metrical lines in without turning over a word or words; and it also shows sufficient space or 'daylight' between the printed lines to afford the necessary relief to the reader's eyes. There is no English type-body equivalent to 11 Didot points. The nearest is pica, which is 11 3/32; and I am convinced that it is not possible to measure up a column of the First Folio with pica m's. On the other hand, the Dutch Median type fits a column perfectly. Let us imagine ourselves in the position of the printers of the First Folio. Being called upon to undertake so considerable a piece of work, they would specially consult the Dutch founders for the most important type, viz. that with which the text of the work was to be printed; but they would regard the small founts which they probably already possessed, of double-pica, great-primer, and English, as suitable for the unimportant parts which they had to play in the preliminary matter.

Of these less important founts, the italic (ii) used for the Dedication (p. iii) is on a double-pica body, and is, in face and depth, identical with the double-pica of which a specimen is given in T. B. Reed's *Early English Type Foundries* (facing p. 96), where it is said to have been 'cut' by John Day in 1572. Reed points out that the same italic is also made use of in Binneman's edition of Walsingham's *Historia*; and it seems probable that Day's type, Binneman's type, and the Shakespeare double-pica all came from the same source. This double-pica italic is used for the 'Names of the Principal Actors' (p. 11), and also throughout the First Folio for the head-lines and cross-headings to the Acts and Scenes.

The address 'To the great Variety of Readers' (p. 7) is set up in great-primer type (iii), as well as the lines 'To the Memory of the deceased Author' (p. 9); where it may be noticed that the italic is too small for the roman, or the latter too large for the italic, for the two do not line together. The same remark applies to the English font (iv) used for the verses on pages 13, 14, and 15; the italic in pages 13 and 14, because of its smallness of body, seeming to have greater space between the lines; while the roman in page 15, on the contrary, seems to have the lines closer together. This is mere appearance, however; the body is the same in both cases. The three founts mentioned, although, as I have suggested, probably of Dutch origin, are cast upon English bodies; and all are set solid, as may be proved by observing where descending and ascending letters meet in any two lines. This fact—that the lines of type are set solid, i.e. without any 'leads' between the lines—enables one to make measurements with absolute certainty.

One other fount remains to be described. The large roman (v), used in the page opposite the portrait, is cast on the Dutch body called Kleine Kanon, equal to 24 Didot points. No English type-body which I am able to measure fits it; and the face is Dutch. But the absence of the letter W from the fount (the printer has had to make it up with two V's) needs explanation. I hesitate to suggest that this type may have come from Holland to England by way of France; yet Bishop Fell declares that the types which he acquired for his 'Imprimery' were procured from 'Germany, France, and Holland.'

The arguments in these Notes have been hitherto from typographic considerations. But the type-faces also—whether they are exhibited on English bodies or on Dutch bodies—can be identified as absolutely Dutch.

The expert in typography note the peculiar shape of the italic letters which follow,—

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abcdfghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
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and especially of the initial, or 'swash' capital letters,—

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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
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in the First Folio; and compare them with the characters shown in the Type Specimen Books, &c., of Christofel van Dijk (1683), of Bishop Fell (1693), of Johan Enschedé (1768), as well as with those represented in later times by such modern authorities as Theo. L. De Vinne ¹ and T. B. Reed.

¹ Similar, but not identical, type was employed by Humphrey Moseley in printing the text of the Beaumont and Fletcher first folio of 1647, and he remarked of it: 'The Work itself is in one continued letter, which tho' very legible is none of the biggest, because as much as possible we would lessen the bulke of the volume.'—S. L.

² Old English Letter Foundries, by T. B. Reed, London, 1887, p. 96.

³ Gutch, *Collectanea Curiosa*, vol. i, p. 271.

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The "rules" used for borders, columns, and head-lines were mostly brass; and the expert will notice, here and there, in the centre column-rule, little projections made by the bodkin of the compositor in correcting the proofs; nor will he overlook the fact that in pages beginning plays, brass was not used for the centre column-rules, but pieces of metal-rule were used instead, doubtless with a view of saving the cutting of the longer brasses. In page 140, beginning "Love's Labour's Lost," the centre column-rule is made up of as many as nineteen pieces. Occasionally the supply of brass border-lines gave out, and a shorter rule, intended for use immediately after the page-heading, was made to answer the purpose of an outside bottom border-line.

In executing the press-work of the First Folio, the bed of the wooden press probably held two pages, of which the platen only printed one at a time, so that there would be two pulls for each side of the sheet. The faulty register seems to reveal this method.

In accordance with a growing practice among seventeenth-century printers, both capital letters and italics constantly recur with apparently small reason in the text of the plays. Capitals within the sentence distinguish adjectives and verbs as well as substantives. Their number varies greatly in different plays; "Romeo and Juliet" has on the average one extra capital in every line, while in the first thirteen comedies one extra capital is found on the average in every seven lines. The theory that the extra capital was deliberately introduced to emphasize the word to which it was attached is untenable. The irregularity which characterized their usage rather assigns their presence to the individual vagaries of compositors. The employment of extra capitals was indeed an irresponsible typographical fashion which was continuously gaining ground through the seventeenth century; when Shakespeare's plays were reprinted in folio for the fourth time in 1685, the number of extra capitals had risen from 42,386 (in the First Folio) to 55,545 (in the Fourth). Italic type seems to be employed in the First Folio more methodically than capital letters. It is used in stage directions, in prologues and epilogues, in lyric verse, proper names, letters in prose, speeches in foreign languages, and unfamiliar words, especially those of foreign origin (e.g. caputare and requiem). These rules, although they were not invariably adhered to, were of recognized authority in most printing-offices of the day. Only a single fount of italic type appears in the text of the plays, and such inconspicuous variations as have been detected in the aspect of some of the italic letters are the slight and accidental irregularities that are inseparable from the current system of casting types by hand and of inking the forme with balls.

The title and preliminary matter were prepared last. This portion of the volume consists of nine leaves, which were printed apart from the succeeding text of the plays. As was common in folio books, it was intended to make-up the press-work in sheets or quires of six leaves each; but many of the preliminary leaves were separately inserted, and they were consequently bound up in different order in different copies. All are unnumbered; there are signatures (A2, A3) on only two leaves, which contain respectively the dedication and the address to the readers. Naturally the back of the title-leaf is left blank, but six other of the nine preliminary leaves are peculiar in bearing print on one side only. Probably the opening sheet of the volume was originally designed to consist of the six leaves, supplying the title-page, the dedication, the address to the readers, the catalogue of the plays (or index of contents), and the half-title running "The Works of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first Original," together with a sixth blank leaf for emergencies. Subsequently Shakespeare's friend Ben Jonson forwarded not merely the fine poem "To the memory of my beloved, the Author," which was set up on both sides of the unallotted

1 See Hamnet Edition of Shakespeare's Works according to the First Folio. Edited by Allan Park Paton (Edinburgh, 1877 et seq.).
blank leaf, but the lines on the portrait, which were allotted to an inserted fly-leaf, appropriately facing the title. Hugh Holland, a friend of Jonson's, fired by his example, afterwards sent a commendatory sonnet, which was set up on one side of a second interpolated leaf; and on a later day Leonard Digges and James Mabbe, two admirers of Shakespeare, who were in personal relations with the publisher Blount, paid Blount and Shakespeare jointly the compliment of sending two further sets of commendatory verse, which were brought together on the front side of yet a third detached leaf. Considering the character of the book, and contemporary practice, the supply of preliminary poetic eulogy was exceptionally scanty, but the publishers brooked no delay, and seem to have avoided requests for further poetic commendations which might occasion it. By way of completing the preliminary matter, they finally appended to the half-title, 'The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes,' arranged in double columns. It is doubtful if any folio volume of the day betrayed greater want of coherence or of satisfactory method in the character or the arrangement of the preliminary leaves.

To economize time the text of the plays was meanwhile printed and made-up in three separate and independent sections. This clumsy device was avoided in the best printed folios of the time. The first section was designed to contain the Comedies, the second the Histories, and the third the Tragedies. Each section was separately and independently paged, and the quires, on which each was printed, bore separate and independent sets of signatures. The signatures of the Comedies ran from A onwards to Z (with additional signatures Aa, Bb, and two leaves only of a quire Cc); the Histories ran from A (ending with 'Henry VIII') on an incomplete quire x of four leaves); the Tragedies ran from aa to bbb. But, owing partly to the prevailing carelessness and partly to the hasty interpolation of new matter while the composition of each section was in progress, no section was completed either in the way of signatures or pagination with perfect regularity.

Except in the Histories section, where the plays were arranged in harmony with historic chronology, no rational principle was followed in the order in which the dramas were printed. 'The Tempest,' which Shakespeare probably composed last, stood first in the opening section of Comedies. Probably the theatrical managers found the playhouse transcript of that piece, which the printers followed, readier to their hand than any other when the volume was first designed. 'The Tempest' was followed by one of the earliest of Shakespeare's comedies, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and throughout the comedy-section late and early plays are hopelessly intermixed. 'Love's Labour's Lost,' almost certainly his earliest comedy, figures seventh in the list. 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Twelfth Night,' Shakespeare's three most finished comedies, which came into being about the same time in the midmost period of his career, are separated from one another as far as is possible. Throughout, the order seems to represent merely that in which chance brought the copy to the printing-office. In the Tragedies the arrangement offers fewer eccentricities, because the bulk of Shakespeare's tragic dramas belong to a somewhat short single term of his activity. But there
was no reasonable ground for making "Troilus and Cressida" and "Coriolanus" open the section, nor for permitting Shakespeare's very early work in tragedy, "Titus" and "Romeo," to follow them immediately. Here again the printers appear to have merely kept pace with the theatrical manager's or publisher's discovery and dispatch of the "copy" to the printing-office.

In each section there are indications that, after the printers reached what they were led to believe was the end of their "copy," new matter arrived, and the labour of composition was continued afresh on the additional material.

The Comedies were originally brought to a close with "Twelfth Night," on the eleventh page of quire Z. The twelfth page of the quire was left blank, because the compositors had no "copy" to set upon it. Subsequently "copy" for a further comedy, "A Winter's Tale," arrived. John Heminge, the manager, had lately contemplated a revival of the piece (August 1623), but the official MS. copy—the allowed booke or "prompt-copy"—could not be found at the moment 1. Happily a MS. version, which Heminge credited with adequate authenticity, came to hand, and, after being represented on the stage, was sent to press. The additional "copy" was started on a new and independent quire of six leaves; the interpolated quire was signed A a, although a very similar signature a a was designed to distinguish the opening quire of the third section of the volume. "A Winter's Tale" was carried not only through A a, but through a full succeeding quire B b (also of six leaves); and was completed on two detached leaves, of which the first bore the signature C c, and the second was at first unsigned. The reverse page of the second leaf (Cc 2) was left blank. Thus blank pages at beginning and end completely isolated "A Winter's Tale." The printers showed, however, unusual enterprise in making the pagination of "A Winter's Tale" (pp. 277–307) continuous from "Twelfth Night." In the correctly bound volume, "A Winter's Tale" follows "Twelfth Night," and is immediately succeeded by the Histories section, with new pagination and new signatures (a, b, c, et seq.). But "A Winter's Tale" still remained an independent segment of the book; and in some instances binders, misled by the signatures, misplaced it, making it precede "Coriolanus," which opens the quire bearing the almost identical signature a a (cf. Mr. R. J. Walker's copy, No. XXVI in the Census).

A more awkward irregularity characterizes the section of Histories. It would appear that in this section the printers were supplied in the first instance with only the first two acts, and half of act iii of "The Second Part of Henry IV," instead of the whole text of the piece, and that they mistook this fragment for the whole play. The copy for the three complete plays, "King John," "Richard II," and "The First Part of Henry IV," with the fragment of "The Second Part of Henry IV," filled seven quires (a–g) of six leaves, or twelve pages, each. The numbers of the pages ought to have run from 1 to 84, but the numbers 47–48 were accidentally missed, with the result that p. 47 became p. 49, and so forth until p. 84 became p. 86. When quire g was completed on p. 86, "Henry V" was begun on the first page of quire h, but the last page-number 86 of the preceding quire g was carelessly misread 88, so that the first page of quire h was erroneously numbered 69; that pagination was continued till the Histories section ended with "Henry VIII" on p. 232.

Subsequently the quires of the Histories section were brought together and hastily examined in proof. Then there came to light the serious hiatus in the text between the consecutive quires signed respectively g and h. "Henry V" had been begun too soon. Half the copy for "The Second Part of Henry IV," the last half of act iii, together with

1 Cf. Sir Henry Herbert's "Office Book," quoted by Malone in Variorum Shakespeare (1831), iii. 239.
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Acts iv and v,—had been overlooked; it had in all probability never been delivered to the compositors. The omitted portion of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV’ was sufficient to fill seven leaves, or fourteen pages. It was therefore necessary to insert, between quires g and h, an irregular quire of eight leaves, or sixteen pages (the nearest even number), to which was given the irregular signature gg. The text of the omitted portion of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV’ was not long enough to extend to the eighth leaf of the new quire. Rather than leave that leaf of two pages blank the printers had recourse to a further irregularity. On the obverse of this eighth inserted leaf they placed, in exceptionally large italic type, the epilogue of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV’; and on the reverse they set, probably from a recovered play-bill, ‘The Actors’ Names’ for the succeeding play of ‘Henry V’; this list they spread out so as to cover the whole page. With even greater awkwardness the pages of the new eight-leaved quire gg, up to the end of the text of ‘The Second Part of Henry IV’, were numbered 87–100, in continuation of the numbers on the regular quire g. The leaf containing the supplementary ‘epilogue’ and ‘actors’ names’ was left unnumbered. But the printers did not attempt to harmonize the pagination of the interpolated leaves with that of the succeeding pages of the regular quire h, which were already in type and were numbered 69 et seq. Thus the pagination of the inserted quire gg (pp. 87–100) remained in confusing conflict with that of the immediately following quire h (pp. 69 et seq.).

But it is in the Tragedies section that we find the most convincing proof of the hasty and unconsidered arrangement and re-arrangement of the ‘copy’ which attended the preparation of the volume. The compositors were directed to open the Tragedies section with ‘Coriolanus’ on page 1, on a normal quire of six leaves, which started the fresh set of signatures (aa, bb, et seq.). All went well with ‘Coriolanus’ and with the next play, ‘Titus Andronicus’. But when the third play, ‘Romeo and Juliet’, reached a point near its close at the end of quire ff, the compositors fell into a confusion for which they themselves and not the furnishers of the ‘copy’ may be held responsible. They overlooked the four hundred and sixty-one lines that ought to follow quire ff, and began work on a new quire Gg without noticing the textual hiatus. Both the omitted portion and the portion that followed it began with the same word ‘I’, so that the catchword ‘1’ at the corner of the last page of quire ff did not open their eyes to their careless omission. Luckily the omission was discovered in good time, and two separate leaves signed gg and gg 2 were interpolated to bear the overlooked lines. Nevertheless at least one copy of the First Folio—that now at Oriel College—was accidentally bound up without this necessary insertion. The Oriel copy has the distinction of presenting the observer with a regular succession of signatures, although its text (of ‘Romeo’) is incomplete by two leaves.

But this mistake was venial compared with that which followed. In all copies the last lines of the tragedy of ‘Romeo’ occupy the front page of the opening leaf of quire Gg, which is numbered 79 (a typographical error for 77). On the back of this leaf Gg the printers, in accordance with their original instructions, began to set up ‘Troilus and Cressida’. Three pages of the play were composed, and the second and third were numbered 79 and 80, in continuation of the correct number of the last page of ‘Romeo and Juliet’. But before the composition of ‘Troilus’ advanced much further a halt was called. The overseers of the press withdrew ‘Troilus’ from the compositors altogether, and put aside the type already set. It may have been either that the succeeding copy was misplaced or that the owners of the already published quarto of ‘Troilus’ raised difficulties, or that it was felt incongruous to place a dramatic story of Troy after a dramatic story of mediaeval Italy.
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"Troilus and Cressida" is a long play filling twenty-eight pages, and had it been carried to the end at the place in the volume where it was begun, it would have occupied all that remained of quire G g and the whole of quire h h, finishing at page 109 on the third leaf of quire i i. While awaiting directions how to fill the gap which the withdrawal of "Troilus" caused, the printers passed over the quires h h and i i, which "Troilus" had been roughly estimated to occupy, and went forward to quire k k, on which they began "Julius Caesar." The first page of the new piece was tentatively numbered 109 in anticipated correspondence with "Troilus." Thenceforth the printing of the Tragedies proceeded with regular signatures through k k to bbb, and, though the pagination was in places confused by typographical misunderstandings, it was plainly intended to make it continuous from 109 to the end. When at length it became imperative to fill the place which the withdrawal of "Troilus" had left vacant, "Timon of Athens" was introduced. The last lines of "Romeo" on the opening quire G g were set up afresh with many changes of spelling, and at the back of the leaf the text of "Timon" was begun instead of "Troilus." "Timon" was a comparatively short play filling only twenty-one pages, so that after being continued through all that remained of quire G g, it ended on the tenth page of the next quire h h. It did not touch the last leaf of quire h h, nor any part of quire i i. The front of the vacant last leaf of quire h h was ultimately filled by spacing out on it "The Actors' Names" for "Timon." The reverse of this leaf, which closed quire h h, remained blank. The pages of the text of "Timon" were numbered 80–98 in precise continuation of "Romeo," but the page of "Actors' Names" and its blank successor went unnumbered. No endeavour was made to bring the signatures or pagination of the succeeding play, "Julius Caesar," which had been prematurely started on quire k k at page 109, into harmony with the signatures or pagination of its inserted predecessor. The quire with the signature i i dropped out of the volume altogether, and in the pagination of the Tragedies section the numbers between 98 and 109 found no place.

But the difficulty was not yet fully met. There still remained unplaced the standing type of part of "Troilus," and the whole volume was ready for binding before the total neglect of the half-printed "Troilus" was realized. The "catalogue" of contents—the list of the plays—in the preliminary pages, which was one of the last contributions to the book, was printed off without any mention of "Troilus." "Coriolanus" was shown in the "catalogue" to begin the Tragedies section; "Timon" to follow "Romeo," and "Julius Caesar" to follow "Timon." When the omission of "Troilus" was recognized at the last minute, it was resolved to place the forgotten piece at the beginning of the Tragedies, before "Coriolanus." The type of the first two leaves at least was standing. The front of the first leaf bore the last lines of "Romeo." These were removed, and for them was substituted a hitherto unprinted prologue to "Troilus," which did not appear in the quarto, and was now set out in exceptionally large italic type so as to occupy the whole page. On the reverse of this first leaf the text of the play began, but some changes were introduced into the old standing type, including a different ornamental head-piece. The next leaf was left in its original state, with its old page-numbers (79–80), which remained to show that "Troilus," as first printed, followed "Romeo." These two leaves were separate insertions, were unsigned, and formed no part of a regular quire. The fourth page of the play was begun on a new quire of the ordinary dimensions of six leaves. It bore the signature ¶, which was the acknowledged mark among printers of an irregular and hasty interpolation after a book was printed off. "Troilus" was continued through a second interpolated quire bearing the signature ¶, and was completed on the front of a single leaf signed ¶ ¶ ¶, of which the back was left blank. No attempt was made to put any numbers to the pages of the interpolated
polated quires ¶ or ¶ ¶, or of the interpolated leaf ¶ ¶ ¶. No less than twenty-six pages thus lacked any sort of number. In the bound volume the interpolated 'Troilus' was immediately followed by 'Coriolanus,' which had been previously in type on the regular quires aa to cc, and had been paged from 1 onward.

It is to two extant copies of the Folio, which are of exceptional character, that we owe our knowledge of the printers' erratic procedure in the arrangement of the opening section of the Tragedies. In the Sheldon copy belonging to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and in the Hartley-Toovey copy belonging to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the first leaf of 'Troilus and Cressida' accidently retains its original shape. Although it stands at the head of the Tragedies section, far from the place that it was originally intended to occupy, the first leaf still bears on its front page the detached concluding lines of 'Romeo and Juliet,' while the text of 'Troilus' begins on the reverse page, the prologue being omitted. In both these copies the last page of 'Romeo' reappears in its second setting in its correct place, and is backed by the opening lines of 'Timon.' The survival of the cancelled last page of 'Romeo,' and the cancelled first page of 'Troilus,' is a curious accident, and brings into broadest relief the haphazard practices which governed printers and overseers, while they were engaged in the production of the volume.

Proofs that the book was printed off without adequate supervision could be multiplied almost indefinitely. Quotations from foreign languages testify with singular completeness to the typographical clumsiness; they are rarely intelligible. Apart from misprints in the text, errors in pagination recur with embarrassing frequency. Many strange ones have been noticed already, and they could be easily matched in awkwardness elsewhere. For example, in 'Hamlet,' page 156 is followed by page 357, and the subsequent pages run on consecutively from 357, so that 100 numbers are missed in the pagination of the Tragedies section.

The following is a full list of other errors in pagination which were uncorrected when the first copies of the impression were issued to the public:—In 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' pp. 50 and 59 were misprinted 58 and 51; in 'The Comedy of Errors,' p. 86 was misprinted 88; in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' pp. 153 and 161 were misprinted 151 and 163; in 'The Merchant of Venice,' pp. 164, 167 were misprinted 162, 163; in 'As You Like It,' p. 189 was misprinted 187; in 'Taming of the Shrew,' p. 214 was misprinted 212; in 'All's Well,' pp. 237, 249, and 250 were misprinted 233, 231, and 252; in 'Twelfth Night,' p. 267 was misprinted 273; in 'Richard II,' p. 37 was misprinted 39; in 'The First Part of Henry IV,' pp. 47, 48 were missed altogether; in 'The Second Part of Henry IV,' pp. 89, 90 were misprinted 91, 92; in 'The Third Part of Henry VI,' pp. 165, 166 were misprinted 167, 168; in 'Henry VIII,' p. 216 was misprinted 218; in 'Romeo and Juliet,' pp. 77, 78 were missed in the numbering; in 'Hamlet,' not only is p. 156 followed by 257, but p. 273 was first set up for p. 277, and p. 279 and 282 were misprinted 259 and 280; in 'King Lear,' p. 308 was misprinted 38 and p. 309, 307; and in 'Cymbeline,' pp. 379, 399 were misprinted 389 and 993; thus the last page bore the number 993 instead of 399.

In the signatures misprints were equally frequent. In addition to the irregularities of signatures already described, in the Comedies section B was originally set up as A; V appeared as V v; in the Histories a 3 appeared as A a 3; m 3 as l 3; in the Tragedies b b 2 was misprinted B b 2; n n and n n 2 appeared as N n and N n 2; o o as O o; t t 2 as t t 3; x, x x 2 and x x 3 as x, x 2 and x 3; y y 2 and y y 3 as y 2 and y 3; while the signature o o 2 was omitted.

The
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The head-lines are often irregular. The head-line titles of the last two pages of the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' are wrongly printed 'The Merry Wies of Windsor,' the name of the succeeding play. At p. 121 of the Comedies, in the head-line 'Much ado about Nothing,' the word 'about' is suffered to figure as 'about.' In 'Troilus and Cressida,' the first three pages give the head-line 'The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida,' the remaining pages give only 'Troylus and Cressida.' The word 'tragedy' is spelt indifferently 'tragedy' and 'tragedie'; and Anthony in 'Anthony and Cleopatra,' both 'Anthony' and 'Anthonie.' The very first word of the text on the first page of the volume, 'Bote-swaine,' was originally printed with the ornamental B upside down (cf. Mr. Hughes Hilton's copy), and some copies were issued to the public before the correction was made.

The number of extant copies of the volume, which amounts to at least 1500, shows that the book was in great demand and that the edition was a very large one. It could hardly have fallen short of 600 copies. Time was consequently needed in working off the sheets, and before that process was ended, it is clear that corrections were occasionally made in the type. There was no systematic revision, but here and there some of the more obvious misprints were amended, and at times the pagination was set right. The sheets that were worked off before the type was corrected were not destroyed; they were bound up indifferently with other sheets that had been revised. This casual method of correction was not uncommon in other printing-offices of the day. In the result few copies of a single edition of a book left the printing-office with the typography identical at all points. The quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays show typographical discrepancies between one copy and another, which are only explicable on the ground that the press was altered while the sheets were being worked off. But the variations among different copies of the First Folio are more numerous than those among copies belonging to the same edition of any other known book of the day.

The pagination and signatures offered the easiest opportunities for correction. In fully half the edition the mistakes in the paging of 'The Taming of the Shrew' (p. 214), 'All's Well' (p. 237), and 'Richard II' (p. 37) were put right. In fully a third of the edition the misprinted signatures V and m 3 were amended. In almost all the copies the initial letter on the first leaf which was printed upside down was reversed, and the misprinted B in the signature of the same leaf was changed to A; the misprinted p. 273 in 'Hamlet' was corrected to p. 277; the misprinted p. 307 in 'Leant' was changed to p. 309. The Chatsworth copy is purged of these defects. Many of its sheets may therefore be regarded as comparatively late impressions. It is one of the few copies in which the omitted signature c p 2 on p. 27 of 'Coriolanus' is supplied. Yet some important corrections were made later, and these the Chatsworth copy escaped. Occasionally the misprinted signatures (y 2 and y 3) on p. 357 and p. 377 of 'Antony and Cleopatra' appear in their right form y y 2 and y y 3, although they retain their original irregularity in the Chatsworth copy.

The most singular typographical confusion which was repaired in the course of the printing is met with in 'Othello' (p. 333), and this error also disfigures the Chatsworth as well as at least three other extant copies (belonging respectively to Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., Mr. Maurice Jonas, and Mr. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh, U.S.A.). In the unrevised page of 'Othello' Rodrigo, in his great dialogue with Iago (Act iv, Sc. 2, ll. 173 et seq.), is made to remark most inaptly—

'And hell gnaw his bones, Perfoarnnces are no kin together.'
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In the corrected copies the irrelevance of the first line is replaced by Roderigo's apposite words—

'I have heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.'

The introduction of 'And hell gnaw his bones' is due to the carelessness of the compositor. The words rightly appear in Emilia's angry speech near the beginning of the preceding column, and their unjustified repetition to the exclusion of the right text is a freak of misdirected vision.

Many other corrections made in course of printing touch the text at more important points than the pagination or the signatures. At least eight leaves are extant in two forms; one showing the text as it was first set up, the other showing it as it was subsequently corrected; only a few extant copies contain these leaves uncorrected; in the Chatsworth copy all figure in their amended form. The corrections in these instances variously affect misprints, spelling, punctuation, or use of capital letters. The reason of the alteration is not in every case quite plain.

Of two uncopied pages of 'As You Like It' (p. 193 and p. 204), only found in three extant copies (Lenox copy No. 1, the Barton copy at Boston, U.S.A., and the copy formerly belonging to Bishop John Vertue, of Portsmouth), p. 193 is wrongly numbered p. 203; and p. 204 is not only misprinted p. 194, but it allots the names of the characters Orlando, Clown, and William to the speeches with hopeless inaccuracy.

The last page (p. 272) of 'The Third Part of Henry VI' in the Histories presents in at least three extant copies (the Ellesmere, the Stratford Memorial, and the New York Tilden copies), three grave mistakes which make nonsense of the text: *Keng* stands for *To[u]ng* (col. 2, l. 4); *add* (col. 2, l. 13) for *and*; and *'ris* (col. 2, l. 15) for *'is* (i.e. *'is*). In 'King Lear' (Tragedies, p. 309) the stage-direction announcing the hero's death appears variously in different copies as *He dis* (the commonest form), *Hee dis*, and *He dies*.

We have already seen how in the Tragedies section the last page of 'Romeo and Juliet' was ultimately reset when the opening lines of 'Troilus' were detached from the reverse side of the leaf. This last page of 'Romeo' is met with in two forms showing somewhat arbitrary variations. The first setting followed with great literalness the quarto version of 1599. The printers first set up *pin'd*, which they converted into *pinde* in the second setting (col. 1, l. 4); *Griefe* was changed into *Greefe* (l. 5); *County* into *Countie* (l. 7); *wild* into *wilde* (l. 8); *dire* into *dyre* (l. 15); *here* into *there* (l. 26); *entreated* into *intreated* (l. 28); *noise* into *noyse* (l. 32). Here the uncorrected readings seem preferable to the corrected spellings. In other instances, in the same lines, the spelling is improved by the corrections, e.g.:—*banish'd* for *banish* (l. 3); *cittie* for *cittie* (l. 3); *houre* for *hower* (l. 21); *scarre* [i.e. scare] for *scar* (l. 31); and *go* for *goc* (l. 32). The attendant, whose speech is assigned to *Boy* in the second setting (l. 40), is called *Balt.*, i.e. Balthazar, in the first setting; and the second attendant, whose speech is assigned to *Page* in the second setting, is called *Boy* in the first. Brackets, which are wholly absent from the first setting, are freely used in the second. Capital letters are transferred or introduced anew, e.g.: *so Tutor'd* becomes *so Tutor'd*; *her kindreds Vault* becomes *her Kindreds vault*; *heaven* becomes *Heaven*; *a holy man* becomes *a Holy man*.

Similarly a leaf in *Hamlet* (pp. 277-78) survives in both a revised and unrevised shape. The leaf is wholly uncorrected in the MacGeorge copy, and in that formerly belonging...
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belonging to Thomas Amyot (cf. Variorum Shakespeare, 1821, vol. xxii, pp. 449–50); parts of it only are corrected in the Marquis of Bath's copy. In this case every change made by the reviser is an obvious improvement. In the earlier setting the page-number 277 appears wrongly as 273, and 'iowles' (col. 1, l. 9 from end) appears as 'iowlos.' These errors were first set right. The next page, 278, which in its original state showed at least eleven bad misprints, was corrected at a later stage. The 'sirh, is,' of the old setting (col. 1, l. 17) became 'sir, his' in the new; yearys (l. 20) became 'years'; 'o-n thing' (l. 41) became 'one thing' and 'Cooffin' became 'Coffin'; 'Foredo' (col. 2, l. 3) became 'For do'; 'Brid-bed' (l. 30) became 'Bride-bed' and 'Maide' became 'Maid'; 'Emphases' (l. 43) became 'Emphasis'; 'wisense' (l. 52) became 'wisenesse'; 'forebeare' (l. 4 from end) became 'forbeare'; 'Crocodile' (last line) 'Crocodile'.

But, despite such spasmodic efforts of the press-corrector, no thorough revision of the whole volume was attempted; most of the irregularities in pagination and signature remained to the last; offensive misreadings of the 'copy' were untouched and no endeavour was made to harmonize the spelling. Few books of the date supply an equal number of spelling discrepancies. No fixity of form was recognized by the printers either in proper names or elsewhere. In one line in the dramatis personae of 'Faulconbridge'; 'Millaine

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\text{Spelling discrepancies.} 
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\[ 
\text{Misprints.} 
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\text{Sometimes the misspellings are indistinguishable from misprints, and greatly perplex the reader. In 'King John,' v. 2. 133, 'this un-heard sawcinesse' is not seen at a first glance to stand for 'this unhair'd sauciness,' i.e. the sauciness of hairless striplings. Elsewhere 'uses' for 'oozes' ('Timon,' i. 1. 21), and 'foretell' for 'fertile' ('Antony and

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\text{1 A further alleged discrepancy among extant copies is often quoted to show that the date on the title-page sometimes appears as 1622 instead of 1623. But this allegation proves to rest on a misunderstanding. In 1831, Messrs. Arch, London booksellers, wrote of a copy in their possession: 'The title-page (evidently genuine) is dated 1622, but the last page has the usual date 1623' (cf. Variorum Shakespeare, 1831, xxi. 450). This title-page was, some forty years ago, acquired by the New York collector, James Lenox, and was transferred by him to another copy of the volume (with a defective title-page in facsimile) which he purchased in London in 1857. Lenox's copy with the inserted Arch title-page, which has long been reputed to bear the date 1624, is now in the Lenox collection in the New York Public Library.}

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\text{On thorough examination, the supposed date 1624 proves to be a comparatively recent mutilation of 1653. The margins of the title-page have been much abridged, and the page has been indlaid. The tail of the 3 in 1653 has been cut away, and the remaining fragment has been purposely converted into a 2.} \]

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\text{2 Cf. Die Orthographie der ersten Faksimileausgabe der Shakespererischen Dramen, von August Lummer, Halle, 1883.}

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\text{Cleopatra,} 
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Cleopatra, i. 2. 41), are equally confusing, and the list might be greatly prolonged. The mere misprints, which illustrate every phase of typographical carelessness, can be reduced to no law. The commonest words are often most completely disguised, and the context at times offers no ready means of recognition (cf. 'Taunt' for 'Giant' in 'Twelfth Night', i. 5. 218; 'by foule' for 'bi-fold' in 'Troilus and Cressida', v. 2. 141; 'Bartlet' for 'martlet', i.e. the martin, in 'Macbeth', i. 6. 4).

But not all the modes of the spelling or grammatical construction which puzzle the modern reader by their unfamiliarity are unconsidered errors. The text of the First Folio presents some syntactical forms which, though now obsolete, are deliberate and well justified. Sometimes they seem to point to consistent sympathy with archaisms on the part of the copyist or printers, if not on the part of the author. The First Folio abounds in passages where a plural subject has its verb in the singular: cf. 'Love's Labour's Lost,' v. 2. 375, 'Your wits makes wise things foolish?; 'Henry V,' i. 2. 27, 'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords;' 'Richard III,' ii. 3. 35, 'Untimeely storms, makes men expect a dearth'; 'Romeo,' v. 3. 135, 'Fears comes upon me'; 'Hamlet,' iv. 5. 78, 'When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies;' 'Othello,' iv. 2. 170, 'The messengers of Venice states the meate'; 'Cymbeline,' iv. 2. 375, 'The imperious Seas breeds Monsters.' This was a common idiom in early English, but was gradually superseded in Shakespeare's day; and it was not retained when the First Folio was reprinted in 1632. The double negative, which is of constant occurrence in the First Folio, stands on the same footing (cf. 'Much Ado,' ii. 1. 134, 'Nor will you not tell me who you are?; 'Comedy of Errors,' iii. 2. 43, 'Nor to her bed no homage do I owe'). This form of speech too, which was accepted universally at an earlier epoch, grew into a vulgarism and was, like the former construction, expunged for the most part from the Second Folio.

Within nine years of publication, the whole of the large edition of the First Folio was exhausted. A new folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, known as the Second Folio, was taken in hand in 1632 and was rapidly seen through the press. Though the syntax of the First Folio was often modernized in the Second, the text as a whole was reprinted without amendment. The textual changes in the Second Folio are indeed for the most part insignificant, and as a rule are arbitrary and senseless guesses on the printer's part. When an old misprint is removed, a new one is commonly introduced in its near neighbourhood. Proofs of printers' ignorance and carelessness are almost greater in the Second Folio than in the First. It was mainly the work of new hands. Of the five promoters of the First Folio syndicate, only two took part in the publication of the Second Folio. William Jaggard, the printer, had died in 1624, and on the death of his son Isaac in 1627, Isaac's widow at once made over to another firm of printers, Thomas and Richard Cotes, the Jaggards' part in Shakspeare Playes.' Blount also retired from business within a few years of the issue of the First Folio, and on November 16, 1630, he assigned all 'his estate and right' in Shakespeare's works to the bookseller, Robert Allot. The two remaining promoters of the First Folio, William Aspley and John Smethwick or Smithweeke, were still active in the trade for some years longer; and they played again the subordinate parts that they had taken in the publication of the First Folio of 1623 in the new venture of the Second Folio of 1632. The chief promoters in the Second Folio were, however, Thomas Cotes, Jaggard's successor, who printed the volume, and the bookseller, Robert Allot, Blount's successor. Aspley and Smethwick (or Smithweeke) lent some assistance, together with two other booksellers, who now joined them for the first time, Richard Hawkins, who

1 Cf. 'The Chief Differences between the First and Second Folios of Shakespeare,' by Professor C. Alphonso Smith, of Baton Rouge University, Louisiana, U.S.A., in Englishe Studies, Leipzig, 1901.
had recently acquired the right to 'Othello,' and Richard Meighen, who had recently acquired the right to the 'Merry Wives.' Most copies of the Second Folio state on the title-page that they were 'printed by Tho. Cotes for Robert Allot'; but in some copies, for Allot's name is substituted that of one of the other part-proprietors—Aspley, Hawkins, or Smethwick. None exerted effective control of the typography; and their evil example encouraged their successors, who produced the Third and Fourth Folios in 1663 and 1685 respectively, to perpetuate the main defects of the First. Dryden, writing in 1673, in his 'Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the last Age' (p. 160), expressed wonder at the reverence extended to Shakespeare, whose work he only knew in the folios, in view of the fact that every page of the extant editions presented some 'solecism in speech or some notorious flaw in sense.' But in spite of the careless ignorance of printers—their spelling vagaries, their misreadings of the 'copy,' and their inability to reproduce intelligently any sentence in a foreign language—many columns of the First Folio, as of its three successors, can be still perused uninterruptedly with understanding by the careful student of Elizabethan typography and Elizabethan English. Probably no more than one in each thousand lines will present obstacles wholly insurmountable to the expert reader's progress. Shakespeare's writings were inherently of too fertile and too potent an excellence to suffer materially or permanently from the incompetence of those who first undertook their publication. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a long line of able editors set all but a few fragments of the First Folio text on a typographical footing that was sound and intelligible.

The text of the First Folio continues to provoke much conjectural emendation, not all of which is justifiable. The profitable opportunities which the volume offers for new exercises in textual criticism are no longer abundant. It is needful to resist temptation: many a passage which has puzzled the uninitiated reader and has been denounced by him as a corruption of scrivener or compositor has lost its obscurity, even as it stands, in the seeing eye of the trained Shakespearean scholar. At any rate, none should now endeavour to repair the typographical errors of the First Folio who is not very specially equipped for the task. It is requisite to acquire beforehand a thorough knowledge of the orthography, the phraseology, the prosody, the technical vocabulary, the printers' and publishers' methods of work, which were in vogue in Shakespeare's era. The textual critic must be gifted with a natural appreciation of the rhythm of prose and verse. He must above all things have faith in the resources of Shakespeare's genius, and some capacity to realize its working. The typographical defects of the volume should neither be extenuated nor exaggerated; but the unique place that the First Folio holds in the world's literature as the sole surviving source of first-hand knowledge of Shakespeare's noblest writings, gives its text indefeasible right only to be handled in the spirit of reverent scholarship.

The First Folio was four times reproduced in facsimile during the nineteenth century. The first attempt was made in 1806. The result was a very tall and wide folio volume (15 in. x 9½ in.) bound in boards, and the inexperienced owner of this reprint has often of late years mistaken it for the original. The paper has the watermark 'SHAKESPEARE,' to which is sometimes appended the name of the paper-manufacturer, 'J. WHATMAN, 1806.' At the back of the portrait appear the words, 'Printed by E. & J. WRIGHT, St. John's Square,' while at the bottom of the last leaf are the words, 'J. Wright, Printer, No. 38 St. John's Square.'

I have to thank Mr. F. J. Payne, who has made a study of the First Folio, for assistance of much value in preparing this Introduction.
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The second and best facsimile of the First Folio was that issued by Lionel Booth, at 307 Regent Street, in 1864, in three parts. It was printed by J. Strangeways and H. E. Walden, 28 Castle Street, Leicester Square. At the bottom of each page is a consecutive number. The type is smaller than the original, but it is very clear, and the typography is at all points trustworthy. Both these reproductions were in ordinary print. In 1866 there came out a third large folio reproduction in facsimile by the then newly discovered process of photo-lithography. This was made partly from the Grenville copy at the British Museum and partly from the Ellesmere copy at Bridgewater House. It was executed under the superintendence of Howard Staunton, and was published in London by Day & Son. A fourth and much reduced photographic facsimile in octavo, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, appeared in 1876, with an introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. The publishers purchased for the purposes of this reproduction a copy belonging to Thomas Hayes, a Manchester bookseller, which they subsequently sold to Mr. Robert Roberts, of Boston, Lincolnshire.

The present reproduction has been made, by kind permission of the Duke of Devonshire, from the copy of the First Folio in the Duke's library at Chatsworth. The Chatsworth copy formerly belonged to the great collector, the Duke of Roxburghe. A full description and history of it is given in the accompanying 'Census of Extant Copies,' (No. XXI). It is in all probability the cleanest and freshest exemplar in existence, and lends itself with exceptional effect to photographic reproduction. Every leaf is in the original state, but seven consecutive leaves in the section of the tragedies were inserted from a second shorter copy to fill a gap, which accident at some early date caused in the volume after it came from the press.

The lines at the foot of each page of the facsimile give the Act, Scene, and line according to the numeration of the Oxford Shakespeare.

September 1, 1902.

S. L.

Reasons of space have made it necessary to print the Census of Extant Copies of the First Folio in an Appendix, which accompanies this volume in a separate cover.


2 Mr. R. L. Granger, who is the owner of the copy in existence, has acquired by the well-known collector, T. P. Barton, in 1848, a year after Britton's death.

3 A few pages only—the preliminary leaves and pp. 1-38 of the Comedies—were issued in facsimile in 1893 by photographic process, under the title of 'The Dallas-type Shakespeare;' a reduced facsimile of the First Folio (1623) edition in the British Museum.'
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 have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer written in brasse.
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 Originall Copies.

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

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

We find it proper to be thankful in particular for
the many favors we have received from your L.L.
we are false upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashneffe; rashneffe in the enterprise, and feare of the success. For, when we value 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 deprived our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles some thing, before: and have prosequuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto
The Epistle Dedicatorium.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book
chooses his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For,
so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when
they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume asked to
be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the
dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition ei-
ther of selfe-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy
a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by hum-
ble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as
we have instly observed, no man to come were your L. L. but with
a kind of religious address: it hath bin the height of our care, of
who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the
perfection. But, there we must alacrately our abilities to be considred,
my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands
reach forth milke, creame, fruite, or what they have: and many
Nations (we have heard) that had not gommes or incense, obtai-
ned their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to their
Gods, by what means they could: And the most, meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated
to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly confrerate 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, or the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payable carefull to
shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

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

From the most able to him that can but read: There you are number'd in the rader y or were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your hands alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now published, & you will stand for your prudges we know to read, and endure. Do so, that bay still. I have bold command a Book, the Stationer face. They, how odd! scatter your brains by, or your wifedomes, make your license fire, and spare not. Judge your sixpence, six shillings worth, your six shillings worth at a time; or higher; so you rise to the higher, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Bay. Converse with not him a Traile, or make that face go. And though you bee a Magistrate of war, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the actor put to an act by his own choice, know, these Plays have had their trial already, and found out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Deere of Court, than any prads' Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confess, worth to have bene with John the Author his selfe had liued to have written, and continued his own writings; But since it hath been ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his friends the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publidh'd them; and so to have publidh'd them, as where before you were abused with diuere Bibles, and suppositions copies, maimed, and deform'd by the frauds and deceits of injurious impostors, that spoyld them: even those, are now offer'd to your view curiously and perfect of their numbers; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle exprest of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he utterd with that easiness, that wee have scarce receivd from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more be hid, then it could be lost. Read 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 so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: If you neede them not, you can leade your felipes, and others. And such Readers we wish him.
TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Master
W. SHAKESPEARE.

Hakc-spere, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Works: thy Works, by which out-line
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresht to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodigy
That is not Shakesperes; e'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall remain, redeem thee from thy Herfe.
Nor Fire, nor cankling Age, as Nafo said,
Of his, thy bit-fraught Booke shall once inude.
Nor shall I ere beleue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) unto our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Imposible) with some new strains out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romea;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half Sword parling Romans speake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall wish more fire, more feeling be express;
Be sure, our Shakesperes, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. W. Shakespere.

V V B. E. wondered (Shakespere) that thou wentst so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Grave's Tyring-room.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou wentst but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to act a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Pleasure.

L. M.
The Workes of William Shakspere, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first ORIGJNALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

Thomas Poope. Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan. William Ecclestone.
Samuell Groffe. John Shancke.
To the memory of my beloued,

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 Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
To true, and all mens suffrage, just these plays
Were not in the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For senseless Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
Or blind Affection, which dist not advance
The truth, but gropes, and weareth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed so safe.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or where,
Shou'd 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. Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise, / will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenile, or Bed Beaumont by
A little further, to make thee a souer:
These are a Minnow, whơi a sonic.
And art alone still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have west to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braise excuses.
I meanes with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of seers,
I should commit thee fairely with thy secret.
And tell, how faire thou didst thine Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hast small Latine, and selfe Grecke,
From theme to honoue thee, I would not seeke
For names, but call forth thund'rering Achilles,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Pacciuius, Accius, him of Cordons dead,
To life againe, to hear thy Bucchen tread,
And make a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Lace thee alone, for the comparison

Of
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
sent forth, or since did from these after come.
Triumph, my Britaine, how hast one to shew,
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 cares, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And why do we wear the dressing of his lines!
which were so richly spun, and woven so fit.
As since, the will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Arinthophanes,
Near Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated, and deserted is.
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 fullion. And, that be,
Who canst to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second last
Upon the Muses anvil: turne the stone,
(And him selfe with it) that he thankes to frame.
Or for the laurel, he may gain a crown,
For a good Poets made, as well as borne.
And such were thou. Loose how the fathers say:
Lines in his life, even so, the rest.
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manner's bright lines
In his well turned, and true lines:
In each of which, he formes a linde.
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames.
That did take Eliza, and our waves.
But stay, I see thee in the Horizone
Anewe'd, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, show Starre of Poesis, and with joy.
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping Stage.
Which, since thy flight fro hence, hast worn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy Volumes right.

Ben: Jonson.
Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous

Senicke Poet, Master W I L L I A M

S H A K E S P E A R E.

Hole hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You Britaines brave, for done are Shakespeares dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'd is the Theopis Spring,
Tun'd all to teares, and Phoebus clouds his rayes:
That corps, that coffin now befitte 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
(Death's publique tyring house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went foone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

H V G H H O L L A N D.
## A CATALOGUE
of the severall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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THE TEMPEST.

The Tempest, Act I, Scene I

Exeunt a Ship master, and a boatswain.

Master. O'er-swayne.
Baste. Here's Master: What cheerer? Master. Good. Speak to the Mariners: fall to, yarely, or we are our titles a ground, bothere, bothere. Exit. Enter Mariners.
Baste. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my hearts: yare, yare. Take in the toppe-sail: Tend to't Masters whistle. Blow till thou burst thy winde, if room be enough.
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.
Alono. Good Boatswaine have care where's the Master? Play the men.
Baste. I pray now keep below.
Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.
Baste. None that I more love then my felice. You are a Counsellor; if you can command these Elements to silence, and make the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more, vie your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liad't so long, and make your felice ready in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it do hap. Chetely good hearts: out of our way I say.
Exit. Gonzalo. I have great content from this fellow, methinks he hath no drowning mark he upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallows: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deflye our cable, for our ownes doth little advantage: if he be not borne to bee hang'd, our Cabine is miferable. Exit. Enter Boatswaine.

upon this howling; they are lower then the weather, or our office: yet against? What do you harer? Shall we give ore and dowing, have you a mind to sinkes?
Baste. A pse of your throst, you bowing, blasphemy infectious Dog.
Baste. Wouke you then.
Alono. Hang cur, hang, you whorsen insolent Noyse-maker, we are telle afraid to be drownde, then thou art.
Gonzalo. He warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nut-fish, and as leky as an uncutched wench.
Baste. Lay her a hold, a hold, let her two courses off to Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners yet.
Alono. All alof, no prayers, to prayers, all alof.
Baste. What ruft our mouths be cold? Gonzalo. The King, and Prince, as prayers, let's asift them, for our care is as theirs.
Baste. I'm out of patience.
Alono. We are meeest cheated of our lives by drunkards, this wide-chops-racial, would thou mightly dye drowning the washing of ten Tides.
Gonzalo. He'll be hang'd yet.
Though every drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at wide to glut him. A confused way within. Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.
Alono. Let's all sinke with King
Seg. Let's take leave of him.
Gonzalo. Now would I giue a thousand fulfangs of Sea, for an Act of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firs, any thing: the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. Exit.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.
Prospero. If by your Art (my decreet father) you have put the wild waters in this Rest; play them: The skye it seems would powre down flinking pitch, But that the Sea, mouning to th' wakins checkes, Dafhes the fire out, Oh! I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: A brave vesell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)  
Da'st all to pieces: O the cry did knocke  
Against my very heart: were soules, they pitch'd.  
Had I by any God of power, I would  
Haue funcke the Sea within the Earth, or ere  
It should the good Ship to have swallow'd, & the  
Treffand Soules within her.  
Prof. Be collected,  
No more azenement: Tell your pirituous heart  
there's no harme done,  
Mira. O woe the day.  
Prof. No harme:  
I have done nothing, but in care of thee  
(Of thee my deere one; the my daughter) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
Of whence I am: not that I am more better  
Then Profers, Master of a full poore cell,  
And thy no more Father,  
Mira. More to know  
Did never medle with my thoughts.  
Prof. 'Tis time  
I should Informe thee father: Lend thy hand  
And placke my Magick garnement from me: So,  
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comforst,  
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which thou hadst  
The very vertue of complaision in thee:  
I have with such prouision in mine Art  
So safely ordered, that there is no soule  
No not so much perdition as an hyare  
Betid to any creature in the vellid  
When thou heardst by, which thou saw'st not: Sir  
For thou mist now know, this farther,  
Obey,  
Mira. You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd  
And left me to a bouteleete Inquisition,  
Concluding, thay: not yet.  
Prof. The hours now come  
The very minute byds thee see thine eare,  
Obey, and be attendante. Cast not thine remembre  
A time before we came into this Cell?  
I do not thinke thou canst, for thou wasst not  
Out three yeeres old.  
Mira. Certaine Sir, I can.  
Prof. By what? by any other linque, or person?  
Of any thing the Image tell's mee, that  
Hath kept with thy Remembrance.  
Mira. 'Tis faith.  
And rather like a dreamer, then an assurance  
That thy remembrance warrants: Had I not  
Fowre, or fife women once, that tended thee?  
Prof. Thou hadst: and more M直至: But how was  
That this lieus in thy mind? What think'st thou  
In the darkes-backward and Abutine of time?  
If thou rememberest ought, ere thou cant not,  
How thou canst not here thou mast.  
Mira. But that I do not.  
Prof. Twelwe yere for (M直至) twelwe yere for  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A Prince of power.  
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?  
Prof. Thy Mother was a spesce of vertue, and  
She fayd thou wast my daughter: and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan, and his name there,  
And Prince: no worse fl seed.  
Mira. O the heavens,  
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or bleffed was't we did?  
Prof. Both, both my Girle.  
By fowle-play (as thou failest) were we heausth thence,  
But bleffedly holpe byther.  
Mira. O my heart be bleedles  
To thinke on thee, that I have turn'd you to.  
Which is from my remembrance, pleaze you father;  
Prof. My brother and thy yonce, call d Amore:  
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should  
Be to perdition; he, whom next thy fely  
Of all the world I lode, and to him put  
The manage of my state, as at that thime  
Through all the signes it was the first,  
And Profers, the prince Duke, being so reputed  
In dignitate and for the liberrall Arts,  
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,  
The Governement I call upon my brother,  
And to my State grew stranger, being transported  
And capt in secret fundydays, thy false yonce  
(Do't thou attend me?)  
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.  
Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suiter,  
how to deny them: who tyeus, and who  
To traffick for outer-trappins new created  
The creatures, that were made, I say, chang'd them,  
O els they staid to them; having both the key,  
Of Office, and office, feu all hearts of late  
To what time pleas'd his care, that now he was  
The boy which had had my primely Inuic,  
And slue my verdure out un't: Thou attend'st not?  
Mira. O good Sir, I dace.  
Prof. I pray thee make me:  
I thus farre reaching worldly ends, all dedicated  
To clostiones, and the bettering of my mind  
With that, wch by being to remade  
One preference, a rarest in my yarse brother  
Worshipp a real nature, and my trait  
Like a good parent, and beget of him  
A blye: 'twas a contre, as great  
As any trait was which had aucture no limet,  
A confidence too bound, He being thus Lorde,  
Not only with what my seuenye yeelded,  
But what my power might els act. Like one  
Who living into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a lynner of his memorie  
To crede he owne lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the Duke, out ever Substition  
And executing this outward face of Rosalie  
With all preriogues: hence his Ambition growing:  
Do think heares?  
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure desenelle.  
Prof. To have no Scheme between this part he plaide,  
And him plague it for he needs will be  
Abdul Meiere, Me (poore man) my Librarian  
Was Duke done large enough: of temporal realitie  
He thinks me now incapable, Confederates  
(fro dree he was for Sway) with King of Naples  
To give him Anvilll tribute, doe him homage  
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and beard  
The Duke lom yet inowb'd (also poore Meiere)  
To molt ignoble flopping.  
Mira. Oh the heavens:  
Prof. Marke his condition, and thence, then tell me  
If this might be a brother,  
Mira. I should finne  
To think but Noble of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes have borne bad donne.

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of Neptune being an Enemy
To men ineterese, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu of premiun,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should pretend to partake me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire Milamne.
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuede, one mid-night
Faded to th' purpose, did Artusio open
The gates of Milamne, and th' Ease of darknesse
The ministrers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying yell.

Mr. Alban, for pity:
I not remem'ring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wring mine eyes too.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon: without the which, this story
Was most impertinent.

Mr. Wherefore did they not
That howe deftroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench.
My Tale pronounces that question: Dearie, they dast not,
So dear the love my people bore me: nor yet
A mark to bloody on the business: but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,
Bore vs: some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkele of a Burt, not rigging,
Nor tackle, fylre, nor masts, the very rats
Intimitelye hau'e quitt it; There they hoyst vs
To cry to th Sea, that roard to vs: to figh
To th' windes, whose pitty fylgging backe against
Did vs but lousing wrong.

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

Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me; Thou didst not
Inuifed with a ffortude from heauen,
When I have deck'd the tea with drops full falt,
Under my burnt thron gound, which raff'd in me
An voyer going to mackerel, to bear vs vp
Against what should enue.

Mr. How came we a shore?

Pro. By providence doine,
Some food, we had, and some freese water, that
A noble Neapolitan Goule.

Out of the Charity, (who being then appointed
Mater of this designe) did glue vs, with
Rich garments, limens, fluffs, and necessaries
Which fince haue heedled much, so of his gentlemene
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnilshed me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Adr. Would I might
But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arive
Sit still, and hear the left of our se-sorrow:
Here e in this land we arived, and here
Hame I, thy Scholemeister, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that have more time
For using of his owne, and Theure, so far enough.

Adr. Meaun, thank you for't: And now I pray you Sir,

For till tis beating in my minde: your reason
For rayling this Sea-borne?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull Fortunes
Now my dear Lady hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my precept
I finde my Zadus doth depend vpon
A molt auspicient firee, whose influence
I know not, but omit: my fortunes
Will ever after droope: Heate eafe more questions,
These are incom'd to sleep, 'tis a good dullesee,
And give it way: I know thou canst not chafe:
Come away, Seruant, come: I am ready now,
Approach my Arial. Come:

Enter Arial.

Art. All haie, great Matter, grant Sir, hale I come
To answer thy bleft pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dice into the fire: to ride
On the cloud clouds: to thy strong budding, taste
Arial, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempeff that I bad thee.

Art. To every Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beke,
Now in the Wache, the Decks, in every Cabyn,
I flam'd anazenment, sometime I'd diuided
But I made in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I frame definitly,
Then meete, and lose. Irons Lightning, the precieters
Oth' dreadfull Thunder-claps more mannemusie
And fight out: running were not, the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roasting, the most mighty Neptune.
Sceme to besiege, and make his bold wares tremble.
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

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

Art. Not a soule.
But felt a Feauer of the maddel, and plaid
Some tricks of deferation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryce, and quitt the vellis.
Then all a firee with me the Kings borne Ferdinand
With hare vp-flaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that espied: crude hell is empty,
And all the Dusel are here:

Pro. Why that's my prizt:
But was not this nye thore?

Art. Close by, my Matter.

Pro. But are they (admir) safe?

Art. Not a hairre penishd:
On their sutfaining garments not a limbiff,
But frether then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispersd them 'bout the ile.
The Kings eone haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighs,
In an oddle Angle of the ile, and fitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship:
The Mariners say how they haft dispersd,
And all the rest o'th Fleece?

Art. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the depe Nooke, where once
Thou caled me vp as midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-want Bermoothe, there the's tay'd.
The Mariners all vessel hatches flowered,
Who, with a Charms joynd on their toiled labour
I have left asleep; and for the rest of th' Fleece.
To lay upon the damn'd, which Syrenes
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I shanke thee Master.
Pro. If thou more murmurest, I will send an Oak
And peg, thee in his knotty entranges, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my prizing, gently.
Pro. Do so: and after two tone
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That is my noble Master.
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no fight but thine, and make unnable
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shaping
And hither come at: goe hence.
With diligence. Exit.
Pro. Awake, deere late awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.
Ar. The thungeth from thy three, my
Houne I thee.
Pro. Shake it off: come, let us
We'll visit Caliban, my slawe, whose
Yeelds vnhinde anewed.
Ar. Is he a vilaun Sir, I desire not to knowe e.
Pro. But a's.
We cannot mislike him: the devil makes out fire,
Fetch in our wood, and iuues in Offices
That profit vs: what how: flaeue: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou speake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough withm.
Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee.
Come thou Frosted, when? Enter Aret like a water-
Fine apparsitio or my queres Aret,
Nymph, Halli: thee in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.Exit.
Pro. Thou poyziouis flaeue, got by a dulli humefte
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban.
Cal. As wicked deuee, as ere my mother brethren
With thy famisht Father from vnwholome Pen
Drop on you both: A Southwelle blow on yee,
And blister you all are.
Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side fluxtes, that shall pen thy breath vp, Victinis
Shall for that vall of night, that they may worke
All exercize on thee: thou flaeue be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more flinge.
Then Bees that made em.
Cal. I muft eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by Syrenes my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou can't finft
Thou sloodst me, & made much of me: would give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leafe
That flippeth by day, & night: and then I lou'd thee
And blow'd thee all the qualities o'th' oile,
The freifi Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertility,
Cars'd be I that did so: All the Charnes
Of Syrenes: Tides, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you have,
Whose finst was min owne King: and here you fly me
To this hard Rochke, whiles you dre keppe from me
I left o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou
The Tempest.

Pro. Thou mossely lying slate,
Whom stains may make, not kindness: I have lost thee
(Fit as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In some owne Cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cat. Oh, oh, oh, why wouldst thou have done this?
Thou didst prevent me, I had peop'd else
This Isle with Calibans.

Mrs. Abhorded Slate,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sausage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gauge like
A thing most brutish, I tendw'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy wild race
(Thou didst learn) that is, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waft thou
Deficiently couldst into this Rocke, who hadst
Defended me then; then a prifon.

Cal. Thou taught me Language, and my profit's
It, I know how to curst the red-pleague did you
For learning me your language.

Pro. I picked thee.

Fetch to me this, and be quacke thou're best
To answer; other butt-nose: shrug'd, thou (Malice)
If thou neglected, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I rack thee with old Campers.
Fall all thy bones with Aches, make thee roar,
That beards shall tremble at thy dyn

Cat. No, pray thee

I must obey; his Arm's fasten'd
It would control my Dams god Service,
And make a valid of him.

Pro. No, I have hence

Enter Ferdinand and Corin, playing fiddling.

ActII. Song. Come view th' eternal foods,
And drink each other's healths with love.

Ferd: For you, my Lords; the Duke of Milamme.

ActII. Where stood this Musick be? I'll aie, or the earth
It founds no more: and tire it wayes upon
Some God's oth'Island, sitting on a banke,
Weeping against the King his Fathers wreake.
This Musick crept, came upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweete ayme: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but its gone,
No, it begins again.

ActII. Song. For she seems fine the Father lies.
Of them loose are CARROLL made:
These are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of them that dost fade,
But dost suffer a Sea change
Into something else or fortune:
Sea. Naples boatly ring his hand.

Burren: ding dong.

Mark now: I hear them, dinging dong.

Ferd. The Dirge do's remember my dishonor
This is not mortall danger, nor none found

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

Pro. The ragged Curtaines of thine eye aduanse,
And say what thou seest beyond.

ActII. What is a Spirit?

Lord, how it looks about: beleeve me sir,
It carries a brace forme. But is a spirit.

Pro. No wenchets, and oaths, and such fanch fenes
As we have: fuch, This Gallant which thou feest
Was in the waacke; but thee's something flain'd
With greene (that's beautes canker) 't might call him
A goodly person; he hath lost his fellowes,
And frayses about to finde 'em.

Mrs. I might call him
A thing dune, for nothing natural
I ever saw fo Noble.

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

Pro. Moit sure the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray's
Max know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bearre me hence: my pring request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)

Pro. Not my Lord Sir,

But certainly a May'd

Pro. My Language? Heavens?
I am the best of them that speakes this speech
What I have here, where 'tis spoken,

Pro. How the best?

What was't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Pro. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speakes of Naples: he do's hear me
And that he do's, I wepe: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebble) behold
The King my Father wa're.

Mrs. Alacke, for mercy.

Ferd. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Milamme
And his braze forme, being twaine,

Pro. The Duke of Milamme

And his more braue daughter, could contenbe
I know not were fit to do: At the first fight
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Arm's,
Let thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I fear you have done your selfe some wrong's (I think)
Mrs. Why speakes my father so vigantly? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I fighth for: pity my poor father
To be enclin'd my way.

Ferd. O, if a Virgin,
And your afection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more
They are both in eythers powrs: But this with butures
I must receiue me, least too light running
Make the prize light, One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou dost here viure
The name thou ow'll not, and haft put thy selfe
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord don't.

Ferd. No, as I am a man.

ActII. That's nothing ill, I can dure in such a Temple.
If the ill-spirit have follow'd a house,
Good things will force to doe his right.

Pro. Follow me.

Prf.
The Tempest

Prof. Spake not you for him: he's a Traitor come, he's a Manacled by necke and face together:
He swears that thou dost drink: why Good shall be
The fresh-breake Muffles, withered roots, and huskes
Wherein the Aconce crazed. Follow.
For, No
I will refit such entertainment, till
Mine enemies he's more pow'r.
He draws, and is charmed from mourning.
Mira. O dear Father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not feasfull.
Prof. What I say,
My foote your Tutor? Put thy sword vp, Traitor,
Who mak'st a shrewd, but d'rt not strike: thy confidence
Is so perfect with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can here disarme thee with this flaxke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Befeech you Father.
Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments,
Mira. Sir have pitty,
He be his fairest.
Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impostor! Huh:
They think't there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seen but him and Calibin) Foolish wench,
To th' most of men, this is a Calibin,
And they to him are Angels
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To fee a goodlier man.
Prof. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerces are in their infancy againe,
And have no vigour in them.
For, So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame are all bound vp
My Fathers lofte, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wrackes of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdue, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Beheld this skye: all owners els the Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Prof. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Andr. follow me,
Haste what thou list that doe mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Prof. Thou listst be as free
As montaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
pro. To thy syllable.
Prof. Come follow: speake not for him. Exit.

Adus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.
Gonz. Befeech you Sir, be merry: you have cause,
(Stoake we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loife; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Salyers wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have in our Theme of woe: But for the miracle,
(I mean our preference) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our forrow, with our comfort.
Alno. Free thee peace.
Seb. He receueth comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The Visitior will not give him one fo.
Seb. Looks, he's winding vp the watch of his wis.
By and by it will strike.
Gen. Sir.
Seb. One: Tell.
Gen. When every greese is enterral,
That's offer'd comes to the entertainer.
Seb. A dollar.
Gen. Dolours comes to him indeed, you have spokens
true then you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wilester then I meant you should,
Gen. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. For, what a spend-shrift is he of his tongue,
Alno. I passe the pace.
Gen. Well, I have done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, other, or Adrian, for a good wager.
First begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wagger?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. A match.
Ant. Though this 1Hand seeme to be defect.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Gen. So you're paid,
Ant. Vuniablet, and almost inaccessible.
Seb Yet
Ant. Yet
Seb. He could not misse.
Ant. It must needs be of subtyle, tender, and delicate
temperance, as the Dege.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a subtyle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.
Ant. The aire breathes upon vs here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as t'were perfumed by a Fren.
Gen. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True, false meanings to lure.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gen. How luffe and luffe the grasse lookest?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tavwy,
Seb. With an eye of greene i'st.
Ant. He misse not much,
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gen. But the variety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht varieties are.
Gen. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and
gloists, being rather new dye'd than flain'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.
Gen.
The faults of your own.

Amos. So is the deceitful thief.

Gen. My Lord Sophian.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the platter.

Sarb. Very well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

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

When you are cloudy.

Sarb. Foulwe weather?

Ant. Very foule.

Gen. Had I plantation of this life my Lord,

Ant. He'd do it with Nestle-feed.

Sarb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gen. And were the King on's, what would I do?

Sarb. Scape being drunken, for want of Wine.

Gen. Pili Common wealth I would (by contrar.es)

Execute all things: For no kind of Trafficke

Would I remit: No name of Magnificat;

Letters should not be borne.

Riches, poverty,

And vie of freunce, none; Contra, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none;

Now vie of Mertall, Crown, or: Wines, or: 

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soveraigny.

Sarb. Yet he would be King on's.

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

beginning.

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce

Without force or endeavour; Tresion, felony,

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

Would I not issue; but Nature should bring forth

Of its own kind, all foyson, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Sarb. No marrying among his subiects?

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

Gen. I would vish such perfection gouerne Sir:

Enter the Golden Age.

Sarb. To save his Majestie.

Ant. Long live Generale.

Gen. And do you make me, Sir?

Ant. Pres-thee no more: thou dost talk nothing to

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

to minner occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of

such fertile and nimble Lungs, that they always

vye to laugh at nothing.

Ant. Twas you you laugh'd at,

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

you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Sarb. And it had not false Bat-long.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of braue mettle: you

would lift the Moonne out of her sphere, if she would continue in

it that weckes withowth changing

Enter Arieall playing jollemne Minick.

Sarb. We would fo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry,

Gen. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my

discretion to weakly; I will you laugh me asleep, for I

am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Amos. What, all so soone asleep! with mine eyes

Would with themselfes) but vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do fo.

Sarb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It fildame visits forrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

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

Ant. Thank you: Wondrous beauty.

Sub. What a strange dreamlines poffefles them?
Ant. It is the quality o’th’Clymace.

Sub. Why
Dost it not then our eye-list sink? I finde
Not my felis dippos’d to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent.
They dropp, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th’occassion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.

Sub. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Sub. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speake’st?
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to bee asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:
And yet to fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou left’st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink’st
Whiles thou art waking,

Sub. Thou dost more diftinitly,
There’s meaning in thy nores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custom: you
Muft be too, if need me: which to do,
Trebles three o’re.

Sub. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. He teach you how to flow.

Sub. Do fa: to ebe
Hesiditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoce cherish
Whiles you therin speake: how in flashing it
You more inusti: e rebinding men, indeed
(Most often) do so seere the bottom run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Sub. Pre-thee say on,
The fleschin of thine eye, and cheekle proclame
A matter from thee: and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes them much to yeild.

Ant. That Sir: Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth’d, hath here almost perfwaded
(For he’s a Spirit of perfwation: onely
Profeffes to perfwade) the King his fonnes alue,
’Tis as impoffible that he’s vndrown’d;
As he that fleeshe heere, swinte,

Sub. Have no hope
That he’s vndrown’d,

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

Sub. He’s gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who’s the next heire of Naples?

Sub. ClarABEL.

Ant. She that is Queene of Timoie: she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mass life: she that from Naples
Can have no note, vnlefe the Sun were poft.

The Man I’th Moneys too low, till new-born chymists
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were fea-swallow’d, though some caft against,
(And by that deftiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what’s past is Prologue, what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Sub. What fluffe is this? How fay you?
’Tis true my brothers daughter’s Queene of Timoie,
So is the heyre of Naples, twist which Regions
There is some space,

Ant. A space, whose entry cubic
Seemes to cry ou’, how fhall that Clarabel
Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Timoie,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath feiz’d them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples.
As well as he that sleepe: Lords, that can prate
As simply, and unncceffarily
As this Gene-ral: I my felfe could make
A Cough of deeper that: O, that you bore
The minde that I do: what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you understand me?

Sub. Me thinks I do,

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

Sub. I remember
You did fupplant your Brother Prefper.

Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me.
Muchfeater then before: My Brothers inuants
Were then my hallow, now they are my men,

Sub. But for your conuenience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If twere a kybe
’Twould put me to my flipper: But I feel not
This Deity in my bofone: Twente conueniences
That fland twixt me, and [Milliners], candied be they,
And mette e they mollicet: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
Hilfe: that which now he’s like (that’s dead)
Whom I with this obdurate fiere (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whilst you doing thus,
’Tis the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morall: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the reft
They take affegument, as a Cat laps milk,
They tell the clock, to any businesse that
We faybeftits the boore.

Sub. Thys cafe, dereer Friend
Shall be my prefident: As thou go’t Milliners,
Ile come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiet,
And the King shall loose thee.

Ant. Draw togethers;

And when I reate my hand, do you the like
To fallit on Gonzaio.

Sub. O, but one word.

Enter Ariaud with Mufick and Song,

Ariaud. My Master through his Art forefores the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For els his project dies) to keepe them living.

Songs on Generatious care.

While you hare do foning lies,
Open-cyd Confinuaria
His tame doth take:

If
Enter Stephano speaking.

Ste. I shall no more be fed, nor fat, here shall I live hence.
This is a very surey tune to sing at a mas.

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drankes.

Songs: The Morning, the Sweller, the Beasts-Storm & 4,
The Gunner, and his Mate.

Loud the Morn, my Lord, and Marron, and Margery.

But none of us can't for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a song,
Which cry to a Sailor goe hang.

She had not the Gunner of the Bow of Pitch,

To a Sailor might forrach they where are she did dash,
Thens she Sea Boys, and let her goe hang.

This is a very sure tune too;

But here's my comfort.

Drunk.

Cal. Do not torment me:

Ste. What's the matter?

Hath we duels here?

Do you put yourself upon's with Salangus, and Men of Inde?

I have not feare of drowning, to be afraid now of your foure legges: for I hath bin said: as proper a man as ever went on foure legges, cannot make him guie ground: and it shall be paid to againe, while Stephano breathe as noffit.

Cal. The Spirit comemneth me. oh:

Ste. This is one Monster of the life, with foure leggs; who hath got (as I take it) an Age: where the duell should be our languaige? I will give him some reliefe if it be but for that; I can recouer him, and keep him tame, and get to Neveper with him, he's a Presen for any Emperor that ever trod on Neeter-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me: prether: Ile bring my wood home safer.

Ste. He's in his fist now; and does not talk after the wilfeit: she hath tast of my Botlle: if bee have newe drunk wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recoue him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; she shall pay for him that hath him, and that found.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling; Now Praper workes upon thee.

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

Try. I should know that voyce:

It should be,
The Tempest

But she is abroad; and these are dines; O de-

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate
Monter: his forward voice now is to speak well of
his friend; his backward voice, to utter foul speeches,
and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover
him, I will help his Age; Come, Amen, I will
pour some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano, Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy.
This is a dullet, and no Monster: I will leave him, I
have no long Spooone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and
speak to me: for I am Trinucle: be not afeard, thy
friend Trinucle.

Ste. If thou beest Trinucle: come forth: I'll pull
thee by the lefier legs: if any be Trinucle's legs,
there are they: Thou art very Trinucle indeed: how
canst thou to be the siege of this Moone-calf? Can
he be Trinucle?

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-struck; but
art thou not a dunard Stephano: I hope now thou art
dunard: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid mee
under the dead Moone: Colles Catherdina, for fear of
the Storme; And art thou lining Stephano? O Stephano,
two Neapolitan fcape?

Ste. Prethee doest not turne me about, my stomacke
is not conftant.

Cal. These be fine things; and if they be not ptrights;
that's a brave God, and beats Celestillic liquor: I
will kneele to him.

Ste. How didst thou escape? How canst thou hither?

Swearce by this Bottle how thou didst hither: I efecr'p
upon a Barc of Sacke, which the Saylors headd o're-
board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of
a Tree, with mine owne hands; since I was caft a-
shore.

Cal. I'le swearce upon that Bottle, to be thy true sub-
ject, for the liquor is not earthy.

St. Heere is care then how thou efecr'dst.

Tri. Swim amorse (man) like a Ducke; I can swim
like a Ducke; I'le be worne.

St. Here, kisse the Book.

Though thou moughtst swim like a Ducke, thou art made
like a Goose.

Tri. O Stephano, haft any more of this?

Ste. The whole Bus (man) my Collar is in a rocke
by stkes-flight, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how doe thine Age?

Cal. Ha'lt thou not droped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' th' Moone I doe allure thee. I was the
Man he'; Moone, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Mistris she'ld mee thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buff.

Ste. Come, swearce to that: kisse the Book; I will
swearce it againe with new Contents; Swearce.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very small Mon-
ster: I afeard of him: a very weak Monster:

The Mani Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good foot.

Cal. He shewed thee every tertil yatch'nd Hannd: and
I will kusse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

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

Cal. I'le kusse thy foote. I'le kussere my selfe thy Subieet.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-head
Monster: a most creurie Monster: I could finde in
my heart to beare him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drink:

An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'le flue thee the belt Springs; I'le plucke thee
Berries; I'le flie for thee: and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve; I'
beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou
wondrous man.

Tri. A most reducious Monster, to make a wonder of
a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee le me bring thee where Crabs grow;
and I with my long naples will digge thee pig-nuts:
show thee a layers meth, and instruct thee how to shor
the nimble Marmazer: I'le bring thee to clathing
Philbirs, and sometymes I'le get thee young Scamels
from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Tri. I prethee now lead the way with any more
talking. Trinucle, the King, and all our company elie
being abound, we wilt inherit here: Here; bear my
Bottle: fellow Trinucle; we'll fill him by and by a-

arie; Cithaer Sanc di unghete.

Farewell Matter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A hollow Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dann I decline for fif, Nor feit in myc, or seconding.
Nor sponde from where, nor with style.

I'le have Cacability
Has a new Matter, get a new Man.
Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-

Tri. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Aulus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull, & their labor
Delight in them set off: Some kindes of bascisthe
Are nobly vndergone; and most poore matters.
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heay to me, as odious, but

The Miftis which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabb'd
And he's compoes'd of hartlinee: I must remove
Some thousandes of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a fore inuitution; my sweete Miftis
Wpees when she sees me worke, & fates, such bafines
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours,
Moft bufie left, when I doe in

Forresa. & Mere Miranda.

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not so hard: I would the lighting had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioy'd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and reft you: when this burndes
'Twill wepe for having wearied you: my Father
Is hard at studie; pray now reft your selfe,

Hes.
The Tempest

Scene Seconda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Sir. Tell it me, when the but is out we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore beauteous, & board em' Servant Monarch, drink & ere.

Trin. Servant Monarch? the folly of this land, they say there's but five upon this life, we are three of them, it will other two be brandish'd like us, the State terrors.

Sir. Drinke servant Monarch when I bid thee, thy eyes are almost fet in thy head.

Trin. V'Where should they beest ere they? he were a braue Monarch inderdie if they were fet in his tale.

Sir. My man-Monarch hath draw'd his tongue in facke: for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I warn ere I could recover the shore, fume and chutie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Monarch, or my Standard.

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

Sir. V'Veel not run Monifique Monarch.

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

Sir. Moone-calle, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calle.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lice thy shooce; He not ferce him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monarch, I am soe to intitle a Contable: why, thou doest noth' Fish thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monitory lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monarch?

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

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

Cal. Let me againe: bite him to death I préehe.

Ste. Trinella, keep a good tongue in your head: If you appeare a mistenere, the next Tree: the poors Men- thers say Subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I shanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hear me once againe to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marey will I kneele, and repeate it,

I will stand, and so shall Trinella.

Enter Ariel invisible.

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

Ariel. Thou lie.

Cal. Thou lie, thy lying Monkey thou:

I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lie.

Ste. Trinella, if you trouble him any more in't, tale,

By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this life.

From me, he got it. By great Neptune will

Revenge it on him, (for I know thou didst it)

But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

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

Ste. How now shall this be compait?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yes, ya my Lord, he yield thee asleepe,

Where thou maist knock a nail into his head.

Ariel. Thou lie, thou cant not.

Cal. What a p'py de Nimme's this! Thou feary patch:

I do beleeche thy Greatnese gue him blows,

And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,

He shall drink nought but brine, for hee knowes not

Where the quicke frethes are.

Ste. Trinella, run into no further danger:

Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this

hand, I'll turnne my mercie out of doore, and make him

A Stockfitt of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I say? I said nothing:

Ile, a farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he layed?

Ariel. Thou lie.

Ste. Do I so? Takeation that,

As you like this, gue me the laye another time.

Trin. I did not gue the lie: Out of your witter, and

hearing too?

A pot of your bottle, this can Sake and drinking doo:

A murren on your Monster, and the dwall take your

fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: preethe stand

further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time

He beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a colume with him

I' th' atmoscoene to sleepe: there thou maist brine him,

Haung first feiz'd his booke: Or with a logge

Baten his skull, or pouche him with a flake,

Or cutte off his hand with thy knife. Remember

First to posestle his booke: for without them

He's but a See, as I say; nor hath not

One Spirit to command; they all do hate him

As recevedly as L. Bune but his Booker,

He's his brasse Venus (for so he calls them)

Which when he's a house, he's deske withall.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe

Cal's her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman

But oneley Sevran my Dam, and she;

But the se farrurey[?]th Sevran,

As great it do's leaft.

Ste. Is it to brasse a Laff?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I wastere,

And bring thee forth brasse brood.

Ste. Monfier, I will kill thu man: his daughter and

I will be King and Queene, faue our Graces: and Trin-

cula and thy fells shall be Vice-royes:

Doth thou like the plot Trinella?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:

But while thou hast keepe a good tongue in thy head,

Cal. Within this halfe hour wil he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I am tyme honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou say'st? I am merry: I am full of pleasure,

Let vs be isocond. Will you troule the Cach

You taught me but whileseare?

Ste. At thy request Monfier, I wil do reason,

Any reason: Come on Trinella, let vs sing,

Sings,

Flau's em, and emt's em and skyn's em, and fons em,

Thoughts in fre.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariel. Places the tune on a Tabor and Papes

Ste. What is this tune?

Trin. This is the tune of our Cach, plaid by the

picture of No-body.

Ste. It thou be a man, thou seest thy likenes:

If thou be a dwall, take it as thou wilt.

Trin. O forgive my mires.

Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I delie thee;

Mercy upon vs.

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No Monfier, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid, the life is full of noyetyes,

Sounds, and sweet sires, that gue delightful and lust not:

Sometimes a thousand twangling Infumitions

Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voco,

That if then had wak'd after long sleepe,

Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreames,

The clouds methought would open, and shew riches

Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd

I er'd to desire againe.

Ste. This will prove a brasse kingdom to me,

Where I shall have my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When Stephano is destroy'd,

Ste. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,

Let's follow it, and after do our wackes.

Ste. Lead Monfier,

We'll follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on.

Trin. What come?

Hee follow Stephano.
Scene Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonie Gonzalgo, Adrian Francesj ace.

Al. My bones ake: here's a mane trod indeede
Through fourth-righes, & Meunders: by your patience,
Indesce must refre.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot thee,
Who, an my felle adad'd with weantenne
To the duling of my spirits: Six downe, and ref:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drond
As we thus we stray to finde, and the Seamocks
Our fruitstate search on land: well, let him goe.

Am. I am right glad, that he's in out of hope:
Doest not for one repulse forget the purpose
That thou shouldest effect.

Sub. The next advantage will we take throughly.

Am. Let it be toght, for now they are oppress'd with travaile,they
Will not cast such fule small
As when they are free.

Alone and strange Muflikke: and Prefer on the top (impro-

Se. Enter several strange; hope bringing me a Bunter:
dance about it with the mullions of Salvation, and
running the King, and his company, they depart.

Se. I say to night: no more.

Al. What wey is this? my good friends, harkee.

Gus. Marvellous sweet Muflikke.

Se. Alas, yon kind keepers, beaute: what were they?

Se. A lining Drest: now I will beleue

Al. That there are Vincoros: that I amare
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throwe, on Phoenix
At this houre reignnng there.

Ant. I beleue both:
And what do yonelle want credit, come to mee
And belleworn is true: Traveullers never did dye,
Though fools at home condemn me.

If in Nether.

I should report this now, why they beleue mee?
I shold say I saw such Islands:
(For center, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humane generation you shall finde

Man. Oh, it's the name of a Poet.

Se. Honor Lord,
Thou hast said well: for of some you there present;
Are worse then dued.

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gaster, and such found expressing
(Although they want the vie of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dume discourse.

Pr. Prayes in departing.
Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their Vixas behindes: for were have flou-
Will plese you tache what is here's

Al. Nor I.

(Boyce)

Gus. Faith Sir, you need not fears: when were
Who would beleue that there were Montagnareces,
Dew-laps like Bula, whose threats had hanging a't'em
Waffles of fleth? or that there were such men

Whole heads flood in their beuls which now we finde
Each puter out of fise for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.
Al. I will stand to, and seade,
Although my last, no matter, since I seele
The beft is a,brother: my Lord the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Arbal (like a Harpy) claps
his wings upon the Table, and with a quentence devour
the Banquet trooms.

Ar. You are three men of fire, whom defling
That bath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in: the number and wondor.
Hath causd to belelch vp you; and on this Island;
Where man doth not inhabit, you moult men,
Being most wight to bury: I haue made you mad,
And euens with such like yauor, men hang, and drome
Their proper telues: you foolies, and my fellows.
Are minsters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your fwoers are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemock'at, Stabs.
Kill the still closing windes, as diminsh.
One dowle that's in my jumble: My fellow minsters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your lwoers are now too maffie for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my bulline to you) that you three
From Cretaome did imprison good Frager, Expos'd on the Sea (which hath requitit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) hauw
Incesto the Scas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace; they of the Sonne, Alons
They have bereft, and doe pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, and this Scath
Can be atonce) shall flapp, by step attend
You, and your waeres, whole waresh to guard you from,
Which here, in this most destolate Ile, elle falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life enduing.

Ie selfe in Thunder: thens (to selfe Muflikke.) Enter the
Hopes agane, and dance (with mockes and memm) and
carrying out the Table.

Prs. Bravely the figure of this Harpy, hall thou
Perform'd (my Arbal) a grace it had deuouing:
Of my Instruction, hait then nothing bated
In what thou haiv't to say: fo with good life,
And obseruation strange, my mearer ministres
Their feuer kindes haue almost: my high charmes work,
And thefe (mine enemies) are all knippp
In their disfrrations: they now are in my powre:
And in these fife, I leave them, while I visit
Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his, and mine last darling.

Gus. I'name of somthing holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange face?

Al. It is monstrous: monstrous!
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me off,
The windes did ring it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of Prager: it did bale my Trepsafe,
Therefore my Sonne the Ooze is beded; and
I'le heke him deeper then are plummet founded,
And with him there I med.

Ext. But one reed at a time,
Ile fight their Legions on.

Ant.
Enter Professa, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too suitably punisht you,
Your comprehension makes amends, for I
Have guett you there, a third of mine owne life,
Or the time which I live, who, once againe,
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely tood the seat; whereon heaven
I instance this my steed's gist: O Ferdinand,
Do not lament at me, that I boil'd thee.
For thou shalt finde the wind on'th wind ale praise
And make it hail, behind her.

Fer. I doe believe it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then is my guilty, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter but
If thou dost brake her Virgin-knot, before
All circumstantial ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be maistred,
No sweet approbation shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barrastane dare,
Sawer-cyd'd disdain, and distord shall betrow
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Tiserefore take heed,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Pro. As I hope
For sweet days, faire life, and long life,
With such love, as this new mucklelenth,
The most opportune place, the throngst tiggilen,
Our worser Genoa, can, shall never metaes
Mine honest ino, to take away
The edge of that dayses celebration,
When I shall think, or Please Steeds are foundedr,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spake I
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine owne;
What Arickmy inadjudicious female Arick. Enter Arick.

Ar. What would my potent master here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last service
Did worthily performe: and I must sfe you
In such another tricke; goe bring the rabbit
(Oner whom I gave 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 Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Pretently?

Pro. 1. With a twinkle.

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

Do you love me Master no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Arick: does not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ar. Well: I conceive,
Look thou be true: does not give dalliance
Too much the rage: the strongest oaths, are thrust
To thy lie'st blood: be more abstenious,
Or else good night your vow.

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

Pro. Well.
Now that Arick, bring a Coranty.
Rather then want a Spirit, appeare, & perily. Soft must, Not tongues: all eyes: be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Less
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Musters, Oates and Peace;
Thy Turph-Kindomes, where blue nubling Sheepe,
And flat Medes withched with Scouter, them to keep:
Thy banke and pioned, and twilled brims
Which sparge April, as thy heft territorns;
To make cold Nymphes shall crownnes; & thy broome
Whole flad& the disposed Bachelor loves, (groues;
Beng little-lure: thy pole-chips vineyard,
And thy Sea-nage Harte, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy life do. If ayre, the Queenne o' th Skie,
Whose smoke Arick, and meidenlanger, am I,
But these leave the line, & with her toyous naughty grace, Inne
Here on this grave-plot, in this very place
defends.
In come, and sport here Peacockes flye amaine.

Approach, tell Ceres, her to entertaine. Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, my many-coloured Meffenger, that here
Do'st disobey the wife of Jupeter:
Who wish of thy fountain winge, upon my flowers
Diffused honry drops, refreshing flowers,
And with each end of thy blowe doe'lt crownne
My bokkie acres, and my withered downe,
Rich teasp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queenne
Summond me hither, to this florist gardin? Ceres?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to extate
On the bles'd flowers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowes,
If Venus or he. Some, as thou dost know,
Doe now attend the Queenne: since they did plot
The meanes, that dukis Duy, daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyce (fandall company,
I have foreworne.

Ir. Of her lociter
Be not afraid: meet her dense
Cutting the clouds towards Papio; and her Son
Dowre-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charme, upon this Mau and Mau,
Whose voices are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Maufore the Mauion is returne agane.
Her wispfull headed sonne, has broke his armes,
Swears he will choose no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highque Seignoir of State,
Great Iove comes, I know her by her gise.

Ir. How do'st my bounteous suffer: goe with me
to blast this twaine, that they may prosper be,
And honour in thier issue. They Sing.

In. Honor suffer, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and evergreen,
Flowerly covers, be still upon you.
The Tempest.

I'm here, my blessings on you. Earth, overcome, thy arms are empty. Vines, with clasping branches growing, Plants, with gouty boughs bowing; Spring come to you at the first, In the very end of Hardest. Scarcity and want shall stay you. Ceres basking for you on.

Err. This is a mottled maedicke sison, and Harmonious charmingly may I be bold To think these spirits? Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art I have from their confines call'd to enchant My present favours.

Err. Let me sue here enter, So rare a wondrous Father, and a wise MAKT this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence: Juno and Ceres whisper ferouly. There's something else to doe: thulls, and be mute Or else our spells are mar'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment. Pro. You Nimphs call Nymphs of wandering brooks, With your feitred cornets and harselle lookers, Leave your goodly channel, and on this green-land Anwre your summons. Juno do's command Come temperate Nymphers, and helpe to celebrate A Contract of true Love: be not too late, Enter Cercane Nymphs.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary, Come hether from the furrow, and be merry, Make holly day: your Rye draw hats put on, And these fresh Nimphs encounter every one In Country footing.

Enter constant Reapers (properly habit'd) : they issue with the Nymphers, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero shoots slowly and speakers, after which to a strange hollow and confused rout, they heavily enough.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of beast Chalibon, and his confederates Against my life: the minute of their plot Is almost come: Well done, avoid: no more, Err. This is strange; your fathers in some passion That workes him strongly; 

Mrs. Ne'er till this day Saw I him touch'd with anger, so temper'd. Pro. You doe look (my son) in a mis'd sort, As if you were disdain'd: be cheerful Sir, Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors, (As I foretold you) are all Spirits, and Are melting into Ayre, into thin Ayre, And like the bafeleffe fabricke of this viillon, The Clowd-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces, The folome Temple, the great Globe is left; Ye, all which is inher't, shall dissole, And like this infubstantial Pageant faded Leave not a racke behind: we are such stuffe As dreams are made on; and our little life Is rounded with a Deep: Sir, I am vex'd, Bear with my weaknesse, my old braine is troubled! Be not disturb'd with my infirmite, If you be pleased, retire into my Cell, And there repos'd, a name or two, Be walkes To fill my burning minde.

Err. Mrs. We with your peace.

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

Air. Thy thoughts I cleante to, what's thy picture? Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban. Air. My Commander, when I presented Cory I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave thate vanit? Air. I told you Sir, they were red-ho with drinking, So full of vallour, that they finnere the ayre For breathing in their faces: I beseech thee For kissing of their fete, yet alwais bende Towards their projest: then I bestre my Taber, At which like vnback's cotys they prickt their ears, Andanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses As they smelt musick, so I charmin their ears That Caffe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through Tooth'd biers, sharp'd faces, prickling goffe & thane, Which entered their fraile flesh: at last I left them Th' flibby manded poole beyond your Cell. There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake One-huck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird) Thy shape invisible retain thee full: The trumpety in the booke, soe bring it higher For stale to catch these thee. Air. I go, I see. Exit.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature Nurture can never flicke: on whom my palates Humblly taken, all, all lost, quite lost, And, as with age, his body ougter grower, So his minde cankers I will plague them all, Even to roasting: Come, hang, on this line. Enter Arial, leading some: Enter Calibon, Stephano, and Trinculo, all un.

Cal. Pray you trend softly, that the blinde Male may not hear a foot fall: we now are near his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, her you say is a harmefull Fairy, Has done little better then plaited the lache with vs.


Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favourfull, Be patient, for the price I bee bring thee too Shall had winke this mischance: therefore speaks softly, All's huffe as midnight yet. Trin. I, but to loose bottles in the Poole. St. There is not only disfrage and dishonest in that Monster, but an infinite luffe.

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

St. I will fetch off your horse.

Cal. Though I be o're rates for my labour.

Cal. Pro-thee (my King) be tender. Sooth those heares This is the mouth o'th Cell; no noise, and enter: Do that good miffcheef, which may make this Island Thine owne for ever, and I thy Calibon For yee thy foot-licker. St. Give me thy hand, I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephen, King Stephen: O worthy Stephen, Look where a ware-hoare here is foot thee. Cal. Let it alone thou fool, is but true truth. Tri. Oh, bo, Monster: we have known what belongs to a frippery, O King Stephen.

Exit.
Enter Prospero (with Meggie's robe) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do my provident gather to a head: My charms crackne not: my spirits obey, and Time Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day? 

Ar. On the fast houres; at wch time, my Lord 
You laid our workes should cease. 

Pro. I had no fear to. 

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

Ar. Confir'd together 
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge, 
Lust as you left them; all prisoners Sir. 
In the注明 worsening weather: finds your Cell, 
They cannot bouse till your releas: The King, 
Himself and yours, while all three disfatt'd, 
And the metemps Ichneumon over them, 
Bene full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly 

To saite you that my Lord Gonzalo, 
His teares rung down his beard like winters drops. 
From cases of needs; your charm so strongly works'em 
That if you now behold them, your affections 
Would become tender.

Pro. Do you think so, Spirit? 

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane. 

Pro. And mine shall, 

Haft thou (which art but wise) a touch, a feeling 
Of their affections, and shall not my tale, 
One of their kinds, that relieth all as sharply, 
Passion as they, be kindler mou'd then thou art? 

Thoug with their high wronges I am strak to th'quick, 
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my farse 
Do I take parte: the rarer Action is 
In vertue, then in vengeance they, being penitent. 

The folio drift of my purpose doth extend 
Not a frownse further: Go, release them, Ariel, 
My Charms Ie breake, their fences Ie refraile, 
And they shall be themselves. 

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. 

Pro. Ye Evils of this brooks, Aliding lakes & groues, 
And ye, that on the funds with printelife foot, 
Do shate the ebbine-Nepuane, and doeifie him. 
When he comes backe: ye demy. Puppets, that 

By Moone-time doe the greens lowre Kings makke, 
Where of the Earth, not bites: and you, whose paitne 
Is to make midini-Mushrooms, that uyoyse 
To beare the solemn Curfewe, by whole syde 
(Weske Masters though ye be) I have bedym'd 
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mlocious winde, 
And twist the greene Sea, and the zard's vault 
Set roofing wanting: To the dread rating Thunder 
How I guene fire, and rufled James flor Oke 
With his owne Bolf: The strong basfd promontorie 
 Haute I made shake, and by the ips plucks vp 
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command 
Hue wak'd their sleepers, opkld, and let'em feth 
By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magike 
I here shew; and when I haue requir'd 
Some most subtile Musicke (which even now I do) 
To worke mine end upon their Sense, that 
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe, 
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, 
And deeper then did euer Plutus found 
Ie drowne my booke. 

Solemn musicke.

Here enter Arie before: Then Alonzo with a Fronticke gos 
Theatres, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthony in 
the same manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all 

in the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand 
charmed: which Prospero perforning, speakes. 

A solemn Ayre, and the best comforter, 
To an unfetted fancie, Cure thy brains (Now trust) boile within thy skull: there stand 
For you are Spell-stopes. 

Holy Gonzalo, Honourable man, 
Mines eyes are familiar to the show of shine 
Fall fellowly drops: The charmes diffuscates space, 
And as the morning flowers upon the night 
(Melting the darkness) in their rising scenes 
Break to shew the ignacetic, lights that transcends 
Their clearer reston. O good Gonzalo. 

My true preseruer, and a loyal Sir, 
To him thou followest? I will pay thy grace 
Home both in word and deede: Most curuely.
The Tempest.

Did thou 

Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act.

Thou art plac'd for't now Sebastian. Fie! and bloud, 

You, brother mine, that entertain ambition.

Expel'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian

(Whose inward pincher therefore are most strong)

Would here have kill'd your King: I do forgive thee.

Vnmatured though thou art: Their vnderstanding

Begins to dwell, and the approaching tide 

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now by foule, and muddy seas of them

That yet looks some, or would know we: Arriv'd,

Fetch mee the Hat, and Ring in my Cell,

I will dissemble, and my self present

As I was sometime Madness; quickely Spirit,

Thou hast been long to fee,

Arms frug, and helps to errise him.

Where the fire-bucks, there stuck I,

In a Confused bed, the

There I couched when Owls did ever,

On the Batts back'd I did sit

after Summer mirrory.

Neredy, unceasy, shall I live now,

Under the hagges where I know you sit.

Pro. Why this is my daunsy Arriv'd: I shall miss

Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom to go, go,

To the Kings Ship, insuable as thou art.

There still thou findst the Marretines asleep

Under the Hatches the Master and the Boate-Swaine

Being awake, enforce thmso in that place;

And presently, I prit thee

Dr. I drink the aire be fore me, and retorne

Or euer your pulse twice beate. 

Exit.

Gov. All torments, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here: some heayently power guides...

Out of this fearfull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of Miland, Prospero

For more affurance a that living Prince

Do's now speake to thee, I embraze thy body,

And to thee, and thy Company, I bid

A hearty welcome.

Ala. Where thou beft fir or no,

Or some inchartist triib to abufe me,

(As I have beene) I know not: thy Pulse

Beats as of fitt, and blood: and since I saw thee,

That fufficient of my minde amends, with which

I reare a madneffe held me: this must erace

(And if this be at all) a most strange ferty.

Thy Duke Dumedo I reigne, and doe entreat

Thou pardon me my wronge: But how shall Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble Frend,

Let me embrace chine ege, whose honor cannot

Be meanef'd, or confin'd.

Genl. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'me not aware.

Pros. You doe yet tale

Some fubtilties e' th'Ufe, that will not let you

Retive things certaine: Wellcom, my friends all.

But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded

There could pluck his Highnesse frowne vpon you

And affiff you Traitors: at this time

I will tell no tales.

Sef. The Djuell speaks in him:

Pros. No!

For you (most 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

That thou will relitore.

Ala. If thou best Professe

The particular of thy preferration,

How thou haft mete vs, whom three houres since

Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have loft

(How sharpe the point of this remembrance is)

My deere Sonne Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, Sir,

Ala. Irrelapable is the loffe, and patience

Saries, it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather thinke

You have not tought her helpe, of whose fofe grace

For the like loffe, I have her fouresigne aid,

And retell my felfe content.

Ala. You the like loffe?

Pros. As great to me, as late, and supportable

To make the deere loffe, have I meane much weaker

Then you may call to comfort you for 1

Haued left my daughter.

Ala. A daughter

Oh hauens, that they were living both in Father

The King and Queence there, that they were, I wish

My felle were muddred in that oo-zie bed:

Where my fomme lies: when did you leave your daughter?

Pros. In this last Tempest, I perceiue thefes Lords

At this encounter due so much admire,

That they dewore their resoltion, and scarce thinke

That fenes doe offices of Truth: Their words

Are natural breath: but howreouer you have

Beene infell'd from your felves, known for certain

That I am Profes, and that very Duke

Which was throuf forth of Miland, who moft ftrange

Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed

To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,

For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a break-fall, nor

Beating this firft meeting: Welcome, Sirs

This Cell's my Court: there haue I few attendants,

And Subiects more abroad: pray you looke in;

My Dukedom since you have given me againe,

I will require you with as good a thing,

At leat bring forth a wonder, to content ye

As much, as me my Dukedom.

As Pofere doth Kuere Ferdinand and Miranda, play-

ing at Chess.

Mr. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fir. No my dearest luve,

T would not for the world.

Mr. Yes, for a score of Kingdoms, you shoul

And I would call it faire play.

Ala. If this proue

A vision of the Island, one deete, Soone

Shall I twice looke.

Sef. A moft high macle.

For. Though the Seas threatein they are mercifull,

I haue cure'd them without cause.

Ala. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compasse thee about.

Arie, and say how thou canst heere.

Mrs. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere,

How beauteous mankind is? O brauc new world

V. i. 72—183

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That has such people in'.


Pro. "This new to thee. (play?

Ah. What is this Maid, with whom thou was'st at
Your el'd acquaintance cannot be three hours: Is she the goddess that hath feuer'd vs,And brought vs thus together? 

Sir, she is mortal;

But by immorall prudence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice nor should have asked one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke at Midian,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But neuer saw before: at whom I have
Receiu'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Ah. I am hers,

But O, how badly will it found, that I
Must sake my childe forgiv'n her!'s.

Pro. There Sir flop,

Let vs not bruise our remembrances, with
A Bennise that's gone,

Gen. I have inly wept,
Or shall have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blest crown;
For it is yours, that have chaulk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Ah. I say Amen, Gentzall.

Gen. Was Midian's thruff from Midian, that his line
Should become Kings of Nposes? O recreation
Beyond a common toy, and let it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did Cardell his husband flied into the sea,
And Ferdinand his brother, found a wife,
Where be himselfe was list: Perseus, his Duke at
A poore Isle: and all of vs, our selves,
When no man was his owne.

Ah. Give me your hands:

Let griefe and sorrow full embrace his heart,
That doth not with you joy.

Gen. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Awarl, with the Master and Beaufane unexectly following

O looke Sir, looke, there is more of vs:
I prophesie'd, it a Galloome were on land
This fellow could not drowne: Now bisaphefy,
That sweat. it Grace one boord, not an oath on shore,
Haft thou no mouth by land?

What is the newest?

Bar. The bell nevers in, that we have safely found
Our king, and company. The next: our ship,
Which but three glassees danse, we gauce out spirt,
Is yte, and yate, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ah. Sir, this ferulce
Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My micklest Spirit.

Ah. There are not natural events, they strengthen
From strange, to strangler: say, how came you hither?

Bar. If I did think, Sirs, were I well awake,
I'd floure to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strangr, and someval noyses
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gurgling chawes,
And too duperious of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty
Where we, in all our trim, freely beheld
"Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Ceping to eye her: on a trinse, he pleased you,
Even in dreame we were desier'd from them,
And were brought mosaping hither.

Ah. Was't well done?

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

Ah. This is as strange a Maze, as men trod,
And there is in this bussifelle, more then nature
Was ever conduct of: some Oracle:
Muft restray our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Lege,

Do not infall your minde, with beating on
The strangeneesse of this bussifelle, at pickes Iface
(Which shall be shortly finge) I'll reference you,
(Which you shall feeme probable) of euer
These happen accidents: till when, be cleerefull
And thynke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Calyone, and his companions free:
Voye the Spell: How faires my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Company
Some fewe oddie Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Aarsell, dressing in Caliow, Stephano, and
Twinclos in these Hulk Apparel.

Stc. Every man shoule for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe: for all is
But fortune: {ergo Bully. Monstre Caras.'

Tr. If these be true Ipses which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O Seren, these be brave Spirits untude:
How long my Matter is I am afraid
He will challenge me.

Stb. Ha, ha:

What things are tiefes, my Lord Antonico?
Will money buy em?

Art. Very like: one of them
I a plain Fath, and no doubt meretabol.

Pro. Master but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This fraapk the phrase
Has Master was a witch, and one to strong
That could controlle the Moone: make flowers, and eua,
And decline her command, without her power:
These three, have told me, and this dusty diall,
(For in a battall one) had plotted with them
To take my life, two of these Fellowes, you
Muft know, and owne, thus Tung of darknetle, I
Acknowledgen mine.

Cal. I shall be priz'd to death

Ah. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butier

Sub. He is drunker now;
Where had he beene?

Ah. And Trinclos is stealing rype: where should they
Findes this grand Ignor that hath guided em?
How can't thou in this pickelle?

Tr. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you saile,
That I fear me will never out of my bones
I shall not trace fly-blowing:

Sub. Why how now Stephano?

Stb. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Camp.

Pro. You'd be King of the Ile, Sirha?

Stb. I should haue Bin a face one then.

Ah. This is a strange thing as I do look'd on

Pro. He is as disproporcion'd in his Manners
As his chape: God Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handely.

Cal. I thet I will: and Ile be wife herafter,

And

V. i. 184- 294

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EPILLOGUE
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Chances are all on a shrowne,
And hope is now in some man's owne.
Which a most faire new hope herne remote,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the offender, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
My children from me, my hands
With the helps of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sates
Muff close, or else my protect sakes,
Which was to please: New Infant
Spirits to enforce: Art to incant,
And my ending is deprav'd,
Pleased I be reviv'd by prayer
Which pierces so, that it afflicts
Mercy it selfe, and frees all stains.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

The Scene, an uninhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonzo, K. of Naples.
Sebastiano his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milain.
Antonio his brother the usurping Duke of Milain.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.
Adriano, & Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a salmagundi and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a Barber.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Mastell of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.
Iris.
Ceres.
Ino.
Nymphes.

Exit.

FINIS.

THE
Valentine: Prologue, and Speed.

Valentine.
Safe to persuade, my loving Probus,
Home-keeping youth, love ever homely wits,
We're not affection changes thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (lying daily flaggardis'd at home)
Wearie thy youth with shapeless idle loafe.
But since thou lou'rt: lone still, and thrive therein,
Euen as I would, when to loue begin.

Pro. Wit thou be gone? Sweet Valentine ad euv,
Think eu thy Probus, when thou (haply) wet
Some rare note-worthy obliet in thy trauaille,
With me partake in thy happiness,
When thou do'lt meet good hap; and in thy dangers,
(If ever danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadle-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a loue-book pray for my successe?
Pro. Yp on some books I love, I pray for thee.
Val. But on some shallow Store of dear love,
How yong Leander crost the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-thoos in loue.
Val. Tis true, for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you never (wom the Hellespont).
Pro. Ouer the Bootes? may give me no the Boots?
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-like fighes: one fadinc moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
Haply won, perhaps a hapfille gaine);
If both, why theses a grievous labour won; how euer: but a fully bought with wits,
Or else wits, by fully vanquished.

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

Pro. Tis Loue you caull at, I am not Loue.
Val. Loue is your matter, for he matters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The easin Cancr dwells: so eisin Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Cancr ere it blow.

Even so by Loue, the young, and tender wits
Is turn'd to folly, blustering in the Bud.
Looking his verduce, even in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to confaine thee
That art a weary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expect my comming, there to see me slip'd.
Pro. And thus to thee, I bring thee Valentine.

Val. Sweet Probus, no: Now let us take our leave:
To Milamor I let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue: and what newes eile
Besides where in abstinence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visthe thee with mine.

Pro. All hapinness be chance to thee in Milamor.
Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. End.

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leases his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue;
Thus Inca thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me negl'd my Studies, loue my time;
Waste with good confaine: let the world at nought;
Made Wit with muting, weake: hart sicke with thought.

Sp. But now he parted hence to embrace for Milamor.
Sp. Twenty to one there, he is thop'd already.
And I have paid the Sheepe in looing him.

Pro. Indeed a Sheepe doth very often fray,
And if the Sheepe be awhile away.
Sp. You conclude that my Maitens a Sheepe then,
And I Sheepe.

Pro. I doe.

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

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me full a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Maiter a Sheepe,
Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumference.

Sp. It shall goe hard but ye proue in another.

Sp. The Sheepe seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Sheepe; but I seeke my Maiter, and my Maiter seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Sheepe,
The Sheepe for foodo followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Maiter, thy Maiter for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proue will make me cry bad.

Pro. But do't thou heare: gau't thou my Letter to Inca?

I. i. 1—100
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sp. 1 Sir: I (a lof-Mutton) gave your Letter to be
(lac'd-Mutton) and the (a lac'd-Mutton) gave mee (a
lof-Mutton) nothing for your labour.

Prs. There's too small a Pature for such Store of
Muttons.

Sp. If the ground lie outer-charg'd, you were best
flcie her.

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

Sp. Nay Sir, leste then a pound shall feme me for Car-
yring your Letter.

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

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fale it over and over.
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Prs. But what said she?

Sp. 1.

Prs. Ned-I, why that's noddly.

Sp. You mistake Sir: I saw the did nod;
And you ask me if the did nod, and I say I.

Prs. And that let together is noddly.

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

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

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

Prs. Why Sir, how doe you bear with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very ordely.

Having nothing but the word noddly for my pines.

Prs. Behave me, but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your flowe rate.

Prs. Come, come, open the matter in brevete: what
said she.

Sp. Open your pears, that the money, and the matter
may be both at once deliver'd.

Prs. Well Sir, here is for your pines, what said she?

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

Prs. Why couldn't thos perceve so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceve nothing at all from her:
No, not so much as a dUCKET for delivering your letter:
And being so hard to her, that brought your mind;
I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.
Give her no book but flowers, for she's as hard as flce.

Prs. What said the nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pines: (me;
To tellthfe your bounty, I thank you, you have celcern
In eqeal whereof, henceworth, carry your letters your
selfs: And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Prs. Go, go, be gone to faze your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being defin'd to a drier death on shore:
I must goe send some better Merlenger,
I feare my Inida would not daigne my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

Scena Seconda.

Enter Inida and Lucetta.

In. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)
Wouldst thou then consider me to fall in love?
Luc. I Madam, do you think me not unheedfully.

In. Of all the faire refore of gentleman,
That every day with parr'le encounter me,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

And not upon your Maid.

In. What's that you Tooke vp so gingerly?

La. Nothing.

In. Why didst thou stoop then?

La. To take a paper vp,thou I let fall.

In. And is that paper nothing?

La. Nothing concerning me.

In. Then let it ley,for those that it concerns.

La. Madam, it will not ley where it concerns.

Vesale it haue a false Interpreter.

In. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

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

Give me a Note, your Ladiship can see:

In. A little by such toyes, so may be possible:

Beft fing it to the tune of Light O, Love.

La. It is too heavy for light a tune.

In. Hearty belike is hath some burden then?

La. 1 and melodious were it, would you fing it,

In. And why not you?

La. I cannot reach so high.

In. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

La. Keeps tune there still; so you will fing it out:

And yet me thinks I do not like this tune.

In. You do not?

La. No (Madam) its too trash.

In. You (Minion) are too saucie.

And martre the concord, with too saucie a defiant:

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

In. The means is drownd with you vnuly base.

La. Indeed I bid the base for Proverbs.

In. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protection:

Go, get you gone; and let the papers ley:

You would be finging them, to anger me.

La. She makes it flashe, but the world be not pleade.

To be so angred with another Letter.

In. Nay, would I were to angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

Inuionous Wafps, to feede on such sweet honey,

And kill the Bees that yeeld it, with your things;

Ile kifte each feueral paper, for amends;

Look, here is writ, kinde Inuia: vnuinide Inuia,

As in revenge of thy graffiti andme.

I throw thy name against the brazing-flames,

Trampling contemptuously on thy dildaine.

And here is writ, Lost wounded Proverbs.

Poor wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge them till thy wounde be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I teache it with a fouersigne kiffe.

But twice, or thrice, was Proverbs written downe:

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

Till I have fouert each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine own name That, some whiste-winde bear

Vnto a ragged, fearfull, shagging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Look, here in one line in his name twice writ:

Poors ferous Proverbs, pittifull Proverbs:

To the forest Inuia: that it leere away:

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

Now kifte, embrace, extende, doe what you will,


In. Well I am vp goe.

La. What shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

In. If you respect them, I defect them vp.

La. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

In. I trow you have a months minde to them.

La. I (Madam) you may say what fights you see;

I fee things too, although you judge I winc.

In. Come, come, will please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Pisanio, Proconsul.

Act. Tell me Parchine, what feedes I talke was that,

Where with my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew Proverbs your Sonne.

Act. Why was't of him?

Pan. He wonderd that your Lordship

Woud suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

What other men, of slender reputation

Put forth their Sonnes, to lerne preferment out.

Some to the warres, to trye their fortune there;

Some, to discover Islands farre away;

Some, to the studious Universities;

For any, or for all these exercices,

He said, what Proverbs your sonne, was meet;

And did requeste me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In having knowne no straualie in his youth.

Act. Not need'll thou much importune me to that

Whereon, this month I have bin hamering.

I have consider'd well, his lotts of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Nor being tryed, and tutord in the world:

Experience is by industry achievd,

And perfected by the swift cours of time:

Then tell me, whether were I beld to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companions, youfull valentine

Attend the Empeour in his royll Court.

Act. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him

There shall he prachise Titls, and Tarnaments

Here sweet discours, conserue with Noble-men,

And be in eye of every Exercise

Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Act. I like thy consufale: well haf thou said'st:

And that thou must perceue how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Even with the speediest expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Empeours Court.

But I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

Now kifte, embrace, extende, doe what you will,

The two Gentlemen of Verona.

O that our Fathers would applaud our loves
To seele our happinefe with their contents.

Srn. Oh heavenly love,

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

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

Ant. Let me the Letter: Let me see what newer.

Srn. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-beloved,
And daily grace by the Emperor;
Willing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how and if you affected to his words?

Srn. As one relying on your Lordships will,
Not depending on his friendly wishes.

Ant. My will is something forced with his wish:
Muse not that I thus foddanly proceed:
For what I will, I will, and there and end:
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friend receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
So more be it, in a suuie, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Srn. My Lord I cannot be so courteously
Please you deliver, a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'lt shall be sent after thee:
No more of it: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on Fauclie: you shall be implac'd,
The soother of his Expedition.

Srn. Thus base I found the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the fume, where I am drown'd;
I fear'd to shew my Father Julius Letter,
Leal he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against me;
Oh, how this spring of love resembel'd
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now fheves all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

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

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

Exeunt. Finit.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Srn. Sir, your Grace.

Val. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

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

Val. Ha! Let me see if, I give it me, its mine:
Sweet Ornament, that decks a thing divine,
Ah Silvia, Silvia.

Srn. Speed. Madam Silvia: Madam Silvia.

Val. How now, Sibbe?

Srn. Speed. She is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, wherein shall I call her?

Srn. Your worship sir, or else I am incoy.

Val. Whar? You shall before further.

Srn. Speed. And yet it was left abandede being too low.

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

Srn. Speed. Shee that your worship loves?

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

Srn. Speed. Married by these speciall marks: first, you have learned (like Sir Prohensa) to wear thy Armes like a Male-content: to tellsh a Looe-song, like a Red-rose; to walk alone like one that had the pedestrian to fight, like a Schoole-boy that had loft his C. D. C. to weep like a yong wench that bad buried her Grandam: to fail, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that fears robbing: to speake poling, like a beggar at Halfe-Maffe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fatten'd, it was prettcntly after dinner: when you look'd badly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Maidris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thonne you my Master.

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

Srn. Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye;

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Srn. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and thinke through you like the water in a Vrnall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Mislady.

Val. But tell me doth thou know my Lady Silvia?

Srn. Speed. Shee that you gaze upon, as the fists at supper?

Val. Hal! thou obsteu't that? even the I mean.

Srn. Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Don't thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'lt her not?

Srn. Speed. Is the not hard-favour'd, sir?

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

Srn. Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doft thou know?

Srn. Speed. That she's not so faire, of (you) well-fa[voured?

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

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

Val. Speed. How painted? and how out of count?

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

Val. Speed. How eftem'llth me? account of her beauty, Speed. You never saw her since the was deform'd.

Val. Speed. How long hath the beene deform'd?

Srn. Speed. Euer since you loued her.

Val. I have loued her since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Srn. Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Speed. Why?

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

Val. What should I see then?

Srn. Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her paffing deformacion: for he being in loue, could not see to garter his hofe; and you, being in loue, cannot see to put on your hofe.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last mon-
You could not see to wipe my fhoues.

Srn. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thank you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes me the bolde
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her,

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

Val. Left night the enjoy'd me,

To write some lines to one the loves.

Speed. And hau'ce you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

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

Peace, here the come.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet.

Now will be interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giv ye good-cv'n : here's a million of manners.

Sir, Sit Poulantine, and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her in; &the giveth it him.

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

Vnto the secret, nameside friend of yours:

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladiship, (done.

Sir. I thank you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Cleckly.

Val. Now truth madam, it were hardily-cave?

For being ignorant to whom it yows,

I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sir. Perchance you think too much of too much pains?

Val. No(Madam) its he fed you I will write

(please you command) & thousand times as much:

And yet --

Sir. A pretty period: well I cesse the sequeill;

And yet I will not name it and yet I care not.

And yet, take this again: and yet I thank you:

Meaning henceforth to trouble you none more.

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

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?

Do you not like it?

Sir. Yes, yes: the lines are very qucntly writ,

But (since unwillingly) take them again.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Val. 1: if you would them Sit at my requel,

But I will none of them: they are for you;

I would have had them write more manglingly:

Val. Pleased you, he write your Ladiship another.

Sir. And when it was writ: for my sake read it euer,

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

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

Sir. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Servant. Ext. Sid.

Speed. Oh left wifene: unforteul: insuulable:

As a note on a mans face: or a Wethercock on a fleeple:

My Master fues to her: and she hast taught her Suitor,

He being her Pupill,be become her Tutor.

Oh excellent deuice, was there ever heard a better?

That my master being feбил,

To himself should write the Letter?

Val. What now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Naye, I was rumin: 'tis you may have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a Spokeman from Madam Silene.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she says you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need the,

When her hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, do you not perceiue the leaff?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

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

Speed. Why she hath giv'en you a Letter.

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

Speed. And y'other hath the deliver'd: & there an end,

Val. I would it were none worfe;

Speed. He warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her: & she in modesty,

Or elle for want of side time, could not againy reply,

Or fearing els some meller, ye might her mind discoyer

She fell hath taught her Love himself, to write vnto her.

This I speak in print, for in print I found it. (leever,

Why must you stir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dyn'd.

Speed, I, but hearken fir: though the Cameleon Loue

Can feed on the aye, I am one that am nourish'd by my

visions: and would have caste: one bee not like your Mistleth,

be moued, be moued. Extan.

Scena secunda.

Enter Probus, Iulia, Panthia.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Iulia:

Iul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the founer:

Keep this remembrance for thy Iulia's sake.

Pro. Why then we'Il make exchange;

Here, take you thirs.

Iul. And rare the bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

And when that houre she flips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (Iulia) for thy sake,

The next ensuing houre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfullesse:

My father flates my comming: anwer not:

The tide is now: say, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will lay me longer: then I should,

Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

If, for true loue should doe: it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it,

Panth. Sir Probus: you are paid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this passing strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Extan.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Loues, panthia.

Loues. Nay, 'twill beec this houre ere I have done

weeping: all the knede of the Loues, have this very

fault: I have rece'd my proportion, like the prodigious

some,
Sonnet, and am going with Sir Prebend to the Imperial Court: I think it hard my dog, be the lowest rated dog that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father weeping: my Sister crying: our Maid hoeing: our Cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted Cat shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: if 4ew had not wept to have freed: our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept and felle blinde at my partings: May. I fowl ye the manner of it: This fowl is my father: no, this left fowl is my father: no, this left fowl is my mother: no, this left fowl is my mother: yes, but there can bee no other: yes; it is so, it is: it hath the worser fole: this fowl with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a reng: and an't, there it is: Now sir, this flaffe is my father: for, looke you, I am as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this is Nar 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 felle: I: so, no: now come I to my Father: Father, your bleffing: now should not the fowl speake a word for weeping: now should not I felle my Father: well, wee eepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that the could speake now, like a would-woman: will, I felle her: why this is, here's my mother breath up and downe: Now come I to my fitter: maake the mouse the makes: now the dogge all this while freake not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the duft with my teares.

Pent. Lower, away, away a Boord: thy Master is fit, and thou art to post after with oares: what's the matter? why weep't thou man? away alle, you looke the Tide, if you tarrie any longer.

Lan. It is no matter if the tide were lowt, for it is the vnkinde Tide, that ouer any man tide.

Pent. What's the vnkind Tide?

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

Pent. Tur. man, I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and looke the flood, loose thy voyage, and, in loose thy voyage, loose thy Master, and, in loose thy Master, loose thy fenece, and in loose thy fenece: why dost thou stop my mouth?

Lan. For fere thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Pent. Where should I loose my tongue?

Lan. In thy Tale.

Pent. In thy Tale.

Lan. Lose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the Riuere were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the wind were downe, I could drive the boat with my fitches.

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

Lan. Sit: call me what thou darst.

Pent. Will thou goe?

Lan. Well, I will goe.

Event.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Prebend.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Militris.

Spec. Master, Sir Thurio frownes on you.

Val. 1 Boy, it's for love.

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistrefle then.

Spec. Fewe good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are fed.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I freme so.

Thm. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Happ'y I doe.

Thm. So doe Counterfectys.

Val. So do you.

Thm. What freme I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thm. What influence of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thm. And how quoyt you my folly?

Val. I quoyt it in your terkin.

Thm. My terkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, ite double your folly.

Thm. How?

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

Val. Guet him lave, Madam, he is a kind of Camelon.

Thm. That hath more munde to feed on your bloud, than hue in your ayre.

Val. You have said Sir.

Thm. Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well in you, always ende ere you begin.

Sil. A fine wolly of words, gentleman, it quickly shott off.

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

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your fellew (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire, Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladisshipes looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thm. Sir, if you spend word for word wuth me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

(words)

Val. I know it well Sir: you have an Exchequer of And I think, no other recreiue to give your followers: For it appeares by their bare Litteries That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemens, no more.

Here comes my father.

Dek. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beft.

Sil. Valentine, your father is so good health. What lay you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

Dek. Know ye Don Antonio, your Countrian? Val. My good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation. And not without deseit to well repeated.

Dek. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. My good Lord, a Sonne, that well deferves The honor, and regard of such a father.

Dek. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my felle: for from our Infancia We have consuert, and spent our howres together, And though my felle had beene an idle Trevant, Omitting the sweet benefits of time To cloath mine age with Angel-like perficion: Yet hath Sir Prebend (for that's his name) Made vis, and faire advantage of his deses He cares but yong, but he is an experience old; His head vs-mellowed, but his judgement ripe; And in a word (for far behind his worth Comes all the praiies that I know belowe.)

C.

II. iii 4—II. iv. 73
The two Gentlemen of Verona

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

Dek. Behavew me fay, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse love,
As meet to be an Emperours Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vis-wisi newes to you.

Val. Should I have with'd a thing, it had beene he.
Dek. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Shew, I speake to you, and you Sir Thaw,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to,
I will send him hither to you presently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Child's lookes,
Be-like that now the hath encharch'd them
Upon some other pawnes for sealy.

Val. Nay sure, I think he the holds them prisoners still.

Sdf. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could be fee his way to feeke out you? 

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty pairs of eyes.
Dek. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

Val. To set such with Louers, Twes, as your felie,
Upon a homely obiect, Loue can wink.

Sdf. Have done, have done; here comes a gentleman.

Val. Welcome, deere Prayse: Mithris. I beleef you
Confoime his welcome,with some speciall favor.

Sdf. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft hauw washe to hear from.

Dek. Mithris, it is; sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-favorant to your Ladiship.

Sdf. Too low a Mistres for fo high a favorant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a favorant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistreshe.

Val. Leave off disdaine of disdaintes:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.

Pro. My dutie will I VOID of nothing effect.
Sdf. And dutie neuer yet did want his need.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthlie Mithreshe.

Val. He die on him that faires so but your tylt.

Sdf. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthilie.

Thaw. Thee, Sir, may your Lord, your father would speake with

Val. I wait upon his pleasure: Come Sir Thaw,
Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affairs,
When you have done, we look to too hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladiship.

Val. Now telle me; how do you from whence you came?

Pro. Your frends are well, & have the much comended.

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue?

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

Val. 1 Prayse, but that life is seldom now,
I have done penance for contemplating Loue,
Whole high emperious thoughtes have punish'd me
With bitter falls, with penitentall groane,
With nightly tears, and daily hart-love sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath that's deepse from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle Prayse, Loue's an holy God,

And hast so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Not to his Seruice, no fuch joy on earth:
Now, now no discours, except it be of loue:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sleep, and sleepe,

Upon the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Enough; I read you fortunate in your eyes:

Was this the fide, that you worship fo?

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

Pro. No; but she is an earthly Paragon,

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minifie the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principallitie,

Sovereigne to all the Creatures on the earth,

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou with 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 dignifi'd with this high honour,
To beare my Ladres-traine, left the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to freate a kiffe,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Dissuade to roaste the Sommer-ewling floweres,
And make rough winter's euerlasting.

Pro. Why Valentine, what Bragad. time is this?

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

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world; why man, she is mine owne,
And as rich in hauing such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, all their land were pearle,
The water, Neclas, & the Reaks pure gold,
Forgive me, that I doe not come on her,
Because thou tellst me doaste upon my loue:
My feeleth Rival to her other likes
(Onely for his poffessions so huge),
Is gone with her along, and I must alter,
For Loue (dow know it is full of sauciofitie.)

Pro. But Richard, now you? (howre)

Val. Land we are betrothd: may more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must chasse her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, &'gred on for my happinelle.

Good Prayse goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counteyle.

Pro. Come on before I shall enquire you forth,
I must unto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
And then Ile presentely attend you.

Val. Willy you make halte? 

Pro. I will.

Even as one hate, another hate expel,
Or as one nayle, by strength drives out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newe obie: quite forgotten,
It is mine, ov Valentines praise?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression
That makes me resonnite, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and to is Julia that I loue,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

(That I did love, for now my love is shaw'd, Which like a waxen image it saw'd aside Betimes no unpremeditation of the thing it was,) Mr. thinks't a wile to Valentine is cold, And that I love him not as I was wont: O, but I love his Lady too-too much, And that's the reason I love him to little. How shall I divine on her with more advice, That thus without advice begin to love her? 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, And that hath dar'd my reason light: But when I look on her perfections, There is no reason, but I shall be blind. If I can check my erring love, I will, I know, to compound her I live my skill.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Lauze, by mine honestly welcome to Padua. Lauze. For we are not thy selfs, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never vndone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hoftefe say welcome. Speed. Come on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houfe with you prentely; where, for one shot of free pence, thou shalt have free thousand and welcome: But sir, how did thy Master part with Madam Julia? Lauze. Marrs after they clos'd in earne, they parted very fairly in left. Speed. But shall the marry him? Lauze. No. Speed. What then? Shall he marry her? Lauze. No, neithr. Speed. What, are they broken? Lauze. No; they are both as whole as a fish. Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them? Lauze. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her. Speed. What an asse art thou, I understand thee not. Lauze. What a blocke art thou, thou canst not? My staffe vnderstands me. Speed. What thou saist? Lauze. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but jeane, and my staffe vnderstands me. Speed. It stands vnder thee indeed. Lauze. Why, stands vnder, and vnder-stands is all one. Speed. But tell me true, wilt be a match? Lauze. Ask me my dogge, if he say I, it will: if he say no, it will: if he suke his taile, and suye nothing, it will. Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will. Lauze. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable. Speed. 'Tis well: that I get it so: but Launce, how saist thou that thy master is become a notable Louse? Lauze. I never knew him otherwise. Speed. Then how? Lauze. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solum.

Pros. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn? To leave faire Silvia, shall I be forsworn? To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn. And ev'n that Poorch which gave me ffitt my oath Provokes me to this three-fold perjury. Lauze had me for sorne, and love bids me for-sorne: O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast Jo'd, Teach me thy tendre subtilly to execuse it, At first I did a sorc a twinkling Starre, But now I worship a celestiall Starre: Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken, And he wants wit, that wants reduced will, To learn his wit, exchange the bad for betrer; For he unreuered tongue, to call her bad, Whose soever gaity to oft thou hast prefer'd, With twenty thousand foule-confining oaths, I cannot leaze to love: and yet I doe: But there I leaze to love, where I shou'd love. Julia I love, and Valentine I love, If I kepe them, I needs must lose my felfe: If I lose them, thus find I by their loss: For Valentine, my selfe; for Julia Silvia, I to my felfe am deeter then a friend, For Love is still most precious in it felfe, And Silvia (wheffe husband that made her faire) Shewes Julia but a swarthy Ethiopio. I will forget that Julia is swie, Remembering that my Loue to her is dead, And Valentine Ile hold an Etreme, Ayming at Julia as a sweeter fells, I cannot now prooue constante to my selfe, Without some trecherous vs to Valentine. This night he meareth with a Corded-ladder To clime Celestiall Silvia's chamber window, My selfe in counefaile his competitor. Now pretently Ile glue her father notice Of theri disquising and pretended flight: Who of all inag'd will benift Valentine? For Thora he intends shall wed his daughter, But Valentine being gone, Ile quickly croaue By some flie tricke, blunt Thora's dull proceeding. Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift As thou haft lent me wit, to plot this drift.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Enter Julias and Lucetta.

Julia. Countess, Lucetta, gentle girti shall me, And eun in kindle loue, I doe conuert thee, Who art the Table whereon all my thoughts Are visibly Character'd, and engraft, To leuell me, and tell me some good meane How with my honr I may vnderake A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearesome and long. A true-devot Pilgrimage is not weake To measure Kings dores with his feeble steps, Much lefe shall she that hath Loues wings to flie, And when the flight is made to one to deere, Of such diuine perfection as Sir Protheus.


Int. Oh, howes bys'd! for his looks are my foules food.

Play the death that I was pinne'd in, By longing for that looke that I do ime. Didi thou but know the sultry soule of Loue, I how would as stones goe kindle fire with snow, As teake to quench the fire of Loues with words.

Luc. I doe not teake to quench your Loues hot fire, But qualifie the freest extreme rage. Left it should burne about the bounds of reason, The more thou dast not vp, the more it burnes: The Current that with gruel murmurs glides (Though know'st) being stop'd, insipidly doth rage: But when his faire courtes is not hindered, He makes sweet melody with them sheelds stones, Givng a gentil knife to every edge

He over-takes in his pilgrimage.

And so by many wondring nooks he flaires With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.

Then let me goe, and hinder not my course.

He be as patient as a gentil firebrand. And may a paish of each weapy step, Till the last step have brought me to my Loue, And there he fell as a great turmivale A blessed foule doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habitt will you goe along?

Int. Neglection woman, for I would speake.

The lofe encounters of lascivious men.

Gentle Lucetta, fitt me with such verset As may beleeve some weel reprieng eager As Luc. Why then your Ladyship must out your faire, I noe girlie, he knis it vp in faising, With twenty odd peeces of true-love notes, To be fantasticks, must become a youth, Of greater temper, I shall doe to, (ches) Luc. What is fallation, aday I say, make your breake Int. That fits as well, as well can (your Loue) With what companie will you were with; Int. Noy, but love is my true companie, Luc. You must needs have the wits coppe-pree (Mad. Out, out, Lucetta, that witsfull Lucetta. Start) Luc. A round bope Madam's note was not worth a vnlieke you a coppe-pree to thine spirit, out wut, Luc. Lucetta, as thou loue with a true heart, What that thou think'st meet, and is most agreeable, A But tell me (wench) how will the word repute me For vnderstanding thy sad a journee?

I fear me it will make me scandal'd.

Int. If you think'st, then stay at home, and go not.

Luc. Nay, that I will not.

Int. Then never dream on Infamy, but go: If Protheus like your journey, when you come, No matter who's di displeas'd, when you are gone; I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Int. That is the lead (Lucetta) of my feare: A thousand oysters, an Ocean of his tears, And infinaces of infinite of Loue, Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are farauts to deceitfull men.

Int. Safe men, that tie them to se saft effect; But euer starrats did governe Protheus birth, His words are bonds, his oashes are oracles, His look sincere, his thoughtes immaculat, His teares pure messengers, sent from his heart, His heart, at far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heau'n he profe so when you come to him.

Int. Now, as thou looke on me, do me not that wrong, To bare a heard opinion of his truth:

Only defend my loue, by ouing him, And prefrely go with me to my chamber To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longeing journey: All that in mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my Lunds, my reputation,

Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence: Come, anwre not: but to one presently, I am impatient of my tarrance.

Alas Tertium, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thuree, Protheus, Valentine, Launcelot, Speed.

Duke. Sir Thuree, give us leave (I pray) while, We have some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lordship, which I would discover,

The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,

But when I shall be made your gracious favour,

Done to me (wondering as I am)

My dutie pricks me on to vitter that

Which else no worldly good should drawn from me.

Know (worthy Prince) I am your friend

This night intends to steale away your daughter.

My selfe am one made priui to the plot.

I know, you have determined to seflow her

On Thuree, whose your gentle daughter hastes,

And should the thinge be done away from you,

It would be underying so to your age.

This (for my dutie sake) rather chose To croffe my friend in his intendeing deed,

Thus the concealing piece is keppe on your head

A park of borowers, which would preffe you downe

(Est a partent of it to your timelee grace.

Duke. Sir, I thank thee for thine honor.

Thine dutie pricks me on to comand me while I live.

This love of theirs, my selfe have ofte seen,

Happy when they knowe I d' me first asleep,

And ofteentimes have purposed to forbid

Sir
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sir Valentine her companion, and my Court.

But fearing left my jealous amys mightier
And so (unworthily) disgrace more,
(A rashness that I ever yet have found)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to finde
That which my false hart now discloses to me.
And that thou might peruse my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is loose suggested,
I slightly lodge her in an upper Tower,
The key whereof, my false lady ever kept,
And therefore she cannot be carried away.
Aknow (noble Lord) they have dealt a meane
How be her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded ladder let her downe:
For which thy youth is now gose, and
This way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) do it so cunningly
That my discourse be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hating yet my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this present.

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

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming.

Duk. Sir Valentine, whether away so fast?

Pro. Please is your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stays to bear my Letter to my friend,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

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

Duk. Nay then no matter; stay with me a while,
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me more: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Pro. I know it well (my Lord) and fear the Match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Being such a Woman, as your faire daughter:
Canst thou thy Grace win her to fancy him?

Duk. No, but I do,
She is peculiar, full of spirit, and
Proud, undisobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawn my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheerful'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn thee out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
Patric. But there is good fortune for the damnes.

Pro. What wouldst thou have me do this in?

Duk. There is a Lady in Verona here
Whom I affect but she is not, and coy,
And naught comes of my good eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long ago I have forgot to count)
Besides the fashion of the time is changing,
How to labour in such a thing so stile.
To be regarded in her fine bright eye.

Pro. Win her with gifts, as thou render'st her words.
Dame Juel was often in their kind.
More then quickes words, do make a Woman's mind.

Duk. But the first found is present that Rome here.

Duk. A woman sometime frowns what best cotes her.
Send her another; never give her one.
For I know she is not, makes after louse the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beger more love in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what ever the doth fay,
For, get you gone, the doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though need be blacke, say they have Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she the I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Into a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept fearely from refrout men,
That no man hath accessi by day to her.

Pro. Why then I would return to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recouer to her by night.

Pro. What letts but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so fealing, that one cannot climb it.

Pro. When then a Ladder quietly made of Cord
To rest up, with a purse of anchoring hookes,
Would servce to scale another Here's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Advise me, where I may have such a Ladder.

Pro. When would you make it? pray first tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for love is like a child.
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Pro. By fearen a clock, Ie get you such a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee; I will goe to her alone,
How shall I beseech the Ladder thither?

Pro. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it.

Duk. A clocke as long as those will serue the turne.

Pro. I am your good Lord.

Duk. Then let me fee thy clocke,
He get me one of such another length.

Pro. Why any clocke will serue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fasten it to wear a clocke?

Pro. I pray thee keep thy clocke upon thee,

Pro. What Letter is this fame? what's here to do Silvia?
And hence an Enginise fit for my procceeding,
He be so bold to breake the scale for once.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Go, base intruder, over-weening Slave,
Below thy frowning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, (more then thy defer)
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thus do I mean this, thus do I mean then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then twelwe expidition
Will give thee three to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall firre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy felle.
Be gone, I will not hence thy name excuse,
But au by thou by thy selfe, make speede from hence.

Val. And why not deatly, rather then luring torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my felle,
And Sima is my felle: banisht from her
Is felle from felle. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Sima be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Sima be not by?
Vallie it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Sima in the night,
There is no mifeke in the Nightingale.
Vallie I look on Sima in the day,
There is no day for me to looke upon,
Shee is my ennee, and I leave to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Fondre, illumine, cherlle, kept alike.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But the I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and fetch me him out.
Lam. So-hough, Soa hough.

What seem thee thou?
Lam. Him we goe to finde,
There's no hairie on's head, but tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lam. Can nothing speke? Matter, shall I strike?

Pro. Who would thou strike?

Lam. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbeare.

Lam. Why Sir, I flie nothing; I pray you.

Pro. Sima, I say forbeare; friend Valentine, a word.

Val. Why excess are flie, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of dead already hath poft them.

Pro. Then in dume silence will I bury mine,
For they are hath, vn-tunable, and bad.

Val. Is Sima dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine indeed, for sacred Sima,
Hath the forborne one?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Sima hauve forborne me.

What is your newes?

Lam. Sir, there is a proclamation, you are vanisified,

Pro. That thou art banisht do: oh thats the newes,
I rom hence, from Sima, and from thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have led upon the woe already,
And thou excess of it will make me suffe.

Dott. Sima know that I am banisht?

Pro. I, I, and the hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-remitting hands in effectuall force)

A sea of melting peale, which some call tears;
Thro'at her face she chirisht fleete the rended,
With her down on her knees, her humble felle.
Wringer her hands, whose whitenes to became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sightes, deepen grooves, nor flitering-bredding teares
Could penetrater her uncompassionate Sire ;
But Valentine, if he be tame, must die.
Before her intereste joyn'd him so,
When the for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prifon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vns the next word that thou speakest
Have some malignant power uppon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath in mine ear,
As ending perdition of my endless dolors.
Pro. Cate to lament for that thou cant not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nuru, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou flay, thou cant not flie thy loue:
Refide, thy flaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a sloures stafer, wakke helpe with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Fuen in the milke-white boosome of thy Loue.
The time now ferues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conwess thee through the City-gare,
And erst I part with thee, confer at large.
Of all that may concern thee Loue-attayres:
As thou hast no's Loue (though not for thy felle)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee Louace, and if thou see my Boy
Bid him make halfe, and meet me at the North-gate.


Val. Of my deere Sima; hapkife Valentine.

Louace. I am but a louke, louke you, and yet I have
The one to think of my Maister is a kinde of a kisse:
but that's all one, it be but one kisse: He lues not now
That knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Teeme et horle shall not pluck that from me:
Now who's the loue: and yet'tis a woman; but what woman,
I will not tell my felle: and yet'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid:
For the she had Goofip, yet 'tis a maid:
For her it matters maid, and serues for wages. Shee
Hath more qualitie then a Water-Spaniel, which
Is much in a bare Christan: Here is the Cage-Jog of her
Condition. Improvise.
Shee can fetch and carry: why shee can do no more; nay, a horle cannot fetch, but
only carry, therefore is faire better then a lade. Item.
Shee can milke, louke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
clean hands.

Speed. How now Signior Louace? what newes with your Masterhip?

Lam. With my Masterhip? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: misl sake the word: what
newes then in your paper?

Lam. The black it newes that euery thou heardt it:

Why man! how blacke?

Sp. Why, as blackes as Ink.

Lam. Let me read them?

Sp. Fie on thee Jocks-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

Lam. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Mutty,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh, let her go by herself; it was the crime of thy
Grand-mother; this proves that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come fool, come: try me in thy paper.
La. There! and S. Nicolay be thy speed.
Sp. Instruct thee can milk.
La. I that the can.
Sp. Item, she breves good Ale.
La. And thereof comes the proverbe: (Blessing of
your heart, you are good Ale.)
Sp. Item, she can fowle.
La. That's as much as to say (Can you?)
Sp. Item, she can knit.
La. What need a man care for a flock with a wench,
When she can knit him a flocke?
Sp. Item, she can wash and sewr.
La. A special virtue: for then she need not be
washed, and fownd.
Sp. Item, she can spin.
La. Then may I let the world on wheels, when she
can spin for her living.
Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.
La. That's as much as to say bosom-virtues: that
indeed know not their fathers: and therefore have no
names.
Sp. Here follow her vices.
La. Cloke at the heele other vertues.
Sp. Item, thee is not to be fasing in respect of her
breath.
La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fast: read on.
Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
La. That makes amends for her foure breath.
Sp. Item, she doth take her sleep.
La. It's no matter fix that: to sleep not in her
talk.
Sp. Item, she is slow in words.
La. Oh will she, that let this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, as a womans only vertue;
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefest vertue.
Sp. Item, she is proud.
La. Out with that too:
It was ever legacie, and cannot be tane from her.
Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
La. I can not for that neither because: I am crue.
Sp. Item, she is curst.
La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
Sp. Item, she will often praze her puir.
La. If her liquor be good, for all: if she will net,
I will, for good things should be praised.
Sp. Item, she is too sober.
La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe
she is flow of: her purle, flue stal for, that she
keepe that: Now, of another thing shee may, and
that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.
Sp. Item, she hath more harte then wit, and more
faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.
La. Stop there: ile have her: she was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that law Article: release that
one more.
Sp. Item, she hath more harte then wit.
La. More harte then wit: it may be ile proue it: The
courte of the falt, hides the falt, and therefore it is more
then the falt; she harte that coutra the wit, is more
then the wit: for the greater hides the leafe: What's
next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.
La. That's monstruous: oh, that were out.
Sp. And more wealth then faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, ile have her: and if she be match, as nothing is
impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master stays
for thee at the North gate.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee? 1, who art thou? he hath flaide for a bet-
ter man then thee.
Sp. And must I goe to him?
La. Thou must run to him: for thou hast flaide so long,
that going will force ferne the turne.
Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner! box of your loue
Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
A womanly (loue), that will thrust hauie into fer-
cresse: ile after, to recel ye in the boyes core still. Exeunt.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Duke, Thuria, Proser.  

Duk. Sit Thuria, feste not, but that she will loue you
Now Valentia is buttif'd from her sight.
To. Since his exile he hath delp'd me moft,
Forsee my company, and saith me: that
I am deputate of obtaining her.
Duk. This weake impriffe of Loue, is as a figure
Trench'd in water, which with an houres heat
Dri'd jtes to water, and dash looke his forme,
At the time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse Valentine shall be forgot.
How now sir Proser, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gone?
Pro. O'my, my good Lord,
Duk. My daughtersakes his going grievously?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Duk. So I beleue: but Thuria thinkes not so;
Proser, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast thowe some signe of good defect)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace,
Let me not lie, to looke vpon your Grace.
Duk. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effe:
The match betweene sir Thuria, and my daughter e
Pro. I do my Lord.
Duk. And so, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opperles her against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentina was here.
Duk. I, and penterly: the perfuera fo:
What might we doe to make the grile forget:
The loute of Valentina, and loute for Thuria?
Pro. The best way is, to stioure Valentina,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore defcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Duk. 1, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. 1, if his enemy deliver it.
Therefore it must with circumsence be spoken
By one, whom the effeath as his friend.
Duk. Then you must endear to slander him.
Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lowers.

1. Our. If there be ten, thynke not, but down with'em.

2. Our. Stand fast, and throw vs that you have about ye.

3. Our. Peace! we'll hear him.

4. Our. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

5. Our. Stand, we will have him.

6. Our. Then know that I have little wealth to loose.

7. Our. My riches, are these powers habiliments,

8. Our. Of which, if you should here disappoint me,

9. Our. You take the sum and substance that I have.

10. Our. For what offence?

11. Our. For that which now tormentes me to rehearse;

12. Our. I'll look upon your part, and shall revenge

13. Our. To have young Valentine, and lose my friend.

14. Our. As much as I can doe, I will effect;

15. Our. But you fit Theseus, are not sharp enough;

16. Our. You start lay Limne, to thine dieries

17. Our. By wanton fancies, to whome composed Rimes

18. Our. Should be full fraught with uncertaine vowes.


20. Our. Say that upon the altar of her beauty

21. Our. You sacrifice your tears, your sighes, your heart

22. Our. Write still thy inke be dry: and with thy tears

23. Our. Monst is againe: and frame some feeling line,

24. Our. That may discover such integrity:

25. Our. For Orpheus Luce, was strong with Poets forewords;

26. Our. Wherein such a beautie could instruct and knowes;

27. Our. Wherein such a beautie could instruct and knowes;


29. Our. After your dire-lamenting lies,

30. Our. Vifs by night your Lad's chamber-window

31. Our. With some sweet Content: To thier Instuments

32. Our. Tune a deploring sonne: the nights dead silence

33. Our. Will well becom such a beautie complaining grievance

34. Our. That, or elfe nothing, will inherit her.

35. Our. This discipline, howe: thou hast bin in love.

36. Our. Tho. And thy advisour, this night, to put in practice;

37. Our. Therefore, sweet Prothom, my direction-giver,

38. Our. Let vs into the City pretendly

39. Our. To fort some Gentleman, well skill'd in Musick.

40. Our. I have a Sonner, that will ferue the turne

41. Our. To give the on-foot to thy good adultes.

42. Our. Look about it Gentlemen

43. Our. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,

44. Our. And afterward determine our proceedings.

50. Our. I can now about it: I will pardon you. Extrem.
The two Gentlemen of Verona

IV. i

1. Out. But if thou force our curtsey, thou dyest.
2. Out. Thou shalt not live, to bring what we have of.
   Val. I take thy offer, and will live with you, (fer'd,
   Provided that you do no outrage
   On silly women, or poor passengers.
3. Out. No, we defer such vile base profanities,
   Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
   And thou thee all the Treasure we have got;
   Which, with our felues, all rest at thy dispole. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Probalbus, Thurio, Iulia, Hofj, Muficke, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin falle to Palesines,
   And now I must be as usual to Thurio.
   Vnder the colour of commending him,
   I have access my owne louse to prefer.
   But Silina is too faire, too true, too holy,
   To be corrupted with my worthless guts;
   When I protest true loyalty to her,
   She twits me with my fallacious to my friend;
   When to her beauty I commend my vows,
   She bids me think how I have bin forsworn
   In breaking faith with Iulia, whom I lon't;
   And not withstanding all her lodioun quips,
   The least whereof would quell a lovers hope:
   Yet (Spaniel-like) the more the I burn my louse,
   The more it growes, and fawmeth on her flile;
   But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
   And gaine some easing Mufique to her ease.

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

Pro. I gentle Thurio, for you know that louse
   Will creep in seruice, where it cannot goe.
   Th. I but hope, Sir, that you louse not here.

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

Th. Who, Silina?

Pro. I Silina, for your sake,

Th. I thank you for your owne; Now Gentlemens
   Let's cure; and so to it lustily and while.

He. No, my yong gueul; I think yous'ty allycholy;
   I pray you why is it?

In. Marry (more Hofj) because I cannot be merry.

He. Come, we'll pleasure you merry; ile bring you where
   you shall huse Mufique, and see the Gentleman that
   you ask'd for.

In. But shall I hear he spake.

He. I, that I shall.

In. That will be Mufique.

He. Hark, hark.

In. Is he among these?

He. I, but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Silina what is she?
   That all our Swanes commend her?
   Holy face, and weep's thee.

   The beames so soft grace did lend her,
   That for my sight admired be.

   De thy handsome face be spare;
   For beauty times with kindnesse
   Lose dote to her eyes repair,
   To help her of his blindness.

   And being help'd, what bliss there.
   Then to Silina let us bring,
   That Silina is exceeding;
   She excells each mortal thing.
   From the dull earth drearly.
   To her let us entertaining bring;

He. How now? are you adder then you were before;
   How do you, man? the Muficke likes you not.

In. You mistake; the Muficke likes me not.

He. Why, my pretty youth?

In. He plases false (father.)

He. How, out of tune on the strings.

In. Not to; but yet
   So sate that he greues my very heart-springs.

He. You have a quique care.

In. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me have a how
   He perceiue you delight not in Mufique.

In. Not a whit, when it is so.

He. Hark, what fine change is in the Mufique.

In. I, that change is the jipht.

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

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

But Hofj, doth this Sir Probalbus, that we talk on,
   Often resort into this Gentlemewoman?

He. I tell you what; Lance his man told me,
   He lound her out of Tune.

In. Where is Lance?

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

In. Peace, and a slide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir I tourse, fear not you, I will so please,
   That you shall lay, my cunning drift excels.

Th. Where are we to?

Pro. At Saint Gregories well.

Th. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.

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

Pro. One (Lady,) you know his pure hearts truth,

   You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Probalbus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Probalbus(gentle Lady) and your Seruant.

Sil. Why's your will?

Pro. That I may commissle yours.

Sil. You have your wish, my will is even this,
   That presently you hie you home to bed:
   Then suitable, perfit, dale, dill, all man.

Think'll thou I am so shawle, do conceitlasse,
   To be deduced by thy flattery,
   That has deciued so many with thy voweas?

   Returne, returne, and make thy love amends.

   For me(by this pale queen of night I were)

   I am so fast from gaining thy requell,
   That I deliqve thee for thy wrongfull slite;

   And why by and inter to chide my selfe,

   Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

   I grant (sweet love,) that I did love a Lady,

   But she is dead.

In. I tere false, I should speake it;

   For I am sure she is not buited.

Sil. Say that she be yes Valentine thy friend
   Surrnues; to whom (thy selfe art witness)

   I am betrhythd; and art thou not aslaid
   To wrong him, with thy importaunce.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sd. And so you do, good sir; for in her grave
All are the false, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.
Sd. Go to thy Ladies grave and call her thence,
Or at the least, in her, epulcher thine.

M. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I speak to, that I sing and weep:
For since the sublitude of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, I will make true love.

Sd. If 'twere a sublitude you would not perceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sd. I am very loath to be your idol Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadow, and adore false shapes,
Send me in the morning, and I fend it:
And so, good night.

Pro. As witches hate one night.

That wait for execution in the moone.

M. Hap, will you goe?
Sd. By my home, I was fast asleep.
Pro. Pray you, where lies Sir Probus?
Sd. Marry, at my house;
Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Pro. Not so, but it hath bin the longest night
That ever I watch'd, and the most huskful.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglogus, Silvia.

Eg. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entranced me to call, and know her mind;
That's some great matter she'd employ me in,
Madam, Madam.

Sd. Who calls?
Eg. You, my servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiship's command.
Sd. Sir Eglogus, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladiships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sd. Oh Eglogus, thou art a Gentleman:
Think not I flatter (for I weare I do not):-
Valiant, wise, resolute full, well accomplisht,
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I receive unto the bountifull Eglogus:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Theresa (whom my very soul abhord)
Thy selfe haft lound, and I have heare thee say
No grief did euer come to necre thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love side,
Vpon whose grave thou sow'dst pure chaffitie:
Sir Eglogus: I would to Palatine:
To Silvia, where I heare, he makes abode;
And for the vapors are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company.

Sd. By whom faith and honor, I repose,
Vrge not my fathers anger (Eglogus)
But think it not my griefs (Ladies griefs)
And on the justice of my being hence;
To kepe me from a most vile holy match,
Which heauen and fortune full rewards with plagues,
I doe desire thee, even from a heart
As full of love, as the sea of fands,
To brace me company, and goe with me,
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Eg. Madam, I pitie much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuosity are plac'd,
I giue content to goe along with you,
Wreaking a little what befitted you,
And, as much, I will all good before you.
When will you goe?
Sd. This evening coming.
Eg. Where shall I meete you?
Sd. At Friere Patricks Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
Eg. I will not fail your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady).
Sd. Good morrow, lady Silvia Eglogus. Extinct.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lancer, Prebend, Salua, Silvia.

Lan. When a mans servaunt shall play the Curte with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I said'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistress Silvia, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he flies me to her trencher, and rakes her Capons leg: O a tis a curious thing, when a Cur cannot keep himselfe in all companies: I would haue (as one should say) that a dog that takes vp on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think very her he had bin hang'd for'ts sure as I that he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge;
Hee throttle him selfe into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (birdie the martke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt them out with the dog (fares one) what cur is that (fares another) who intimate him out (fares the third) hang him vp (fares the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: friend (quoth I) you mean to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe the tame wrong (quoth I) was I did the thing you were of: he makes me no more sad,
but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Servant may he be sworn: I have sat in the flockes, for puddings he hath holde, owther wise he had bin executed: I have stood on the Pillorie for Curte he hath lost, owther wise he had suffered for it; shut think'd not of the smelw: say, I remember the strickes you fared me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia, did not.

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not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I day when did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a Gentlewoman fastishgale? didst thou ever see me doe such a tricke?

Said she, Is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some tennis prettily. In what way pleasest thee what I can.

Now how you whom, let pezane, Where have you bin the two days loitering? I dare say, Sir, I carried Mavis Silvia, the dogge you bad me.

And what faict thee so little Jewell? She likes your dogs a was, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a prettily. But she recei'd my dog?

No indeede did she not: Here haue I brought him backe againe, What didst thou offer her this from me? I Sir, the other Squirl was holeme from me.

By the Hangmans boyes in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog: A gift as one of your's, I have made it quit the greater.

Go, get the hence, and finde my dog againe, Or else returne againe into my fighte.

Away, I say: say'th thou to vexe me here; A Slauk, that still an end, turns me to shame: Señor, I have entertained thee, Partly that I haue neede of such a youth, That can with some of his prettie: Feste no truthing to your foolish Love; But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauiour, Which (if my Augue deceyue me not) Witness good bringing vp, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee. Go prettily, and take this Ring with thee, Delire it to Madam Silvia:

She shoul'd me well, deliver it to me. If it emes you loud not her, not leaue her token: She is dead belike?

Not so: I think she lines. Alas.

Why do'th thou cry alas? I do notchoose but pitty her. Wherefore choose thou pity her? Because, methinkes that she loud not you as well

As you doe love your Lady Silvia: She dreams on him, that has forgot her love, You dost on her, that cares not for your love.

Tis pity Leue, should be so contrary: And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Well: guide her that Ring, and therewithal: This Letter; that's her chamber; Tell my Lady, I claim the promis for her heavenly Picture: Your message done, hye home unto my chamber, Where thou shalt finde me fat, and solitaire.

How many women would doe such a message? Alas poor Prosehum, thou hast entertain'd.

A Fox, to be the Shephard of thy Lambs; Alas, poor fowle, why doe I pity him That with his very heart despair'd me? Because she loves' but, he despiseth me, Because I love him, I must pity him. This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me. To binde him to remember my good will: And now am I (whempsey Messenger).

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine; To carry that, which I would have refuse'd; To praise his faith, which I would have despis'd. I am my Maiters true confirmed Lune, But cannot be true servant to my Maiter, Vulture I proue false traitor to my felle 

Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly, As (heaven in knowes) I would not have him speed. Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you be my meane To bring me where to speake with Madam Silvia. 

Said, What would you with her, if that be the? If you be she, I do intrest your patience To heare me speake the message I am lented on. From whom?

From my Maiter, Sir Prosehum, Madam. Oh! he sends you for a Picture?

I, I, Madam. Prufala, bring my Picture there.

Go, give your Maiter this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow. Madam, please you peruse this Letter; Pardon me (Madam) I have made it too short Delivered you a paper that I should not: This is the Letter to your Ladisship,

Said, I pray thee let me looke on that again.

It may not be: good Madam pardon me. There, hold:

I will not looke upon your Maiters lines: I know they are fit with such expressions, And full of new-found oaths, which he will break As easily as I do teate this paper.

Madam, he lends your Ladisship this Ring. The more shame for him, that he sends it me; For I have heard him say a thousand times, that Julia gave it him, at his departure: Though his false finger have profan'd the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Julia so much wrong.

She thanks you.

What failes thou? I thank you Madam, that you tender her: Poor Gentlewoman, my Maiter wrongs her much.

Do'th thou know her? Almoist as well as I doe know my felle. To think upon her woes, I doe protest That I have wept a hundred seuerall times.

Belike she thinks that Prosehum hath forsook her? I think she doeth: and that's her cause of sorrow, Is she not puting faire? She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is; When the did think my Maiter loud'd her well; She, in my judgement, was as faire as you. But since the did neglect her looking-glafe, And therow her Sun-expelling Masque away, The ayre hath sliu'd the roles in her cheeks, And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face, That now she is become as blacke as I.

How tall was she? About my stature: for at Pinterst, When all our Pages of delight were plaid, Our youth gave me to play the womens part, And I was trim'd in Madam Julias gowne, Which fetted me as fit, by all mens judgements, As if the garment had bin made for me: Therefore I know the is about my height, And at that time I made her weere a good,

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For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) was Arioan, passioning
For Thes Jun Penury, and was but flight;
Which I so lightly acted with these:
That my poor Miferis mocked the while, but
Went bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sit. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth);
Alas (poor Lady) deelate and left;
I swepte my selfe so thynk plupon thy words:
Here youths that is my present, I knew thee this (well).
For thy sweet Miferis sake, because thou loue it her. Fase.

Thou. And the flint thank you for's, if you know
A vextous gentlenwoman, mild, and beautifull.
I hope my Malters suit will be but cold,
Since the refpects my Miferis love too much.
Alas, how love can trifle with his selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me fee, I think
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter better'd her a little,
Vnleste I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is Abnorme, name is perfect Fawne;
If that be all the difference in his love,
He get me such a couple: of Popyrig:
Her eyes are grey as gaffe, and so serene:
I, but her foreheads low, and mine as high:
What should it be that he refpects in her,
But I can make refpects in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god,
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow wp.
For this tyrann: O thou fencelle fortune,
Thow shall be worship'd, kids, Jow, and adon d, and
And were there fence in his idolaty,
My labour should be fleaste in thy head.
He thee thee kindly, for thy Miferis sake
That said me: or else by Jow, I now.
I should have fetcht' out your vnspeeing eyes.
To make my Maltar out of love with thee. Exscnt.

Alas Quntnus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamour, Sidia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the western skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That Sidia at Pryse Patrick Cell should meet me,
She will not forso a Louers breake not houre,
Vnleste he be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.

Sit. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Porthe by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Peace not: the Fortell is not three leagues off,
If we recout that, we are rare enough.

Exscnt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thmo's, Throbz, Inuo, Duke.

Th. Sir Throbz, what fases Sidia to my suit?

Prf. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes expections at your person.

Th. What? that my leg is too long?

Pr. No, that it is too little.

Th. Ille wear a Booce, so make it somewhat round.

Pr. But love will not be fyear to what it losses.

Th. What fases fite to my face?

Pr. She fases it is a faire one.

Th. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pr. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Black men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Th. 'Twas true; Eglamours as put our Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Th. How likes she my discourses?

Pr. Ill, when you talk of war.

Th. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.

Int. But better indeed, when you hold you peace.

Pr. What fases she to my valour?

Pr. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Int. She needs not, when she knows it cowardize,

Th. What fases she to my birth?

Int. That you are well deriv'd.

Pr. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Th. Confiders she my Poffessions?

Pr. Oh, I, and pictures them,

Th. Wherefore?

Int. That such an Asf should over them.

Th. That they are out by Leafe.

Int. Here comes the Duke.

Th. How now his Pote estate: how now Thobrz?

Whereof you saw Eglamours of late?

Th. Not L

Pr. Nor l.

D. Saw you my daughter?

Pr. Neithr.

D. Why then

She's bed into that present, Palentine;
And Eglamoure is in her Company;
'Tis true: for Fier Lawrence met them both
As he penance wander'd through the Fortell:
Him she knew well: and gued it that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Before she did intend Coufession
At Patrick Cell this even, and there she was not.
Thesee likehoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discoure,
But mount you presently, and meete with me
Upon the rising of the Mountaine foot.
That leads toward Stanza, whether they are fled;
Dispaach (weet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Th. Why this it is, to be a periseth Citize,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
Ille after; more to be renew'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the love of reck-lefe Sidia.

Prf. And I will follow, more for Sidia love
Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her,

Int. And I will follow, more to croide that love
Then hate for Sidia that is gone for loue.

Exscnt.

Scena Tertia.

Sidia, Om-Jones.

1. Om. Come, come be patient.

We

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The Merry Wives of Windsor.

We must bring you to our Captaine.

_Sil. A thousand more imprudences than this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
_Sil. Out, Come, bring her away.
_Sil. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
But Mofes and Valentine follow him.
One thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: We'll follow him that's flit,
The Thickest is befre, he cannot scape.
_Sil. Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains coue.
Fear not: he bears an honourable mind.
And will not vie a woman lawfully.
_Sil. O Valentine; this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

_**Scena Quarta.**_

_Enter Valentine, Proehens, Silius, Indra, Duke, Thuria, Out-Lawer._

_Val. How we doth breed a habit in a man?
This slydow defair, unviolet woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vn-scene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my difcreets, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brell,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tentadelle,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repait me, with thy presence, _Silua._
Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy love for-Joune swaine,
What hallowing, and what fit is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some vnhappy passenger in grace;
They love me well: yet I have much to do
To keep them from vnshull outrages,
Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes here?
_Proehens. Madam, this face I have done for you
(Though you repait not, but aughs my scruitant doth)
To hast a land, and reseve you from,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire look
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And leffe then this, I am sure you cannot give.)
_Val. How like a dreame is this? I see and hear,
Let me patience to forbear a while.
_Sil. Unmiserable, vnhappy that I am,
_Proehens. Vnhappye were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I have made you happy.
_Val. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.
_Proehens. And me, when he approached to your presence.
_Sil. Had I beene cerzd by a hungry Lion,
I would have beheld a break-fall to the Bench.
Rather then have falle _Proehens_ reskeue me:
Oh heaven be judge how I love Valentines,
White life's as tender to me as my footles,
And falt as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe desseit falle perill'd _Proehens_
Therefore he gone, follow me no more.
_Proehens. What dangerous action, flood is next to death
Would not endure, for one calme looke;
Oh'tis the curse in Love, and still approu'd
When women cannot love, where they're belou'd.
_Sil. When _Proehens_ cannot love, w here he's belou'd:
Read once _Indra_ heart, (thy furl beet _Lon_)
For whose dear sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand othes; and all those othes,
Defended into petriui, to lose me,
Thou hatt 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.
_Proehens. In _Lon_,
Who refpeets friend?
_Sil. All men but _Proehens._
_Proehens. Nay, of the gentle spirit of moving words
Canna way change you to a milder former;
Ile weake you like a Soullard, at armes end,
And lose you gainst the nature of _Lon_; force ye.
_Sil. Oh heaven.
_Proehens. Ile force thee yield to my desire.
_Val. Ruffian, let goe that rude vocuall touch,
Thou friend of an ill affection.
_Sil. Valentine.
_Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man.
Iou haft beguill'd my hopes; neught but mine eye
Could have periwaued me: now I dare not free
I have one friend alowe thou wouldst differ me
Who should be trusted, when one right hand
Is periu'd to the bosse? _Proehens_
I am forry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy take;
The private wound is depeet: oh time, most secruit.
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
_Proehens. My flame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me _Valentine_; it beryry sorrow
Be a sufficient Ranoome for offence,
I tender'd here; I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.
_Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receive thee honest;
Who by Rependants is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth: for these are pleas'd
By Penitence th'Eternall wth's appeale:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in _Silua_, I gie thee.
_Val. Oh me vnhappy,
_Proehens. Look to the _Lon_.
_Val. Why, _Lon_ !
Why was I seek me now? what's the manner look up: speak,
_Val. O good my, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring
to Madam _Silua_; (out of my neglect) was never done.
_Proehens. Where is that ring? _Boy_?
_Val. Here's it: this is it.
_Proehens. How? let me see.
_Val. This is the ring I gave to _Indra_.
_Val. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mislooke;
This is the ring you sent to _Silua_.
_Proehens. But how can't you by this ring? at my depart
I gave this vocal _Indra_.
_Val. And _Indra_ her self did give it me,
And _Indra_ her self hath brought it hither.
_Proehens. How? _Indra_?
_Val. Behold her, that gave syme to all thys othes,
And enter'd it so deeply in her hest.
How oth haft thou with petriui cleft the rootes?
Oh _Proehens_; let this habit make thee blu.

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55
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be thou ashamed that I have tooke upon me,  
Such an immodest payment; if shame live  
In a disguise of love?  
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,  
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.  
Pre. Then men their minds, as true as heaven, were men  
But Conflunt, he were perfect; that one error  
Fils him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins;  
Inconfinity falls off, ere it begins:  
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spit?  
More fresh in Iulia, with a constant eye?  

_val. Come, come a hand from either:  
Let me be bleft to make this happy close:  
Two pitty two such friends should be long foes.  
Pre. Besre wittes (heauen) I have my wish for ever,  
Val. And I mine.  

Val. Forbear, forbear I say: It is my Lord the Duke.  
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banished Valentine.  

Duke. Sin Valentine?  

Thm. Yonder is Silvius: and Silvius' mine.  

_val. Trust, guile backe: or else embrace thy death:  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Do not-name Silvia thine: if once againe,  
Uforma shall not hold thee: heere the hands,  
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:  
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Love.  

Thm. Sin Valentine, I care not for her: I  
I hold him but a foole that will endanger  
His Body, for a Girlte that loves him not:  
I claime 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 flighty conditions.  

Now by the honor of my Ancestry,  
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine.  
And think thee worthy of an Empresse love:  
Know then, I heare forget all former greeses,  
Cancel all grudge, repeale that home againe,  
Plead a new face in thy vntiall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe: Sin Valentine,  
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deser'd,  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast defended her,  

_val. I thank your Grace, by gift had made me happy:  
I now befeech you (for your daughters sake)  
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.  
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) where er it be,  
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,  
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:  
Forgive them what they haue committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:  
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,  
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)  
Duke. Thou haue professe, I pardon them and the:  
Dispoze of them, as thou knowest their defects.  
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iars,  
With Triumphes, Morth, and rare solemnity.  

_val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile,  
What thank you of this Page (my Lord?)  
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, be blushe.  

_val. I warrant you, my Lord: more grace then Boy,  
Duke. What meanes you by that saying?  

_val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:  
Come Problems, tis your punishment, but to heare  
The story of your Loues discover'd.  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,  
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happiness.  


The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.  
Valentine.  
Prothesis; the two Gentlemen.  
Antonio: Father to Prothesius.  
Thoinio: a foolish rival to Valentine.  

Eglamouris: Agent for Silvia in her escape.  
Thsil: where Silvia lodges.  
Out-laws with Valentine.  
Speed: a goodly servant to Valentine.  
Lamore: the like to Prothesis.  
Panishment: servant to Antonio.  
Iulia: beloved of Prothesis.  
Silvia: beloved of Valentine.  
Lucetta: weaehing woman to Iulia.

FINIS.
THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Aitus primus, Scena prima.

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

Shallow. Why, Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it, if he were twenty. Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow.

Slender. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Shal. I (Cofen Slender) and Cast-a-lorum.

Shal. It is an oldi man, and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himself Amigero, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armiger.

Shal. That I do, and have done any time the three hundred years.

Slender. All his successeors (gone before him) hath done: and all his Ance'sers (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an oldi man.

Evans. The dozen white Lowes do become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Luce is the freth-stifs, the fale-stifs, is an old Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (Corz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per-Bady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your felle, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff ha's committed dispragements countre you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make amends and compensates between you.

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

Evans. It is not the Counsell hear a Riot: there is no fear of God in a Riot: The Counsell (look to you) shall deale to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a Riot: take your vizaiments in that.

Slender. Ha; o my life, if I were young again, the foward should end it.

Evans. It is better that friends is the foward, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my p'rnce, which peradventure prings good dispragements with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virgininy.

Slender. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is thaterry person for all the orld, as just as you will define, and seven hundred pond of Monenet, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fare upon his deathbed, (God deliver to a joyfull resurrection) gave, when she is able to owertake fourteen orld yeeres old. It was a good motion, if we lose our pribbles and prabbles, and define a marriage between Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her Grand-fare leave her seven hundred pond?

Evans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

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

Evans. Seven hundred pond, and posibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see hworm Master Page is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye: as I doe despite one that is false, as I despise one that is not true: the knight Sir John is there, and I believe he is rule by your well women: I will pease the door for Master Page, What h a got-pelee your hose here.

Master Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here's go'ts pilfing and your friend, and Justice Shalor and here yong Master Slender: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if masters grow to your liking.

Master Page. I am glad to see your Worship there: I thank you for my Venison Master Shalor.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good hearts: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good Mistress Page and I thank you always with my heart, it is: with my heart.

Master Page. Sir, I thank you.

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

Master Page. I am glad to see you good Master Slender.

Shal. How do your fellow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-ran on Ciuan.

Master Page. It could not be indig'd, Sir.

Shal. You'ld speak it: you'll not confess.

Master Page. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog, e.


Shal. Sir: he's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more paid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Master Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office be sweeney me.

Evans. It is speake as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He's hart wrong'd me (Master Page).

Master Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.
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Skal. If his be confessed, it is not reddressed: it is not that so (M. Page) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: believe me, Robert Shallum Epiphane, this he is wronged.

M. Pa. Here comes Sir John.

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

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

Fal. But not kill'd your Keeper's daughter?

Skal. Tar, sir, thus shall be answer'd.

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

That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Counsellor shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if were known in coun-

cell; you'll be laugh'd at.

En. Panaevvha; (Sir John) good words.

Fal. Good words? good Cabidge; Slender, I broke

your head: what matter have you against me?

Shal. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and

against your cony-catching Ratcells, Bardolf, Nym, and Piffl.:

Be. You Banberry Cheefe.

Shal. 1, it is no matter.

Piffl. How now, Megaphotia?

Shal. 1, it is no matter.


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

Ene. Peace, I pray you; now you understand; there

is three Vampirs in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page (fidelect Master Page,) & there is my wife; (fidelect my wife,) and the third party is (latly, and fi-

nally) mine Hoath of the Gater.

En. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Enan. Ferry good'st, I will make a briefe of it in my

note-booke, and we will afterwards orke upon the cause,

with as great discretion as we can.

Fal. Piffl.

Piffl. He travels with cues.

Te. The Teull and bus Tam: what phrase is this?

he travels with cues? why is it affectionate.

Fal. Piffl. did you picke M. Slender's purse?

Shal. 1, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might

never come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of

feauen greater in multiflatence, and two Edward Sho-

telboards, that cost me two floulding and two pence a

piece of Tred Miller: by these gloues.

En. Is this true, Piffl?

Enan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Piffl. Ha, thou mountaine Fortreyn: Sir John, and

Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denial in thy labras here; word of denial, froth, and

cum thou left.

Shal. By these gloues, then twas ile.

Nym. Be suit'ts sir, at peace dark humour: I will

say merry trap with you, if you runne the nut-bucks humour on me, that is the very note of it.

Shal. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for

though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an afe.

Fal. Why say you Scarlet, and John?

Shal. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had

drunk him'de out of his fife sentence.

En. It is his five fenes the, what the ignorance is,

Bar. And being fap sir, was (as they fay) cathred and

so conditions past the Care-eyes.

Shal. I, you speake in Laten then to; but 'tis no mat-

ter; le be neer be drunk whilst I line againe, but in honest,

chill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, le be

drunke with those that have the fear of God, and not

with drunken knout.

Enan. So got-judge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You hear all these matters denid, Gentlemen; you

hear it.

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

Shal. Oh heauen: This is Mistreffe Anne Page.

M. Pa. How now Mistreffe Ford?

Fal. Mistreffe Ford, by your tooth you are very well:

by your leave good Mistri.

En. Pa. Very well, these gentlemen welcome; come,

we have a hot Venien party to dinner: Come gentleman,

Thope we'll drinke downe all unkindnec.

Shal. I had rather then ferre shilling I had my book of

Songs and Sonnets here; How now Simple, where have you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must you? you have not the book of Riddles about you, have you?

Shal. Bookes, and other riddles? why did you not lend it to

Alice Shrewesbury upon Allstowmanes lat, a fortnight

after Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Cos, come Cos, I say for you: a word

with you Cos: marry this, Cos: there is as 'tis a tender

a kind of tender, made a face-off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Shal. Tis' not, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so,

I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Shal. So I doe Sir.

Eunan. Gute ear to his motions: M. Slender I will

description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Shal. Nay, I will doe as my Coren Shallow later: I

pray you pardon me, he's a lattise of Peace in this Coun-
trie, simple though I stand here.

Eunan. But that is not the question: the question is

concerning your marriage.

Shal. 1, there's the point Sir.

Em. Marry it is; the very point of it, to Mi. An Page.

Shal. Why is it so? I will marry her upon any rea-
onable demands.

En. If you affectionate the 'o-man, let vs command to

know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers

Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth:

therefore precisely, can you carry your good will to my

Sh. Coren Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Shal. I hope fit, I will do as it shall become one that

would doe reason.

Shal. Nay, God's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake

potissible, if you can carry-here your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Shal. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your

request (Cofen) in any reason.

Shal. Nay consider mee, consider mee, (sweet Cos):

what doe I do to pleasure you (Cofen) can you loue the

maid?

Shal. I will marry her (Sir) at your request: but if

there bee no great louse in the beginning, yet Heauen

day decreas it upon better acquaintance, when we are

married, and have more occasion to know one an-

other: I hope from your familiarity will grow more content,

but if you say marry-be, I will marry-be, that I am freely

disbolosely.
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Ex. It is a very difficult answer; since the fall is in the word, doubtfully: the root is (according to our meaning) evolently; his meaning is good.

Sh. I think my Colen meant well.

Sl. Sir, or else I would not be bind't (1a).

Sh. Here comes fair Mistress Anne; would I were your apprentice, fair Mistress Anne.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires you to dine with us.

Sh. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Ex. O'd's pleased well; will not be as they are.

An. Will please your command to come in, Sir?

Sl. No; I thank you forsooth, I am very well.

An. The dinner awaits you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a hungry, I thank you, forsooth: go on, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go take upon your self a bough of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keep but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I have like a poor Gentleman borne.

An. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I thank you, I eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walk in.

Sl. I had rather walk here (thank you) than into my th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger, with a Master of Fortune (three or four) for a dish of Plunder and by my truth, I cannot abide the briskness of what you're doing. Why do your dogs bark so? be there Beasts in the House?

An. I think these are, Sir, I heard them call'd, of.

Sl. I hope the rest well, but I shall be some quarter at it, as you know I am in England: you see after you see the best house, are you not?

An. Indeed Sir.

Sl. That's scarce and drink to me now: I have seen Saunderstone house, twenty times, and have taken by the Chains: but (I warrant you) the women have some crime and flirt at it; what shall I say, I cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favoured enough.

Ex. Come, gentle M. Slender, come, we play for you.

Sl. I eat no more. I thank you Sir.

An. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, Sir; come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ex. Come, come.

Sl. M. Anne: your felo shall goe first.

An. Not Sir, I pray you keep on.

Sl. Truly I will not go first: truly-la: I will not do that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. He rather be harnessed, then troubledome: you do your felo wrong indecora.

Ex. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Ex. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius house, which is way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry Nurse; or his Cook; or his washer; or his Ringer.

Sl. Well Sir,

Ex. Nay, it is better yet, give her this letter, for it is a man that altogether acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is to desire, and require you to solicit your Natters deftice, to Mistress Anne Page: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner, there's Pippins and Cheese to come.

Ex. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Holo, Bardolph, Nym, Peto, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Holo. What ta's my fair Kooke? speaks schooling, and wisely.

Fal. Truly mine Host; I must turn away some of my followers.

Holo. Disperse (bally Firewater) cash their let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Holo. Thou art an emperor (Zefur, Keiser and Plakker, I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw he shall tap, I well (bally Heller.)

Fal. I am to go good mine Host.

Holo. I come, I come. Let me see thee for a hand, and here: I am at a word; suppos.

Fal. Bardolph follow him: a Tapster is a good trade, an old Clock and a new leech: which a young man, a youth: tapster: go, go, go.

Holo. It is a life that I have defied: I will thrive.

Peto. O bate hungarian wight, what's the tip you wield.

Holo. He was gotten in drink of some; he is drunk over.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tindlibox, this Thets were too open: his fishing was like an unxious Singer, he kept not tune.

Fal. The good humor is so stale at a man's will.


Fal. Well Sir, I am almost out at becket.

Fal. Why then let Kibus reside.

Fal. There is no remedy, I must concath, I must shift.

Fal. Young Ranies must haste to speed.

Fal. Which of you know Iard at this Towne?

Fal. I know the weight: she is of substance good.

Fal. My bonet I am, I will tell you what I am about.

Fal. Two yards, and now.

Fal. No quips now Falstaff: (indeed) I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waltz: 1 sir: about thrift: briefly: I do mean to make low to Fort as wife: I spike entertainment in her; five discourses: five courses: she gives the taste of imitation: I can confine the action of her familiar file, & the hardest wave of her behavior (to be englens'd right) in: I am Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. He hath studied her will, and translated her will: out of honesty into English.

N. The Anchor is deeper: will that humor pass?

Fal. No, the report goes, she has all the title of her husbandes Purie: she has a legend of Angels.

Peto. As many dice entertain: and to her Boy say I.

Fal. The buxer viretis is good: humor me the angel.

Fal. I have write me here a letter to her: & here another to Pagge wife, who even now gaue mee good eyes, to examine my parts with most judicious illud: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my face: sometimes my portly belly.

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Act IV. Scene I.

Shallow: And Methinks, Master Ford, your Master?
St. I foresooth.
Sh. Do's he not wear a great round Beard, like a
Glowers painting-knife?
St. No foresooth: he hath but a little wee face; with
a little white beard a Caine coloured Beard.
Sh. A wisely-spright man, is he not?
St. I foresooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as
any is between this and his head: he hath bought with
a Warriner.
Sh. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he
not hold up his head (as it were) and strut in his gate?
St. Yes indeed do's he.
Sh. Well: he sent me Anne Page, no worse fortune;
Tell Master Parlon Emus, I will do what I can for thy
Master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Scene Quarta.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doller, Caun, Fenton.

Qu. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Cae-
 menace, and see if you can see my Master, Master Dokter
Caun conning: if he do (Faith) and finde any body
in the house, here will be an old abusing of Gods pa-
cience, and the King's English.

Qu. Ill see what I can.

Qu. Goethe, and we will have a pepster for't same at
night, (in faith) at the end of a Sea cole-fire: An honest,
well-trained fellow, as honest shall come in house
worthily; and I say, you not tel-tale, nor not breed-
less house: for why, that is a fault: to pray, he is
not a poor pretender, but no body but his

Peter Simler, you say your

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Qini. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had bin throughly young, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding (I am no judge of such matters; but my Master) he did say you Master what good I can: and the very best, & the no is, & French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, for you have no word of it) my Master himselfe is in love with Mistris Anne Page, but notwithstanding that I know not what's here nor there.

Qini. Are you a-said o'dhat? you shall have a great charge, and to be very early, and down late, but not withstanding (to tell you in your case, 1 would have no words of it) my Master himselfe is in love with Mistris Anne Page, but notwithstanding that I know not what's here nor there.

Qini. You, Jack Nape: give this Letter to Sir Hugh by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his crout de Parker, and I will teach a funny, Jack-a-nape Prynt to muddle, or make: — you may be got: it is not good you carry there by: by gar I will cut all his two bones: by gar, he had not been to throw at his dogge.

Qini. Also, he speaks but for his friend.

Qini. I am not sure we do not you tell a one day I shall have Anne Page for my felle: by gar, I will kill de Jack-Priest: and I have appointed mine Hoft of de laste are to measure our weapons: by gar, I will my felle have Anne Page.

Qini. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall bee well: We must giue folkes leease to prate: what the good-ier.

Cain. Begg, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I leaze not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my door: follow my hecets. Begy.

Qini. You shall have An-noles head of your own.

No, I know not mind for that: never a woman in Windfor knows more of Ann minds then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thank heauens.

| ii. | Enter Miftris Page, Miftris Ford, Master Page, Mistris Ford, Piitell, Nym, Quickly, Hael, Shallow. |

Miftris Page. What, have you had some letters in the holly day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see?

Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love's Reason for his passion, bee he not for his confusion: you are not young, nor more am I: go to them there's a' sympathes: you are merry, you see, and I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathes: you love facts, and so I: we may do better sympathes.

Let it suffice thee (Miftris Page) at the least if the Lome of Sondier can suffice, that I love thee: I will not say pitty mee, to not a Sondier-like prate; but I say, love me: by me, thine own true Knight, by day or night:

—or any kind of light, with all his might;

For there is light.

John Falstaff.

What a friend of fortune is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nee worth to peace with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant: What an unwaile

Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick (with The Deuills name) out of my censure,that he dares In this manner saye me? why, hee hath not bene thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: heaven forgive mee: why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reueued on him for reueing I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miftris Ford, Miftris Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Miftris Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you look very ill.

Miftris Ford. Nay, I lere beleeeze that: I have to shew to the contrary.

Miftris Page. Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miftris Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew to the contrary: O Miftris Page, give mee some countaine.

Miftris Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miftris Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Miftris Page. Hang the triffe (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

Miftris Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternal moment, or so I could be knighted.

Miftris Page. What thou liest? Sir Alice Ford: thee Knights will hate, and so shoulde not alter the article of thy Country.

Miftris Ford. Wase brence day-light: heere, read, read: precise how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye make difference of mens liking; and yet hee would not swear;
praise womans modestly; and gue fach orderly and well-behavied reproof to vse youmelineste, that I would have swearne his dispoision would have gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Palms to the tune of Green-leaues: What temper? (I trow) to throw this Whose,(with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a thofe at Windsor? How shal I bee restenged on me? I thinke the better way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greese: Did you euer heare the like?

Ms. Ford. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differes: to thay great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twyn-brother of thy Leter: but let chine inherit first: for I profest mee never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (lure more); and there is ofte the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preffe, when he would put vs two: had rather be a Giantesse, and ye under Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twenty fictile Inscriptio Turtles ere one chaffe man.

Ms. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doreth he think of vs?

Ms. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ite entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure blennesh hee knowe some thing in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would never haue bounded me in this fashion.

Ms. Ford. Boarding, call you it? Ie bee true to keepe him about decke.

Ms. Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches, Ie neuer to Sea again: Let's bee resteng'd on him let's appoint him a meeting: give him a flow of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine basted delay, till hee hath pawnd his horses to mine Hoft of the Garter.

Ms. Ford. Nay, I will content to set any villain against him, that may not fully the charme of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eternall good to his insolence.

Ms. Page. Why looke where he comes; and my good man too: he's as farre from insolence, as I am from giving him caitre, and that (I hope) is an unsteurable distance.

Ms. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Ms. Page. Let's conselle together against this greatye Knight: come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Piff. Hope is a carrell-dog in loose affaires.

Sir Iown affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Piff. Hee woos both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the Gally-manwy (Ford) preprend.

Ford. Lose my wife?

Piff. With lurier, buniting here present.

Or go you like Sir Allens he, with ring-wood as thy heele, O, doious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piff. The houre I say: Farewell: Take heed, haue open eye, for there laye doo foot by night, Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing. Away fpr Court call new: Believe it (Page) he speaks sense.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of yeying, wee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humour of Letter to her: but I have a sword, and is shall bite upon my necessite: he loues your wife: There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: I speake, and I wrouthe: to true: my name is Nim: and Fallowfay loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth's) here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out Fallowfay.

Page. I never heared such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Catholique, though the Priet o' th Towne commanded him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good tender fellow: well.

Page. How now Mistris?

Mistris Page. Whether goe you (George) barke you.

Ms. Ford. How new (sweet Frank) why Art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:

Get you home: goe.

Ms. Ford. Faith, how half some crochets in thy head, Now will you goe, Mistris Page?

Ms. Ford. Have you thot you: you'll come to dinner George? Lookewho comes yonder: Thee shall bee our Meilender to this patrine Knight.

Ms. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Ms. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anna?

Que. Haftooth: and I pray how do good Mistleste Anna?

Ms. Page. Go in with vs and bee: we have an heare talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not Page? Yes, and you heard what the other told me Ford. Doe you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang'em flues: I do not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that aseive him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his disordered men: tyr rows, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they, Ford. I like it neuer the better for that, Doe he lyce at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if bee shold intende this voyage towards my wife, I would turne her loose to him: and what bee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lyce on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lyce on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting, Hoft of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or morne in his purfe, when her looks to mercify: How now mine Hoft?


Skul. I follow (mine Hoft) I follow: Good-sen, and twenty (good Master Page) Master Page, will you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.


Skul. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh and the Welsh Prie and one the French Doctor.

Ford. Good.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, Pistol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolph, Ford.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th'Garter: a word with you.

Host. What faist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shoe. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I think) he appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue me) I heare the Parson is no Jester: ha'ke, I will tell you what our sport shal be.

Host. Ha! Host thou no fuit against my Knightmy guest.

Causale?e?

Shoe. None, I protest: but Ill give you a spillte of burn'd secke, to give me recrecse to him, and tell him my name is Bloom: oneely for a seft.

Host. My hand, (Bully) thou shalt haue eregrisse and regreffe, (said I well?) and thy name shal be Bloom. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heres?

Shoe. Have with you mine Host.

Page. I haue the head of the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shoe. Tn fir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your Page, Noncasso's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue seene the time, with my long-towrd, I would haue made you foure tall fellows skippe like Rattles.

Host. Here be boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather haere them cold, then light.

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands fo firmly on his wyes frailty: yet, I cannot put off my opinion so easilly: he was in his company at Page's house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't; and I have a diligence, to found Falstaff; if I finde her heere, I loose not my labour: if be other-wis, 'tis labour well beneath.

Exeunt.

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Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Ques. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her heartie commendations to you: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as faithful a woman as ever was, and one (I tell you) that will not make you morning nor evening prayer, as any in Windsor, who are the other: and there be told me your worship, that her husband is felled from home, but the hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dottet upon a man; surely I think you have charmes, I say in truth.

Fal. Not I, I suffer thee; setting the attration of my parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Ques. Blessing on your heart's, failest.

Fal. But I pray tell me tis this has Ford's wife, and Page's wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Ques. That were a jest indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke intended: But Mistress Page would have you send her your little Page a' t'otherhours: her husband has a maritual infestio to the little Page: and truly Master Page is an honest man: never a wife in his life: and be it a jest, he dowe what shall: and, what shall, that will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when the lift, ride when the lift, all as is the will; and truly the better, if for these be a skinde woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Ques. Nay, but do so then, and looke you, she may come and goe between you both: and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another minde, and the Boy never neede to understand any thing: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde fowkes, you know, have diuerision as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fatherless, well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, goe along, with this woman, this news utraets me.

Pye. This Punch is one of Captains Carriers, Clap on more falls, justice: try with your fights: Game fife: this is my prize, or Ocean whelmeth them all.

Fal. Sait thou to Old Jack goe thy weyes: He make more of thy old body than I have done: will they yet looke after thee, and will thou after the easte of so much money be now a gainer? Good Body, I thanke thee: let them lay this glosilly done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir John, thers one Mather Bramore below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath fain your worship a morning draught of Sacke.

Fal. Bramore is his name.

Bar. I Sir. Call him in: such Bramores are welcome to mee, that are flowers such liquors: this, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encomended you, to goe to, 

Ford. Blifie you fir.

Fal. And you fir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I take bold, to preffe, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome, what's your will? I give you leave.

Drawe. Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is Bramore.

Fal. Good Master Bramore, I define more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I see for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think my selfe in better plight for a Lender, thou ye are at the which hath something embolden me to this visitation's intention: for they say, if money goe before, all wares doe by open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Truth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me if you will help me to bear it (Sir John) take all, or divide, for eating of the carriges.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may desire to be your Porter.

Ford. I will you tell sir, if you will giue mee the bearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master Bramore) I shall be glad to be your Servant.

Sir. I here you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had never so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover nothing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but good Sir John) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfold, turne another into the eye, of a gifter of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofs the shorter, fishe you if my felcke how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is Ford.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I am the long loud, and I protest to you, wither meek and curt: I followed her with a doating observation. Ingrate opportunities to meete her: if she do not avery flight occasion that could but desperately give mee fight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but have gien largely to many, to know what thee would have giuen briefely, I have purlied her, as Loose hath purlied men, which hath beene on the wings of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I have receiued none, vnlike Experience be a leuell, that I have purchased at a infinitie rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

"Love as a shadow flies, when substance long pursues; I am pleasing that they, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiued no promises of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Have you imparted her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what quality was your loue then?

Ford. Like a false house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by making the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though the appear honest to mee, yet in other places fine ; enharieth her minde to fare, that there is through corruption made of her. Now (Sir John) there is the heart of my purpose: you are a Gentleman of called breeding, admirable discourse of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more, spend all I have, only
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I

gentlemen, my gentlewomen, and ye virtuous gentlewomen, I will make bold with your money; next, guide me your hand; and last, as I a gentleman, ye shall, if ye will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Ford. I will first make bold with your money; next, guide me your hand; and last, as I a gentleman, ye shall, if ye will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knowe) I know not: yet I wrong him to call him so (in the language of a witty, knowe he hath mates of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-sounding). I will vise her as the key of the Cuckolks-roguery at Sir's & the's my hardre-borne.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Ford. Hang him, me, hang all felts, butter-gogue, I will chance him out of his wife: I will save him with my counsel, I will hang him to a Master or the Cuckoldly house: Master Brooke, thou knowest my name, I will present thee the petent, and thou shalt live by my wife. Come to me in the night: Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his file: thou (Master Brooke) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me in the night.

Ford. What a dalm'd Epicurean-Rascal is this? My hear is ready to crack with impatience: who cares I this is unprounounced: any wife has her mates of some of them, the howre is fast, the match is made would any man have thought this? see the bell of haung a fate woman: my bed shall be abed, my Covers unlack'd, my repentation gone to, and I shall not returne to them the walous wrong, but hand under the adoption of this Heaven's blessing, and he that does mee this wrong, I swear, I will make him a grave, and you shall live by his wife. Come to mee at night: Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his file: thou (Master Brooke) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me in the night.

Ford. Enter Cassio, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hbst.


Ralph. Sir.

Cass. Vat is the clocke.

Ralph. 'Tis past the hour (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet me.

Cass. By gar, he has Base his foule, for he is no-comet: he has pay'd his Pible hail, I, he is no-comet: he is no-comet. (Jacky Ralph) he is dead already, he is come.

Ralph. Sir, no make Sir; she knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cass. By gar, de harring is no dead, so I will kill him: take your Rapiers (Jacky) I will tell you how I will kill him.

Ralph. All as Sir, I cannot seare.

Cass. Villain, take your Rapiers.

Ralph. I beseech you here's company.

Ford. Let heere, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Sauye you Mr. Doctor Cassio.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Shal. You I'm good-morrow, sir.

Cass. Vat be all one you two, two, two, 'owere, come for?

Hbst. To see the fight, to see the fougne, to see thee trustle, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pisse thy ponde, thy flock, thy returne, thy distance, thy present.

Cass. He, my Ethere; Is he dead, my Francis? Is he Bully? What face my Esquire? my Gallerina heart of Ethier? is he dead bully Stalet is he dead?

Cass. By gar, he's is the Coward-Lack. Priest of the world: he's not thon his face.

Hbst. Thou art a Catholick king. Virinal Hau of Greece (my Boy)

Cass. I pray thee beare wittesse, that I have fitly, face of Susan, two tree howers for him, and thee immo-

Shal. He is the wiset maist (Mr. Doctor) he is a curer of soule and a curer of bodys, if you shoulde high you...

Hbst. To see the fight, to see thee trustle...

Shal. Bully-kiss Mr. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace: I see a sword out, my finger itching to make one, though we are lustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (Mr. Page) we have fame far of youth, here we are the sons of men (Mr. Page).

Hbst. Prue, I privy, Mr. Shalley.

Shal. It will be found (Mr. Page) Mr. Doctor Casio, I come to fetch thee home: I am sworn of the peace you have shewd your felte a wife Physician, and Sir Hugh hath howne himself a wife and patient Church-

Hbst. I must goe with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hbst. Pat.
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Hef. Pardon; Guent. Injustice; a Courteous Mock-water.
Cai. Mock-water? what is that?
Hef. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour
(Bally.)
Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de
Englishman; fee-wy; jack-dog; Priest: by gar, mee will
cut his eare.
Hef. He will Clapper-claw the tichly (Bally.)
Cai. Clapper-claw; vat is dat?
Hef. That is, he will make thee amend.
Cai. By-gar, me doe looke he shall clapper-claw me,
for by-gar, mee will haue it.
Hef. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.
Cai. Me tack you for dat.
Hef. And moreover, (Bally) but first, Mi. Gheef, and
M. Page, to seeke Canaleiro Slender, got you through
the Towne to Frewgore.
Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?
Hef. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will
bring the Doctor about by the fields: will it doe well?
Shal. We will doe it.
Hef. Adien, good M. Doctor.
Cai. By-gar, me will kill de Puff, for he speake for a
Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page.
Hef. Let him dieth by the impatience: throw cold
water on thy Choller; goe about the fields with mee
through Frewgore, I will bring thee where Mistrate Anne
Page is, at a Farm-house a Pealing, and thou shalt have
he a Caddie-game, said I well.
Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue
you and I shall procure you a good Guent: de Earle,
de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.
Hef. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward
Anne Page: said I well?
Cai. By-gar, its good: well saied.
Hef. Let vs waghten.
Cai. Come at my botes, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Aetius Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ewans; Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hef, Caius,
Rugby.

Ewan. I pray you now, good Mstrate Slender seruing-
man, and friend Simple by your name, which way haue
you look'd for Master Caius, that calls him selfe Doctor
of Phisick.
Simp. Sirro, the pitie-ward, the Parke-ward:
way every way, and all way but the
Towne-way.
Ewan. I most vehemently defin you, you will also
looke that way.
Sim. I will.
Ewan. Plie my soule: how full of Chollotes am, and
trembling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued
me: how melancholy am I? will I know his Vinells ab-
about his braises collard, when I haue good opportunities
for the orke. Plie my soule: To Shallow Riuers to what
falls: melodious Birds sing: Madrigals: There will we make
our Pot of Kyes: and thousand fragrant poeties. To fol-
low: Mercie on me, I haue a great disposicion to cry.
Scena Secunda.


Mist. Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were not to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a drone. (Crowd.)

M. Pat. you are a flattering boy, now I see you're a Ford, Wilt not mistress Page whether go to you.

Mist. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is this at home?

Ford, and as idle as the may hang, together for want of company: think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pat. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-coat?

M. Pat. I cannot tell what (the dikes) his name is my husband had him of what do you call your Knights name Rob. Sir John Falstaff. (Sirrah.)

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

Mist. Pat., he, I can never hit on his name; there is such a league between my man and he: is your wife at Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

M. Pat. By your leave Sir I am sicke and I see her.

Ford. Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep, he hath no voice of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve score: she perceives out his wine inclination: he gives his folly motion and advantage: and now he's going to my wife, & Falstaff boy with her: A man may hear this showering fing in the winde: & Falstaff boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and we retailed wines scarce damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modelick from the fo-seeming Mist. Page, divulge Page himself for secure and withfull Acket, and to their violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry mine. The clockes guesst me my Q., and my affarance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaff: I shall be rather praid for this, then mock'd, for it was as profite, as the earth is fame, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Shal. Page. Sir. Well met Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me a good knoute; I have good chese at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my felte Mr. Ford.

Slen. And to mutt Sir, We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, And I would not break with her for more mony Then lie speakes of.

Shal. We have long'd about a match betweene An Page, and my cozen Clandeber, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will Father Page. Pag. You have Mr. St. John, I stand wholly for you, By my wife (Mr. Doctor) is for you Mostiger.

Cane. I be-gar, Ford and Maid is loose-wort: my mistress. Quickly tell me to mutt.

Ford. What lay to you yong Mr. Fenest? He expecst, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes vertes, he speaks bold, he lends April and May, he will carriy, he will carry's, try his buttons, he will carry's.

Page. Not by my consent I promis you. The Gentleman is of no house, he kept company with the wide Prince, and Page: he is of too high a Region, he knowes too much too, he shall not knitt a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of his subsistence: if he takes her, let him take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my content, and my content gets not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides you chere you shall have spors, I will shew you a monster: Mr. Docteur, you shall go, So shall you M. Page and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer wrong at M. Page.

Cane. Go home John Roget, I comeation.

Ford. Fare well my heart, I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him, He makes the dance. Will you go, Gentles? All. I have with you, to see this Monster. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.


Mist. Ford. Here, set it downe.

M. Page. Give you men the charge, we must be briefe.

Ford. Mist. Ford. Marie as I told you before (John & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the bree-won'tte; & when I do call you, come forth; and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: if done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whitsterns in Doctesh Meat, and there empty it in the muddied ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mist. Page. You will do it? (direction. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lack not. E

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Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little Falstaff, (with you?)

M. Ford. How now my Eyes-Musker, what news

Rob. Me, Sir John is come in at your backe doore

( M. Ford, and request your company,

M. Page. You liev a jake-a-jeant, have you bin true to vs

Rob. I, lie be fowone: my Master knowes not of my being heere: and hath threatned to put me into cuittal-

Fling libertie, if I tell you of it: for he feares he'll turne me away.

M. Page. Thou't a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a lator to thee, and shall make thee a new double-

R. Ford. He go hide me.

M. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: M-

M. Page. Remember you my Lord.

M. Ford. I warrant thee, I'll not do it, hifie me.

M. Ford. Go too then: we'll vse this vwholfome humidiy, this godly, way-Pumpion; we'll teach him now.

Turtles from syres.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why

now let me die, for I love you'll long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blesst hour.


M. Ford. I cannot cog: I cannot praise (M. Ford) now. were dead, Ile speaket before the best Lord, I would

make thee my Lady.

M. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should be a pitifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou

haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-yere, the Tyre-valiant, or any Trec of Venetian

admiration.


My brawes become nothing else, not that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to lay fo: thou wouldst make an ablolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy faire, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a fem-

inculated Fartingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou shalt not

hide it.

M. Ford. Beleeme thes, he's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me lour thee? Let that preev thee.

Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I

cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a 

manie of these lipping-haustorne buds, that come like women in these apparell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple

time: I cannot, but I lour thee, none but thee; and thou deuert it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you loose M. Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well lour, I want to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as statefull to me, as the recke of a 

Lime-kill.

M. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I lour thee,

And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keep in that mind, Ile declare it.

M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;

Or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. M. Ford, M. Ford. here's M. Page at the doore, sweatin' and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you preffently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will enforce mee behind the Aar.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tattling woman,

What's the matter? How now?

M. Page. O misrfs Ford what have you done?

You're hands, ye're owethrouns, ye're yndone for ever,

M. Ford. What is the matter, good mistress Page?

M. Page. O wealday, mrs. Ford, having an honnest man to your husband, to give him such cause of supposition,

M. Ford. What cause of supposition?

M. Page. What cause of supposition? Our vs you:

How do you cooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-

man, that he says is here now in the house; by your content to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are

vndone,

M. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you have such a man heere: but 'tis most certain your husband's comming,

with halfe Windsor at his heele, to search for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, cognue, cunning out him. Be not ausez'd, call all your

fenes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your life, and life for ever.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere frend: and I feare not mine owne estate so much, as his petill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

M. Page. For shame, never fland (you had rather, and you had rather) your husband's heere at hand, bethike

you have no coueniente: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how bhe you deceauid me? I oke, heare is

a basket, if he be of any resonsable stature, he may crepe in heere, and throw lowe linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or is whiting time, lend him by your two men to Datchet-Mead.

M. Ford. He is too big to go there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me eke, let me eke, O let me eke:

Ile in here: follow your friends coundel, ile in,

M. Page. What Sir John willst affe? Are thee your Let-

ters. Knight?

Fal. I loute thee, he'ire noce away: let me crepe in heere: ile heuer——

M. Page. Hike to cover you master (Boy): Call your master (M. Ford) You resemblang Knight.


I will keep these clothes here, quickly: What's the Cowle aff? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landesell in Dac-

F. Ford. 'Pray you come herei if suppet without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be yourself, I
defere it: How now? Whethre be you are?

Ser. To the Landesell forth.

M. Ford. Why, what have you to do whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Bucke! I would I could wash my selfe of 5 Bucke

Bucke, bucke, bucke: I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,

And of the seasion too: it shall appear.

Gentlemen, I have dreame to night, Ile tell you my
dreame: here, here, here, bee my keynes, ascend my Chambors, search, feake, find out: Ile warrant we'll

v kennell the Fox. Let me flop this way first: so now vacate.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented:

You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master Page) vp Gentleman,

You shall fee sport anon:
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Falstaff, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.

Fam. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loose, Therefore no more tune mete to him (sweet Man).

Anne. Also, how then?

Fam. Why thou must be thy felse, He doth obide, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gild'd with my expanse, I seek to heale it only by his wealth. Besides these, other barriers he lays before me; My Riots past, or my Societies, And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should lose thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tells you true.

No, heauen to speed me in my time to come, Yet I will confute, thy Fathers wealth Was the first motion that I woud thee (Answ.) Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more vaulue Then rampes in Gold, or funny in sealed bagges A And 'tis the very riches of thy felse, That now I syne at.

An. Gentle M. Feiton, Yet sees thy Fathers loose, still fecte it it, If opportunity and humблиe fure Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Break their talke Miltiis Quickly, My Kindman shall speake for himselfe.

Slfern. He make a shaft or a bale out, and, this but venue-

Shal. Be not dismisse.

Slfern. No, she shall not dismye me:

I care not for that, but that I am affered.

Shall. Hark ye, M. Slender would speake a word with you Answ. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.

O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults Lookers handcome in three hundred pounds a yeare?

Shal. And how do's good Maiter Feiton?

Pray you a word with you.

Shall. Shee's comming; to her Coat.
O boy, thou hast a father.

Shal. I had a father (M. Feiton) my uncle can tel you good lefts of him I pray you Vincet, tell Milt. Anne the left how my Father rolle two Gents out of a Pen, good Vincle.

Shal. Miltiis, Amo, my Cozen loves you.

Slfern. If I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glosterwhire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewomman.

Slfern. I that I will, come out and long-tails under the degree of a Squire. He will make you a hundred and five hundred pounds

Anne. Good Maiter Shallow let him woo for him selfe.

Shal. Marrie I thank you for it I thank you for that good comfort: the cals you (Cos.) Ile loose you.

Anne. Now Maiter Shallow.

Slfern. Now good Miltiis Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Shal. My will? Of God's hart-lings, that's a prettie left indee: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hecun) I am not such a tickely creature, I give Heaven praise.

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The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Anne. I came (Miss Stere) what would you with me?

Sir. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my wife hath made motions, if it be my lacke, to go; if not, happy man be his doe, they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may take your father, here comes he.

Page. Now, M. Stere; love him, daughter, Anne. Why now? What does Mr. Fester here?

You wrong me, Sir, thus full to humbl my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Page. Nay Mr. Page, be not impatient.

Miss Page. Good M. Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Sir. No, good M. Fenton,

Come M. Shallow; come some Slender, in a

Knowing my mind, you wrong me (M. Fenton).

Que. Speake to Mrs. Page.

Miss Page. Good M. Fenton, Page, for that I love your daughter,

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,

I would advance the colours of my cause.

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Ann. Good mother, do not marry my young foole.

Miss Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Que. That's my matter, M. DoDor,

Sir. Also, I had rather be quick than earth,

And bow'd to death with Trumpet.

Miss Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy;

My daughter will I question how the loves you,

And I finde her, fo am I affected;

Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry.

Farewell gentle Mistress (frewell Naa).

Que. This is my doing now; Nay, saide I, will you call away your childe on a Poole, and a Physician:

Look on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Sir. I thanke thee, and I pray thee once to night,

Give my sweet Nana this Ring; there's for thy pains,

Que. Now heauen send him good fortune, a kinde

hearts he hath a woman would run through fie & wate-

for such a kinde a heart. But yet, I would my Master

had this Anne, or I would M. Shalder has her or (in fact)

I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can

for them all three, for to I have promis'd, and llee bee as

good as my word, but specially for M. Fenton. Well, I

think of another elend to Six (see) Falsaff from my own

Mistresses: what a beast am I to flacke it.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Farewell Falsaff, Bardolfo, Quickly, Ford.

Farewell Falsaff. Say...

What here Sir?

Ford. Come, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a trull in.

Have I li'd to be carried in a Basket like a broow of

buckers Offall? and to be thrown in the Thames-Water,

if the ferr'd such another tricke. He have my brains

tome out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a

New-years gift. The rogues flished me into the river

with a little remover, as they have drown'd a


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Ford. A buck-basket?
Fal. Yes: a buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule
Shins and Smokes, Socks, foule Stockings, grea
Napkins, that (Malter Bromme) there was the rannet
compound of villainous smell, that ever offended
noisily.
Ford. And how long say you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Malter Bromme) what I
have suffered, to bring this woman to etill, for your
good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of
Fords knaves, his Hounds, were cal'd forth by their Mi-
fris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to
Bucketer-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met
the ressent liasse their Malter in the doore; who
ask't them once or twice: what they had in their Bak-
ket? I quak'd for feare lest the Luxantine Knave
would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should
be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for
a feast, and away went I for foule Cloathes: but
make the sequell (Maller Bromme) I suffered the pangs
of three general deaths: First, an intollerable fright,
to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-wether:
Next to be compast'd like a good Belbo in the cir-
cumference of a Pecke, hit to point, hette to head. And
then to be flipp'd in like a strong distillation with
fink- ing Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greise:
think of that, a man of my Kidneys; think of that,
that am as subiect to hease as butters; a man of con-
tinual disstution, and thawe: it was a miracle to scape
fusconce. And in the height of this Bath (when I
was more then halfe flipp'd in greise (like a Dutsch-
dish) to be throwe into the Thames, and could,
glowng-hoe, in that sege like a Horfe-
flown: thake of that; blushing ho (think of that (Malter
Bromme).
Ford. In good faith Sir, I am sorry, that for my fake
you have suffered all this,
My suite then is despare: You'll undertake her no
more?
Fal. Malter Bromme: I will be throwne into Enma,
as I have beene into Thomas, ere I will leave her this:
her Husband is this morning gone a Riding: I
have receiv'd from her another ambasacco of in-
ting: 'twixt eights and nine is the house (Malter
Bromme).
Ford. This is eight already Sir.
Fal. Is't? I will then adstreffe mee to my appoint-
ment: Come to mee at your convenient leasure, and
you shall know how I spede: and the conclusion
shall be crownd with your enioying her: adieu; you
shall haue her (Malter Bromme) Malter Bromme, you shall
cuckold Ford.
Ford. Hum: that is this a vision? is this a dreamle
do I sleep? Malter Ford awake, awake Malter Ford:
th'as hole made in your belt coate (Malter Ford) this
'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lymen, and Buck-
baskets: Well, I will proclaim my selfe what I am:
I will now take the Lether: hee is at my house: hee
cannot scape mee: 'tis impossible hee shoul'd: hee
cannot creepne into a halfe penny purse, nor into a Pepper-
Boxe: But left the Duell that guideth him, should
side him, I will fetch impossible places: though
what I am, I cannot audue; yet to be what I would
not, shall no make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make
one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, I lye be home-
mad.
Exeunt.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Aulus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Malter Page, Quickly William Esme.

Malter. Pag. Is he at M. Ford already think'd thou?
Quick. There he is by this; or will be presently; but
truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing
into the water. Malter Ford defers you to come so-
dainely.

Malter. Pag. Ie, with withe her by and by: Ie but bring
my young man here to Schoole; looke where his Malter
comes; tis a playing day: let now Sir Hugh, no
Schoole to day?

Ena. Ne: Malter Thender is let the Boyes leave to play.

Quick. 'Bleffing of his heart.

Malter. Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband falle my fonne pro-
fits nothing in the world at his Bookes: I pray you ask
him some questions in his Accidence.

Ena. Come thither William, hold up your head: come,
Quick. Pag. Come on Sirs; hold up your head; an-
terive your Malter, be not afraid.

Ena. William, how many Numbers is in Nowenres?

Quick. Two.

Ena. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number
more, because they say o' Nowenres.

Quick. Pease, your taylling. What is (Fair) William?


Quick. Pag. Powlettis thee are fatter things then Powlettis,
true.

Ena. You are a very simplicily o'man: I pray you
pease. What is (Lopi) William?

Quick. A Stone.

Ena. And what is a Stone (William)?

Quick. A Peeble.

Ena. No; it is Lopi: I pray you remember, in your
praine.

Lopi. Quick. Ena. That is a good William; what is he(William)that
does tend Articles.

Quick. wife Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be
thus declined. Singulatter necessitance he he, be.

Ena. Necessitate his hog hog; I pray you marke: gen-
uiue hauue. Well, what is your Aecessitance-cafe?

Quick. Acessitance home.

Ena. I pray you have your remembrance (child) Acess-
itance hog, hog.

Quick. Hang-hog, is litten for Bacon. I warrant you.

Ena. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the Fune-
sitie cafe (William)?

Quick. O, Vacation, O.

Ena. Remember William, Vacationis, is care.

Quick. And that's a good route.

Quick. Pag. Peace.

Quick. Pag. What is your Genitity cafe pie all (William)?

Quick. Genitity cafe?

Ena. 1.

Quick. Genitio bene, bene, bene.

Quick. Vengeance of Ginyes cafe; fie on her; never
name her (child) if she be a whole.

Ena. For thame o'man.

Quick. You doe ill to teach the child feach words: She
reaches him to hee, and to his; which they'll doe fast
enough of themselfes, and to call bene; fie upon you.

Ena. 'Oman.
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IV. i. 7'

Emma. O man, are thou Lusineus? Hadst thou no understandings for thy Care? As the members of the Gender? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

M. Ford. Thyself hold thy peace.

Emma. Show me now (William's) amusements of your

M. Ford. / If he has a heart, then he has not the language of his own.

Emma. He is a good sport, marry. Farewell, Maids.


Emma. Get thee home boy, Come worthy wife long.

Maids.

Scena Secunda.


M. Ford. You sorrow much to see vs my safeness? I see you not objections in your house, and I pro- sect together to a hairie head, on so heavy Mvf. Ford, in the temple office of house, but in all the assurance, complements, and ceremonies of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

M. Ford. He is a birding (sweet Sir John.)

M. Page. What honest, goodhe Ford, what honest.

M. Ford. Step into this chamber, Sir John.

M. Page. How now (sweetheart) whatts at home besides your felts?

M. Ford. Why none but mine own people.

M. Page. Indeed?

M. Ford. No certainly: Speak louder.

M. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

M. Ford. Why?

M. Page. Why, your woman, your husband is in his old age. I am so glad you have no body here.

M. Ford. Why, do's be taketh of him?

M. Page. Of none but him, and sweethears he was carriedit out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Presents to my husband hee is now here, he hath drawn him and the rest of the company from their sport, to make another experiment of his fancy. But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall let his own soule lighter.

M. Ford. How neere is he Mfarias Page?

M. Page. Hardly at three ends; he will be here anon.

M. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

M. Page. Why then are you soe terely and hee's but a deadman. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then other.

M. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I be with him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

M. Ford. Hee come no more in the Basket?

M. Page. I'll not go out ere he come?
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Page. Why, this passeth M. Ford: you are not to go in any longer, you must be punished.

Evan. Why, this is Lunastrea: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Skal. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Misfris Ford, Misfris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the inestimable foote to her husband: I supplicate without cause (Misfris) do.

M. Ford. Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you supplicate me in any d infancy.

Ford. Well said Broun-face, hold it out; Come forth firrall.

Page. This passeth.

M. Ford. Are you not ashamed, let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Evan. Why, this is unreasonable, will you take vp your wifes clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empe the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one countey out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again; in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my Iesoulfe is reasonable, pluck me out all the limmen.

M. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Peas death.

Page. Here's no man.

Skal. By my fidelity this is not well M. Ford: This wrongs you.

Evan. M. Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is Iesoulues.

Ford. Well hee's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpes to search my house this one tyme I finde not what I seek, thow no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me as Iesoulues Ford, that there's a hollow Wall-hole for his wites Lemonn, Satisifie me once more, once more ferch with me.

M. Ford. What hoas (Misfris Page,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainfread.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde cowenening queane: Have I not foud her my house. She comes of errands do's thee? We are simple men, bee doe not know what's brought to passe under the profecion of Fortune-telling, She worke by Charms, by Spee, by th'Figure, & such dawtery as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

M. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentleman, let him strike the old woman.

Page. Come master Pratt, Come give me your hand.

Ford. Iie Prate her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poucater, you Rummon, our, out, Ile coniure you, l'E fortune-tell you.

M. Ford. Are you not ashamed?

I think you have kill'd the poore woman.

M. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'ts a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hung her witch.

Evan. By yes and no, I think the o' man is a witch indeed: I like not when a o' man has a great peard, I spie a great peard under his mutter.

Ford. Will you follow Gentleman, I briefe you follow: see but the issue of my Iesoulfe: I cry out thus upon no triste, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentleman.

M. Ford. Page. Trust me he beareth him most pittifullly.

M. Ford. Nay by th'Maffe that he did not: he beate him most vnpittifullly, I thought.

M. Ford. Ie have the cudgel hollow'd, and hung ote the Alar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

M. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warnte of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good condicence, pursue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure forc'd out of him, it the dull e have him not in sse-simle, with fine and recouery, he will nerer (I thynke) in the way of waste, attempt vs again.

M. Ford. Shall we cellor husbands how wee have fer'd him?

M. Ford. Ie warrant, they'll have him publiquely chant'd, and me thinke there would be no period to the left, should he not be publiquely chant'd.

M. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then flape it: I would not raise things coole.


Scena Tertia.

Enter Hofli and Bardolf.

Bar. Sir, the Germane defires to have three of your horses the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hofl. What Duke shoulde that he comes so secretly?

I hesse not of him in the Court: let me speake with the Gentleman, they speake English.

Bar. Sir he call him to you.

Hofl. They shall have my horses, but Ie make them pay: Ie cause them, they have had my houses a week or command: I have turn'd away my other guestes, they must come off, Ie fawe them, come.


Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Misfris, M. Ford, and Evan.

Evan. 'Tis one of the beft defcretions of a o' man as ever I did looke upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

M. Ford. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what I wille: I rather will supplicate the Sonne with gold;

Then thee with wantonnnes: Now doste thy honor stand (In
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(in him that was of late an Heretike)

As Horse as birth.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:

Be not as outward in offence, as inward in

But let our plot go forward: Let our wiles

Yet once again (so make vs publike sport)

Appointment a meeting with this old fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it,

Ford. The worse be better way then that they spake of,

Page. How to send him word they'll meet them in

El. You say he has bin throwne in the River: and

has bin greezously peaten, as an old oman: me-thinks

there should be terror in him, that he should not come:

Me-thinks his flesh is punishe'd, she has no desires

Page. So think I too.

In Ford. Deuise but how you'll use him while he comes,

And let vs two devise to bring him thither.

Page. There is an old tale goes, that Horse the

Hunter (tometer a keeper here in Windsor Forrest)

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight

Wakle round about an oak, with great rag'd horne,

And she in the leaf, the tree, and takes the cattle,

And make nach kin yeild blood, and shaker a chaine

In so moist hideous and dreadful manner.

You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed Eld

Receive'd, and did deliver to our age

This tale of Horse the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do see

In deep of night to walke by this Horse Oak?

But what of this?

Ford. Marry this is our devise,

That Falstaff at that Oak shall mee with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in his shape, when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Falstaff. That likwise hue we thought vpon:

Now Page (my daughter) and my little Sonne,

And three or four more of their growthes, well dreffe

Like Vrichis, Ouphees, and Fairies, green and white

With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands: upon a balsame,

As Falstaff, fine, and I, once more set,

Let them from forth a lowe-pot at once

With some disfattt d long: vpon their flight

Wetwo, in great amazemente will flye:

Then let them all exulte him about,

And Faly like to pinch the vncaresse Knight;

And ask him why that hour of Famy Retuell,

In their fo facetted pathes, he dares to tread

In shape of phantom.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,

Let the appoited Fairies pinch him, sound,

And burne him with their Tapers.

Page. The truth being knowne,

We'll all present out holes, till horse the spirit,

And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must

be practis'd well to this, or they 'll not doe.

El. I will teach the children their businesse: and I

will be like a Jacke-an-Apes also, to turne the Knight

with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,

I'll go buy them wizzards.

Page. My Page. My New shall be the Queene of all the

Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That filke well I go buy, and in that time

Shall M. Slander dece his \\ New away,

And marry her at Eaton: go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, lie to him againe in name of Browns,

He shall come all his purposes fore he'll come.

Page. Fear not you that God get vs properties

And tricking for our Fayries.

El. Here, let us about it.

It is admirable pleasures, and very honest knowledge.


Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde:

I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good will,

And none but he to marry with New Page:

That Slander (though well landed) is an Idiot:

And he, my husband beft of all affects:

The Doctor is well monied, and his friends

Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,

Though twentie thousand wotther come to cruish her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Haft, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolf; El. Page,

Cain, Quickly.

Haft. What would thou have? (Booer) what (thick skin) speake, breathe, dispute: breathe, short, quick, stamp.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Falstaffe from M. Snder.

Haft. There's his Chamber, his Houfe, his Cafile, his flanding-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about the flory of the Promlaff, first and newgo, knock and call thee: I speake like an Anthropophagius into thee: Knockle I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone vp

into his chamber: Ibe be so bold as flay Sir till she come downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Haft. Ha! a fat woman! The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from thy Light Milicry: Art thou there? It is thine Haff, thine Ephian calcs.

Fal. How now, mine Haff?

Haff. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarrying the comings downe of thy fat-woman: Let her defend (Bully) let her defend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priva-

ty? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Haff) an old-fat-woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was not the Wife-woman of

Bravford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mfster-hcell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Mafter (Sir) my master Slander, sent to her seeing her go through the Streets, to know (Sir) whether one New (Sir) that beguiled him of a Chaine, had the Chaine, or no.

Fal. I speake with the old woman about it, Sir.

Simp. And what yafes thee, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry thee sayes, that the very same man that

beguiled my Master Slander of his Chaine, cast off him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spokon with the Woman her
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her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they let us know.

Her. I come: come quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoff. Conceale them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why fie! they were nothing but about Mistri Arne Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. Where is mine "Hoff?"

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. Sir, 'tis he more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship; I shall make my Master glad with these tidings.

Hoff. Thou art clearly: thou art clearly (Sir John) whether a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I had that there was mine "Hoff" one that had taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I put nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Har. Our slas (Sir) cozenage: meere cozenage.

Hoff. Where be my horses? speak well of them varetant.

Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for so soone as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a flough of myres; and set ipasses, and away; like three German-duets; three Dollar faw-fletters.

Hoff. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine) not by their bedfell: Germans are honest men.

Fal. What is the matter Sir?

Eun. I have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tells mee there is three Cozern-Teemans, that has cozened all the Hoffs of Reading, of Sundeshead: of Cale-braks; of horses and money: I tell you for good will (look ye) you are wife, and full of gibes, and vowing-Stocks: and it is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver's mine "Hoff de Lireters?"

Hoff. Here (Master Dollar) in perplexitie, and doubtfull democracy.

Cai. I cannot tell вас is dat: but it is tell-s-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de l'amante: by my troth: der is no Duke that the Couris know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.


Fal. I would all the world might be cozen, for I have bene cozened and beaten too: if it should come to the care of the Court, how 'I have beene transformd: and how my transformation hath bene waffled, and cudgeld, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and luge Fiferiments-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as cleaf-falne as a dride-peace: I neuer prosper'd, since I forsore my felte at Prizers: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now Whence come you?

Qm. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Divil take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both beleved: I have fard more for their fakes: more then the villainous-inconuity of many dispositions is able to bestow. Qm. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; specialy one of them; Mistri Ford: good hearts: his beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What relit thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my felse into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Bransford, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me the knave Conical had let me in th'common Stocks, in a Witch.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Scene Sixt.

Enter Fenton, Hoff.

Hoff. Master Fenton, talk not to mee, my minde is heay: I will guee over all.

Fen. Yet here me speake: affight me in my purpose.

And (as I am a gentleman) ile guee thee a hun dred pound in gold, mee re then your loffe.

Hoff. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (as the fea) kepye my counsel.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the desire I have to take Anne Page, Who, mutuallly, hath affwet'd my affection,

So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser.

Euen to my wif: I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at;

The mark whereof, to laded with my matter, That neither (fingly) can be manifest Without the flowe of both; far faulfoffe.

Hath a great Scene; the image of the left, Ilflow you here at large (harke good mine Hoff) To night at Horne-Ox, twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Faorie Scene: The purpose why, is here: in which disguise

While other Jests are something ranke on foote, Her father hath commanded her to flip Away with Sinder, and with him, at Eaton Immediately to marry: she hath confent: Now Sir, Her Mother (even strong against that match) And firme for Doctor Caw) hath appointed That she shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sportes are taking of their minds, And at the Deany, where a Priest attends

Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot She (as cunningly obedient) likewife hath Made prome to the Dollar: Now, thus it refall, Her Father means she shall be all in white;

And in that habit, when Sinder fees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,

She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended (The better to decoate her to the Dollar)

For they must all be mask'd, and wizzarded)

That
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

That quaint in green, she shall be loose on-rosh'd, 
With wide-bay-pendant, flaring 'bout her head; 
And when the Doctor spies his vantage pipe, 
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token, 
The maid hath given content to go with him. 

_Hof._ Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother?

_Few._ Both (my good _Hof_). To go along with me: 
And here it rests, that you procure the Vicar 
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one; 
And in the lawful name of marrying, 
To give our hearts united ceremony. 

_Hof._ Well, husband your desire; lie to the Vicar, 
Bringing you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest. 

_Few._ So shall I evertmore be bound to thee; 
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. 

_Exit._

Scena Tertia.

_Enter Misf. Page, Misf. Ford, Caius._

_Misf. Page._ Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green, when 
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her 
to the Deserter, and dispatch it quickly: go before into 
the Park: we two must go together.

_Caius._ I know was haste to do, Sir; 

_Exit._

_Misf. Page._ For ye well (Sir,) my husband will not 
rejoice so much at the statute of Falsify, as he will chafe 
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; 
better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-broake.

_Misf. Ford._ Where is Now, and her troop of Fairies?
_and the Welsh-dwell Heene?_

_Misf. Page._ They are all couched in a pit hard by Hermes 
Oake, with obsolet' Lights; which at the very inuict of Falsify, and our meeting, they will at once display to 
the night.

_Misf. Ford._ That cannot choose but amaze him.

_Misf. Page._ If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If 
he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

_Misf. Ford._ We'll betray him finely.

_Misf. Page._ Against such Lewdness, and their lechery, 
Those that betray them, do not searchy.

_Misf. Ford._ The house draws on to the Oake, to the 

_Scena Quarta._

_Enter Enamis and Fairies._

_Enamis._ Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your 
parts be po1; (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and 
when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you: 

_Comes, come, trib, trib._

_Scena Quinta._

_Enter Falstaff, Misfris Page, Misfris Ford, Enamis, 
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Snedler, 
Slennder, Fenian, Caius, Falstaff._

_Falstaff._ The Windsor-bell hath strike twelve: the 
Minute draws on: Now the hot-blooded Gods affright: 
Remember thou, thou wast a Bull for thy Europa, Love 
set on thy horns. O powerful Love, that in some respeects makes a Beast a Man: an from another, a Man a Beast. 
You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the lour of Leda: O

_Exit._
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ompetent I. o., how were't? God drew to the completion of a Goose: a fault done h.t. in the form of a beast, (O loute, a beaftily fault;) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (loue) a fowl—fault. When God has hot baches, what shall poore men do? For me, I am here to Windoft Snaggis, and the fastefl (I think) vith Forrest, Send me a coule rute-time (Cold) or who can blame meto piff my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir John! Art thou there? (my Deere?)

My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Seat? Let the skite raine Poratoes; let us thunder, to the tune of Greenefles, hate-hittins Confufus, and now Eriegues: Let there come a tempell of protracation, I will fittest me here.

M. Ford. Miffis Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Divide me like a bift-Bucke each a Hunch; I will keep my fides to my leffe, my shoulders for the fellow of this is like, and my hanches, I bequeath to your husbands. As I am Woonoond, ha! Speake I like Hero the Hunter? Why, now is Cappy a child of contentce, he makes refolution. As I am a true friend, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what more?

M. Ford. He wnoke for other times.

Pag. What should this be?


Fal. I thynke the dwell will not have me dam'd;

Leafe the oyle that's in me, I should fet hert on fire;

He would neuer eele croke me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qua. Fairies, blacke, gray, green, and white,

You Moore flank reuellers, and shades of night;

You Orphan heede of faded definy,

Attend your office, and your quality,

Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Cries.

Pag. Elues, lift your names; Silence you silly toyes.

Cricks, to Windor-gummines thalt thou loppe:

Where flies thou find't, wind, and breaths unwept,

These pinch the Maid's as blew as Bill-herry.

Our raihant Queene, hates Stuets, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speakes to them shall die,

He weke, and coughs: No man then makes muff 't,e.

Ed. What's Stupéd Go you, and where you find a maid

Like the sheape has thight her prayers fail;

Ruffe vpon the Organs of her fansie,

Shee feele she as carefull insuffe, but thynke not on their fins,

Pinch them armes, legs, backes, floulders, fides, & flims.

Sho. About, about:

Search Windor Castle, (Elues) within, and our,

Strew good looke (Opalles) on every faced roomie,

That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,

In flate as wholefome, in flate 'tis fir,

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The feeral Chaires of Order, looke you fowere

With inoye of Balam; and every precious floweres,

Each faire Inflamet, Coate, and voor-call Greil,

With gayall Blazon, euermore be blef.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you finge

Like to the Garres-Compleffe, in a ring,

The prefentifie that it beare: Greente let it be,

Mote fertile—freh then all the Field to fee

And, How Say. Duid Mal-Pence, write

In Brundell fects, heerbs burnes, blew, and white,

Like Sapheire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending three;

Fairies vve Flowers for their characierie.

Away, difpare: But till 'tis one clocke,

Our Dance of Cuffome, round about the Oke

Of Hero the Hunter, let vs not forget.

(Let:)

Euen. Pray you lock hand in hand your fylues in order

And two cryt gloow-wormes flall our Lanthornes bee

To guide our Meafure round about the Tree,

But flay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heamens defend me from that Welth Fairy,

Left he transforme me to a piece of Cheefe.

Pag. Vilde worrner, thou wait ore-look'd eu'n in thy birth.

Qua. With Triall-fire touch me this finge end;

If he be chaffe, the flame will backe defend

And turne him to no paine: but if he flaert,

It's the flefh of a corrupted hart.

Pag. A triall, come.

Euen. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qua. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in defire.

About him (Faries) ting a scornfull flame,

And as you trip, till pinch him to your time.

The Song.

I am on fumefall plantafe; Eue on Laft, and Lacource,

Lost in a bow bloody fire, kindled with unconfaft defire.

Fed in heart white flames allure,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch hem (Faries) mutuallly; Pinch hem for the wilfulness.

Pinch hem, and burne hem, and come hem about,

Tell Comedies, & Star-light, & Mome Shone be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thynke we have watch you now.

Will none but Hero the Hunter ferue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.

Now (good Sir John) how like you Windsor wives?

See you thefe husbands? Do not these faire yokes

Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whole a Cuckold now?

Mr. Brome, Falstaffe & Knaue; a Cuckoldly knaue,

Here hee are his booke, Mr. Brome.

And Mr. Brome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's,

but his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money,

which must be paid to Mr. Brome, his booke are arrestt for it, Mr. Brome.

M. Ford. Sir John, we haue had ill lucke: we coulde neuer meece: I will neuer take you for my Lowd againe,

but I will always count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse.

Ford. 1, and an Oxet too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltimoth of my minde, the doane furprize of my powers, drue the grossenfell of the foppary into a recea'd beliefe, in deigils of the teeth of all time and reafon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Euen. Sir John Falstaffe, ferue God, and leaue your deere, and Fairies will not pinch you.

Ford. Y'well Taid Fairy Hog.

Euen. And leaue youe yeaslausies too, I pray you.
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Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the Sun, and drink'd it, that it wants matter to present to grogge one-teaching as this? Am I riddan with a Welch Goose too? Shall I have a Cascarole of Peace? This time I was chock'd with a piece of roasted Cheele.

Em. Seefe is not good to guee potter; your belly is salt potter.

Fal. Seefe, and Potter? Have I liid to stand at the taint of one that makes Fritters of English? These are enough to be the decay of luff and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why sic laws, do you think in due we would thrive virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have gourne our fletes with a tempere to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?


Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intractable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as flanederous as salad?

Page. And as poor as lab?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Em. And given to Franciosity, and to Taminous, and Sacke, and Wine, and Methygins, and to drinking and swearing, and omitting Princes and public.

Fal. Well I am your kinsman; y'haue the heart of me, I am deject: I am not able to answer the Welch Flanneull. Ignorance at felle is a phantome to me, sic me as you will.

Ford. Merry Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one M. Brown, that you have a pound of money, to whom you should have a Pander. o enters and abhor that you have suffered, I think, to repair that many with altering afficknons.

Page. Yet be cheerfull, Knight; there shall not be proficlet to night at my house, when I will devise thine in slay, at my wife, that now makes at thee; I tell thee, M. Slenard hath married the other.


If Jane Page by my daughter, then (by this) Doctor Cana wile.

Sim. What how, Jane, Falconer Page.

Page. What now? How now, how now, Sim? Have you disput'd it?

Sim. Dispatch'd! I be make the best in Gloffethoven know'st: would I were hang'd, life.


Sim. I came yonder at Elow to marry Mistis Anne Page, and she's a greckdubbe boy. If it had not bene with Church, I would have swang'd him, or she should have swang'd me. If I did not think it had bene Anne Page, would I mighty desire, and 'tis a Post-matters boy,

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Sim. What neede ye tell me that? I think so, when I tooko a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in woman apparel) I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Sim. I went to her in green, and cried Mum, and the crie budget, as Anne and I had appomted, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post-matters boy.

Mist. Page. Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpose stand'my daughter into white, and in whereby this is now with the Doctor at the Deane', and then married.

Ca. Veil is Mistis Page: by part I am couened, I am married on Gamour, a boy; one pelat, by gas. A boy it is not. In Page, by gas, I am couened.

Caf. Page. Why did you tak him in white?

Caf. I thee gas, and its a boy. I gat, I rise late all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne Page. My heart misgivjes me, here comes M. Preston. How now? I am rose?

Ano. This is good father, good my mother pardon Page. Now Mistis.

How than, you went not with Mist. Slicker?

Mist. Page. Why went you not with M. Doctor, mad?

Feb. You do assure her: hence the truth of it, You would had: this in her most thentemal, Where there was no proportion held in house. I he truth, she and I (bene, here coamized)

Are now too lute that nothing can diluwe it. The affinence is holy, that the faith committed, and this decent bootes the name of craft, Of disobedence, of envenome tale, Since therein the same amongst them.

A thousand are igneous cursed hours Which forced many to have beene upon, upon her. Ford. Stand not amazed, her name be seene. In you, the hearers in the last do guage the lute, Money buyses Land, and the like; sold by fait.

Fal. Langhau, though you name take a spektal stand to shuke at me, that your Arrow is hesped. Page. Well, what remedy? Emin, heauen grace thee joy, what cannot be effectual, must be embraz'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are chass'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will mine no further: M. Emin, heaune guee you many, many more dyes: Good husband, let every one gomme, And laugh that gopme are by a Comemture. Sim. Page, and all

Ford. Let be for (for him.)

10 Mist. Brown, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistis Ford; Exam.
MEASURE,
For Measure.

Aetas primus, Scena prima.

I mere Diect, Esalus, Laus.

Poh-

Eftalor.

As my Lord,

God of Government, the properties to va-
Would seem in met affect speech & diligence,
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds (in that) the height 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 Civic Institutions, and the Termes
For Common Justice, ye’are as pregnant in
At Art, and prudence, hath imitated any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you waft; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs. Ang.:
What figure of vs. think you: he will bear,
For you must know, we have with speciall foule
Elected him our absence to supply:
Let him our terror, dwell with our house,
And guien his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne power: What think you of it?
Es. If any in Venice be of worth
To undergo such ample grace, and honour,
it is Lord Ang.

Enter Ang.

Dek. Look whom where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Dek. Ang.: There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to obverse, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne, so proper; as to wafte
Thy selfe upon thy virtues; they on thee:
Heaven doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: For if our virtues
Did not goe forth of vs, were all alike
As if we had them not: Spiritus are not finely touch’d,
But to fine issues: nor many do ever send
The smallest sample of her excellence,
But like a thyristy goddess, she descends.
Her selfe the glory of a creditor.
Both thanks, and vice; but I do bend my speach
To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold therefore Ang:
In our remowe, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortalitie and Mercy in Vienna
I live in thy tongue, and heart: Old Esalus
Though fit in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be none more self, made of my mettle,
Before to noble, and to great a figure
Be (tham)’s upon it.

Dek. No more evasion:
We have with a heart’d, and prepared choice
Proceed to you; therefore take your lornors:
Our hate from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaves you question’d
Matters of me fullvalue: We shall write to you
Assume, and our concernings still important.
Here Ang.

Ang. What doth befal you here. So fare you well:
To the hopeful execution doe I leave you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord.)
Hast we may bring you something on the way.

Dek. My hate may not admit it,
Nor need you (on minute) have to doe
With any temple: your forget is mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your owne remeies good: Give me your hand,
Beneath way: I love the people,
But doe not like to flage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not reffish well
Their lowd applaus, and Aues veneration.
Nor doe I think the man of sale derogation
That doe’s affect it. Once more fare you well,

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Es. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happen.

Dek. I thank you, fare you well.

Es. I shall defer you, Sir: to give me leave
To have free speech with you: and it concerns me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instruct’d.

Ang. The so with me: Let us wish-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Es. Be wait upon your honor.

Exeunt.

Scena
Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Duke, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

Gen. Heauen grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary.

Luc. Amen.

Gen. Thou concludest like the Sandimomous Pirate, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

Gen. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. 1, that he raz'd.

Gen. Why's twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to fleef: There's not a Soullier of vs all, that in the thanksgiving before, do raffish the petition well, that prays for peace.

Gen. I eneue heard any Soullier did like it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I doute thou knowest not where Grace was laid.

Gen. No: a dozen times at least.

Gen. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

Gen. I tinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. 1, why not? Grace, is Grace, delight of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villaine, delight of all Grace.

Gen. Well: there went but a pait of sheepe betwene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betwene the Lifs, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lif, and the Veluet: thou art good veluet; thou art a three pild-piece I warrant thee; I had as laine be a Lyt of an English Keysey, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Veluet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Luc. I tinke thou dost: and I deeed with most paimfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine: own conniexion, learn to begin thy health, but I whist I for, to deende to thee:

Gen. I tinke, I have done my felte wrong, laue I not?

Gen. Yes, that thou halt; whethre thou art taint, or free.

Enter Raudie.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Matrification comes. I have purchased as many dilectes under her Roofe,

As come to

Gen. To what, I pray?

Luc. Judges.

Gen. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

Gen. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

Gen. Thou art always gittinge divers in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy; but so found, as things are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Iniquity has made a cleft of thee.

Gen. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Gaites?

Raud. Well, well: there's one yonder streched, and carried to prison, was not worthth thousand of you all.

Gen. Who's that I pray thee?

Raud. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.


Raud. Nay, but I know tis so: I saw him arrefted: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three dais his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fouling, I would not haue it so.

Act thee fores of this?

Raud. I am too tooe of it: and it is for getting Madam Juliete with child.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was ever preciue in promise keeping. Beleeue me this may be.

2. Gen. Besides you know, it drawes somthing neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

Gen. But if all of me agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away; let's goe leave the truth of it. Exit. Band. Thus, what with the war, what with the west, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty. I am Cullom's-funkte. How now? What's the newes with you.

Enter Claudio.

Cla. Yonder man is call'd to prison.

Raud. Well: what has he done?

Cla. A Woman.

"Grace, but what's his offence?"

Cla. Gropeing for Trooss, in a peculiar River.

"Thee, What is there a maid with child by him?"

Cla. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Raud. What proclamation, man?

Cla. All howfes in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Band. And what shall become of those in the City?

Cla. They shall haue for feed: they had gone down to, but that a vile Burger put in for them.

Band. But shall all our houses of reftor in the Suburbs be pul'd downe?

Cla. To the ground, Mistrs.

Band. Why here's a change indeed in the Common-wealth: what shall become of me?

Cla. Come: fear not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clauses; though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: lie breze your Tapster still; cou rage, there will be but reely taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the sense, you will be consider'd.

Raud. What's to doe here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraue?

Cla. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison: and there's Madam Juliete.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliete, Officers, Lucio, & Luc. 2. Cont.

Cla. Fellow, why do'th thou throw me thus to the world? Bearer me to prison, where I am committed.

Pros. I do not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Cla. Thus can the denyng-god (Authority) Make us pay downe, for our offence, by weight. The words of heaven; on whom it shall, it will. On whom it shall not (for) yet filled with. (fraint).

Luc. Why how now Claudio? where comes these? these?

Cla. From too much liberty; (my Lucio) Liberty. As farre is the father of much falt, So much Scorne by the immoderate vie.

Tunners to restraint: Our Natures Doe pursufe Like
Measure for Measure.

Luc. Within two hours.
Cla. Come Officer, away.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke: No; holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribbling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I define thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, then the skies, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke: My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever loud the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and club, wise of brauety keepes.
I have delured to Lord Angelo
(A man of literature and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in Unseen,
And he supposes me travel'd to Poland,
(For so I have firend it in the common care)
And so it is receiv'd in Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke: We have stript Statues, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bins and curbes to headstrong weedes,
Which for this fourteen yeres, we haue let fly,
Euen like an ore-grownie Lyon in a Case
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound vp the threatening twigs of birch,
Onely to strike it in their childrens fight,
For terror, not to vfe: in time the rod
More mock'd, when feard: do our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And libertie, plucks Juliffe by the nape;
The Baby beastes the Nurfe, and quite eth wart
Goes all decour.

Fri. It ruffled in your Grace.

To vnloose this tyde- wp Juliffe, when you pleas'd:
And is it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Then in Lord Angelo.

Duke: I doe feare: too dreadful I:
Sith' twas my fault, to give the people scope,
'T would be my tirannya to strike and galler them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euid deedes have their permittive paffe,
And not the punishment: therefore imdeed (my father)
I haue on Angelo impord the office,
Who may in thambuhl of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature newer in the fight
To do in flander: And to behold his sway
I will, as 'were a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'the
Supply me with the habbit, and inclurde me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true Prior: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leyfure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one I Lord Angelo is precis,
Stands a guard with Enmie: fierce confieder
That his blood flower'd or that his appetit
Is more to breed than close; hence shall we see
If power change purpos: what our Seemessebe.

Excit.

Scene 3.
Enter Isabella and Frances for a Nun.

If. And have you Nuns no farther priviledges? Nuns. Not of the large enough?
If. Yes truly; I speak not as defining more, But rather withing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the Vows of St. Clare.
Lucy within.

Luc. How? peace be in this place.
If. Who's that which calls?
Nuns. It is a man voice: gentle Isabella
Turns you the key, and know his beneficest of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unfrowave;
When you have vowed, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the Sister
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He calls again: I pray you answer him.
If. Peace and prosperitie: who's that calls?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those chocks. Robes
Proclame you are no lefe: can you so ffeed me,
As bring me to the flight of Isabella,
A Notice of this place, and the face Sister
To her unhappie brother Claudes?
If. Why her unhappie Brother? Let me ask,
The rather for I now mult make you know
I am that Isabella, and his Sister.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he is in prison.
If. I hope I for what?
Luc. For that, which if my felle might be his Judge,
He should receive his punishment, an thanke:
He hath got his friend with child.
If. Sir, make me not your whore.
Luc. Tis true I: would not, though tis my familiar fin,
With Maidis to leeme the Lpwing, and to left
Tonguee, far from heart: play with all Virgins so;
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fained,
By your renouncement, an immortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerit,
As with a Saint.
If. You doe blasphemme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Does not believe it: fewest, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his lover have embrac'd;
As thofe that feed, grow full: as blooming Time
That from the seedes, the bare fallow brings
To reeming foyent: even for her pleasant wome
Expeffeth his full Thilth, and husbandry.
If. Some one with child by him? my cofen Isabelle
Luc. Is he your cofen?
If. Adoptedly, as scholl-maides change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She is it.
If. Oh, let him marry her,
Luc. This is the point.
The RULE is very hanging come from hence;
Bere many gentlemen (my felle being one.)
In hand, and hope of affon: but we doe leerne,
By thofe that know the very Yeres of State,
His guing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant deligne: upon his place,

(Aand with full line of his authority)
Gouerns Lord Angels; A man whose blood
Is very slow-broth: one, who never feele
The wanton flings, and motions of the fence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fath
He (to gue feare to, and libertie,
Which have, for long, run by the hicideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out a ad,
Vnder whose beauty fence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arrestes him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnlefe you hate the grace, by your faire praiest
To soften Angels: And that's my path of businesse
'Twis you, and your poor brother.
If. Doth he so?
Seekes his life?
Luc. Has cenfurd him already,
And as I hear, the Prouoith hath a warrant
For's execution.
If. Alas! is what poore
Abilutie's in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Alas the powre you have.
If. My powre? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes us lookt the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Come to Lord Angels
And let him came to know, when Maidens fuc
Menge like gods: but when they wepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselfes would owe them.
If. I fee what I can doe.
Luc. But speedily.
If. I will about it strait;
No longer playling, but to guide the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thank you:
Commend me to your brother: soone at night
He fend him certain word of my successe.
Luc. I take my leave of you.
If. Good fad, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Egealous, and frumentiers, ladies.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till coutome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Ege. 3, but yet
Let we be some, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruite to death; alas, this gentleman
Whom I would finde, hath a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with willing,
Or that the refolute aying of our blood
Could have attained the efect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you cenfuse him,
And pul'd the Law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Egealous)

Another
Measure for Measure.

Another thing to fall: I know deny
The law passing on the Prisoner's life
May in the twosome-a-twelve have a thrice, or two
Guilty then him they try, it's open made to Justice,
That Justice ceases: What knows the Lawes
That theses do paff on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we stope; and shee,
Because we seek it; but what we do not seek,
We read upon, and never think of it.
You may not to extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me
When I, that confess him, do so offend,
Let mine judge judgement: partake out my death,
And nothing come in partial: Sir, he must dye.

Efg. Be it as your wifedome will.

Ang. Where is the Prophet?
Prs. Here is he like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by none to morrow morning,
Bring him his Consell, let him be burnt, for
That is the vermit of his pilgrimage.

Efg. Well: haue forgue his name; and forgive vs all:
Some of vs beinge, and some by vertue alone.
Some run from brakes of Ice, and an, were none,
And some condemned for a fault alone,
Enter Elbow, Frash, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a Common-wealth, that doe nothing but vs their
abuses in common houfes, I know no law:bring them
away.

Ang. How now Sirs, what's your name? And what's the
matter?

Elb. If it plesse your honour, I am the poore Dukes
Contable, and my name is Elbow: I doe alone vpon Ju-
fice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are these?
Are they not Malefactors?

Efb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are:
But the villagess are they that I am sure of,
and void of all proportion in the world, that good
Christians ought to hate.

Elb. This comes off well: here's a wiffe Officer,
Ang. Goe you: What quality are they of? Elbow is your
name?
Why doth thou not speake Elbow?

Cle. He cannot Sir; he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir is a Tapifer Sir, a parcel Baud: one that
stores a bad woman: whole house Sir was (as they say)
plucked downe in the streets, and now shee proffes a
hot-house; which, I think is a very ill house too.
Efg. How know you that?

Elb. My wiffe Sir, whom I detest before heauen, and
your honour.

Efg. How's thy wife?

Elb. Sir! Whom I thanke heauen is an honest wome-

Efg. Do't thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say Sir, I will detest my wiffe also, as well as she,
that this house, if it be not a basse house, is but of her
life, for it is a naughty house.

Efg. How do's thou know that, Claudio?

Elb. Mary Sir, by my wiffe, who, if she had bin
what Cardinally given, might have bin accustomed in forni-

Efg. By the woman's meanes?

Elb. I say Sir, by Maltrix Ouer-due meanes: but as the spite
in his face, so shee defiede him.

Cle. Sir, if you please your honor, this is not so,

Efg. Prove it before these valets here, I know honorable
man, prove it.

Cl. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Cle. Sir, the came in great with childe: and longing
(facing your honor receivings) for dewd prevy ws, Sir,
we had two in the house, which I that very diftant
in Jordan, as it were in a fruit duffe, (a duffe of tyme
yours honour haue scene such duffes) they are not
 bour-sauces, but very good duffes.

Efg. Go to: go to: no matter for the duffe Sir.

Cle. No naledge Sir: nor of a pun: you are therein in
the right, but, to the point: As I say, this Maltrix Elbow,
being (as I say) with childe, and being great belied: and
longing (as I said) for prevy ws; and having but two in
the duffe (as I said) Master Frath here, that very man,
that ex-tenst the reff (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them
very honesty ly; for, as you know Master Frath, I could
not give you three pence again.

Prs. No naledge Sir.

Cle. Very well: you being then (if you be remem-
bered) erecting the houses of the forefard prevy ws.

Cle. Lo I did naledge.

Cle. Why, very well, I telling you then (if you be remem-
ered) that such one, and such one, were past
cure of the thing you wot of; while they kept very good
diet, as I told you.

Prs. All this is true.

Cle. Why very well then.

Efg. Come; you are a serious fool: to the purpose:
what was done to Elbow wiffe, that hee hath couse, to
complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Cle. Sir your honor cannot come to that yet.

Efg. No Sirs, nor I mean it not.

Cle. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours
leave: and I befere you, looke into Master Frath here
Sir, a man of four-score pound a yeare; whose father
died at Hallume: Was't not at Hallume Master Frath?

Prs. Allhallond-Tyme.

Cle. Why very well then, I hope here be truthes: he Sir,
sitting (as I say) in a lower chair, Sir, was in the bush
of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to sit, have
you not?

Prs. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good
for winter.

Cle. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will I leave a night in Tyme
When nights are longest there: I take my leare,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping youl finde good cause to whimp them all.

Efg. I thinke no leffe: good morrow to your Lord-
ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes
wife, once more: for winter.

Cle. Once Sir there was nothing done to her once.

Efg. I befeech you Sir, ask him what this man did to
my wiffe.

Cle. I befeech your honor, ask me.

Efg. Well Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Cle. I befeech you Sir, looke in this Gentlemans face:
good Master, and looke upon his honor's; try for a good
purpose: doth you honor make his face?
Measure for Measure.

Efc. I sit, very well.

Cl. Nay, I besteach you marke it well.

Efc. Well, I doe so.

Cl. Doth your honor fee any harms in his face?

Efc. Why no.

Cl. Ile be supposed upon a bookes, his face is the worst thing about him: good them if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Fresh doe the Constables wife any harms? 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 respectes house; next, this is a respectes fellow; and his Mistres is a respectes woman.

Cl. By this hand Sir, his wife is a mere respectes person then any of us all.

Efc. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet; the time is yet to come that there was ever respectes with man, woman, or child.

Cl. Sir, she was respectes with him, before he married with her.

Efc. Which is the wiser here; Injustice or Jpsite? Is this true?

Efc. O thou caitiff: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hanniball; I respectes with her, before I was married to her? I ever I was respectes with her, o thee with me, let not your worship think me the poore Duke Officer: prove this, thou wicked Hanniball, or ile have mine action of battery on thee.

Efc. If the tooke you a box ochear, you might have your action of lander too.

Efc. Marry I thank you good worship for it: what is your Worshipes pleasure I shall doe with this wicked caitiff?

Efc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldest disfigure, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, I think you know what they are.

Efc. Marry I thank your worship for it: Thou leest thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Efc. Where were you born, friend?

Fresh. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Efc. Are you of fourescore years or yeare?

Fresh. Yes, and't please you Sir.

Efc. So what trade are you of, Sir?

Cl. A Tapler, a poore widowes Tapler.

Efc. Your Mistres name?

Cl. Mistres Owen don.

Efc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Cl. Nine, Sir; Owen don by the last.

Efc. Nine? come hether to me, Master Fresh; Master Fresh, I neate not haue you acquainted with Taplers; they will draw you Master Fresh, and you will hang them; get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Fra. I thank your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any room in a Tap-horse, but I am drawn in.

Efc. Well: no more ef it Master Fresh: farewell! Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapler: what's your name Mr. Tapler?

Efc. Pomp. What else?

Cl. Tom, Sir.

Efc. Troth, and your hum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beaflife fence, you are Pomp the great; Pompoy, you are partly a bawd, Pompoy; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapler, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Cl. Truly Sir, I am a poore fellow that would like.

Efc. How would you line Pompoy by being a bawd what doe you think of the trade Pompoy? is it a lawfull trade?

Cl. If the Law would allow it, Sir.

Efc. But the Law will not allow it Pompoy; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Cl. Do your Worship mean to geld and fay all the youth of the City?

Efc. No. Pompoy.

Cl. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Efc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but headings, and hanging.

Cl. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten years, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a day: if you live to see this come to passe, say Pompoy told you so.

Efc. Thank you good Pompoy; and in requisition of your prophetic, hark you! I advise you let me not finde you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I dot Pompoy, I shall best you to your Tent, and prove a falsehood of you in plain dealing Pompoy, I shall have you whip; for this time, Pompoy, fare you well.

Cl. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whom I no, no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, the valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. Exit.

Efc. Come hether to me, Master Eillow: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?

Efc. Seventyeares, and a half Sir.

Efc. I thought by the readiness in the officer, you had continued in it some time: you say fearen yearestogether.

Efc. And a half Sir.

Efc. Alas, it hath beene great pines to you: they doe you wrong to put you so oft upon. Are there not men in your Ward insufficient to serve it?

Efc. bath Sir, few of any in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I doe for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Efc. Look you bring me in the names of some free or feeen, the most sufficient of your parish, Efc. To your Worshipes houfe Sir?

Efc. To my house: fare you well; what's a clocke, think you?

Infl. Eleven, Sir.

Efc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Infl. I humbly thank you.

Efc. It greeues mee for the death of Clambo.

Infl. Lord Aunglie is feereau.

Efc. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft loseth so, Pardon is all the nurce of second woe: But yet, poore Clambo, there is no remedie. Come Sir.

End. Scena.

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Measure for Measure.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servants.

Sir, He's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Pro. 'Tis true, I know
His pleasure, may he be will relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream.
All Sets, all Ages sinck of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter Provost?

Pro. Is it not true Claudius shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee ye should not tell me order?

Why doth thou ask again?

Pro. Lord, I might be too rash:
Valde your good correction, I have fonce
When after execution, Judgment hath
Repealed one his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Do not your office, or give vp your Place,
And you shall will be spair.

Pro. Trust ye your Honnours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the greatning Julier?
She's very near her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.
Sir. Here is the litter of the man condemn'd,
Defines a cell to you.

Ang. Halie he a Sitter?

Pro. I very good Lord, a very curious maid,
And to be short of a Sitter-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted,
See you the Formcattrell be renou'd,
Let her have needfull, but not laudish means,
There shall be order too.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour.

Sir. Stay a little while ye are welcome; what's your

Isa. I am a woullf Sutor to your Honour,

Pro. 'Tis but your Honor hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your fuste.

Isa. There is a vice that moth I doe abhorre,
And moft defire should meet the blow of Juflice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muft,
For which I muft not plead, but that I am
At warre, twist will, and will not,

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isa. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,
To doethouch ye let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen gueue thee meening grace,

Isa. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Which every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faultis, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by theActor.

Isa. Oh, but I waier Law:
I had a brother then, heauen keepes thy honour.
Luc. Gite 'tis not for to be him againe, correct him,
Kneele downe before him, hung upon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
Measure for Measure.

And doe it right, that answering one soule wrong
Lies not to so another. Be just.
Your Brother dies to morrow; be honest.
If, So you must be fust that gives this sentence.
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excelling
To have a Giants Strength: but it is tyrannous
To vie it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well said.
If. Could great men thunder
As time himselfe do's. time would never be quiet,
For every peking petty Officer
Would vie his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy larphe and sulphurous bolt
Splits the vri-wedgable and grated Oke,
Then the soft Merrile: But man, proud man,
Dread in a little brev authority,
Most ignorant of what he is most affli'd,
(His gladis Effence) like an angry Ape
Plais such phantasique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weep; who with out splenies,
Would all themselves laugh mortell.
Luc. Oh, go hum, to him wealch he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceive't.
Pr. Pray heauen the win him.
If. We cannot weage our brother with our life,
Great men may left with Saints: its wet in them,
But in the litle bowle propagacion.
Luc. Those is this right (Gest) more o'that
If. That in the Captaine's but a challenge word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blafpheme.
Luc. Art ains do that: more on't.
Pr. Why do you put the sayings upon me?
If. Because Authouritate, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it,
That skines the true vio'throp: got to your bosome,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A natural guiltlinate, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue,
Against my brothers life.
If. Shet speakes, and 'tis such fence
That my Sense breeds with it; fare you well.
If. Gentile my Lord, turne backe.
Pr. I will entilke me: come against to morrow.
If. Hark, how lie thee by thee good man I toed turn back.
If. How? bribe me?
If. If, with such gifts that heaven shall share with.
Luc. You had mad'd all else.
If. Not with fond Sickles of the testeld gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or ponne
As fancie values them; but with true prays, that
That shall be vpe as heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preferred foultes,
From fasting Maides, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Luc. Well: come to me to morrow.
If. Go to: 'tis well; away.
If. Heaven keep your honour safe.
Pr. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crose.
If, At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
If. At any time Tore-none.
If. Save your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy verue,
What is this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not thee: nor doth the tempter: but is it I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Dost as the Carion do's, not as the floorue,
Corrupt with vertuous fiction: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence,
Then women lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raise the Sanctuary
And pitch our eals there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doth she do? or what art thou Angel?
Dost thou define her lowly, for such things
That make her good yole, let her brother live:
Theeues for their robberye have authority.
When Judges feale themselves: what, doe I louther,
That I desire to heare her speakes againe?
And feald upon her eyes? what is it I dreame on?
Oh cunning concy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost but thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth good vs on
To finne, in loving verue: never could the Strumper
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once fix my temperes: but this vertuous Maid
Subdyes me quiet: Ever till now
When men were fond, I fond, and wondered how. Ext.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Hails to you, Provost, so I thynke you are.
Prov. I am the Provost: what your will, good Friar?
Duke. Bound by my charitie, and my blet out
I come to visite the afflicted spirit
Here in the prision: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minifie
To them accordingly.
Prov. I should do more then that, if some were needful
Enter Friar.

Look here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flowers of her owne youth,
Hath blifled her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, Irenen: a young man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duke. What must he dye?
Prov. As I do thynke to morrow,
I have proued for you. fly's a while
And you shall be condueted.

Duke. Repent you (face one) of the sin you carry?
Ist. I doe; and beare the blame most patiently,
Duke. He teach you how you shall assign your concide
And your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly pursu.
Ist. I'll gladly learne.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Ist. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it ferres your most offence full st
Was mutually committed.
Ist. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of beauteus kinde then his.
Ist. I doe confesse it, and repeat it (Father.)

Dw. Tis
Measure for Measure.

To pardon him, that ish from nature sole
A man already made, as to remit
Their fratricide, that do how heavense Image
In th' next where are forbid: this all as eale, Falsely to take away a life made good,
As to put mettle in restrained means
To make a falfe one.

"If I do let downe so in heauen, but not in earth, To which he rather, that the most hurt Law Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeem him Give vp your body to such sweet uncleanesse As if he had flain?

Sceen Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & think, I think, and pray To severall subjectts; heaven hath my empty words, Whilist my Invention, hearing not my Tongue, Anchors on fable: heaven in my mouth, As I did but oncee know his name, And in my heart the strong and dwelling ill, Of my conception, the flate whereunto I flared Is like a good thing; being often read Grewes feared, and tedious: yea, my Gratuity Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride, Could I, with boaste, change for an idle plume Which the syre beasts for vaine: oh place, oh forme, How often dost thou with thy cafe, thy habit Wrench away from todes, and tree the wiser foules Toothy fals feemeing? Blood, thou art blood, Let's write good Angell on the Deuils borne Tis not the Deuils Creff: how now! who's there? Enter Serweant.

Ser. One fable, a Sitter, defines accesse to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heavens Why don't my bloud thus mutes to my heart, Making both it viable for it selfe, And dispolisfing all my other parts Of necessry finnesse? So play the toothfull thrones with one that roundes, Come all to help him, and so flay the syre By which shee should reuse: and even fo The general subject to a well-wished King QUIT their owne part, and in obfquious fondness, Crowed to his presence, where their un-taught loue Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. I am come to know your pleasure, mee,
Then to demand what 'tis: your brother cannot liue.

Euen so: heaven keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Ang. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isa. When I beseech you: that in his Reprieve (Longer, or shorter) he may be so fittid That his foule licken not.

Ang. His: lie, these filthy vices: it were as good

II. iii. 30—II. iv. 105
Measure for Measure

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So thou hast hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. 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 lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thus brief,

Still to all the sky's influence. That doth this habitation where thou livest!

Hasten life: Merciful, thou art deceased,

For him thou laboured by thy flight to find,

And yet neither reward him still. Thou art not sober,

For all these considerations thou bearest,

Are naught but babbling: Thou'st not by means valiant,

For thou dost fear the soft and tender toke

Of a poor worm: thy belief of this in the dead,

And that thou art pronoun'd, yet, er the tarbi thy death,

Which is no more: The art not thy self,

For those exists on more a thousand graces

That issue out of due: Happie thou art not,

For what thou hast not, still thou thou shalt get to,

And what thou hast forgett. Thou art not certaine,

For thy complexion shews to Strange effects

After the Moses: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,

For like an Affie, whole backe with InGreg bowers

Thou beaft thy hauie riches but a souerne,

And death reproaches thee; Friend haft thou none.

For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fie,

The merce effusion of thy proper lones

Do curte the Crowe, Stare, and the Reheum

For ending thee no sooner. Thou haft not youth, nor age

But as it were an after-dinner sleep.

Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes

Of pailsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Or else he must not onelie die the death,

But thy vankindnesse shall his death draw out

To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,

Or by the affection that now guides me most,

Ile prove a thanat to him. As for you,

Say what you can; my faile, ore-weights your true.

Engl. I, To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O peridious mouthes

That bare in them, one and the other tongue,

Either of commendation, or approoves,

Bidding the Law make curttise to their will.

Hoo king both right and wrong to th'apptite,

To follow as it draws, lie to my brother,

Though he hath faile by promtate of the blood,

Yet bath he in him such a minde of Honor,

That had he twentie heads to tender downe

On twentie bloudlie blockes, he'ld yield them vp,

Before his shutte shoulde her bodie floope.

To such aboord pollution.

Then \(\text{L}d\) l'\(\text{m}\) thr\(\text{e}\) cla\(\text{f}\)ie, and brother die;

More then our Brother, is our Chaittise.

Ile tell him yes of \(\text{A}\) n\(\text{g}\) o\(\text{l}\) d\(\text{e}\) r req"uit.

And fit his munde to death, for his foules reft.

Exi.

Adus Tertius. Sccna Prima.

A.
Measure for Measure.

Thou hast neither heart, affection, limbe, nor beautie To make thy riches pleasante: what's yet in this life That bears the name of life? Yet in this life Lies hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear That makes these oddes, all even.  

Cla. I humbly thank you, 
To sue to you, I finde I feele to die, 
And seeking death, finde life: let it come on.  

Enter Isabell.  

Ifa. What has? Peace here: Grace, and good companie.  

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish defeours a welcome.  

Duke. Deces sir, ere long I live you against.  

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thank you: 
Ifa. My buffoniff is a word or two with Claudio.  

Pro. And very welcome: looke Signor, here's your litter.  

Duke. Prouost, a word with you, 
Pro. As manie as you please. 
Duke. Bring them to heare me speake, where I maybe conceale.  

Cla. Now litter, what's the comfort?  
Ifa. Why, 
At all confortes are: most good, most good indeede, Lord Anges having affaires to heauen Intends you for his swift Ambassadors, Where you shall be an everlasting Leigers; Therefore your best appointment make with speed, To Morrow you fecon.  

Cla. Is there no remedie? 
Ifa. None, but such remedie, as to saue a head To cleaue a heart in twaine:  

Cla. But is there amie? 
Ifa. Yes brother, you say true, there is a dwellsift mercie in the Judge, If you Implore it, that will saue your life, But fetter you till death.  

Cla. Perpetual duranse?  
Ifa. Truif, perpetual duranse, a refraining Through all the worldes validity you had To a determined scope.  

Cla. But in what naturae?  
Ifa. In such a one, as you confessing too, Would barke your honor from that trankelyoure, And lease you naked.  

Cla. Let me know the point.  
Ifa. Oh, I do fear: thee Claudio, and I quake, Lead thou a temporall life thou 'tis entertaince, And fixe or feare winters more respecte. Then a perpetual Honor.  

Duke. Don't thou die? 
Cla. The fence of death is most a apprehension, And the poor Beeste that we tread on in corporeal suffurance, finds a pang as great, As when a Giant dies.  

Cla. Why guise you me this shame? 
Think you I can a resolution fetch 
From flowerie tenderness? If I must die, 
I will encounter darkenesse as a bride, And hugg it in mine arms.  

Ifa. There speake my brother: there my fathers grace Did vster forth a voice: Yes thou must dye: Then art too noble, to confirme a life In base applianse. This outward fainted Depeity, Whole fedled visage, and delibesate woe Nips youth it's head, and follies doth somnew  

As Falcon dota the Fowile, is yet a duell: 
His fith within being call, he would appear A pond, as deep as hell.  

Cla. The prenzie, Angelo?  
Ifa. Oh tis the cunning Luserie of hell, The damndest bodie to invete, and couer In prenze gardes; doeft thou thinke Claudio, If I would yeild him my virginity Thou mighte be freed?  

Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.  
Ifa. Yes, he would giu'th thee; from this rank offence So to offend him still. This night's the time That I should do what I abboare to name, Or else thou diest to Morrow.  

Cla. Thou shalt not do's.  
Ifa. O, were it but my life, I'd throw it downe for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.  

Cla. Thanks deere Isabell.  
Ifa. Be readie Claudio, for your death to Morrow.  

Cla. Yes. Has he affections in him, 
That thus can make him bare, the Lawy th'noose, When he would force it? Store it in no name, Or of the deadly freuent it is the leaff. 

Ifa. Which is the leaff? 
Ifa. If it were damnable, he being so wife, Why would he be for the momentarie tricke Be persuadable finne? Oh Isabell. 

Ifa. What faithes my brother?  
Ifa. Death is a fearfull thing. 
Ifa. And famed life, a hateful.  

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where, To lie in cold obstitution, and to rot, 
This sensifie warme motion, to become 
A knedled cloth; and the delighted spirt 
To bath in fierie floods, or to reside 
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed ice, To be imprifo'd in the viwelse windes 
And blowne with reflitile violence round about 
The pendent world: or to be worse then world 
Of those, that lawleffe and inconstant thought, 
Imagine howling, 'tis too horable. 

The weariest, and most losted worldly life 
That Age, Ache, periyry, and imprisonment 
Can lay on nature, is a Paradice 
To what we fear of death. 

Ifa. Also, also. 
Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live, 
What time you do, to saue a brothers life. 
Nature dispensest with the deede to saarre, 
That it becomes a vertue, 
Ifa. Oh you beest, 
Oh faithleffe Coward, ah dishonest wretch, 
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice? 
It's not a kinde of Incest, to take life 
From thine owne sisteres shame? What should I thinke, 
Heavenshield my Mother plaid my Father faire: 
For such a warped flip of wildernesse 
Next ill'd from his blood. Take my defiance, 
Dye, perish! Might but my bending downe 
Repreuse thee from thy fate, he should procede, 
To pray a thousand prayers for thy death, 
No word to fause thee.  

Cla. Nay here me Isabell. 
Ifa. Oh Be, fie, fie. 

The firs'ts not accidental, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it false a Bawd,
"Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh hear me Isabella.
Duk. Vouchsafe a word, young father, but one word.
If. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your levity, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefite.
If. I have no superfluous levity, my day must be stolen from other affairs; but I will attend you a while.
Duk. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you & your father. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her wares, to pratiifie his judgement with the disposition of natural.
She (having the truth of her honour) hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do no fatisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sitters pardon I am out of loue with life, that I will fite for the rid of it.

Duk. Hold you there: farewell: Prewryt, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be good leasure me a while with the Maid, my mind promiseth with my habit, no loffe shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodness that is cleare to beauty, makes beauty brieke in goodnes; but grace being the foule of your composition, will keep the body of it ever faire: the afflict that Angelo hath made to you, Fortune hath consuad to my understanding, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo, how will you doe to content this Subiect, and to furre your Brother?
If. I am now going to furre him: I bid all my brother doe by the Law, tenn yome should be unlawfull borne. But (oh) how may thee the good Duke decree'd in Angelo: if ever he returne and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or disouer his gouernment.

Duk. That shall not be much amisse yet: as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial all of me capable. Therefore falle your eare on my aduisings, to the loue I have in doing good: a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my felie beleau that you may moft vprightly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefite redeem your brother from thegny Law, doe no flaine to your owne gracious person, and much plaise the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall euer returne to have hearing of this businesse.

If. Let me heare you speake farther, I haue spirit to do any thing that appears not fowl in the true of my spirit.

Duk. There is bold, and goodnes never fearfull: Have you not heard speake of Marzana the sister of Fr: derick the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?
If. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duk. Shee should this Angelo have married: was affienced to her ooth, and the unjuste appointed between which time of the contract, and limits of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrackt at Sea, having in that

perished vself, the dowry of his father: but make how beautily this befall to the poor Gentlewoman, there shee lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and natural: with him the portion and fines of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with whom she had her combynate husband, this well-earning Angelo.

If. Can this be so? did Angelo so loose her?
Duk. Left her in her carees, & drie not one of them with his comfort: she allowed his vowes whole, preten
ding in her, discoueries of dishonour: in few, bellow'd her on her owne lamenation, which the yet weares for his sake: shee, a marble to her tears, is wafthed with them, but relentless not.

If. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can thee a-

Duk. It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the cure of it not onely faues your brother, but keepes you from dishonour in doing it.

If. Show me how (good Father,)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the conten
tion of his full affection: his vnuitk undutted (that in all reason shou'd have quenched her loue) hath like an unpleante in the Current, made it more vi-

and vouls: Goe you to Angelo, anwser his requi-
ting with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: only reftre your felie to this advantage: first, that your fay with him may not be long: that the time may have all fadow, and silence in stead of the plante allowed to commence this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall suddly resolve this maid to steed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encountre: acknowledge it felle hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and hereby, by this is your brother tawel, your honor untainted, the poor Marzuna advanced, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think why to carry this, say the, the doubleness of the benefits depend: the deceit from repentance. What thank you of it?

If. This image etr gives me content already, and I trust it will yee to a most preuous perfection.

D. I: It is much in your holding vp:call yee speedily to Angelo, for this night he untrast you to his bed, give him promize of satisfaction: I will prettly to S. Laker, there at the montial-Grange resides this rooter'd Marzana; at that place call ypon me, and dispatc with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

If. I thank you for this confort, fareyou well good father.

Exit.

Enter Libce, Clemne, Officers.

Elk. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world dieke brown & white battard.

Duk. Oh heavens, what stuflie is here.

Clow. Twas never merry world since of two vusi the merrieit was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a furd goone to keep me warme; and fend with Foxe and Lamb-skinsto, to figure, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elk. Come your way to: 'blicke you good Father.

Duk. And you good Brother Father, what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elk, Marty
Measure for Measure.

II. 16—161

E. B. Mary Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be the Duke too Sir: for we have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputys.

Duke. Fie, th'ARTH, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, the guilt that thou canst be to done, that is thy manner to live. Do thou but think what thou'rt to cram a maw, or cloaths a bucke.

From such a filthy vice: say to thy felte, From their abominable and beastly touchers. I drink, I rate away my felle, and live:

Canst thou beleue thy righting is a life, So flunkingly depending on a mend, go men:

Cf. Indeed, Art do's sinke in some fort, Sir? But yet Sir I would prove.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell have givn thee proofs for finr Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officers, Correction, and Instruction mutt both wrok Ere this rude beast will prof. 

E. B. He must before the Deputy Sir, he's has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master: she be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he was as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That were we all, as some would feeme to bee From our faults, as faults from learning bee.

E. B. His necke will come to your want, a Cord Sir. 

Cf. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pumpy? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou ined in triumph? What is there none of Pigmastations Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the poacker, and extracing clatch'd? What reply? Ha? What faileth thou to this Tone, Master, and Method? It's not donned in'th last raine? Ha? What faileth thou Trow? Is the wheel that runs Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: the will waive?

Luc. How doth thy deere Morfell, thy Mynd? Proceeds the fall? Ha!

Cf. Troth Sir, flee hath eaten up all her beeete, and she is her felle in the lab.

Luc. Why'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be for her to Whore, and your power'd Baud, an unseen & consequent, it must be so. Art going to prison Pumpye?

Cf. Yes. Faire Sir.


I fent thee thether for debt Pumpy? or how? 

E. B. For being a boud, for being a boud.

Luc. Well, then impression him: If imprisonment be the due of a boud, why'tis his right. Baud is he doubteful, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good Pumpy: Command me to the prison Pumpy, you will turne good boudman now Pumpy, you will keep the boud.

Luc. I hope Sir, your good Wschool will behog boud?

Luc. No indeed will I not Pumpy, it is not the west.

I will pray (Pumpy) to increase your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your matter is the more:

Adieu truffle Pumpy. Bleffe you Frist.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's Budget grant till Pumpy? He?

Cf. Come you not here Sir, now?
Measure for Measure.

Lear. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Last talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with dearer love.

Lear. Come sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke esteems (as our prayers are he may) let me once more you to make your answer before him: if you bee honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Lear. Sir my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lear. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more: or you imagine me to be such an opportunist but indeed I can do you little harm: You'll fear worse this again.

Lear. Ille be hang'd full: Thou art deceiv'd in mee.

Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou still if Claudio die to-morrow, or so?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Lear. Why? For filling a bottle with a furious distill'd wine would the Duke weake of were not return'd again: this vengeous'ud Agent will go people the Province with Contumacie. Sparrows will not build in his house, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkely answer'd, he would never bring them to light: would her were return'd. Marrie this Claudio is condemns for ventrulour, Farewell good Friar, I preache pray for me: The Duke (I say thee again) would ease Munton on Fridays. He's now past it, yes and I say to thee; he would month with a beggar, though the minute brown-nose and Garticke: I say that I said it: Farewell.

Duke. No might, nor greatness in mortality Can cenfure scape: Back-spacing columnne The whitefet vertue etchets. What King so strong? Can tie the gall vp in the laderous song?

But who comes here?

Enter Eschalot, Provost, and Bawd.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, you Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Efc. Double, and treble admonition, and till forfeite in the same kind: This would make myrke fere and play the Tarant.

Pro. A Bawd of elever years continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me, Miffits Eschalot keeps damme was with child by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Child is a yeare and a quarter old: come Philip and Eschalot; I have kept it my selfe; and see how you goes about me.

Efc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prizon: Go on no more words. Provost, my Brother, Angel will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wroughe by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath borne with me, and aduiz'd him for the entertainement of death.

Efc. Godspeed, good Father.

Duke. Bliffl, and goodnature on you.

Efc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, though my chance is now To vie it for my time: I am a brother.

Of gracious Oder, late come from the Sea,
In speciall benefite from his Holiness.

Efc. What news abroad? the World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Fessor on goodness, that the dissolution of it must animate. No- veltie is easily requir'd, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constans in any understanding. There is scarce truth enough to make Societies secure, but Securis is enough to make Fellowships secure: Much upon this riddle runs the widsom of the world: This news is old enough, yet it is ease dianes newes. I pray you Sir of what disposition was the Duke?

Efc. One, that above all other things, Contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Efc. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, then remorse at same thing which proffest to make him reioice. A Gentlemen of all temperance. But leauw we him to his events, with a prizer they may prove prosperus, & let me desire to know, how you finde Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lett him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have receiv'd no smaller measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himself, to the determining of justice. yet had he fram'd to bunsell, (by the infracation of his traitrly) many (euyng promises of life, which I (by my good inform) have discreed to him: and now he is resolu'd to die.

Efc. You have paid the heauncus your Function, and the prisioner the vari debte of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremest shore of any modesty, but my brother falsifie have I found to feare, that he hath force'd me to tell him, he is indered justice.

Duke. This own life,

Anwere the forainesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: when he can trable to fail, he hath lentec dishonest.

Efc. I am going to vist the prisioner, face you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the word of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy, as feareful,
Fattern in himselfe to know,
Grace to forand, and Vertue go:
More, or lefe to others payung,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whole cruell flinking,
Kils for faults of his owne likening:
Twice treble shame on Angel.
To seduce my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outwird side?
How may likeoffere made in crime,
Making prach alone on the Tymes,
To draw with ylls: Spiders things.
Mott ponderous and substancessial things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With Angel to night shall lye
His old betrothed (but defied)
So disquise shall by disguised
Pay with falshood, stale eroding,
And perform an other conserving.

End

Alas

III. ii. 162—304

92
ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were ourseum
And those eyes: the breakes of day
Lights that do mislead the Minone.
But my lilies bring againe, bring againe,
Seals of those just seal'd on vou, seal'd on vame.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break, o'th' long, and haste thee quick away.
Here comes a man of comfort, whole aduice.
Hath often fill'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well would I
Had not my lord here missavell'd me.
I am exculse me, and release me too.
My match it much displease'd, but please'd my weare.
Duke. 'Tis good; though Mustick oft hath such a charm.
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here
to day; much prov'd this time have I promis'd here to meere.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Ifabell.

Duke. I doo constantly believe you: the time is come even now. I shall cease your forbearance awhile, may be I will call vpon you for some advantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am always bound to you.

Duke. Very well met, and well come: What is the newest from this good Deputies? Ifabell. He hath a Garden commin'd with Briceke; Where witherine ride he with a Vineyard back'd; And to that Vineyard 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 leadeth. There have I made my promis, vpon the Heavy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way? Ifabell. I have 'taine a due, and wary note vpon't, With whiteripping, and most guitlese diligence, In salution all of precept, he did show me The way twice over.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you 'greet, concerning her obedience? Ifabell. No: none but once a repair heh'd darke, And that I have profick'd him, most flay Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know, I have a Servant comes with me along That flies vpon me; whole perswation is, I come about my Brother.

Duke. This well borne vp.
I have not yet made known to Mariana.

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what has, within', come forth, I pray you be acquainted with this Maid, She comes to doe you good.

Ifabell. Do you defire the like.
Duke. Do you peruse your selfe that I respect you?

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Procur and Clavus.

Pro. Come hither Signer; can you cut off a mans head?
Clavus. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wives head, And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come fir, leave me your snatchers, and yield me a direct answer. To morrow morning are to the Clas- 

doe and Barnardine: here is in our prision a common ex- 
convict, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will tak- 

en you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your 

Gyues, if not, you shall have your full time of imprison- 

ment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; 

for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clavus. Sir, I have beene an unlawful bawd, time out of 

minute; but yet I will bee content to be a lawful hangle- 

man: I would bee glad to receive some instruction from 

my fellow partner.


Aberfan. Do you call Sir?

Pro. Sir, here's a fellow will help you to morrow 
in your execution if you think it meet, compound with him by the yeare, and let him abide here with you, if not, 
send him for the present, and dismiss him, he cannot 
plead his emmision with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Aberfan. A Bawd Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our 

mysterie.

Pro. Go Sir, you wright equallie: a feather will 

turne the Scale. 

Clavus. Pray Sir, by your good fauer: for surely for a 
good fauer you have, but that you have a hanging look: 

Do you call Sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

G2

IV. i. 1—IV. ii. 36

93
But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. Abarthe the dawning Prouess, as it is, you shall hear more ere Morning.

Pro. Happily you something know: yet I believe there comes no countermand: no such example have we: Besides, upon the very siege of Justice, Lord Angelo hath to the publice ear

Profeft the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man,

Pro. And heere comes Claudio’s pardon.

Mifg. My Lord hath fent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you sveresse not from the smallleft Article of it, Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoft day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas’d by fuch fin,

For which the Pardoner himfelf is in

Hence hath offence his quicke cereffs,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercy: Mercie’s fo extended,

That for the fault’s fcore, is thoffender freed.

Now Sir, what news?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thiking me remaffe

In mine Office, awakens me.

With this unwarmed putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not as it below,

Duke. Pray you let fhare,

The Letters.

Whenever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by fome of the locke, and in the afpreeme Bonardu.

For my better fatisfacciuns, let me bene Claudio bead font me by five.

Let that he duly performed with a

thoughts that more depend on it, then we must yet delerne.

Thus furely not to doe your Office, as you will anfwere at your peril.

What fay you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Bonardue, who is to be executed in the country?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here run vp & bred,

One that is a prisoner nine yeares old.

Duke. How came it, that the abfende Duke had not either deliver’d him to his libertie, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do.

Pro. His friends till yet upheld Reprences for him:

And indeed his fain to now to the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an evidensfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Pro. Moft manifeft, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath the borne humile penitentely in prison?

How leemes he to be touch d?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken leepce, carelesle, wreakefte, and earfleeple of what’s past, prefent, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the libertie of the prifon: give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drum is performed twice a day, if not many dayes entirely drunkes. We have veyr of awak’d him, as to cardio him to execution, and fhew’d him a learning warrant for it, his not moned him at all.

Duke.
Measure for Measure.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouost, honesty and constancy; if it read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the bolder of my cunning, I will lay my science in hazard: Claudio, whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater foe to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifest effect, I crave but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to doe me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Prs. Pray show what?
Duke. In the deate of death.
Prs. Alack, how may I do? Hauing the house limitted, and an expresse command, vnder paine, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Clavio's, to croffe this in the smaller.
Duke. By the row of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide,
Let this Barnardine be the morning executed, And his head borne to Angelo.
Prs. Angelo hath scene them both,
And will accuse the fauour.
Duke. Oh, death's a great disfigurer, and you may add to it: Take the head, and fate the brand, and say it was the deed of the peniten't to be b'lve: the torre of his deate: you know the course is common. If any thing fail to you upon this, more than thanks and joint fate, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.
Prs. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath,
Duke. Were you borne to the Duke, or to the Deuile?
Prs. To him, and to his Substitutes.
Duke. Why will you have mad no offende, if the Duke would use the sufficer of your dealing?
Prs. But what likelihood is in it?
Duke. Not a resembledge, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perfowation, can with safe attempts you, I will go further then I meant, to placce all fearres out of you. Looke to thy self, here is th' hand and seal of the Duke: you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?
Prs. I know them both.
Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke: you shall soon ouer-read it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of grave tenor, percehance of the Dukes death, percehance entering into some Mannerie, but by chance nothing of what is writ: Looke, th' unfolding Starre call vp the Shepheard, but not your faire into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine head: I will give him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet are you amaz'd, but this shill absolutely reile you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawnne. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clavio.
Clav. I am at well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profitione: one would think it were Milriss

Over-dam owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, heres yong Mr Raff, he's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Giinet, nine score and fourteenne pounds, of which hee made fuit. Markes ready money: mariet then, Giinet was not much in request, for the olde Women were villled. Then is there heere one Mr Copar, at the suite of Master Three-Ple the Mercers, for some foure fuites of Pease-colour'd Satten, which now purchas him a beggar. Then have we heere, yong Duer, and yong Mr Dropesow, and M. Copar-Jure, and M. Starre-Luckey the Hopper and digesser man, and yong Drop heere that liew before the Padding, and M. For-lowlite the Butler, and brave Mr Bluce the great Traveeller, and Wilde Hale. Cause that blab'd Post, and I think for some more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords fake. Enter Adria
Adr. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither,
Clav. Mr Barnardine, you must be and be hang'd,
Mr Barnardine,

Enter What Barnardine.

Bar. Upon your threats; who makes that people there? What are you?
Clav. Your friends Sir, the Hungman:
You must be good Sir to me, and be put to death. I.e. Away you Rogere, away, I am sleepie.

Bar. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clav. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleepie afterwards.

Bar. Go in to him, and fetch him out.
Clav. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Scrawhull.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. Is the Axe upon the blocke, Sirrah?

Clav. Verre readie Sir,

Bar. How now Aberken?
What's the news with you?

Clav. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogere, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clav. Oh, the better Sir: for hee that drinks all night, and is bunged betimes in the morning, may leape the founder all the next day.

Exit Duke.

Clav. Looke you Sir, here comes your ghostly Faather: do we reit now think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitative, and hearing how hastily you are to haasp, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat our brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh Sir, you must and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to day for anie mans perfowation.

Duke. But heare 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 Duke.

Duke. Vast to live, or die: oh gracefull heart.

G 3 . After

IV. ii. 161—IV. iii. 71

95
Measure for Measure.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-pard, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the mindle he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here is the prison, Father.

There died this morning of a cruel Fauor,
One 

Agnosmias, a most notorious Pirate,

A man of Claudius's yeares: his beard, and head
Ful of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, till he were well enchaired,
And lattishe the Deputation with the vantage
Of Agnosmia, more like to Claudius?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Dispach it prefently, the house draws on
Premit by Angelos: See this be done,
And fent according to command, whiles I
Perfusde this rude vtech willingly to die.

Pro. This shal be done (good father) prefently:
But Barnardone mull the this afternoon,
And how shall we continue Claudias,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alive?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardone and Claudius,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his noondaye remaining
To yond generation, you shall finde
Your fatetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and few the beast to Angelos.

Now will I write Letters to Angelos,
(The Praoull he shal bear them,) which encharge
Shal witnessse to him I am onere at home:
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him Ile delire
To meet me at the consecrated Point,
A League below the Cittie, and from hence,
By cold gration, and wasle-balanced borne.
We shall proceed with Angelos.

Enter Prououll.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carrie it me safe.

Duke. Comemion it is: Make a twint reception,
For I would communcate with you of such things,
That want no care but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speed.

Enter Agnosmia.

Agnosmia: Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The tongue of Agnosmia: She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be comemorated,
But I will keepe her ignors of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Agnosmia.

Agnosmia: Hoo, by your leave,

Duke. Good morrow to you, saire, and gracios daughter.

Agnosmia. The better gien me by to holy a man,

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Agnosmia, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to Angelos.

Agnosmia: Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is nother.

Shew your wife and daughter in you cloise patience.

Agnosmia: Oh, I will to him, and pluckle out his eies.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Agnosmia: Unhappie Claudius, wretched Iagos,

Inurious world, most dammed Angelos.

Duke. Thus he will hurt him, nor profit you a sor,

For heere it therefore, give your caste to heaven,
Mark what I say, which you shall finde
By every fullable a faithful verite.
The Duke comes home to morrow: say drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Condexcor
Gives me this Intelligence: already he hath carried
Notice to Eufdon and Angelos,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (done)
There to give vp their power: If you can pace your way
In that good path that I would with it go,
And have youe your bofome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, tourneges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Eufdon. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar Peter giue,

Tis that be sent me of the Dukes retour:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Maerona's house to morrow. Her case, and yours
Ile perfec the withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelos
Acuse him home and home. For my poor settle,
I am combined by a sacrific Vow,
And shal be abente. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these prettie waterings from your cies
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order
If it prevent your course: whole here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio: I am the pmge thre: Lucio:

Duke. Not within Sir.

Lucio. Oh prectie Isabello, I am pale as mine heart,
To see those eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
to doe and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
Head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set me
too't, but they say the Duke will be here to Morrow.
By my truth Isabello I lou'd thy brother, if the old fantasy
Capable Duke of darkie corners had bene at home, he had
lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is nowadays little beholding
to your reports, but the belt is, he live not in them.

Lucio. First, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
Do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll suffer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, take it, Ile go along with thee,
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. Then is it true, if thou dost tell me too many of him already too,
But if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marrie did I; but I was faire to forswear it,
They would elie have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fater than honest, sell you well.

Lucio. By my truth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:
If baudy tales offend you, we'll have very little of it
May Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I'll flacke.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelos & Eufdon.

Is. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disfouch'd other.

Aug.
Measure for Measure.

As. In most courteous and disinterested manner, his actions shew much like to madness, pray between his wifidome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliever our authonties there?

Efg. I grue not.

As. And why should wee proclaime it in an hour, before his coming, that if any cause redresse of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Efg. He shewes his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complaints and to deliver vs from diseases hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against vs.

As. Well: I before you let it be proclaimed be times 'th more. He call you as your howse: guse notice to such men of fort and faire as are to meet him.

Efg. I shall fit: farewel.

As. Good night.

This deede vnshapers me quiet, makes me vnpregnant And duit to all proceedings. A dehanced maid, And by an eminene body, that enforce'd The Law against it: But that her tender shame Will not proclaime against her maiden loife, How might the tongue me? yet reason dutes her, For my Authority bears a credent bulke, That no particulare (and all once can touch) But it coothes the breathere. He shoud have lued, Save that his riotous youth with dangereous tense Might in the times to come haue tale renegge By receiuing a dishonor'd life
With ranfome of such shame: would yet he had lued, 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. Thefe Letters at fit time deliver me, The Prouofh knows our purpose and our plot, The master being a foote, keep your instruction And hold you ever to our special drift, Though sometimes you doe brench from this to that As cause doth minifter: Goe call at Flame's house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Periurius, Rowland, and to Crasph, And bid them bring the Trumpeeters to the gate: But send mee Flaminio first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Duke. I thank thee Periurius, thou hast made good haste, Come, we will waie: There's other of our friends Will greet vs here anon: my gentle Periurius. Exit.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speake to indirecdt I am loath, I would say the truth, but to accuse him so That is your part, yet I am aduised so to doe it, He fales, to waie full purpose.

Mara. Be read by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure He speake against me on the aduerte side, I should not think it strange, see 'tis a physical That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Peter. I would I were a friar Peter.

Isab. Oh peace, the Friar is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stande moll fit, Where you may have such vantage on the Duke He shall not passe you: Twice haeue the Trumpeeters founded, The generous, and grauefull Citizens Have hent the gates, and very necce vpon

The Duke is entering: Therefore hence away.

 UITableView

Enter Duke. Derrim, Lord L., Angel, &c., Citizens at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy Done, fairely met, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you. Efg. Efg. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duke. Many, and harte thankings to you both: We have made enquirie of you, and we hear Such goodneffe of your Justice, that our soule Cannot but yeeld you forth so publique thankes Forerunning more requital.

As. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh your devout speakes loud, I should wrong it To locke it in the wards of covert: before When it defectors with characters of brace A forced refidence 'gainst the tooth of time, And raze of oblivion: Give we your hand At. I let the Subiect fee, to make them know That outward curtseyes would faile proclaine Favourers that keep within: Come Eciam, You must walke by vs, on our other hand: And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time Speake loud, and kneell before him.

Isab. Justice, O royall Duke: while your regard Vpon a wrong'd (I would faile have said a Maid) Oh worthy Prince, dizenhor not your eye By throwinge it on any other ebridden, Till you have heard me, in my true complaint, And given me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; In what, by whom I be briefe: Here is Lord Angel shall give you Justice, Reuelst your felde to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke.

You bid me feake redemption of the duells, Heate me your felde: for that which I must speake Must otherwaies me, not being beleu'd, Or wright redeffe from you:

Hear me: oh heare me, heare.

As. My Lord, her wise I feare me are not firmes She hath bin a faicer to me, for her Brothe Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice.

As. And the will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most
Ifab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speak,
The Angell's worst nor, is it not strange? The Angell's most blemished, is't not strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange? Ifa. It is not true: the Angell,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange; Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth To th'end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: I a poore soule She speaks this, in th'infirmary of fence. Ifa. Oh Prince, I confesse thee: as thou beleeve It is another comfort: than this world, That thou negleget me not, with that opinion That I am touch'd with madnedde: make not impossible That which but seemes vaine, is not impossible But one, th'heedlesse cause on the ground May seeme as fine, as grace as inst, as absolute:

As Angell, even so many Angells In all his dresting, careles, rules, formes, Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, all prince If he be leeff, he's nothing, but he's more: Had I one name more for badness.

Duke. By mine honelty If he be mad, as I beleeve so other, Her madnedde hath the odded frame of sense, Such a dependency of thing, on thing, As ere I heard in madness.

Ifab. Oh gracious Duke Harpe not on that: nor do not banish reason For inequality, but let your reason servce To make the truth appear, where it seemes hid, And hide the falle seemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad Have farre more lacke of reason:
What would you say?

Ifab. I am the Sister of one Lluna, Condemned upon the Act of formation To loose his head, condemn'd by Angell, In (in probation of Sisterhood) - Was sent to by my Brother, one Lucas As then the Mellenger.

Luc. That is: Iوذ like your Grace: I came to liet from Chauncels, and decei'd her, To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angell, For her poore Brothers pardon.

Ifab. That's the indeede.

Luc. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord, Nor with it to hold my peace.

Ifab. I was sent to now then, Pray you take note of it: and when you have A business for your selfe: pray heauen you then Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duke. I warrant, for your selfe: take heed to's. Ifab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale, Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are the wrong To speake before your time: proceed, Ifab. I went

To this pernicious Cissife Deputie.

Ifab. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Duke. Pardon me,

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mende vaine on: the matter: proceed, Ifab. In briefe, to let the needle prosecute by:
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd, How he refelde me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion I now begin with griefe, and shame to vitter. He would not, but by gift of my child body To his conjecturable intemperate lust Releste my brother: and after much deafenement, My sifterly remove, confutes mine honour, And I did yeeld to him: But the next mome betimes, His purpuse fursetting, he sends a warrant For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Ifab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speaketh)

Duke. By heauen (fond wrestle) I know not what thou Or else thou art juborn'd against his honor In hatefull practive: first his Integritie Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason, That with such vehemency he should perswade Faults proper to himselfe: if he had to offend He would have weight'd thy brother by himselfe, And have not cut him off: some one hath feit you on: Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice Then can't iere to complain.

Ifab. And is this all?

Thou must be censur'd. Mindsers above Keep me in patience, and with tyme if you. Unfold the curl, which is here wrape vp In countenance: heauen field your Grace from wepe, As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeneled geoe.

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer: To prision with her: Shall we thus permit A blesing and a scandalous breath to fall, On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practive; Who know of your intent and comming thither? Ifa. One that I would were here, Frier Lodowick, A godly Father, belike: Who knows this Lodowick?

Luc. My Lord, and know him, tis amending Friers, I do not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord, For certaine words he spake against your Grace In your retrench, I had swung'd him fondayly.

Duke. Words against mee this: this a good Frier belike And he on this wretched woman here Against our Substitue: let this Frier be found.

Luc. But yet earlier my Lord, the and that Frier I saw them at the prision: a sawcy Frier, A very scurvy fellow.

Frier. Blessed be your Royall Grace: I have bolded by my Lord, and I haue heard Your royall ear about it: for this woman Most wrongfull accus'd your Substitue, Who is as free from touch, or sayle with her As the from one vngot.

Duke. We did belieue no leeffe, Know you that Frier Lodowick: that speaks of? Frier. I know him for a man duteous and holy, Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler As he's reported by this Gentleman: And on my truth, a man that neuer yet Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously belieue it.

Frier. Well: be in time may come to cleere himselfe, But at this instant he is sick, my Lord's
Of a strange Favour: upon his hear to requite
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended'gainst Lord Angelo, came I better
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth now
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all othre that make vp full clear
Whensoever he's contented: Fust for this woman,
To subsist this worthy Noble man.
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
He shall be free from reproach to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duk. Good Friar, let's hear it:
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
Or heare the vanity of wretched fools.
Gone into feats, Come cozen Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your owne Cause: Is this the Winter Friet?

Enter Mariana.

Friar. Let her face her face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not see my face
Until my husband but me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why are you nothing then? neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Dunce: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duke. Since this fellow I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I do confesse I were married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid.
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that ever he know me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would they were so to.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Sheer that accuse him of Porcussion,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all the effect of Loue.

Agr. Charges the more then me?

Mar. Not that I know.


Mar. Why suit, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knowes he know, that he were not my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, he knowes fishe.

Agr. This is a strange abuse! Let's fee thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me now I will maske.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo
Which once thou worest, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a wond contract
Was fast belocks in thine: This is the body
That toke away the march from fishe,
And did supply thee at thy garden-houte
In her Imagination.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie the faces.
Measure for Measure.

She would sooner confesse, per chance publicly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke, Proctor, Jolath.

Duk. I will goe darkly to work with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Duk. Come on Milfris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, Here, with the Proctor.

Duk. In very good time: I speaking not to you, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Duk. Come Sir, did you let these women ou to flan-der Lord Angelo? they have confes'd you did.

Luc. 'Tis sile.

Duk. How! know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake, Ese. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake, Losee you speake wildly. But oh poor foules, Come you to seek the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redrife! Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's vnualt, Thus to retort your manifell Appeale, And put your triall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Ese. Why thou unreturning, and vahallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou haft fuborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the winneffe of his proper eare; To call him villaines; and then to glance from him, To th'o Duke himselfe, to taxe him with Injuicce? Take him hence, th'o racle with him: well toward you loynt by loynt, but we will know his purpoe:

What would you?

Duk. Be not so hot: the Duke dare
No more frettie this finger of mine, than he
Daies hehhis owne: his Sabie 2am i noe. Nor here Prouinciall: My bufineffe in this State
Made me a looker on here in Venema,
Where I have seene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it one-run the Stew: Lawes, for all fanets, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes And like the fortreses in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke,

Ese. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you reigh against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald.-pars, do you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absenc of the Duke.


Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the Duke a leele-mon-ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change perrons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeed spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh these damnable fellow: did not I plaсe thee by the nofe, for thy speecches?

Duk. I promis, I lose the Duke, as I lose my selfe.

Ang. His bourne the villaine would close now, after his treasible absen.

Ese. Such a fellow is not to be talkd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the Proctor? away with him to prison: lay balts enough vpon him: let him speake no more: away with those Giglers too, and with the other confedera companions.

Duk. Stay Sir, play a while.

Ang. What, reftis he helpe him Lucie.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, foh sir, why you bald-pated lying rascal: you must be hooded muf't you? Show your knaues village with a pose to you: sow your fiue-beating face, and be hang'd an house; wilt not of it?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad it a Duke.

Firt Proctor, let me bayle the gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Muff have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duk. What you have spoke, I pardon: in you downe, W'e'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave:
Ha't thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha't Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltee then my guiltineffe,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I procure thy grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my prouf: Then good Prince,
No longer Sention hold upon thy flame,
But let me Trial, be mine owne Confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariam,
Say: was't thou ere contradicted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord,

Duk. Go e take be hence, and marry her infently.

Do you take the (Sigh) which contumace,
Reurne he e a gaine: goe with him Proctor. Exe.

Ese. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diono,
Measure for Measure.

So happy is your Brother. 

Enter Angelo, Marzio, Peter, Provost.

Ifab. I doe my Lord.

Duke. For this new married man approaching here, whose full imagination yet hath wrong'd your well defended honor: you must pardon For Marzio's sake: for as he advised you, being criminal, in double violation Offended Chaunce, and of promise reach, Thereon dependent for your Brother's life, the very mercy of the Law erects out Moit and double, even from his proper tongue. An Angel for Claudio, death for death:
Haste still parts haste, and lease, ansers lease; Like do not quit like, and measure fill for measure: Then Angel's, thy fault's thus manifested. Which though thou wouldst deny, denote'te e'rc vantaje. We do condemn thee to the very brink: Where Claudio hoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him. 

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord, I hope you will not mention me with a husband? But. It is your favor that mock you with a husband, Concluding to the safe-guard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choose your good to come: For his Pollutions, Although, they be confirmed. We doe en-flace, and widow you with all, To buy you a better husband. 

Mar. Oh my deere Lord, I crave no other, nor no better man. 

Duke. Never crave him, we are divinity. 


Duke. You doe but lose your labour. Away with him to death; Now Sir, to you. 

Mar. Oh my good Lord, Sweet Isabella, take my part, lend me your knees, and all my life to come, I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice. 

Duke. Against all sense you doe importune her, Should the kneele downe, in mercie of this Gost. Her Brother ghost, his pared bed would breake, And take her hence in horror. 

Mar. Isabella. 

Sweet Isabella, doe yet but kneele by me, Hold vp your bands, say nothing: I'll speake all. They say he left me no mabled out of Rome, And for the most, become more much the better For being a little bad: So may my husband. Oh Isabella: will you not lend a knee? 

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death. 

Isabell. Most bounteous Sir, 

Look at it pleas you, on this man condemn'd, As if my Brother live'd: I partly thinke, A due sentence govern'd his decrees, Till he did looke on me: Since it is so, Let him not die my Brother had but lattice, In that he did the thing for which he doe, For Angelo's sake, he did not once take his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subject, Intents, but merely thoughts. 

Mar. Merely my Lord. 

Duke. Your faine's unprofitable, stand wp I say: I have bestowed me of another fault. 

Provost. how came it Claudio was beheaded. 

At an yonuall howe? 

Prov. It was command'd so.

Duke. Had you not a special warrant for the deed? 

Prov. No my good Lord: it was by private message. 

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office, Give up your keys. 

Prov. Pardon innoc'ble Lord, I thought it was a fault, but knew not, Yet did repent me after more advice, For testimony whereof, one in the prison That should by private order else have de.de, I have refer'd alue. 

Duke. What's he? 

Prov. His name is Bawdward. 

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio, Goe see him hither, let me looke upon him. 

Efc. I am sorry, one to learned, and to wise 

As you. Lord Angelos, have still appeare'st. Should flipp'd groffiele, both in the heat of blood And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward. 

Any. I am sorry, that such forrow I procure, And tolerat'd in my present heart, 

That I was draw a more willingly then mercy, 

Tis my deeming, and I doe entreat it. 

Enter Barnardine and Prosec, Claudius, Lucetta. 

Duke. Whatch is that Barnardine? 

Prov. This my Lord. 

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man. 

Sir, thou art tode to have a flipp'd groffiele That apprehends no further then this world, And lesr'thby he assaying: Thou'st condemn'd, But for those earthly faults, I quoth them all, And pray thee take this message to proside For better tyme to come: Friar advise him, I leuse him to your hand. What mufc'd fellows that? 

Prov. This is another prisoner that I daw'd, Who should have dld when Claudio loif his head, As like amoll to Claudius, as himselfe. 

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his lake I'me pardond, and for your louelle sake Cuse me your hand, and say you'll be mine, He is my brother too: But fittest time for that: By this Lord Angelos perceivers he's safe, Methinks I see a quackling in his eye: 

Wolfes, Angelos, your easil quys you well. Look you to make youe your wife: her worth, worthy. 

I find an apprehension in mee self: 

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon, You sigh, that knew me for a fool, a Coward, One all of Lustrie, an rite, a mad man: 

Wherefore hast I defend'd you. 

That you enrolle thes thus? 

Efc. O fair my Lord, I spake is 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, first, and hang'd after. 

Provost. Let it Provost round about the Citie, If any woman wrong'd by the lawes fellow 

[As hath heard him sweate himselfe there's one who beget by childe] let her appear, And he flinches: her the nuptial finisht, 

Let him be whipt and hang'd. 

Luc. I beehe your Hightness do not marry me to a Whore: your Highnesse said even now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not reconmence me, in making me a Cuckold. 

Daily Upon
FINIS
The Comedie of Errors.

A Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracuse, Taylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Blov'd Solon, te mmte upon my fall,
And by the dame of death end war, and all.
Duke: Let Master of Syracuse please no more
An out mail to writing our laws;
The enemy dishon rhwh of late
Sundry from the ecorbus courage of your Duke,
In Merchants our well-esteeming Countriens,
Who wasting glides to redeem then laws,
Have laid alligorous threats with their blend.

In these our vost and untline cases
Twist thy ferdious Commissions and vs,
It harm thee to Sonders cemr deere;
Both by the Syracuse and our selves.
To admit no traffic to our amsr concom:
Maxore, it any borne at Ephesus.
But come at any Syracuse Marchs and Fayces.
Again, if any Syracuse borne.

Duke: I come to the Bay of Shipsonse, he dies;
His good contente to the Duke disposes.
Votives thousand marks be lesed
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued as the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Marks,
Therefore by Lawe they are condemned to die.

Yet this my comfort, when your works are done,
My wife and like wife with the gaming Sonne.
Duke: Well Syracuse; say in breve the cause
Why shew departest from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st not to Ephesus?

Mrs. A heacer taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnfeakeable:
Yet that the world my wisseesse that my end
Was wronged by cause, not by vile offence,
He vter now my sorrow, given me leave.
In Syracuse was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd happy, our wealth increaste.
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Syracuse, till my fortune dainty,
And he gret our good statements left,
Drew me out from bonds embracement of my spirit;
From whom my defence vnto your majestie's order,
Before his selfe almost at sparing vnder.

The pleasing punishment that women bear.
For shee made provision for her follow ing one.
And soone, and late, arrived where I was.
There had not the bene long, but she became
A toyfull mother of two goodly fommes:
And, which was strange the one to like the other.
As could not be differing but by name,
I that euer bowre, we in the selfe same house.
A meane woman was delivered
Of such a butcher Male, twins both alike.
Those, for their parentes were exceeding poore,
I thought, and brought vp to attend my lonnes.
My wife, not meanely proued of two such hopenes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwillen I agreet, alas, too soone were some alpsoed.
A leaque from paululnus I had vs fild.

Before the alwayes wind and beryng depe
Came any Tragedie intire of our home:
But longer did we not receive much hope;
For when oblever light the heauens shone the grante,
But conusy into our fearefull mindes
A doublefull warrant of immediate death,
Which through my selfe would gladly have imbrace,
Yet the ineffectual weepinges of my wife,
Weeping before for what the lawe must come,
And putting playings of the praiser bables
That mouri'd for fantasy, ignorant what to arise,
For to me lackes delays for them and me,
And this it was (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors bought for safety by our botes,
And left the ship then hanging rope to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter botes,
Had faffed him into a small spare Malle,
Such as fear all men provide for formstores;
To him one of the other twains was bound,
Whil I had beene like herd full of the other.

The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fast.
Fatndred our clothes at eother end the mafi,
And floating bliss, ready to the thrame,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the same gazing upon the earths,
Disperst these apparitions that offended vs,
And by the beneftit of his witching lights.
The face went down, and we discovered
Two shippe from Iares, making amiss to vs
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more.

Gathers the fspried by that went before.
Duch: Nay forward old and when he beke off by.
The Comedie of Errors.

For we may put, though not pardon thee.

MERCHANT. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily teemed' them miserably to vs.

For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty force,
Which being violently borne vs,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this instant of vs,
Fortune had left no path of vs alike.

What so to comfort, what so to sorrow for,
Her past, poor soule, seeming as humbered
With lesse wight, but not with lesse woe,
Was carred with more speed before the winde,
In our fight they three were taken vp
By the chauncy of our ship, as we thought.

At length another ship had circle on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to slave,
Cause healthfull welcome to their ship—was at goulge,
And would have rest the FHHRS of their prey,
And not their backs beene very flow of fire;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have I heard me feare from my line,
That by miscarriage was my life prolong'd,
To tell full stories of my owne mishaps.

Duchess. And for the sake of them I therefore will forwell,
Doe me the favour to dilate as full,
What have become of them and they tell now.

MERCHANT. My yongest boy, and yet my least care,
At eighteen years became inquitute.
After his brother, and impotent one
That his attendants, to his case was like, Reft of his brother, but retailed his name,
Might be bear him company in the quell of him,
Whom whilist I laboured of a love to fer,
I hazarded the life of whom I loved.

Fine Sommers have I spent in fast peny Green,
Running cleanse through the bounds of Alle;
And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leave vntought
Or that, or any piece that Labours men:
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my untimely death,
Could all my travailes warrant me by use.

Duke. Hopelesse Egoen whom the faces have markt.
To bear the extremetye of dire mishaps:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my ear, my dignicy,
Which Princes would they may not disafford,
My soule should sue as advocate for thee,
But though thou as advised to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ie limit thee this day;
To lecke thy helpe by beneficent helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vs the summe,
And live; if no, then thou art doon to die:
Lay thee, take thee to thy captivity.

Inter. I will my Lord.

MERCHANT. Hopelesse and hopeless Duke Egoend,
But to procurate his bloudlesse end.

Enter carried. MARCHANT, and DRAMEN.

MERCHANT. Therefore give out you are of Epidamus,
Left that your goods too soume be consistence.

This very day a Sycratic Marchant,
Is apprehended for a small ordre,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne.
Dies are the weares funne set in the West
There is your monye that I had to keep.

AUGUR. Go beare it to the Censeure, where we hould,
And they there Dramaill I come to thee;
Wth then heare it will be dinner time,
Till that I view the manner of the course.
Peruse the tradars, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and deepre within mine June,
For with long straule I am flisse and weare
Gether see away.

Duke. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meanee.

Exit DRAMEN.

AUGUR. A trifull villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightning my humour with his merry scoffs:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my line and dine with me?

MERCHANT. I am inured sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefite:
I crave your pardon, foote at vs a clocke,
Please you, Ie more with you upon the harts,
And afterward comfort you till bed time:
My present buinneffe calls me from you now.

AUGUR. I will well tell then: I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander vp and doun to view the Cluze.

MERCHANT. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

AUGUR. He that commendes me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
To the world am I like a drop of water,
That in the ocean foakes another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
(Volente, inquietus) confoundes himselfe.
So I to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (unhappy) loose my selfe.

Enter DRAMEN of Ephesus:

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art returnde to foone.

Duchess. Return'd do foone, rather approach too late:
The Capon burns, the Pig fells from the spitt:
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell:
My Malbris is made on one vp upon my cheeks:
She is so hot because the meat is cold:
The meat is cold, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no flomacke:
You have no flomacke, hauing broke your fast:
But we that know what is to fast andpray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

AUGUR. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where have you left the money that I gave you.

Duchess. Oh farse pence that I had a wednesday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Malbris grappes:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

AUGUR. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the monye?
We being strangers here, how darst thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

Duchess. I pray you tell me so you sit at dinner:
I from my Malbris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

Exeunt.
The Comedie of Errors.

For the wil course your fault upon my pate:
Metheary your jaw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messanger.

Art. Come home, come, she be let out of factor,
Rescue them till a merrier time then this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E.Dro. To me let? why you gave no gold to me?
Art. Come on for hence, have you done your fouldeines,
And tell me how thou did dispose thy charge.
E.Dro. My charge was but tofetch you to the Mart
Home to your house, the Phago, fir, to dinner;
My Miftris and her sister flais for you.
Art. Now is it a Christian answere me,
In what safe place you have belowe'd my monie;
Or I shall break that merrie licence of yours
Thatstands on tricks, when I am vndipos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?
E.Dro. I have some marke's of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Miftris makes upon my shoulders:
But not a thousand mark betweene you both.
If thou shouldst not, I shouldest have thy charge.
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Art. Thy Miftris makes?what Miftris slate hath thou?
E.Dro. Your worship's wife, my Miftris at the Phago;
She that doth hall till you come home to dinner:
And praises that you will hie you home to dinner.
Art. What will you hie you home to your face
Being forbid? There take you that for knasse.
E.Dro. What pleasure you fir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not fir, He take my heels.

Enter Adriana, &c. Epb.

Art. Upon my life by some deuise ne other,
The villain is o're-wooreght of all my monie:
They say this towne is full of cointage:
As nimtle ingerets that deceie the eie:
Dreke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Bode killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Diligens Cheaters, prasing Mountebanks;
And manie such like liberties of time:
If his proue fo, I will be gone the sooner:
Rhe to the Centar to goe fecke this flau'e,
I greatly fear my monie is not safe.

Exit.

The Mer. Why, headstrong liberty is lost with woe:
There's nothing situate under heaens eye,
But hath his home in earth, in sea, in skie,
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged foules
Are theirs malefactors, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Master of all thewe,
Lord of the world wide, and wild and wafty seas,
Inded with intellisual fence and fouler,
Of more preheminence then fift and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accord.

Art. This fruitless makes you to keepen unwe.
Luc. Not this, but troublu of the marriage bed.
Art. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway
Luc. Ere I learn how he profite to obey.
Art. How if your husband flat sometime other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear.
Art. Patience vamuted, no maruel though the pauers,
They can be meeke, that haue no other caule:
A wretched foule bratd with aduersitie,
We bid be quier when we hear it eue.
But were we burred with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we shouldest our fesit's complaints:
So thou that hatt no vpon kindness to grieve thee,
With vigour healliepe patience will releue me;
But if thou hie to feeke like right benefic,
This foule-bratd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to trie
Here comest you man, now is your husband neic.

Enter Adriana, Epb.

Art. Say, is your curde matter now at hand?
E.Dro. Nay, he's not so hands with me, and that my
two ears can witnesse.
Art. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
his minde?
E.Dro. I, he told his minde vpon mine rare,
Before his hand, I feared could understand it.
Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele
his meaning.
E.Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
feele his blower; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scare understand them.
Art. But say, is therehome? is he coming home?
It feennes he hath great care to please his wife.
E.Dro. Why Miftresse, sure my Master is borne mad.
Art. Hone mad, thou villaine?
E.Dro. I mean not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is flark mad:
When he solild him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burnt: my gold, quoth he:
My mistreffe, sir, quoth I: I hang vp thy Miftresse:
I know not thy mistreffe, out on thy mistreffe.
Luc. Quoth who?
E.Dro. Quoth my Miftresse, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistreffe: in that my errant due into my
bowels, I thank him, bare home upon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did bear me there.
Art. Go back againe, thou false, & fetch him home.
E.Dro. Go backe againe, and be new besten home:
For Gods sake send some other messanger.

Exit.
The Comedie of Erors.

Adr. Backe flam, or I will breake thy fase a-crost.

Dr. And he will blesse thy croste with other beating:

Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.

Adr. Hence prating peafant, fetch thy Master home.

Dr. Am I to found with you, as you with me,

That like a foot-ball you doe jpn me thus:

You prate me hence, and he will prate me hither,

If I latt in this seruse, you must cafe me in leathers.

Luc. Fie how impomous lowther in your face.

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

While I at home itarte for a merrie looke:

Hath homelike age thilulling beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke, then he hath wafed it.

Are my discources dull? Barren my wit,

If voluble and sharpe discource be mar'd,

Vakindesse blinds it more then marble hard.

Doe their gay velliments his affections base?

That's not my fault, he's master of my flate.

What ruines are in me that can be found,

By him not rain'd? Thens he the ground

Of my defeates. My decayed faire,

A fannie looke of his, would follow repair,

But, too vurly Deer, he breaks the pale,

And feedes from home; poore I am but his slave.

Luc. Selfe, harming kalenode, fe beate hence.

Ad. Vnfeeling souls can with such wrong full offence:

I know your eye doth homage other-where,

Or else, what less it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,

Would that alone, a rope he would deraine,

So hewwould keepe tare quarter with his bed:

I see the Jewell best enameled

Will looke his beautie: yet the gold bides still

That others toucht, and often touching will,

Where gold and no man that hath a name,

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame:

Since that your beautie cannot please his eie,

He wepeth (what's left a-wife) and weeping die.

Luc. How manie fond loothes fesse mad I clesse.

Enter Antipholus Errois.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid vp

Safe at the Centaur, and the beest full store

Is wandred forth in care to seek me out

By comptutation and more hols report.

I could not speake with Dromio, fince at first

I sent him from the Mast I see he come.

Enter Dromio Strangia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?

As you loue frienches, so lef with me againe:

You know no Centaur, you receiv'd no gold?

Your Mistresse feint to haue me home to dinner?

My howse was at the Phoenix, Waft thou mad,

That thus so madly thou didst disfigure me?

S. Dr. What answer faw? when speake I such a word? E. Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since,

S. Dr. I did not fee you fince you went me hence

Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villaine, thou dast deny the golds receipt,

And tolde me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,

For which I hope thou felift I was displaide.'

S. Dr. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine,

What means this left, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, doft thou seeke & flowme I in the teeth?

Thinkst thou hold, take thou that, & that. Seat Dr. Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your left is earnest,

Upon what bargaine do you give it me?

Antip. Because that I famelie sometimes

Doe vse for you for my foole, and chat with you,

Your sawcinest will left upon my looe,

And make a Common of my scrinous bowres,

When the funne shines, let foolish grants make spoft,

But crepe in cranes, when he hides his beames:

If you will left with me, know my apiece,

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your fonce.

S. Dr. . Seeone and why you for so you would bene

Ratt, I hadd rauer hae it, and you vse thes blows long,

I must a fonce for my head, and Inflonce it to,

Or I shall feck my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doft thou not know?

S. Dr. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dr. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why hath his wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore,

For vrging it the second time to me.

S. Dr. Was there ever ane man thus beaten out of feation, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither time nor reason. Well sir, I thank you, sir. I thank you for what?

S. Dr. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. He make you smeed next, to give you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S. Dr. No sir, I think the meet wants it in hau.

Ant. In good time sir, is what that?

S. Dr. Batting.

Ant. Well sir, then twill be done. S. Dr. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason sir?

S. Dr. I pray it make you chollerick, and purchase me another dinner batting.

Ant. Well sir, leaue to eat in good time, there's a time for all things.

S. Dr. I dainte have denied that before you were to chollerick.

Ant. By what rule sir?

S. Dr. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine said parte of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dr. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May be nor does it by fine and recourecie?

S. Dr. Yes, to pay a fine for a pewtewig, and recover the loft hair of another man.

Ant. Why, is time such a niggarde of hair, being as it is) so pinfull an excrement?

S. Dr. Because it is a blessing that bee betowe on breeth, and what he hath fenterd them in hauete, bee hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's manie a man hath more hair then wit.

S. Dr. Not a man of these but he hath the wit to lose his hauere.

Ant. Why? thou didst conclude hairy men plaine dealers without wit.

S. Dr. The plainer dealer, the sooner loast; yet beelooche it in a kinde of lollation.

Ant. Per what reason.

S. Dr. For two, and found anes to.

Ant.
Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. 1. I, Antipholus, look strange and frowne, Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet affecciouns: I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. The stone was once, when thou wert't; wouldst thou not, That never words were musefie to thine ear, That never obiect pleas'g in thine eye, That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste, Valefie I speake, or look'd, or touch'd, or car'd to thee. How comes it now, my Husband, how comes it, That thou art estrang'd from thy felloe? Thy felloe I call it, being strange to me: That vnindisputable Incorporate. Am better then thy deere felloe better part. Ah do not care away thy felloe from me; For know my love to fale maist thou fall A drop of water in the breaking guife, And take vnmingled thence that drop against Without addition or diminishing, At take from me thy felloe, and not me too. How deerely would it touch close to the quick, Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious? And that this body confecrate to thee, By Russian Luft should be contaminat'd. Wouldst thou not pit at me, and spurne at me, And hurle the name of husband in my face, And rear the fin'd skin of my Harlot brow; And from my false hand cast the wedding ring, And break it with a deep-decorious vow? I know thou canst, and therefore fea thou do it. I am poiffe't with an adulterate bliss, My blood is mingled with the crime of lust: If we two be one, and thou play falles; I doe diggest the potion of thy felth, Being trumperet by thy contagion; Keep then faireleague and trute with thy true bed, I live dictate, thou vnthnk'd and forlorn'd.

Antip. Plead thou to me faire dame? I know you not: In Ephesia 2 I am but two hours old, As strange were your countenance, so is your talker; Who every word by all my wit being fear'd, Wants with it, some other word vnverifi'd.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you! When were you wont to vie thy fitches thus? She fakes for you by Dramis home to dinner.


Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him. That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes, Denied my housle for his, me for his wife. And did you conquer for this gentlewoman: What is the course and drift of your compasse? S. 1st. I fif? I never saw her till this time. Adr. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words, Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart. S. 2d. I never spake with her in all my life. Adr. How can she then tell vs by our names? Valefie is by inspiration. Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravitie, To counterfeit thus grofely with your falue, Abetting him to sharte 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 fatten on thi strew of thine: Thou art an Eline my husband, I Vine: Whole wealeffe married to thy strange flate, Makes me with thy strength to communicate: If ought poiffe't thee from me, it is droffe, Vтурпing Lie, Brie, or idle Mffe, Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion, Infuet thy sap, and live on thy confusion. Adr. To mee fatee speaks, there mouses mee for her theme; What was I married to her in my dreame? Or taketh thou now, and thinkest I bear all this? What error driveth our cies and cares amiss? Vntill I know this sure vncertainties, Ile entertaine the free't fallacie. Luc. Dramis, goe bid the femants fered for dinner. S. Dram. Oh for my besids, I cryle for a fitter, This is the Faire land, oh fught of nightes, We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights; If we obey them not, this will infue: They'll froke out breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew. Luc. Why praft thou to thy felle, and anfwer't not! Dramis thou Dramis, thou finale, thou flag, thou for. S. 2d. I am transformed Master, am I not? Luc. I think thou art in mindes, and so am I. S. 3rd. Nay Master, both in mindes, and in my flape, Luc. Thou halfe shaine owne fome. S. 2d. No, I am an Ape. Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, tis to an Ange. S. 2d. Thou the ride me, and I long for graffe. Tis lo, I am an Ange, it could never be, But I should know her as well as the knowes me. Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foolie, To put the finger in the eie and weepes; Whilt man and Maffer laughs my woes to fome: Come fere to dinner, Dramis keep the gate: Husband lie dine alone with you to day, And shuirue your a thousand idle prankses: Sirra, if any ask you for your Maffer, Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter: Come fitter, Dramis play the Porter well. Adr. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell? Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduilde: Knowne vnreall theft, and to my felle digustible: Ie fay as they say, and perfecute fo: And in this mist all accidents go. S. 2d. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate? Adr. 1. And let none enter, lest I breakes your pate. Luc. Come, come, adieu adieu, we dine to late.
The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his Man Dromio, Angerio the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Goodaigne Angerio you must excuse us all,
My wife is out with when I keep not horse;
Say that I lingered with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carcans,
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 best him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and bawse;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
E. Drom. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to shew
If my skin was parcht, & y blowes you gave were ink,
Your then hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think thou set an affe.
E. Drom. marry is it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I bear,
I should lacke being kickt, and being at that pace,
You would keep from my heater, and beware of an affe.
E. Ant. Y'are dreaded signior Balthasar, pray God our chere May answer my good will, and your good welcome hear.
But I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.
E. Ant. Oh signior Balthasar, either at first or fifth.
A table full of welcome, makes leaves one day heath.
E. Drom. Good meetes sir is chosen that every chere affrairs.
E. Ant. And welcome more common, let that be nothing but words.
E. Drom. Small chere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.
E. Ant. to a niggardly Hof, and more is saying guilt.
But though my cates be meat, take them in good part,
Better chere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.
E. Drom. Mand, Besid, Ferret, Naron, Cify, Gallan, Grum.
S. Drom. Monte, Malhorie, Captan, Coma, Comme, Idior, Patch.
E. Ant. Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the harch;
Dost thou consumme four wenchers, that I call for such fare, When one is not too many, goe get thee from the doore.
E. Drom. What patch is made is our Porter? my Master
flayes in the street.
E. Drom. Let him walkes from whence he came left her bach cold soe's feet.
E. Ant. Who tills within there? has open the doore.
S. Drom. Right sir, he call you when, and you'll tell me wherefor.
E. Ant. Wherefore? if my dinner? I have not dined to day.
S. Drom. Not to day have you made not come againe when you may.
E. Ant. What art, thou that kipst me out from the house I wepe.
S. Drom. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.
E. Drom. O villain, you haft stolen both mine office
And my name,
Thou one part get me credite, the other nicket blame:
If thou hadst borne Drupio up day in my place,
"At a fife without a stomach, a sowe without a sowes, if a crow goe vp in firr, we'll plucke a crow together."

Amidst Haughtinesses be, will I know thee, for
Hence you wate against your persuasions,
And doe us within the compass of those?
Th' envious and honor of your wife.
Once when your holy experience of yowesowen,
Her former vertue, yeares, and modesties;
Plead on your part some cause to it vnhabituate;
And doubt not for, but the well ensue.
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be told by ye, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger sit to dinner,
And about eating come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this stranger restraint:
It by strong hand you offer to brake in
Now in the strait passage of the day,
A viler comment will be made of it;
And that supossed by the common root.
Against your yet engag'd estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grace when you are dead;
For flander lustes upon insuccesst.
For sure howard, where it getts possesion.
Ani. You have praelud'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in dispight of mirth meane to be mercie:
I know a wench of excellent dilience,
Drest and writte wise, and yet too gentle;
There will we done: this woman that I mean
My wife (but I protest without defer)
Hath oftentimes espoused me whilfull:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know it made,
Bring it I praye you to the Perpetuome,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bellow
(But it for nothing but to figne my wife)
Upon mine house full there, good fife make haste:
Since mine owne dores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke elle-where, to fее if they'll dilateme.
Ani. Ife meet you at that place some house thence.
Ani. Do so, this shall tell me some expence.

Enter Livia, with Anthophilus of Scarmia.

Ani. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? Shall Anthophilus
Even in the spring of Lout, thy Lout-springs rot?
Shall loute in building grow to ruin?
If you did wed my fife for her wealth,
Then far her wealthes-fake were her with more kindeffe;
Or if you like elle-where doe is by fleshly,
Muffle your falle louse with some fiew of blindnesse:
Let not my fitter read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shame Orest:
Look sweet, forake faire, become dulloyalite:
Apparel vice like verrues harbinger:
Bear a faire presence, though your heart be taintet,
Teach finne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret siles: what need thee be acquainted?
What simplic thieves brag of his owne scaine?
'Tis double wrong to truss with your bed,
And let her read it in dry lookeshead boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an vell word:
Alas poore women, make you no believe,

(Censing stand of credite) that you know vs,

Though others hause the same, theyr vs stretho;
We in your motion came, and you may wade;
Thus gentle brother get you in suspense;
Comfort my fife, then calle her wife;
'Tis holy toret to be a little vace,
When the sweet breach of Battarke comparte firte.

S. Ani. Sweete Matriss, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do be of mine;
Left in your knowledge, and your grace you shew not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth dwaine,
Teach me deere creature how to think and speake;
Lay open to my earthe graceful conceit;
Smothred in errors, feebly,shallow, weak:
The foulsd meaning of your words desert;
Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an yokmowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ie yeald;
But if that I Am, then well I know,
Your weeping fife is no wife of mine,
Not to her bed no homagge doe I owe:
Fare more, fare more, to you doe I decline;
Oh triaine me not sweet Mermaidie with thy note,
To drowne me in thy fitter flood of tears:
Sing Siren for thy felse, and I will doe;
Spread out the diuer wares thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ie take thee there lie;
And in that glorious supposition thince,
He gaine by death, that hath such means to die:
Let Loute, being light, be drownded at the finke,

Luc. What are you mad that you doe resion so?

Ani. Not mad, but mazed, how I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springs from your eye.

Ani. For gazey on your owne tears faire up being by.

Luc. Graze what you should, and that will erect your figh.

Ani. As good to winke sweete loute, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me loute? Call my fitter go.

Ani. Thy fitters filter.

Luc. That's my fitter.

Ani. No: it is thy felse, mine owne felles better part;
Mine eies cleeere eie, my deere hearts dreer heart;
My foodle, my fortune, and my sweet hopes sine;
My fole earths heauen, and my heavens claim.

Luc. All this my fitter is; or else should be.

Ani. Call thy felse filter filter, for I am thee;
There will I love, and with thee lead my life;
 Thou hatt no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soe fir, hold you full;
Ile fetch my fitter to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dromios, Scarmia.

Ani. Why how now Dromios, where run'st thou so fast?

S. Drom. Do you know me fit? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my felse?

Ani. Thou art Dromios, thou art my man, thou art thy felse.

Drom. I am an felse, I am a woman name, and besides my felse.

Ani. What woman name? and how besides thy felse?

Drom. Marrie fir, besides my felse, I am due to a woman;
One that claimeth me, one that hateth me, one that will haue me.

Ani. What.
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What claimeth haste thee to thee?

Dro. Marry fit, such claimes as you would lay to your house, and she would have me as a beast, not that I being a beast I would have me, but that the being a beast being a beast creature layes claim to me.

Ant. What is this to thee?

Dro. A very recurent body: I such a one, as a man may not speak of, without he say for reverence, I have but leave lacke in the match, and yet is the wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How doft thou mean fat marriage?

Dro. Marry fit, 'tis the Kithkin wench, & al greafe, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If the luell still domesday, she'll Dunke a weke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What composition is that of?

Dro. Swart like my floo, but her face nothing like to cleanse kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe ouer-shoers in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No fir, 'tis in graine, Neat's fluid could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Ned Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is spherically, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Marry fit in her buttocks, I found it out by the beggers.

Ant. Where Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barermease, hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and sauntered, making ware against her here.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chalke Cliffs, but I could find no whitenece in them. But I guette, it flood in her chin by the fast rheume that came betweene France, and it.

Ant. Where Spaine?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh fir, upon her nose, all ore embellisht with Rubes, Carbuncles, Saphires, deeming their rich Addept to the hot breath of Spaine, who lent whole Armadoes of Carretts to be ballasted her reverence.

Ant. Where flood Belge, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or Dunner layd claim to mee, call'd mee Dramie, Iwar I was affl'd to her, told me what prinie marks I had about mee, as the marks of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Warre on my left arm, that I sme'd rane from her as a witch. And I think, if my brow had not beene made of flesh, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Carrell Dog, & made me turne 't h wheele.

Ant. Go hithe presently, poft to the rode, And if the winde blowe any way from thence, I will not harbour in this Towne to night.

Dro. If any Bankes put forth, come to the Mutt,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If any one knowes vs, and we know none,
This time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Bearer a man would run for life,
So fitt I from her that would be my wife.

Exit Ant. There's no note but Witcher doth inhabit these, And therefore 'tis his time that I were hence; She that doth call me husband, even my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire fitter
Polleit with such a gentle foueraigne grace,
Of such incanting presence and discourse, Hath made this once, the Traitor to my selfe:
But least they felt be guilty to false wrong
Ile flop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angels with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr. Amphithea.

Ant. That's my name.

Ang. I know it well fir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to have cause you at the Perpetuas,
The chaine unfinisht'd made me flay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please you fir, I hope I made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me fir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twente times you have,
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall.

Ant. A man at supper time I live visitt you, And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you fir receive the money now,
For feare you re receiue chaine, nor many more.

Ang. You are a merry man fir, face you well.

Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But if thine thoughts, this is no man is to know:
That would refute so faire an offer'd Chaine.
I fee a man heere needs not lye by shifty.
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for Dranie Flay,
If any flipp put out, then straight away.

Exit.

Atius Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter a Mercer, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due, And since I chance not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Tempe, and want Gilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even suit the sum that I doe owe to you,
Is growing to me by Amphithea,
And in the instant that I owe you,
He had of me a Chaine, as fit a jocque
I shall receive the money for the fame:
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Exit Amphithea. Right, Dramion from the Compeitants.

Off. That labour may you face: See where he comes.

Ant. While I goe to the Goldsmiths house, I go thour
And buy a rope or end, and will I beat it.
Among my wife, and when I understand it.
For I am going out of my course by day:
But lost I see the Goldsmith i, could not gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dea. I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

Gold. Here is thy fee, stret the officer.
I would not meet my brother in this case.
If he should come to me apparently.
Off. I do stret you, sir, you hear the fife.
And I do obey thee, till I gisse that baile.
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as decre, As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in England,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter 'Dreams Sirs. from the Bay.
Dr. Malert, there's a Barke of Epidamnunum,
That sails but till her Owner comes aboard, And then the hearse away. Our fraughtage fir, I have consec'd aboard, and I have bought.
The Oyle, the Balzamin, and Aqua-viva.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde.
Blows fre from land: they fly for nought at all, But for their Owner, Malert, and your felle.

Dr. How then a Mament? Why thou prettis shere
What ship of Epidamnunum sails for me.
S.Dra. A ship you lent me too, to hire wastage.
Off. Thou drunken fife, I fear thee for a rope, And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
S. Dra. You lent me for a ropes end as soone, You lent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.

Abs. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to lift me with more heed:
To Adriana Villaine his thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's coverture with Turkish Tapistry, There is a purse of Duckers, let her lend it is:
Tell her, I am afeare in the streete,
And that shall baile me: she thee fife, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till is come.

Exit S. Draun. To Adriana, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband.
She is too bigge I hope for me to compare,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For Ceruants must their Masters minds fulfill.

Exit Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Dr. Al Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive solearly in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yes or no:
Look'd he or reed or pale, or sad or merrily?
What obligation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his heart Metersen tilting in his face.

Luc. First he did n't fear thee had him in no right.
Abs. He meant he did me none: the more my plight.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a strangers heere.

Abs. And true be swere, though yet forsworne he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Abs. And what said he?
Luc. Thar I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Abs. What a pretention did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest fuit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Abs. Did it speak him faire?
Luc. Have patience I beseech.
Abs. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, troked, old, and faire.
ill-fa'ted, worst bodied, hopeless everywhere:
Vicious, ungenteel, foolifh, blunt, yunkide.

Stigma

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The Country of Errors

Systematical in making us safe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil left is well'd, when it is done.

Adr. Ah but I think him better then I say:
And yet were herein others ies were worse:
Fare from her neth the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Drxm, Luc.

Luc. Here goes: the deke, the purl, sweet now make haste.

S. Drxm. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master Drxm? Is he well?

S. Drxm. No, he's in Tàratt limbs, worse then hell:
A diuell in an everlafting garment hath him
On whose hard heart is button'd wt with steel:
A Feind, a Faire, pistilfe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, a Wolfe, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulter-clapper, one that counterfeits
The passes of allies, creckes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws driftos well,
One that before the Judgmet carries poor foules to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Drxm. I do not know the matter, he is refled on the cafe.

Adr. What is he refled at me where at feast?

S. Drxm. I know not at whole feite he is refled at;
but is in a luste of buffe which refled him, that can I tell,
will you fend him Militis redemption, the cause in his deke.

Adr. Go fetch Sifer: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowen to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he refled on a band?

S. Drxm. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chain, a chain, doe you not here it ring.

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Drxm. No. no, the bell, this time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The hours come backe, that did I newer here.

S. Drxm. Oh yes, if any hour meete a Seriante, a turns backe for vertic fear.

Adr. As it were in debt: how fondly do't thou reason?

S. Drxm. Time is a vertic bankrout, and owes more then
he's worth to feation.

Nay, he's a thefie too: hate you not heard men say,
That time comes feeding on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Seriante in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go Drxm, there's the monie, heare it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediatly.

Come Sifer, I am prefect downe with concert:
Consent, my comfort and my inquiet.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Scrafa.

There's not a man I meete but doth faile me:
And if I were their well acquainted friend,
And cueried one doth call by my name:
Some tender movie to me, some insuite me;
Some other give me thankes for kindnese;
Some offer mee Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his floph,
The Comedie of Errores.

Enter Adriana, Lorinna, Corinna, and a Schoolmaster, called Pitch.

Adri. Come goe along, my wife is coming anon.

E. Dra. Mistress rushing, reject your end, or rather the professor like the Parraus beware the ropes end.

Adri. Wilt thou still talk?

Beast. Dra.

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility continues no lesse:

Good Doctor Pitch, you are a Comrurer,

Ephesian, in his true sense againe,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how farrly, and how sharp he lookt.

Cur. Mark, how he trembles in his extat.

Pitch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulle.

Adri. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pitch. I charge thee Sarah, how'st within this man,

To yeld pollfection to thy holie prayers,

And to thy State of darknesse his three stage,

I conspire thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Atri. Peace doing wizardy, peace; I am not mad.

Adri. Oh that thou were not, poor destitute foule.

Atri. You Minion you, are these thy Customers?

Did this Companion with the saffron face

Realitl and feast it at my house to day,

Whilist upon me the guilty doores were shut,

And I denied to enter my house.

Adri. O husband, God doth know you din't at home

Where would you have remained 'till this time,

Free from thee flanders, and this open chame.

Atri. Din't at home? Thou Villain, what Magist thou?

Dra. Sit foor to say, you did not dine at home.

Atri. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dra. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Atri. And did not the her Giff reule me there?

Dra. Say Fable, she re felle reuld it you there.

Atri. Did not her kitchen inside raise, rooms, and

Scorne me?

Dra. Cecile the did, the kitchen vestall fromd you.

Atri. And did not I rage depart from thence?

Dra. In veritie you did, my bones bears witnesse,

That since hue felt the vigor of his rage.

Atri. It's good to fouith him in those crostaries

Pitch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vain,

And yelding to him, humors well his frende.

Adri. Thou hast fabe born'd the Goldsmith to attest me.

Atri. Alas, I feel you Monie to redeem you,

By Dra. hear, who came in half for it.

Dra. Monie by me! Heart and good will you might,

But surefly Maffett not a rage of Monie.

Atri. Wast not thou to her for a parte of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witnesse with her that she did.

Dra. God and the Rope-maker bears me witnesse,

That I was fee for nothing but a rope.

Pitch. Mistress, both Man and Maffett is pedlaff,

I know it by their pale and deadly lookes.

I beare it on my shoulders, as a bigger wootent her best:

and I thinke when he hath land'me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

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The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and laid in some dark rooms.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me fast thus, And why doest thou denye the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not grante husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle M. I receiued no gold. But I confesse it, that we were lockt out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speakest false in both.

Dro. Dissembling harlot, they are false in all, And art confederate with a dammed packe,
To make a lustfulome aborte forme of me,
But with these nails, I pluck out these false eyes, That would behold in me this flametfull sport.

Enter three or foure, and after to bind him.

Her Areas.

Adr. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come nere me.

Dro. More company, the fault is strong within him.

Luc. Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murder me, thou tailor thou?

I am thy prisoner, wilt thouuffer them to make a rescue?

Off. Masters let him go he is my prisoner, and you shall not haue lam.

Dro. Go bind this man, for he is franke too.

Ant. What wilt thou do, thou pestish Officer?

Half thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debts he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Before me withthunto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe convey it
Home to his house, oh most unhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappy transmper.

Dro. Master, I am hereto entered in bond for you.

Adr. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the dutty.

God help poore soules, how idely doe they talk.

Off. Go bear him hence, hitter go you with me.

Say now, whole time is he aselcted at.


Off. One Angelis Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the lammee he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how grows it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did delape a Chaine for me, but had it not.

Cour. When at your husband all in rage to day.

Came to your house, and took away my Ring,
The Ring how upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did not see it.

Come tailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Succesful with his Rapier drawn, and Drama Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more help to开采 them bound again.

Romus all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs.

Exit. Mourt, as fast as may be frighted.

S. Ant. I see the Witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would bee thy wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Cenarur, fetch our fluffe from thence:

They that were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. Faith stay here this night, they will sorely do
ys vs no harme: you say they speake vs faire, give vs gold:
me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the
mountaine of mad Belth that claimes marriage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay here still, and taste
Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our fluffe aboard.  

Exit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am forie Sir, that I have hindred you
Put't oost he had the Chaine of me,
Though most diffficultly he could deute it.

Mort. How is the man esteemd here in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation, for
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the Citie:
His word might beare my sealt at any tyme.

Mort. Speake softly, yonder as I think he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromione again.

Gold. I told, and that false chace about his necks,
Which he forswore most most freudely to have.
Good for draw gree to me, Ile speake to him:
Signor Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some feutall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to desine
This Chaine, which now you were to open
Before the chace, the fame, imprisonnement,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for fayning on our Contraversie,
Had hoised fate, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me can you deny it?

Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mort. Yes that you did fir, and forswore too.

Ant. Who heard me to desineit or forswore it?

Mort. These cases of mine thou knowid did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou luest
To walk where any honest men restro.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeche me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honest
Against thee prettily, if thou dost stand:

Mort. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesyan and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:

Binde Drama too, and beare them to my house.

S. Dro. Runne murther run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Prisise, in ye are spoild:

Exit to the Priests.

Enter.

IV. iv. 96—V. i. 37

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Enter Lady Abbess.

Ad, Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distraught husband hence,
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recollection.

Gold, I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mrs. I am sorry now I did draw on him.
Adr. How long hath this possession held the man.
Ad. This weke he hath beene beare, lowest sod,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Nor brake into extremity of rage.

Adr. Hath he not lost much wealth by want of seas,
Buried some dear friends, hast not else his eye
Stray'd his affections in unlawful love,
A false prevaricating much in youthful times,
Who gave them the liberty of going,
Which of their forrowes is he subject to?
Ad. To none of theft, except it be the last,
Namely, some beast that drew him off from home.
Adr. You are said for that have reprehended him.
Ad. Why did I?
Adr. But not enough.
Ad. As roughly as my modestie would let me.
Adr. Happily in pruizte.
Ad. And in assemblies too.
Ad, I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the coppe of our Conference,
In bed he slept not for your vrging it,
At board he fed not for your vrging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my Thankes:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Ad. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome chlaron of a jealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogs tooth,
It feemes his sleepees were binded by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou said his meate was space with thy spairadings,
Venquet malest make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred,
And what's a Feaver, but a fit of madness?

Thou layet hast his sports were binded by thy brailies,
Sweeter recreation had, what doth entice
But moodie and dull melancholy,
Kinfman to grim and comfortless dispaire,
And at her hecules a huge infectuous troop
Of pale diaterrnares, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-prefering rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast.
The consequence is then, thy jealousy fires,
Hath fill'd thy husband from the rice of wits.

Lad. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demand'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Ad. She did betray me to my owne reprooe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ad. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your fences bring my husband forth.

Ad. Neither: he tooke this place for landsharry,
And it shall pinnicke him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or looke my labour in satisfying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknells, for it is my Office,
And will have no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with mee.
Adr. By prayes, for I will not let him there,
Till I have add the approacned means I have,
With wholsome sirups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a forrmall man again:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable done of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth before your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Ad. I beseech you depart, thou shalt not have him.

Mrs. Complain you to the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And never rise vntill my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.

Ad. By this I think the Diall points as fine,
And howe inuare the Duke himselfe in person.
Comes this way to the melancholly vale,
The place of depth, and some execution,
Behinde the drucks of the Abbey here.
Goff. Upon what cause?

Adr. To see a renowned S Chholm Merchant,
Who put vnluckly into this Bay.
Against the Laws and Statutes of this Towne,
Blewshedd publickly for his offence.
Goff. See where they come, we shall behold his death
Adr. Kneel to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Eylesbur, and the Merchant of Strauncie
bore here, with the Headman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaim it publickly.
If my friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, to much we tender him.

Adr. I sure may for the Duke against the Abbesse.

Duke. She is a veriuous and a recreall Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done the wrong.

Adr. May it please you Grace, Australs my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
As your important Lette is this day.
A most oderly and goodly inuare tooke him:
That deepely he hurried through the firesteer,
With him his bandman, as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By casting in their houses bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whill't take order for the wrong I went,
That here and there his furie had constirmed,
Anon I wont not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chace'd vs away till lasting of more aide

Adr. Neither: we came againe to bind vs them when they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And here the Abbesse flusht the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor fende him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore

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The Comedie of Errors.

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband issu'd me in my wars
And to thee ingag'd a Prince to wed,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbelle come to me:
I will determine this before I die.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris Mistress, hie and take your seate,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Mails a slip, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have fag'd off with brandes of fire,
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pieces of puddled myre to quench the haires;
My Master preaches patience to him, and the whole
His mad with Circe stinks him like a foole:
And sure (unto I send you some present helpe)
Betwene them they will kill the Conjuror.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs.
Mistrix, upon my life I tell you true.
I have not breath'd almost since I did see
He cries for you, and vows I the canelay me,
To search your face, and to dissuade you:

Saw, harke, harke, I hear thine Mistris, fly, be gone.

Duke. Come hand by hand, fear nothing: guard with
Halberd.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about insable,
Euen now we housh him in the Abbey here,
And now he's there, full thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Act. If justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me no
Euen for the frencie that long since I did thee,
When I didst thee in the variest, and tooke
Deepe careles to loose thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now get me justice.

Mar. Fau. Vilest the tears of death doth make me
done, I see my some Antipholus and Dromio.

E. Act. Junifer (sweet Princes) grant you Woman therse,
Whom thou hast guilt to me to be my wife,
The hath abused his trust euer since I se,
Even in the strength and height of maturer:
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath them-cleeft thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and then that I will judge.

E. Act. This day (great Duke) she flut the doore upon me,
While with fire with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greenious fault: a woman didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: to beall my foule,
As this it false he bareneth me without,
Late, there may I looke on day, but fire on night,
But the tells to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. Oh pernous woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman surely charge them.

E. Act. My Lord, I am assured what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wines,
Nor heate-craft provoqu'd with raging me,
Albeit my wrongs might make one witer mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner,
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Perpentinum,
Where Eulabes and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this perfidious Goldsmith there entice me downe,
That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.

I did obey, and sent my Petant home
For certaine Duckets: with none return'd.

Then I fairly I bespoke the Officer
To go in procession with me to my house.
By this way, we met my wife, her sister, and a stable more,
Of wilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-sac'd Villainse,
A mere Anatomie, a Mountebane,
A third bare legger, and a Fortunette-teller,
A newly-hell'd every-grasping-wretch; a
A lining dead man. This peneicous flour,
Forsooth took on him as a Conjuror:
And gazing in muse eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poiffill. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vaults at home
There left me my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gain'd my freedom; and immediately
Rusheth to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepes shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnesse with him:
That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chaine there, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he can in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his neck.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworn these errors of mine,
Heard you confess he had the Chaine there,
After you wente on it the Matt,
And thereupon I drew my Sword on him.
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whome I think he and you are come by Mistake.

E. Act. I never came within this Abbey walls,
Nor ever didth thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, to help me heauen:
And this is false you burden me withall.

Duke. Why what an inestimmable is this?
I think you all have drunke of Cresses cup:
It there you hous'd him, heere he would have him.
If he were mad, he would not please to coldly:
You say he did at home, the Goldsmith heere.
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

E. Dru. Sir he did he with her therse, at the Porper-
The Comedie of Errors.

Exeunt to the Abbey.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vaunt safe me speak a word: Happily I see a friend will save my life, And pay the sum that may defile me.


Fa. Is not your name Sirrah? Anthony? And is not your bondman Dromio?

E. Drom. Within this hour I was his bondman sir, But now I thank him enough in my words, Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Fa. I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. Drom. Our fates we doe remember by you: For lately we were bound as you are now.

Fa. You are not Paches patient, are you sir? Father. Why looke you Starange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I neither saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Old gentle hach chang’d me since you saw me last, And carefull hours with times deformed hand, Have witten strange decease in my face: But tell me yet, doth thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

E. Drom. Do not thou?

Drs. No truth me sir, not I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man deames, you are now bound to beleeve me.

Fa. Not know my voice, oh time is treainty

Haft thou so crack’d and splitted my poor tongue

In leaun short yeares, that herre my only lunne
Knowes not my feeble keye of vane’d care? Though now this strained face of mine lord
In cap-consumming Winters drizzled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wafting lampes sore fading glimmer left;
My dull devise cares a little woe to heare: All these old winterles, I cannot erre.
Telle me, thou art my sonne Anthony?

E. Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But leuen yeares since, in a strange boy
Thou knowst? we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou hast not to acknowledge me in mine.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can wintresse with me that it is not so.
I rec’st lawe Satrachan in my life.

Duke. I tell thee Satrachan, twente yeares
Have I bin Patron to Anthony,
During which time, heere I lawe Satrachan,
I fee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Anthony Sirrah, and Dromio Sir.

Abbess. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong’d.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I meete two husbands, or mine eyes decease me.

Duke. One of these men is geniun to the other:
And so of these, which is the natural man,
And which the fruit? Who decipheres them?

S. Drom. I see my Dromio, command hime away.

E. Drom. I see my Dromio, pray me stay.

S. Ant. Ego reat thou not or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my owle Master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will lose his bords,
And gain a husband by his libertie:
Speak oldle Egorn, if thou see the man
That hadst a wife once call’d Emlia,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire fonnaes?
Oh if thou see it the same Egorn, speake:
And speake vnto the fame Emlia.

Duke. Why here begins his morning florice right:
These two Anthony, these two fo like,
And these two Dromio, in one in semblance:
Besides her vring of her wracke at fee,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidently are met together.

E. Ant. If I were not, thou art Emlia,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that fonnae
That flasted with thee on the fastall stage.

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fifteener of Carith
By force rooke Dromio, and my fonnae from them,
And mee they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.

Duke. Anthony, your most renowned Vackle.

Adr. Which of you two didi dace with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Mithris.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say now to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did the call me so:
And this faire Gentlemear her fitter here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this but a drame I fee and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chame sir, which you bad of me.

S. Ant. I think it be for, I denie it not.

E. Ant. And you for this Chame artcelled me.

Jed. I think I fud it, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you monete sir to be your baile

By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dre. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purfe of Duckers I receiued from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I fee we haill did meece each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for mee,
And thereupon these errors are strofe.

E. Ant. These Duckers gawne I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not reede, thy father hath his life.

Car. Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, your selfe to take the paines To go with vs into the Abbey here,
And here at large discouerde all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpastied one daces error
Have sufferd wrong. Goe, keepe vs company.

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The Comedie of Errors.

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirsty three yeares hence I but gone in trastyle
Of you my foremen, and till this partake knowe
My heauie barke, and so delved in
The Duke my husband, and my children both.
And you the Kalender of their Nativitie
Go to a Gossip's feast, and goe with mee.
After too longe grette such Nativitie.
Duke. With all my heart, the Gossip at this feast.

Execut comes. Marry the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dre. Madam, shall I fetch your flouses from shipboard?
E. An. Dromio, what flouses of mine haue thou imbarke
S. Dre. Your goods that lay at hoft fir in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He spake to me, I am your Master Dromio.

Come go with vs, we'll looke to that soone,
Embrace thy brothether, salute with him.

E. D. Dre. There is a fair friend at yours masters house,
That hath had a matyr you so daye or dimer:
She now shall be my sister, nature made;
E. D. Dre. I thinkt greats my plaine, not my brother.
I see by you, I am a stewarte, &c. of yours.
Will you wade in all the glopping stirs?
S. Dre. Not, I say, nor my children.
E. Dre. That's a question, how shall we save us?
S. Dre. We will draw Cart for the Signe, till thou
lead thou first.
E. Dre. Hey then there.
We came into the world like brother and brother.
And now let's go hand in hand, once more before another.

FINIS.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Aitus primus, Scena prima.

Enter L{}no{t}tus Governor of Messina, Hespan his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a messenger.

L{}no{t}tus, Do leane this Letter, that PETAR of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Meff. He is very hhere by this; he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Len. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Meff. But few of any fort, and none of name.

Len. A victory is twice it self, when the schiereur brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florenceyn, called Claudio.

Meff. Much deferm'd on his part, and equally rememberd by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lanabe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeed better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Len. He hath an Vnkle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Meff. I have already delivered him letters, and there appeares much joy in him, cuen so much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a bodg of buttnerne.

Len. Did he break out into teares?

Meff. In great meaure.

Len. A kinde order how of kinde, there are no faces truer, then those that are to wash'd, how much better is it to weep at joy then to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montfort return'd from the warres, or no?

Meff. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none feth in the army of any fort.

Len. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Meff. Obe's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He let vp his bils here in Messina, and challenge Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnkle soole reading the Challenge, subcrib'd for Cupid, and challenge'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many bache hee kill'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath hee kill'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Len. Faith Neece, you taste Sigillor Benedicke too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meff. He hath done good slue of Lady in these wares.

Beat. You had musty virnels, and he hath holpe to ease it; he's a very valiant Trelchter-man, hee hath an excellent Romacke.

Meff. And a good foulder too Lady.

Beat. And a good foulder to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meff. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, fluit with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a fluit man: but for the flussing well, we are all morall.

Len. You must not (fr) mislike my Neece, there is a kind of merry war between Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skimish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last con-

Clado, there of his five wisd won halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to kepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horfe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasnable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Beat. Yest possibile?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meff. Yee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bokkes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my fiery. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the dice?

Meff. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooher caugh then the prettiness, and the take runs prefently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cu'd.

Meff. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Len. Yee you're too mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meff. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balboso, and John the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior L{}no{t}tus, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid coft, and you encounter it.

Len. Never came trouble to my hose in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his lease.

I 3
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Lemate. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Pedro. Were you in doubt that she ask her?

Lemate. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may grieve by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

B. If Signior Lemate be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as the is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick, no body makes you.

B. What my deere Ladie Difdaina! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Difdaina should die, while she hath such meatee foodes to feed it, as Signior Benedick?

Curtefe it feele must convert to Difdaina, if you come in her presence.

Beat. Then is curtefe a turre-coate, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A deere happiness to women, they would elfe have beene troubled with a pitifull Sinner, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather have my Dog bakke at a Crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Beat. God keep your Ladiship full in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall (cape a predilettate facet face.

Beat. Scrapling could not make it worke, and were such a face as yours were.

Beat. Well, you are a rare Parratt teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaft of your.

Beat. I would my hose had the speed of your tongue, and so good a courser, but keep your way a Gods nane, I have done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a ladets tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: Lemate, signior Claudio, and signior Benedick; my deere friend Lemate, hath informed you all, I tell him we shall fly here, at the least a smooth, and he heartily prais some occasion may desarte vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypercrite, but praisie from his heart.

Lem. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconcilied to the Prince your brother: I owe you all ducie.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Lem. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Lemate, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Most Benedick and Claudia.

Cla. Benedick, did he not then the daughter of signior Lemate?

B. Insteed her not, but I look on her.

Cla. Is she not a modest young Ladie?

Beat. Do you question me as an honett man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my counte, as being a professed tyrant to labors?

Cla. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Beat. Why yach that moe thinkes to be too low for a filme praise, took enow for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were fleshe other then she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Cla. Thou thinkst I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou likst her.

Beat. Would you bifie her, that you enquier after her?

Cla. Can the world buie such a jewell?

Beat. Yes, and a cafe to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or do you play the flowinge rake, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter? Come, in what key shall man take you to goe in the song?

Cla. In muce nie, she is the sweetest Ladie that ever I look on.

Beat. I can fee yet without spectacles, and I see no fuch matter: there's her cofin, and she were not poffeit with a furie, exceeds her as much in beaute, as the fift of March hath the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to tume husband, haue you?

Cla. I would scarce trufl my selfe, though I had fowe the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Beat. Ift come to this, in faith hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with fulpilion? shall I never see a butcher of these three age againe? goe to faith, and thou wilt undertake thy selfe into a hole, weare the print of it, and high away fundaies: looke, don Pedro is returned to fecke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the buffard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Lemate?

Bened. I would your Grace would command me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count Claudia, I can be secret as a dunbe man, I would have you think (but on my allegiance, make you this, on my allegiance) bhee is in love, With who? now that is your Graces part: make how short his anwier is, with Hero, Lemate's short daughter.

Cla. If this were so, were it vritted.

Ben. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indee, God forbid it should be so.

Cla. If my passion change not shoultly, God forbid it should be other wise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is very well worthie.

Cla. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Cla. And in faith, my Lord, I spoake mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and throsts, my Lord, I spoake mine.

Cla. That I love her, I teele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Ben. That I neither feele how shee should be lovd, nor know how fhir should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obfinante heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Cla. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Beat. That


Much ado about Nothing.

Bass. That a woman conceited me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, like wise Guinecher must humble thankes: but that I will have a re chase winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inbullet baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any. I will doe my felse the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for which I may goe the finer) I will live a Battelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loose.

Bass. With anger, with fickene, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: proate that ever I looke more blood with loose, then I will gete againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Bullet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doen of a brothel-houfe for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bass. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat & shoot me at, and he that his melet, he be clapt on the shoulder, and said Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall be: In time the sausage

Bass. The sausage bull may, but if ever the finable

Benedick beare it, pluck out the bull's hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be wildly yaued, and in such great Letters as they write, there is good hore to hire: let them ignigne vnder my sight, here you may see Benedick the married man.

Claus. If this should ever happen, thou wouldest be

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spelt all his Quiser in Venice, thou wilt quake for this sharply.

Bass. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temportse with the hours, in the mean time, good Sighion Benedick, reprove to Leonato, commend me to him, and tell him I will not saie him at supper, for in dede he hath made great preparation.

Bass. I have almost matter enough in me for such an

Claus. To the tutition of God. From my bowle, if I had it.


Bass. Nay mock not, mock not: the body of your
discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly battled on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your confidence, and do I leave you.

Claus. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it how but,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn.

Any hard Leffon that may doe thee good.

Claus. Hath Leonato any fonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but here, she's his onely heire.

Doft thou suffe her (Claudia?)

Claus. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd upon her with a foulders eye,

That ilk'd, but had a rugged taske in hand,

Than to drudge likag to the name of loue:

But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts

Hau left their places vacant: in their roomes,

Come thongring soft and delicate deites,

All promptinge mee how faire yong Herins is,

Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wares.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer presently,

And tire the hearer with a booke of words:

If you do not loue faire Herins, cherish it,

And I will breake with her: wait not to this end,

That thou be louer to twiffl to fine a flour?

Clau. How (weelee) doe you minifie to loue,

That know loues grieve by his complextion?

But let my liking may too fadsine seene,

I would have fai'd it with a longer tristise.

Ped. What need f brudge much broader then the flower?

The fairest granute is the necessite:

Looke what will fener, fit: fit once, thou loue not,

And I will fit thee with the remedie,

I know we shall haue resellil to night,

I will assume thy part in some disfigure,

And tell faire Herins I am Claudio,

And in her bosome I enlaçage my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then after, to her father will I breake,

And the conclusion, thee shall be thine,

In prachlet let ev ry thing is faiety.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man, together to Leonato.

Lee. How now brother where is my chosen fonen: he hath he pronounced this mutileke ?

Old. He is very bulie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dream not of.

Lee. Are they good?

Old. As the evenes flamsps them, but they have a good course: they swow well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking us a thick pleached alley in our orchad, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince disconterced to Claudio that hee loued my niecyn your daugh-

tter, and meant to acknowledge this night in a dance, and they fende her according, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and infantly breake with you of it.

Lee. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good tharpe fellow, I will tend for him, and question him your selfe.

Lee. No, no; wee will hold it a dreame till it appear is felle: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepar'd for an answer, and be adjourned upon her true: goe you and tell her of this con-

fession, you know what you have to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse you till, good coon have a care this bulie time.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir John the Baffard, and Comrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of meafeur kids?

Leb. There is no measure in the occasion that breaeds, therefore the fadsine is without limis.

Con. You shoulde heare reason.

Leb. And when I haue heare it, what bleffling breight it?

Con. Ifnot a prefent remedy yet a patienct suffereance, kids. I wonder that you (being as thou faith thou art, borne under Saturne) good about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying miscife: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I haue caufe, and smilfe as no mans last, eat when I haue fomacke, and wait for no mans leftre: sleepe when I am drowe, and tend on no mans bufinesse, laugh when I am merry, and clawn no man in this hurte.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the ful fhow of this, till you may doe it without controulement, you have of
Much adoe about Nothing.

Enter Bacchius.

Bar. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leontes, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any Model to build mischief on? What is here for a fool that betroaths himself to vengeance?

Bar. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite Claudius?

Bar. Even he.

John. A proper fiquor, and who, and why, which way looks he?

Bar. Mary on Hiero, the daughter and Heire of Leontes.

John. A very forward March-chick, how came you to this?

Bar. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a muscovy roome, comes me the Prince and Claudius, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipst behind the Ar- ras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hiero for himself, and having obern'd her, gave her to Count Claudius.

John. Come, come, let us chitter, this may proove food to my difpleasure, that young flax-wp hath all the glance of my overthrow: if I can compell him any way, I shall make my felle every way, you are both sure, and will affit me?

Cor. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, ther chere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my mind: shall we goe prowe what is to be done?

Bar. We'll wait upon your Lordship.

Extant.

A Abbas Secundus.

Enter Leontes, his brother, his wife, Her's brother, and Beatrice his neece, and a Kaufman.


Beatrice. How early that Gentleman looks, I neuer can fee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after, Hiero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one is too like an image, and fates nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeft fonne, evenmore tating.

Leon. Then halfe signior Benedick tongue in Cane: John's mouth, and halfe Count John melancholly in Signior Benedick face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot nailke, and money enough in his purse, such a man would worme any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never gethe a husband, if thou be so fierry of thy tongue.

Beatrice. Infall fiere's too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more then curt, I shall leffen Gods finding that way: for it is said, God sends a curt Cow short horns, but to a Cow too curt he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will lend you no horses.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woodden.

Leontes. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Bar. What should I doe with him? defte me him in my apparel, and make him my walking gentle woman that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and be that hath no beard, is lefte then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me: and be he that is lefte then a man, I am not for him; therefore I will even take exchange in eccell of the Berrold, and lead his Apeis into hell.

Beatrice. Well we may goe into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Desill mette mee like an old Cuckold with horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven Beatrice, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maidis, so deliver I my Apeis, and away to S. Peter: for the heaven, her sheeves mee where the angels fit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Beatrice. Well weicce, I trull you will be roll'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my coens dutie to make curt- fe, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that codin, let him be a handline fellow, or else make another curtfe, and say, father, as it please me.

Leontes. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men off some other met- tall then earth, would it not grace a woman to be over- maild with a piece of valiant duff to make a woman like her a clod of waivard maske: no vinkle, ike none: Adamis fones are my brethren, and truly I hold it a fine to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe follicit you in that kind, you know your an- swere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke coad, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too impor- tant, tell him there is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answere, for hee me Hiero, woow, wedding, & repeating, is as a Scotch igge, a measure, and a cinque- pace: the first is hot and half like a Scotch igge (and full as fantastical) the wedding maimery modelled, (as a measure) full of state & alchemy, and then comes repenence, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque- pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave.
Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudius, and Benedick and Baldrick, or dane John, Markers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours; for the walks, and especially when I walk away.

Prince. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Duke should be like the face.

Pedro. My worship is Patience roose, within the house is Lord.

Hero. Why then your worship should be thistle.

Pedro. Speak low if you speak low, Hero. Well, I would you did like me.

Hero. So would I not for your own sake, for I have made it ill, I think.

Hero. Which is one?

Mar. I pay my prayers slow.

Bas. I love you better, the hearers may cry Amen. Star God match me with a good dancer.

Baldrick. Amen.

Hero. And God keep him out of my sight when the duence is done; answer Clarke.

Bals. No more words; the Clarke is answered.

Præf. I know you well enough, you are Signor Annie.

Asth. As a word, I am not.

Præf. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Asth. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Præf. You cannot deceive him so well, while he were the very man: here's dry hand up & down, you are he, you are he.

Asth. As a word I am not.

Præf. Come, come, do not think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it self? is it gone to, mumme, you are he; grace will appear, and there is an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Not will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales; well, this was Signor or 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?

Bene. Why is he the Prince's leafer, a very dull fool, onely his gift is, in drawing impossible fancies, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villianie, for he both pleseth men and angels them, and then they laugh at him, and beseech me: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I should he boarded me.

Beat. When I know the Gentleman, he tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, bee, but break a companson or two on me, which pereadventure (not make, or not laugh at,) strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Partridge wing vast, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they came to say ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Enter An;Trick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amatory on Hero, and hath withdrawne her father to brake with him about the Ladies follow her, and but one wither remains.

Beat. And that is (Clot.) I know him by the bearing.

Beat. Are not you signor Benedick?

Clot. You know me well, I am here.

John. Signor you are verie mete any Brother in his love, he is commanded on Hero, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is so equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Clot. How know you she loves her?

John. I heard him for his election,

Beat. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her tonight.

Beat. Come, let us to the banquest. Exeunt Clot.

Clot. Thus answere I in name of Benedick, and the three I owe well with the cares of Clot.:

The™ certame for, the Prince wars for himself: Friendship he stands in all other thing, and in the Office and affairs of love: Therefore all hear in love vice their own tongues.

Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no Agent: for beauty is a witch against whom men sooner yield than to the truth:

For this is an account of honesty proofed, which I am instructed not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Enter Benedick.

Ten. Come, Clot.

Clot. Yes, the same.

Ten. Come, will you go with me?

Clot. What will you?

Ten. Fienos to the next Willow, about your own business.

Clot. What fashion will you please the Gaze land of? About your neck, as Linus chains? Or under your arms, as a Lieutenant's scarfe? You would waste it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Clot. I wish him joy of her.

Ten. Why that's spoken like an honest Drounger, so they fell bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would have fender you thus?

Clot. I pray you leave me.

Ben. Now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that ruled your mare, and you'll beat the post.

Clot. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

Ben. Alas poor hurt fowle, now will be creeping into fedges: But, that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, & not know me: the Princes fool? Hah! it may be I go wnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am not to do my selfe wrong: I am not foreparted, it is the base, (though better) disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out well: I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signor, where's the Count, did you see him?

Ben.
Much ado about Nothing

Enter Count and Beatrice Lorenzo, Hero

Pedro. I know her: she comes.

Beatrice. Will your Grace command mee any service to the world end? I will goe on the flightest arrant now to the Antypodes that you can deaile to send mee on: I will fetch you a touch-packet now from the utmost inch of Africa: bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hayse off the great Bambac beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hold those words conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to defeire your good company.

Beatrice. O God for sheere a dissi, I loue not, I cannot in- durate this lady tongue.

Exit Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loft the heart of Signor Benedick.

Beatrice. Indeed my Lord, her leaft is me a while, and I gave him wife for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wot of me, with faire face, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him downe: Lady, you have put him downe.

Beatrice. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should procure the mother of foles: I have brought Count Claudio, whom you lent mee to fecke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, whatserfe are you sad?

Claudio. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? dieke?

Claudio. Neither, my Lord.

Beatrice. The Count is neither sad, nor dieke, nor merry, nor well: but claudi count, claudi an Orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifitsh Lady, I thinkke your blazon to bee true, though Ile be sworne, if he be he, his concert is false: here Claudio, I have woend in thy name, and faire here in won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Lorenzo. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Pedro. Speak not, Count, tis your Que.

Lorenzo. Silence is the perfecte Herault of joy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you see more, I am yours, I give away my selfe for you, and dos upon the exchange.

Beatrice. Speak no more, or if you cannot flipe his mouth with a kife, I will not heare no more.

Pedro. Infatue Lady you have a merry hearts.

Beatrice. Yes my Lord I thank it, poor fool it keeps on the wyndy side of Care, my counsel tells him in his care that he is in my heart.

Lorenzo. And to the duth cothe.

Beatrice. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I and I am but bored, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice. I will rather have one of your fathers getting hath your Grace nee a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, it was good could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me, Lady?

Beatrice. No, my Lord I could not: I might have another for working-dies, your Grace is too easily to weare euerie day: but I refreche your Grace parden mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merri, be not so cold, you for out of question, you were born in a merry howe.

Beatrice. Not sure my Lord, my Master edd, but then there was a faire daunt, and vnder that was I borne.

Lorenzo. Reece, will you looke to those thinges I told you?

Beatrice. I trye you mercy Vnkle, by your Grace pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Lorenzo. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she speake, and ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of whippinettee, and waketh with waffe out laughing.

Beatrice. She cannot induce to hear tell of a husband.

Lorenzo. O, no meane, the most all other women out of huse.

Prince. They were an excellent art for Beatrice.

Lorenzo. O my Lord, if they were but a week
married, they would take themselves mad.

Prior. Count Claudia, when you go to meet you go to

Claud. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on, gather, and close have all his ruses.

Lessent. Not till Monday, my dear house, which is heere a suff use night, and a time too burth, too, to have all things a wonder answerable.

Prior. Come, you shak the head at so a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudia, the time shall not arise daily be, you shall, in the intern, undertake one of Hercule's labours, which is to bring Signor Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a presentation of affectation, so one with the other, I would be not have a it, and I shat not but to fashion it, if you there will but minuter such affiance as I shall give you direction.

Lessent. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me

ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prior. And you to gentle Here?

Earl. I will do my modest office, my Lord, to help

my cause to a good husband.

Prior. And Benedick is not the ungrateful husband but I know: thus farre can I praise him, here is a noble trait, of approved value, and commend'd uniformly, I shall teach you how to humour your cousin, that thee shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your own helpers, will to produce on Benedick, that in spite of his quick wit, and his quire (homme), he shall fall in love with Beatrice: if we can do this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, but glory shall be ours, for we are the only loves- 
gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my shift.

Exit. Enter John and Marques.

Iob. It is so, the Count Claudia shall marry the daughter

of Lessent.

Earl. Ye my Lord, but I can croe it. 

Iob. Any barre, any croe, any impediment, will be 
medicantible to me, I am sick in displeasure, and whatsoever comes on with his afection, ranges evenly with mine, how canth thou croe this marriage?

Bar. Not hourly my Lord, but to coryeer, that no 
difference shall appear me how.

Iob. Shew me brefly how.

Bar. I think I told your Lordship a yeere hence, how much I am in the fauour of Margaret, the waiting gentle

woman to her.

Iob. I remember.

Bar. I can at any unexpectable instant of the night, 
appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iob. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bar. The posyfion of that lies in your temper, gee you to them men, your brother, if not to tell them, that he hath wrang my Honor in marrying the renowned Claudia, whose estimation do you mightly hold vp, to a contaminated fale, such one as hers.

Iob. What proffes shall I make of that?

Bar. Proove enough, to mifie the Prince, to wee 
Claudio, to vendar Hero, and kill Lessent, look you for any 
other issue?

Iob. Ouly to deligft them, I will endeavour any

thing.

Bar. Goe then, finde me a meeke bowre, to draw on 
Pedro and the Count Claudia alone, tell them that you 
know that Hero loves me, intend a kind of scale both 
to the Prince and Claudia (as in a love of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cofed with the semblance of a maid, that you have us (conued thus: they will likely beleeve this without small, offer them instances which shall beare no left likehood, then to the mee of her chambers window bee me call Margaret, Hero, bee me call 
Margaret term me Claudia, and bring them to fee this 
the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will follow the matter, that Hero shall 
be able, and there that appeare such ferous truths of 
Heroes, that nothing shall be call'd assurance, and the reputation overspown.

Bars. Cross this to what aduerte it, it can, I will 
put on more of the coming in the working this, and 
try for that way more.

Bec. But this is not in the accustom, and my cunning 
shall not thame me.

Bar. I will prite the goe learn's their day of marriage.

Exit.

Enter Benedick alone.

Bec. Nay, 

Bec. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it 
butter to me in the corant.

Bec. I am here, already, it.

Bec. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and 
here beside. I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is soole, when he dedicateth his behavours to love, will after he hath laught at such 
shallow follies in others, become the argument of his 
owne soone, by falling in love, & such a man is Claudia.

I have known when there was no mislike with him but 
the drum and the file, and now had I other hear the 
taber and the pipe. I have knowe when he would have 
walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good arm, and now will 
he lie ten nights awake earning the passion of a new 
ly; he was wont to speake plainly, & to the purpose (I 
know not a man & a foundler) and now he is cou'd outo 
graphy, his words are a very sathanall banquet, with 
many strange dislites, I may be to countenanced, & fee with 
these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not: I will not be 
sworne, but love may transforme me to an oystler, but let 
take my oath on it, it ill he have made an eystler of me, he 
shall never make me thus a foolish one woman is faire, yet 
I am well: another wonder: yet I am well: another 
very: yet I am well: but all graces be in one woman.

one woman shall not come in my grace: rich fle are 
be, that's certaine: wife, or He none sturias, or lie nee 
never cheape her: farre, or He neere looke on her: mible, 
or come not recreme me: Noble, or not for an Angel: of 
good discoure: an excellent Mufian, and her hair be 
of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and 
Monfieur Loure, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enters Prince, Lessent, Claudius, and Iack trimmen.

Prior. Come, will we hear this mustique?

Claud. Ye my good Lord: how shall the evening be, 
As bath on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prior. See you where Benedick hath bid himselfe?

Claud. Very well my Lord, the mistique ended, 
We'll fit the kid: fore with a penny worth.

Prior. Come Balbuzier, well I hear that song again.

Balb. O good my Lord, take not to bad a voye, To 
flander mistique any more then once.

Prior. It is the wittness full of excellency,
To slander Musicke any more then once.

Prise. It is the wisest full of excellency,

To put a strange face on his owne person,

I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Bakh. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,

Since many a woor derome commene his fete,

To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woor,

Yet wilt thou swear he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,

Or thou wilt hold longer argument,

Doe it in notes.

Bakh. Note this before my notes,

There is not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crooked that he speaks,

Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bm. Now disain are, now is his foule rauffhit,

is it not strange that theseps guts should haue foules out of mens bodies? well, a horse let my money when anys done.

The Song.

Sing me no Lasses, sing no more,

Men were disceivers ever,

One foot in Sea, and one on floor,

To one thing cloth not sooner,

Then sing me no, but let them goe,

And he you bitte and bewite,

Conserving all you rands of woe,

Let by way woe woe.

Sing me no disavess, sing me no,

Of damps so dull and heavy,

The friend of men were ever so,

Since summer fash was leasure,

Then sing me no, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Bakh. And as I finger my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou finger well enough for a shift,

Bm. And he had been a dog that shoule have howld thus,

they would haue hang'd him, and I prye God his bad voyce boded no evill.

I had as lief haue heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yes marry, daught thou heare Telsbyfar? I pray thee get vs some excelent musick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady Harres chamber window.

Bakh. The bell I can, my Lord. Excit Telsbyfar.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hitheer Lomus, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with signiour Benedicke?

Cle. O I, filuke on, filuke on, the foule fits. I did notter think that Lady would have lasted any man.

Lom. No nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should so doe on Signior Benedicke, whom she hath in all outward behavours form'd euery to abborre.

Bm. Is't possible? fits the windes in that corner? Len. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that he louse him with an iraged affo-

bition, is it well the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be the doth but counterfeit.

Cle. Faith like enough.

Len. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came so accrue the life of passion as the discovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion bewes he?

Cle. Bais the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Len. What effects my Lord? thee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Len. She did indeed.

Bm. Hae, ha, ha, pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene invincible against all assaults of affections.

Len. I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especialy against Benedicke.

Bm. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knessey cannot hare him selfe in such reverence.

Cle. He hath taken this fishen, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath thee made her affection known to Benedicke?

Len. No, and swears he the never will, that's her torment.

Cle. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter faile: shall I, facts the, that have so often encounter him with scorne, write to him that I loue him?

Len. This faile none now when she is beginning to write to him, for ther'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will the fit in her smocke, till the hauet write a sheet of paper, my daughter tells vs all.

Cle. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty tale your daughter told vs of.

Len. O when she had write it, & was reading it out, she found Benedicke and Beatrice betweene the sheetes.

Cle. That.

Len. O the faire the letter into a thousand halfeares, railed at her selfe that the shoule be so immodest to write, to one that knew how she would flout her: I measure it, faile the, by my owne spirit,for I should flout him if she write to me, yet though I loue him, I shoulnd.

Len. Then downe upon her knees the falls, weepes, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hayre, prayers, curies, O sweet Benedicke, God give me patience.

Len. She doth indeed, my daughter faile so, and the extasie hath so much overcome her, that my daughter is sometime alee thed she will do a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that Benedicke knew it of some other, if she will not discover it.

Cle. To what end he she would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor Lady worse.

Prine. And he shoulde, it were an times to hang him, heere's an excellent sweete Lady, and [out of all fullition, she's very thin, but make a.

Cle. And she is exceeding wife.

Prince. In every thing, but in loving Benedicke.

Len. O my Lord, wifedom and bloud combating in to tender a body, we haue ten prophets to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have full cause, being her Vnde, and her Guardian.

Prine. I would shee had bellowed this dozage on race, I would haue daft all other respectes, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell Benedicke of it, and heart what he will say.

Len. Were it good thinkes you?

Prine. Hia, thinkes hourly she will die, for the faile the will die, if she louse her not, and shee will die ere she make her losse knowne, and the shee will not weere her, rather than shew will haue one breach of her accustomed carafiddaste.

Prine. She doth well, if shee should make tender of her
Much ado about Nothing.

Iou. This is very possible he'll come in for the man (as you know all) hath a contemplanee spirit.

Cloud. He is a very proper man.

Iou. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Cloud. Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Iou. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wise.

Leont. And I take him to be valiant.

Pros. As I tell you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he suydes them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like face.

Iou. If he doffes God, a most necessitatie keepe peace, if he breake the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrell with fear and trembling.

Pros. And to will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoeuer he ffeemes not in him, by some large racches he will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love.

Cloud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Iou. Nay that is impossible, she may weare her heart out frist.

Pros. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue Benedick well, and I could with him would modestly examine himself to see how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

Leont. My Lord, will you walk dines is ready.

Iou. It he do nooze on her upon this, I will never truie my expectation.

Pros. Let there be the same Nat spread for her, and that muffle your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's doage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be merily a dumble flue: let vs send her to call him into dines.

Iou. This can be no tricke, the conference was fully borne, they have the truth of this from Here, they feerne to pitte the Lady: it feernes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it must be required: I heare how I am content, they lay I will bear my selfe prou'dly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they lay too, that she will rather die then give up my figure of affection: she doth not neuer thinke to marry, I must not feere prou'dly, happy are they that haue their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is fair, 'tis a truth, I can bear them with ease: and vertuous, its so, I cannot reprove it, and wife: but for louing me, by my truth I am no addition to her wife, nor any great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her. I may chance have some edde quirks and remaines of wittie broken on me, because I have rial'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loseth the merit in his youth, that he cannot induce in his age. Shall quirks and enerences, and thefe paper bullets of the braine swe a man from the careere of his honour? No, the world must be paved. When I loue I would die a butcherl, I did not think I should live till I were married, here cometh Beatrice: by this day, she's a saucy Lady. I doe see some marks of loue in her.

Beat. Against my will I am sent on this yeare to do some business.

Iou. Fair Beatrice, I thinke you have your purpose.

Text. Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vfylia.

Her. Good Margaret, tune shee to the parlor, There shall thinke find my Colin Beatrice, Proposing with the Prince and Claude, Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Vfylia, Walk in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, they shall talk over-beautifull vs, And bid her hirself into the pleasched bowar, Where hony-huckles spenpen by the tunne, Forbid the tunne to enter, like fereuries, Made proud by Princes, that advane their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her, To lifters purpose, classy office, Bear thee well in, and leave vs all neere.

Marg. He make her come I warrant you prefectly.

Text. Now Vfylia, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our tale must onely be of Benedick, When I doe name him, let it be thy part, To prase him more then even man did merit, My tale to thee must be how Benedick Is fickie in loue with Beatrice: of this matter, Is little Cupido crafty arrow made, That only wonds by hesie-faynow begin, Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice like a Lavinggs runs Clofe by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vfyl. The pleasant glancing is to see the fifth Cut with her golden ores the siluer freseme, And greedily deasoure the treacherous baste: So angle we for Beatrice, who use now, Is couched in the wood-bine couerture, Fear thy not part of the Dialogue, Her. Then go we near her that her caree loose nothing, Of the fals faynow baste that we lay for it, No truely Vfylia, she is too dismeasure, I know her spirit are as coy and wilde, As Haggards of the rocke.

Ouph. But are you sure, That Benedick losse Beatrice so intirely?

Her. So fies the Prince, and my new truched Lord.

Vfyl. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreuse me to accepte her of it, But I perferrad them, if they los'd Benedick.
Much ado about Nothing.

To whom he vaatable with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Bea. Why did you do it, doth not the Gentleman
Defence as full as fortunate a bed.

As ever Beatrice shall cooch upon?

Her. O God of love, I know he doth defence,
As much as he may yeilded to a man.

Bar. Nature never freem'd a woman's heart,
Of powder duffe then that of Beatrice,
Diddane and Scone nose sparkling in her eyes,
Mili-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it felle so highly, that to her
All matter else femmes weakes, she cannot loure,
Nor take no shape nor proof of affection,
She is so felle intarde.

Pfir. Sure I think so,
And therefore certainly it was not good
She knew his love, left the play sport at it.

Her. Why you speak true, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, you, how rarely temper'd.
But I would spell him backward: if faire lack'd,
She would fiewer the gentleman should her filler:
If lacke, why Nature drawing to an anteck,
Made a sole blotst still, a lamb all headed:
If now, an agoe very vildely coat:
If speaking, why the vane blowe with all winde:
If silent, why a blake moved with none:
Some turns the every man the wrong fideout,
And never gives to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplestfel and merit purchaseth.

Pfir. Sure, sure, such carking is not commendable.
Here. No, not to be so odde, and from all lascions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her to do I should speake.
She would mocke me into yse, O she would laugh me
Out of my telle; prilleme to me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedick like covered fire,
Cunmune away in sigues, welle inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Unf. Yet tell her of it here what thee will say.
Her. Nor, rather I will go to Benedick,
And constante him to fight against his passion,
And truly let him come some benefit flander,
To frame my coin with, one does not know,
How much an ill word may imposition liking.

Unf. O does not your coin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much with true judgement,
Having so swifft and excellent a wit
As she is guide to bace, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as fignior Benedick.

Her. He is the onely man of Italy,
Always excepted, my deare Claudio,
Fir. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For speech for bearing argument and value,
Goes forth in report through Italy.

Her. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Unf. His excellence did earne it ere he bad it:
When are you married Madame?

Her. Why ever day to morrow, come get in,
Ill thou see some attires, and ease thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnishe me to morrow.

Fir. She's tame I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?

Her. Ht proud so, then loving goes by haps,

Some Cupid kills with arrows, none with traps.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempts, farewell, and maiden pride adieu,
No glory lies behind the backe of she's.

And Benedick, love on, I will require thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindlesse shall incite thee
To kindle our lours vp in a holy band.

For others say thou dost defende, and
Believe it better then reportingly.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I do but play till your marriage be consum-
mate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Cla. He bring you hither my Lord, if you'll vouch-
safe me.

Pro. Nay, that would be as great a folyne in the new
glodge of your marriage; as to shew a child in his new coat
and forbid him to wear it, I will onely bee bold with
Benedick for his compaine, for from the crowne of his head
to the sole of his foot, he is all much. I will have or
to three or four such Cupids bowstring, and the little hang ham,
dare not shoo at him, he hath a heart as round as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks,
his tongue speaks.

Beca. Come, come I am not so hase bin.

Les. So say I, methinks you are ladyish.
Cla. I hope he be in love.

Pro. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood
in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be far, he wants
money.

Ben. I have the tooth-ach.

Pro. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it.

Cla. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pro. What fight for the tooth-ach.

Les. Where is but humour or a worme.

Beca. Well, reuy one cannot matter a griete, but he
that has it.

Cla. Yes, say the is in love.

Pro. There is no appearance of tarme in him, yeilded
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a
Duchmas: to day, a Frenchman to morrow, whilst he
hath a fancy to this foolery, as it appers to the hath, her
is no foole for fancy, as you would have it appear he
is.

Cla. If he be not in love with some woman, there
is no beleeving old signes, bruhses his has at mornings,
What should that beale?

Pro. Hath any man izenme him at the Barbets?

Cla. No, but the Barbets man hath beene feem with
him, and the olde ornament of his cheeko hath alreade
flatt tennis balls.

Les. Indeed he lookes younger than he did, by the
lofe of a beard.

Pro. Nay a rubs himselfe with Clust, can you smell
him out by this?

Cla. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
love.

Pro. The present note of his melancholy
Cla. And when were you to vist his face?

Pro. Yes, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heart
what they say of him.

Cla. Nay, but his setting print, which is now crept
into a lambdring, and now govern'd by flops.

Prfirs.
Much ado about Nothing.

In the image, the text is a page from a play, possibly Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," featuring characters and lines that are typical of the play's style. The text presents a scene where Claudio and Beatrice are speaking, with Beatrice addressing Claudio in a manner that reflects the witty and cerebral nature of the characters in the play. The text contains dialogue that is characteristic of Shakespeare's verse style, with rhyming couplets and the use of iambic pentameter. The scene includes elements of comedy and intrigue, typical of the play's themes of deception and misunderstandings, which are central to the plot.

This page contains a scene that reflects the play's humorous and intellectual dialogue. The characters' interactions are characterized by their frankness and wit, which are hallmarks of Shakespeare's work. The text also contains the typical Shakespearean devices such as alliteration and assonance, which contribute to the play's literary style.

The page number is marked as III. ii. 63—III. iii. 68. This indicates that the text is from a printed edition of the play, and the page numbers are likely from a modern edition or a facsimile of the original quarto.
Much ado about Nothing.

Verger. If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her fill it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear you?

Dog. Why, theo depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the eale which will not hear her Lambe when it rises, will never answer a call when he bleates.

Verger. 'Tis true in the case.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you must not present the Prince's owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may fike him.

Verger. Nay, I think it is a canon.

Dog. Fine feelings to one out with ane man that knows the Statues, he may flie him, more than without the prince be willing, for indeed the wicked ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to fly a man against his will.

Verger. I think it is to be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, well masters good night, and there be ane matter of weight, call vp me, keep your fellowes confines, and your owne, and good night, come neighbours.

Watch. Well masters, we hear our charge, let vs go fittingly upon the Church barge till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Leonato's doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coynge to night, adieu, be vigilant I beleef you.

Exeunt. Enter Parolles and Conrad.

Bar. Who's come?

Watch. Peace, sir, not.

Bar. Conrad I say.

Cur. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bar. Marry, and my eye tetch, thought I would there were a scabbie follow.

Cur. I will owte thee an awseure for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bar. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drieth raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vomit all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters yet stand close.

Bar. Therefore know, I hauie earned of Don John a thousand Ducates.

Cur. Is it possible that ane villanish should be so deare?

Bar. Thou shoul'dst rather ask if it were possible ane villainish should be so deare: when rich villains have neede of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Cur. I wonder at it.

Bar. That thewes thou art unconfirme'd, thou knowest that the fashions of a doublure, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Watch. Yea, it is apparel.

Bar. I mean the fashion.

Cur. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bar. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but feelest thou not what a deformed thefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile thefe, this six yeares, a goes up and downe like a gentil man: I remember his name.

Bar. Did it not haue some bodie?

Cur. No, there was noe the foole.

Bar. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thefe this fashion is, how giddily it turns about all the Horse.

bleweth, betweene foueteeene & fishe & thirtie, sometimmes fashiooning them like Pharaoh souldiers in theachie painting, fometime like god Bel's priests in the old Church of lyv, sometime like the druen Hermes in the mistich women in tapetrie, where his cod-piece, seems as maffie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and fee that the fashion weares out more apparel then the man butt art not thou thy selfe giddle with the fashion too that thou hast disfigured out of thy tale into telling me of the fashions? For. Not so neither, but know that I have to night wooed Margaret the Lady Bertoica gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leaves me out at her mistys cham ber window, bids me on thousand times good night: I tell thee this softly, I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudio and my Master planted, and placed, and pelled by my Master Don John, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

For. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio, but the diuell my Master knew she was Margaret and partly by his owne, which first possesse them, partly by the darkie night which did deceived them, but chutely by my villain, which did confirme any flander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged, I saw thee would recee him as he was, ointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation flame her with what he faw of night, and send her home againe without a baud.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name Iand, watch. 2. Call vp the right matter Contable, we have here recouered the most dangerous piece of lecherie, that ever was knowne in the Common wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a blacke.

Cur. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youde be made being deformed firth I warrant you.

Cur. Masters, neuer speake, we charge you, let vs obeye you to goe with vs.

Bar. We are like to prove by goodly contaminate, being taken up with these ibem.

Cur. A commend, I shall then I warrant you, come vevcel obeye you, LXXXI.

Enter Hero and Margaret, and Orsino.

Her. Good vsula make wey my coin Bassetta, and de like her to rife.

Urs. I will Lady. Her. And did not come biater.

Vef. Well.

Mar. Thou thinke thy other rebato were better.

Her. No, sayst do good Master, Ile care this.

Mar. By my troth it is good, well I warrant you my coin ill pay to.

Hero. My coin a foole, and thou art another, ile vevcel to one but this.

Mar. I like the newes within excellely, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gowne's a most rare fashion yaff, I saw the Dutchesse of Millanist gowne that they plague so.

Bass. A coin that exceedes they saye.

Mar. By my troth but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cur, and lad with bieter, set with pearls, done with scissors, fadle strokes, and thys, round vnder born with a biewitt tangle, but for a fine quente grace full and excellent fashion, yours, worth ten hundred.

Lett. God.
Much ado about Nothing.

Here. God grant me to wear it, for my heart is
exceeding heavy.

Marga. T'will be heavier soon, by the weight of a
man.

Here. For thee, there are not a thousand?

Marga. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is
not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord
honourable without marriage? I think you would have
me say, suiting your reverence a husband: and bad thin-
kling doth not weigh true speaking, I or no body, is
there any harm in the heuiter for a husband? none I
thinkes, and it is the right husband, and the right wife,
otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, ask my Lady Beatrice
else, here, shee cometh.

Enter Beatrice.

Here. Good morrow Core.

Beat. Good morrow [sweet Here.]

Here. Why now, do you speake in the sick tume?

Beat. I am out of all other tume, me thinke.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a
burden,) do you sing it and ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alone with your hecules, then if your
husband have fables enough, you'Ue looke he shall lacke
no banners.

Mar. O illegitimate constrution! I come that with
my hecules.

Beat. 'Tis almost fine a clocke cockin, 'tis time you
were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey loo.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turkie, there's no
more layng by the harre.

Beat. What means the foole trowe?

Mar. Nothing, I but God send every one their harts
defire.

Here. These glouses the Count sent mee, they are an
excellent perfume.

Beat. I am hot cokin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and flute! there's goodly catching of
codle.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long have
you profest apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become
more or less?

Beat. It is not frone enough, you should ware it in
your cap, by my troth I am fikke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd cardame benedictus
and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a quallm.

Here. There thou pricket her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus, why benedictus? you have some mo-
rall in this benedictus.

Mar. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral mean-
ing, I meant plaine holy thistle, you may thinke per-
rance that I think you are in love, my bidders I am not
such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to thinke
what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke
my hart out of thinking that you are in love, or that you
will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedeky
was fitch another, and now is he become a man, he sweare
hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despit of his
heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you
may be converted I know not, but me thinke you looke
with your eyes as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Friels.

Friels. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signi-
nier Benedeky, Don John, and all the gallants of the
towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Here. Hillo to Service mee good coze, good Myg,
good Friels.

Enter Leonatoe, and the Comfortable, and the Headborough. 

Leonatoe. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Con.Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence
with you, that decorres you freely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a buffe since
with me.

Con.Dog. Mary this is it sir,

Head. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con.Dog. Goodman Vergees sir, speakes a little of the
matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blynt, as
God helpe I would desire they were, but I affirme honest
as the skin betweene his bowres.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man li-
uing, that is an old man, and no hooster then I.

Con.Dog. Comparions are odorous, palbaras, neighbour-
Vergees.

Leon. Neighbours, you see tedious.

Con.Dog. It please your worship 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
belowe it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousesse on me, poh?

Con.Dog. Yes, and twice a thousand times more
than this, for I have as good exclamation on your Wors-
ship 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 have to say,
for I. Why is our watch to night, excepting your
worships presence, haue take a couple of as arant
knazes as any in Meffina.

Con.Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as
they say, when the ages in the wit is out, God helpe us,
it is a world to bee: well laid yeath neighbour Verge-
ll, God a good man, and two men side of a house,
one must side behinde, an honest tale yeath fri, by
my troth he is, as euer brake bread, but God is to bee wor-
flopt, all men are not aike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he come too short of you,


Leon. I must leave you.

Con.Dog. One word sir, our watch haue indeed com-
prehended two aphabetis perfons, & we would have
them this morning examin before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it
to me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Con. It shall be sufficience. (Exit."

Drinke some wine my lord, you goe: fare you well.

Moffinger. My Lord, they flay for you to give your
daughter to her husband.

Leon. I eie wait upon them, I am ready.

Dolg. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis Sen-
cowe, bid him bring his pen and ink to thee at the Gakle:
we are now to examine those men.

Vergees. And we must doe it stilly.

Dolg. Wel we will spare for no wittes I warrant you:

K 3

III. iv. 24—III. v. 67

131
Much ado about Nothing.

Ad Antiquus.

Enter Prince, Ballard, Leonato, Friar, Claudia, Benedict, Her, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be brief, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clan. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Her. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conuoyed, charge you on your foule to shew it.

Clan. Do you know me, here?

Her. None my Lord.

Friar. Do you know me, Count?

Leo. I dare not make my answer, None.

Clan. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bess. How now! interludes? why then, some be of laughing, some be of crying.

Clan. Stand thee by Friar, father, by thy leave, Will you with free and unconstrained soule Giveme this maid your daughter?

Leo. As freely done as God did give her me.

Clan. And what have I to gueue you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift.

Friar. Nothing, none else you render her again.

Clan. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfullness:

There Leonato, take her backe againe,

Gueue not this rotten Oconce to your friend,

Shee's but the figure and semblance of her honour:

Behold how like a maid the blisseful lietre:

O what authoritie and flow of trust

Coming cunningly cover it falsely withall!

Comes not that bloud, as modest euen,

To winnetse simple Virtue? would you not sware

All you that seer her, that she were a maide,

By these exterior shewes? but she is none

She knowes, the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blisse is guiltleffe, not modelleffe.

Leonato. What do you meane, my Lord?

Clan. Not to be married,

Not to knitt my foule to an approv'd wanton.

Leo. Deree my Lord, if you in your owne professe,

Have vanquit the retraitt of her youth,

And made releas of her virginet.

Clan. I know what you would say, if I have knowne

You will say, she did embrasse me a husband,

And so extiruate the forhand shewe: No Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large,

But as a brother to his sister, theorized

Bafffull silence and comely loue,

Her. And seem'd I ever other wise to you.

Com. Our louth felling, I will write against it,

You lurne to me as Diane in her Orbe,

As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:

But you are more intertemperate in your blood,

Than Venus, or those pampted animals,

That rage in furmage sensualities,

Her. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leo. Sweete Prince, why speake you not?

Prin. What should I speake?

I stand to the point that have gone about,

To synke my desere friend to a common flae.

Leo. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bess. Sit, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bess. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Her. True, O God!

Clan. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face? Lords, are our owne?

Leo. All this is lost, but what of this my Lord?

Clan. Let me but nowe one question to your doubl

And by that faterly and kindly power,

That you have in her, and here in privity.

Leo. I charge thee not as thou art my chiefe.

Her. O God defend me how and I belee,

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Clan. To make you suffer truly to you name.

Her. Is it not heere? who can blot that war?

With any ill reprooch?

Clan. Marry that can her,

Herat felte can blot our Heraus verue,

What men was lie, talks with you yeternight,

Out at your window between twelve and one?

Now if you a maid, answer to this.

Her. I talk with no man at that howere my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no master. Leonato,

I am for you my full heare: you many honor,

My felte, my brother, and this graced Count

Did see her, heere not, at that howere left night,

Talks with a rofe at her chamber window.

Who hath indeed most like a liberal villaine,

Contest the side encounters they have had

A thousand times in secre.

John. First, he, they are not to be menac'd my Lord,

Not to be spok'n of,

There is not chaufft eneough in language,

Without offence to vetter them: this pretty Lady

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Clan. O Her! what a howard thou becom;

If she thy outward graces had beene placed

About thy thoughts and copulaties of thy heart?

But face thee well, molt subtle, molt faire,

Thou pure imperty, and impious purtie,

For these I lacke vp all the gares of Loues,

And on my crest I hall Comenurea lang,

To turne all beuty into thoughts of shame,

And never shall it more be gracieus.

Leo. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Bess. Why how now coline, wherefore fin you down?

Bess. Com, let vs go thence things come thus to lissis,

Smother her spirits vp.

Bess. How doth the Lady?

Bess. Dead I thinkye, heipe vnde,

Leo. Why there, Vince Signor Benedick, Friar.

Leonato. O Fare: tak not away thy beany hand,

Death is the fairest courser for her shame

That may be writte for.

Beat. How.

III. v. 67—IV. i. 119
Much ado about Nothing.

Bett. How now cofin Hero?

Fri. How comfort Laetitia?

Leon. Doth thou look up vp?

Fri. Yes, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why do not every earthly thing

Cry flame upon her? Could she beere dense

The storie that is printed in her blood?

Do not love Hero, do not opethine eyes:

For did I thonce thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thoughts of thy spirits were strongest then thy flames,

Myselfe would be on the reward of reproaches

Strike at thy life: Grieu'd I, I had but one?

Chid I, for that at frugal Nature frame.

O one too much by thee: Why had I one?

Why eager was thou loath to live in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Tooke vp a beggars aftrate at my gates,

Who fomenced thus, and to make with infamy,

I might have fayd, no part of it is mine:

This flame deniers it felle from vnoone laines,

But mine, mine I loue, and mine I praisd,

And must that I was proud on none so much,

That I fayle, was to my felle not mine:

Valewing of her, why the? O she is false

Into a pit of like, that is wide and sea

Hath drops too few to vall her cleane againe,

And talk too little, which is lettion gave

To her fault tainted fifth.

Leon. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.

Fri. O on my fould my coin is belled.

Leon. Ladie, were you her bedfell left night?

Fri. No truly: not although vnright left night,

I have this twolenthein her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made

Which was before bard vp with ribs of iron.

Would the Princes he, and Claudio lie,

Who loud is her fo, that speaking of her fouline,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I have only bene silent so long, and gien way vnto this court of fortune, by nooting of the Ladie, I have ma*t.

A thousand blushing apparitions,

To start into her face, a thousand innocent flames,

In Angel whitebeest bee a way those blusses,

And in her eie there haue appeare a fire

To burre the errors that there Princes hold

Against her maiden truth. Call me a foolie,

Truth not my reading, nor my oblerations,

Which with experimental feale doth warrant

The manner of my book to traut not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor diminution,

If this sweet Ladie ye not guiltie here,

Vnder some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou fayd that all the Grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation,

A fame of beauty, not of any honour;

Why feelest thou then to couce with exauce,

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accu'd of?

Her. They know that do accuse me, I know none:

If I know more of any man alive

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,

Let all my fiones lacke mercy. O my Father,

Prove you that any man with me confente,

At hours vnoette, or that I yettermight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Ben. Two of them have the vere bent of honor,

And if their wisdomes be milled in this:

The practice of it liues in Claudio the bashard,

Whole spirite in frame of villains.

Leon. I know not; if they speake but truth of her,

These hands shall teare her: They wrong her honour,

The proue of them shall well rete of it.

Time hath not yet to driest this cloud of mine,

Nor age to eate vp my mention,

Nor Fortune made such handake of my meanes,

Nor my bad life refeth me so much of friends,

But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kindre,

Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,

Ability in meanes, and choice of friends,

To quite me of them throughly.

Fri. Paul ane while:

And let me counsell you in this case,

Your daughter here the Princesse (left for dead)

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

Maintaine a mourning oltentation,

And on your families old monntument,

Hang mourning Epitaphes, and to all rites,

That apperance wino a buriall.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Fri. Marry this wel carried, tall on her behalfe,

Change lander to cemorile, that is some good,

But not for that dreame I on this strange counte,

But on this trauaille looke for greater car:

She dyeing, as it must be so mantained,

Vpon the infaite that she was accus'd,

Shal be lamented, pittet, and excus'd

Of every heare: for it is fett out,

That what we have, we prae not to the worth,

Wliile we enjoy it: but being last'd and lost,

Why then we cacke the value, then we finde

The vertue that poiffion would not shew us

While it was ours, solv it is fare with Claudio?

When he sheeke the dyed vp on his words,

Thi idea of her life shall sweetly crepe

Into his bloody magistrates,

And every losely Ogen of her life,

Shall come appareld in more precious habite:

More ministers, and ful of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his foute,

Then when the he is indeed: then shall he mourne,

If ever Love had interest in his ladies,

And with he had not so accu'd her:

No, though he thought his accu'sion true:

Let this be fo, and doubt not but succeffe

Will tast the events in better shope,

Then I can lay it downe in likelihood,

But if all synte but this be losely fall,

The imposition of the Ladies death,

Will quench the wonder of her infamy.

And if it fort not well, you may conceale her,

As beft behits her wounded reputation,

In some recluse and religious life,

Out of all eyes, tongues, minde and injuries.

Ben. Signior Leonato, let the Friar advis you,

And though you know my inwardnesse and love

Is very much into the Prince and Claudio

Yet

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Much ado about Nothing.

Beaut. Princes and Counties I suretie a Princely teller,
monstic, a goodly Count, Confud, a sweet Gallanttisitc,
thing I that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
would be a man for my sake! But manhood is mel-
ted into curfies, valour into complements, and men are
onely turned into tongue, and trin ones too: he is now
as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and sweares it:
I cannot be a man with withifing, therefore I will die a wo-
man with grieveing.

Bene. Tarry good Beatrice by this hand I loure thee,

Bene. Vite it for my loue some other way then swea-
ing by it.

Bene. Thinkse you in your soule the Count Claudio
hath wrong'd Hero?

Bene. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him,
I will kiffe your hand, and to leave you: by this hand Clau-
dio shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me,
sfo thinkse of me: goe comfort your cousein, I mulf saye
the is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Confidables, Barachus, and the Towne Clerke
in gournes.

Kerper. Is our whole diffirendly appeare?

Cowley. O a hole in and a cussion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malafactors?

Anderson. Marry that am I, and my partner,

Cowley. Nay that's currence, wee have the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offendarists that are to be ex-
amined, let them come before mafter Confidable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
your name, friend?

Bar. Barachus.

Kemp. Pray write downe Barachus. Yours first.

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is Coward.

Kep. Write downe Mafter gentleman Coward, muf-
faters, doe you ferve God: mathers, it is proved alendic
that you are little better than falk home, and it will get
neeere to be thought fo shortly, how answere you for your
fiches?

Con. Marry sir, we fay we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous worthy fellow I affuie you, but I
will shewe you with him: come you hither firft a word
in your ear fir, I saye to you, it is thought you are false
knave.

Bar. Sir I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well stand aside, Fere God they are both in
a tale: hauie you wnit downe that they are none?

Sext. Marry Confidable, you gec not the way to ex-
amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-
cuaters.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the effeff way let the watch
come forth: mathers, I charge you in the Princes name,
accule themen.

Watch. This man said fir, that Don Iohn the Princes
brother was a Villaine.

Kemp. Write down Prince Iohn a villain: why this is
flat perurie, to call a Princes brother villain.

Bar. Marry Confidable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thee looke
I proune thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch. Mary that he had receiv'd a thousand Da-
kates of Don Iohn, for accussing the Lady Hero wrong-
fully.

Kem.
Much ado about Nothing.

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Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Cory. Yes by the same that it is.

Seaton. What else follow?

Search. 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 condemned into eternall redemption for this.

Seaton. What else?

Search. This is all.

Seaton. And this is more matters then you can deny,

Prince John. This morning secretly holne away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner releas'd, and upon the griefe of this I daudely died: Mafier Contaiable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leomato; I will goe before, and shew them their examination.

Cory. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Seaton. Let them be in the hands of Cossombale.

Kemp. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? Let him write downe the Princes Officer Cossombale: come, bindem thee thou naughtie varel.

Cory. Away, you are an affe, you are an affe.

Search. Dost thou not suffer'd my place? dost thou not suffer'd my yeeres? O that were heere to write mee downe an affe! but matters, remember that I am an affe: though it be not written downe, yet forget not. I am an affe. No thou villaines, art full of piety as fhll be proud upon thee by good wittenke, I am a wife follow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a householder, and which is more, a pretty a piece of flesh as any in Medina, and one that knowes the Law, give 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.

Exit.

Athus Quintus.

Enter Leomato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, and 'tis not wisedome thus to second griefes.

Against you selfe.

Leom. I pray thee cease thy counsaile, Which falls into mine eyes as proflceile, As water in a fuse: gie not me counsaile, Nor let me comfort delight mine ear, But such a one whole wrongs doth fute with mine, Binge me a farther that fo loud his childe, Whole joy of her is over-welmed like mine, And bid him speake of patience, Measure his woes the length and breadth of mine, And let it awre yevery fraire for fraile, As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and forme: If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, And fowre, wagg, criem hem, when he should groane, Patch griefes with proversb, make misfortune drunk, With candle-waxeth, bring him yet to me, And of him will gashke patience: But there is no such manner brother, men Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe, Which they themselves not feel, but sufferinge, Their counsaile turns to passion, which before.

Would give preceptual architecture to rage, Better strong makelke in a filled hir.

Charme ache with age, and agony with words, No, no, tis all mens office, to speake patience To thefe that wring under the load of fortofe: But no mans virtue nor sufficiencie

To be fo morall, when he shall endure The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsaile, My griefes cry lower then adorniment.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leomato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and blood; For there was never yet Philosopher, That could endure the tooth-like patiently. How ever they have writ the life of gods, And made a path at chance and sufferance, Brother, Yet bend not all the harme upon thy selfe, Make chafe that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leom. There thou speakest't reason, now I will doe so,

My foule doth tell me, hero is belied, And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince, And all of them that thus disconfort her.

Enter Prince and Claudio. Brot. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haftilly.

Prim. Good day, good day.

Claw. Good day to both of you.

Leom. Hearst you my Lords?

Prim. We have some halie Leomato.

Leom. Some halie my Lordswell, farewell my Lord, Are you so hatty now? well, all is one.

Prim. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himfte with quarrelling, Some of vs would lie low.

Claw. Who wrongs him?

Leom. Martyr? doft wrong me, thou disssembler, thou, Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I feare thee not.

Claw. Martyr beforehand my life,

This shoule give your age such caufe of fear, Intrench my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leomato. Tuff, tuff, man, never freeze and left at me, I speake not like a darost, nor a ffoole, As under 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 forec'd to say my inrence by, And with grey haires and bruite of many dites, Doe challenge thee to triall of a man, I say thou haft belied mine innocent childe. Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart, And the lies buried with her ancestors:

O a tombe where never scandal flipes, Sause this of her, fram'd by thy villaines, Claudio. My villany?

Leomato. Thine Claudio, thine I say.

Prim. You say not right old man.

Leom. My Lord, my Lord.

He prov'd it on his body if he dare, Delights his nice fener, and his cluse pratsifie, His Mas of yore, and bloome of lasthood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leom. Canst thou so daffe mett'hou hast killed my child, If thou kill me, boy, thou slayt a man.

Brot. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,

But that's no matter, let him kill one first.

Win
Much ado about Nothing.

Win me and wear me; let him answere me.
Cousin follow me: boy, come fit boy, come follow me.
Sir boy, Ile whise you from tuoying fence.
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Bret: Content your self; God knows I lou'd my niece,
And she is dead, flan'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answere a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boy's rapes, brag cars, lackes, milk-slops.

Bret. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea
And what they weigh; given to the vmst pernne, Stumbling, out-facing, fahion-monging boys,
That ly, and cog, and stout, depraise, and flander.
Goe unquietly, and how outward hideouslfe,
And speake of halfe a dozen daungerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
Pri. Gentlemen both, we will no wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour the was charg'd with nothing.
But what was true, and very full of prooffe.
Lew. M'. Lord, my Lord.

Pri. I will not heare you.
Enter Benedick.

Lew. No come brother, away I will be hear'd.

Enter amba.
Bret. And shall, or some of vs will stand for it.

Pri. See, sir, here comes the man we went to seeke.
Clas. Now signor, what news we?
Ben. Good day my Lord.

Pri. Welcome signor, you are almost come to part
Almost a fresy.

Clas. Wee had like to have had two noses snapt off
With two old men without teeth.

Pri. Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou had
Wee fought, I doubt we should have been too yong for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both.

Clas. We have bene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
we have highe prooves melancholly, and would faine have it
betray'd, will you vse thy wit?

Ben. It is in my kabbard, shall I draw it?

Pri. Doest thou vse thy wit by thy side?

Clas. Never any did so, though vere many have been
before their wit, I wil bid thee drawe; as we do the most;
first, draw to pleasure vs.

Pri. As I am an honest man he looks pale, art thou
sick, or angrie?

Clas. What, courage man: what though care kill'd a
cat, thou hailemente enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall recewe your wit in the career, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subject.

Clas. Nay then give him another statte, this last was
broke crosse.

Pri. By this light, he changes more and more, I think
he be angrie indeede.

Clas. If he be, he knows how to turne his giddle.
Ben. Shall I speake a word in your care?

Clas. God blesse me from a challenge.

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 protest your cowardice; you have
killed a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall blame on
you, let me heare from you.

Clas. Well, I will meete you, so I may have good
cheare.

Pri. What a fetch, a fetch?

Clas. I faith I shakke him, he hath bid me to a salues
head and a Capon, the which if I do not carue most curiuusly,
I say my knife's naughty, shall I not finde a wood-cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes stily.

Pri. He will tehe how Beatrices prais'd thys wit the
other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit, true, faire the, a fine
little one too: I said I, a great wit; right faire then: a great
grosse one: may saied I, a good wit: I said I, heh the tongues:
that I beleue said faire thee, for hee were a thong to me on
munday night, which he foroare on tuesday morning:
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
fle an howe together transe-shape thy particular
verues, yet at last the concluded with a figh, thou waite the
propret man in theme.

Claud. For the which the wept heartely, and said thee
and don't.

Pri. Yes that the did, but yet for all that, and if finde
not he had dead, thee, would love him dearly,
the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clas. All, all, and moercues, God saw him whom he
was hid in the garden.

Pri. But when shall we see the strange Bulls horns
on the fentible Benedick head?

Clas. Yes and text unterneath, heere dwells Benedick
the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, boy, you know my minde, I will
leaze you now to your golfpe-like humor, you breake
lefts as braggards do their blades, which God be thankf
ed hurst not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank
you, I muft discontinue your company, your brother
the Bastard is fed from Christina: you have among you,
kill a sweet and innocens Ladie: for my Lord Locke-
beard there, and I shall mette, and till then peace be
with him.

Pri. He is in earneff.

Clas. In most profound earneff, and I warrant you,
for the loue of Beatrice.

Pri. And hath challeg'd thee.

Clas. Mott sincerely.

Pri. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doubte and hoie, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Confli*ble, Conrade, and Serachio.

Clas. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
to a Doctor to such a man.

Pri. But soft you, let me be placke vp my heart, and
be fad, did he not say his brother was fied?

Conf. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, the
shall hire weig more reasons in her ballance, say, and
you be a curiung hye-pot one, you must be look't to.

Pri. How now, two of my brothre men bound! Serachio
one.

Clas. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Pri. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Con. Marte
Much ado about Nothing.

Conf. Mattheus says, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken vainly, for certainly they are lambs, one and all, for she has verified all things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Proo. First I ask thee what they have done, and then I ask thee what is the difference, first and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you say to their charge.

Cla. Rightly the reason, and in his own disquisition, and by my truth there seven mean well suited.

Proo. Who have you offended matters, that you are thus bound to your answer, this learned Cowlabe is too cunning to be unnatural, what is your offence?

For. Sweet Prince, let me go further to mine answer, do you hear me, and thus Count kill me: I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wildest could not discover, their shallow foolees have brought to light, who ought either heard me confessing to your Majesty, that I have been your brother incendied me to the fire: Here, how you were brought into the Ord, and the two courts Margaret in the Heres: yment, how you distrac'd her when you should marrie her: my villain, they have upon record, which I had rather face with my death, than reproce over to my letter: the Lady is dead, and by one matters false accustion: and blestelle, I define nothing but the reward of a villain.

Proo. Runs not this speech like yon through your blood?

Cla. I have drank poison whiles he stood it.

Proo. But did my Brother for thee on this?

For. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Proo. He is compound, and them of treachery, and fled it is upon this villain.

Cla. Sweet Heron, now thy image doth appeare in the aire resemblance, that I said it right.

Conf. Come bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our season hath reforged Signior Leonato, and the season too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his cite, that when I note another man like him, I may anuie him: which of these is he?

Bar. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Am thou the flaske that with thy breath hast kild mine innocent child?

Bar. Yes, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so villainous, thou hast killed the selfe, Here find a pair of honourable men, a third is fled that had a hand in it. I thank you Princes for my daughters death, Record it with your high and worthie deeds, It was bravely done, if you bethank you of it.

Cla. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speake, because of you rejoyce ye selfe, Impose me to what penance your intention Can lay upon my fame, ye fon't I nor
But in mufing.

Proo. By my soule have it, And yet to satisfie this good old man, I would bend winder one haue vought, That heele enioye mete.

Leon. I cannot but you did not my daughter lie, That were impossible, but I praye you both, Possesse the people in Affanes here.

How innocent the died, and if your lose
Carabour ought in fat intimation, And left the serpent upon her tomb, And loped she her bower, and it longed: To morrow morning come to you to my house, And once you could not be me in law, But yet my Nephew my brother had a daughter, Almost the requite of my child is dead, And the alone is to bold on, Give the right the sight you should I sure her coines, And doles my revenge.

Cla. Oonible for!

Your own kinddesh doth with tears from me, I do entice you offer, and dispute

For benevolents of prince Claudio.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming, Tonight I take my leave, this solitou man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who I believe was past in all this wrong, Hired to it by your brother.

Bar. Nor by my faith she was not, Nor knew not what she did while she spake to me, But always with much and verous.

In any thing that I do know by her.

Conf. Moreover for which indee is not under white and black, this plaintiffe here, the infamous did call mee off. I believe her to be remembered in his punishment, and also the witch had them take of one Disfemmed, they say he weares a keynes hare and a lank hagings by it, and borrows monye in Godes name, the which he hath did long, and never payed, that no woman gr w hardbered and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praise you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest paines.

Conf. Thy worship speaks as a most thankfull and euerrend youth, and I praze God for thee.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conf. God fasten the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Conf. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I believe you worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keep your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humble you to leave to depart, and if a mete meeting may be wifth, God prohibit it: some neighbour.

Enter Vizzio to morrow morning, Lords, farewell. Exeunt.

Leo. Farewell my Lords, we look for you to to morrow.

Proo. We will not fail.

Cla. To nighte alone with Here.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we talke with Margaret, here her acquaintance grew with this kind fellow. Exeunt.

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Bem. Prate thee sweete Mifuss Margaret, defend well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of Brother.

Mr. Will.

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Much Ado about Nothing.

Act V. Scene II.

BEN. And how long is that which you? Ben. Quested, why no honor in clausour and a quarter in thowance, therefore is in most expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe, so much for praising my wife, wio my selfe will beare wittnesse is proue worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cofin? Ben. Verie ill. Ben. And how do you? Ben. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Ben. Seuise God, loue me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

WIF. Madam, you must come to your Vnkle, yonders old coile at home, it is proceed my Lady Heere hath babke flesse sculde, the Prince and Claudio might the abuse, and Don John is the author of all, who is ftd and gone: will you come pretelerie? Ben. Will you go hear this newes Signior? Ben. I wile in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be burried in thy tyes: and moreover, I wile with thee to thy Vnckles. 

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapes.

CLAU. Is it the monument of Leonato? 

Len. It is my Lord. Epigraph.

Done to death by amorous tongues. 

Will the Heroicke here lies: 

Death of pamphlet of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which were not dose: 

So the life that dyed with shame,

Lies in death with glorius fame.

Hang there threes upon the tombes,

Praying her when I am done. 

CLAU. Now most fck and fng your folkm hynme.

Song.

Pardam goddess of the night,

Thou that flew thy renven knight,

For which with songs of woes,

Round about her tomb we goe:

With passion in our sense, help us to fight and gossip,

Heavily, heavily,

Gracefully and yeilds your dead,

I'll deac to beester,

Heavenly heavenly.

This right.

Now vnte thy bones good night, yearesly will I do 

Prie, Good morrow masters, put your Taches out,

The wolves haue preyed, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheels of Phobus, round about

Dapples the drowe East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leese vs, faire you well.

CLAU. Good morrow masters, soch his sentence way.

Prie. Come le vs hence, and put on other weeles,

And then to Leonato we will goe.

CLAU. And Hynmes now with luckier isue speeds,
Much ado about Nothing.

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Then this for whom we rendred up this weene. Extent. Enter Leonato, Bev, Margot, Polidoro, and Friar. Friar. Did not tell you she was innocent? Leo. So are the Prague and Claudia who act'sd her. Upon the error that you heard debaied: But Margot was in some fault for this, Although against her will as it appears, In the true course of all the question. Old. Well, I am glad that things are so well. Friar. And so is being else by faith ent'nd. To call young Claudia to a reckoning for it. Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all, With a prince once by your felicities, And when I need for you, come hither mask'd: The Prince and Claudia promis'd by this hower To visit you, know your office Brother, You must be father to your brothers daughter, And give her to young Claudia. Exeunt Ladies. Leo. What which I do with concern'd constancy. Friar. Friar, I must intreat your patience, I think, Friar, To do what Signior? Friar. To bind me, or undo me, one of them: Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior, Your neece regard me with an eye of favour. Leo. Thus ere my daughter lent her, 'tis most true. Friar. And I do with an eye of loue require her. Leo. The sight whereof I think you had from me, From Claudia, and the Prince, but what's your will? Bene. Your answer is in Enigmatical, But for my will, my wills in, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be consent'd, In the state of honourable marriage, In which (good Friar) I shall define your help. I own, My heart is with your liking. Friar. And my help. Friar. Enter Prince Claudia, with attendants. Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly. Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudia: We here attend you, are you yet determin'd, To day to marry with my brothers daughter? Claudia. I hold my mind were the an Enthoike, Love her forth brother, here's the Prince ready. Prin. Good morrow Benedick, why what's the matter? That you have such a February face, So full of frolic, of formne, and clownedife. Claudia. I think he thinkes upon the fause bull: Truth, fear not man, we'll tip thy beames with gold, And all Europa shall ratyce thee, As once Europa did at lusty time, When he would play the noble beast in love. Bus. Bull face, had, an amiable look, And some such strange butt kept up thy fathers Cow, A got a Calle in that fame noble feat, Much like to you, for you have left his best. Enter brother Hero, Beatrice, Margarit, Polidoro. Clu. For this I sawe you here comes other reckonings. Which is the Lady I must face upon? Leo. This name is she, and I do give you her. Clu. Why then she's mine, wilt you see her face. Leo. No, that you shall rise, till you take her hand, Before this Friar, and I swear as much her. Clu. Give me your hand before this holy Friar, I am your husband and if like of me. Hero. And when I list I was your other wife, And when you list, you were your other husband. Clu. Another Hero! 

V. iii. 33—V. iv. 132

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Loves Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand:

To be \textit{done}, that all may sit at their graces,

as required upon our brave Tomber. And the grace given in the grace of death,

when spight of corrompt demouring Time,

Thendear of this present breath may buy:

That honour which shall base liesythes hearken edge,

And make us bays of all exteme,

Therefore brave Conquerors, for you are,

That warre against your own affections,

And the huge Aristocras the world derives.

Our late edict shall strongly name in force,

\textit{Namo} shall be the wonder of the word.

Our Court shall be a little Adahdeme,

Still and contemplative in hearing,

You there, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,

Have stones for three yeeres termes, to lose you with:

My fellow Schollers, and to keep those statutes

That are recorded in this sheelde here,

Your graces are set, and now subscribe your names:

That his own hand may take his honour downe:

That violates the smallest branch hereunto.

If you are bound to doe, as formerly to do,

Subscribe to your deepest oaths, and keepe it to.

Longaville. I am resolved, but a three yeares fast:

The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,

Fat paunches have leane pores: and dainty bats,

Make rich the ribs, but baulk them out the wits.

Dumaine. My lord, Dumaine is mortified,

The grotter manner of these worlds delights,

He throwes upon the grosse worlds baier flues:

To loose, to wraith, to pompe, to pane and die,

With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but for their preservation over,

So much dearlie, Dumaine. I have already sworn,

That to lose and finely heree three yeeres,

But there be other lusty obseruations:

As not to fee a woman at that terme,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there,

And one day in a weeke to touch no foodes:

And one more made on every day beside:

The which I hope is not enrolled there.

And then to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be free to wake of all the day,

When I was wont to thinke no more in all night,

And make a starke, a light for halfe the day.

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

One of these better tasks, too hard to keepe,

Not to fee Ladies, study, bath, nor sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from thee.

Berow. I will say no. My Lidge, if you please,

I were obley to study with your grace,

And my heree in your Court for three yeeres space.

Ferd. You owne to this Berowne, and to the self.

Berow. By your and mary fir, than I owne in left.

What is the end of study, let me know?

Ber. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ferd. Things held \& hard (you meant) the common taste.

Ferd. That is studied good-lik esteemance.

Ber. Come on then, I will owne to study to.

To know the thing I am forbidd to know.

As thus, to study where I will may done,

When I to start expressly am forbidd.

Or Owne where to meet fore Miftrefles fine,

When Miftrefles from common sense are bud.

Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath,

Stude to break in, and not breake my tooth.

If studyes be thus, and this be to,

Stude knowes that which yet is doth not know.

Sware me to this, and I will owne to ye.

Ferd. Tho be the lips that knowe studye, quite,

And traine our intellects to vaie delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and shall vaine

Which with paine purchase'd, shalh honest paine,

As painfully to posture upon a Bookes,

To take the light of truth, while truth the while.

Doth fully blind the eye, light of his book.

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So are you finde where light in darknesse lies,

Your light grows dark by losting of your eyes.

Stude me how to plese the eye indeede,

By fixing it upon a latter eye,

With daring to, that eye shall be his breed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Stude as like the heinous glorius Sunne,

That shall not be deep search'd without wary looks.

Small have continual plunders ever wonne,

Some base authorise from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfathers of human lights,

That gives a name to every fixed Starre,

Have more profit of their shining nights,

Then those that wake and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, as to know nought but tame.

And every Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well heere read, tolome against treason.
Loves Labour's lost.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lou. He weeded the corn, and still let grow the

weeding.

Ber. The spring is near, where green geese are a

breeding.

Dum. How shall I know it?

Ber. In his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in crime.

Ferd. Berowne is like an emulous inciting Frost,

That bites the first born infants of the Spring.

Ber. Well, I am, why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any courage to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas no more define a Rose,

Then with a Snow in May new tangled flowers;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you to study now it is too late,

That were to clambre o'er the hush to unlock the gate.

Fer. Well, it is out: go home Berowne; doe.

Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Then for that Angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I keep what I have sworn,

And hide the presence of each three years day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same,

And to the strictest decree I write my name.

Fer. How well this yelding refuces thee from blame.

Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile

of my Court.

Hast this ban proclaimed?

Lou. Foure days age.

Ber. Let's see the penality.

On pane of looting her tongue.

Who deuise's this penality?

Lou. Merry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lou. To frighten them hence with that dread penalty.

A dangerous law against gentility.

Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within

the terms of three years, he shall induce such publice blame as the self of the Court shall possibly detile.

Ber. This Article my Ledge your selfe could break,

For well you know here comes in Embassie

The French King's daughter, with your selfe to speake:

A Made of grace and compleate matthe,

About surrender vp of Aquitaine:

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridd Father.

Therefore this Article is made in vaine.

Or vainly comes that admired Prince of hither.

Fer. What say you Lords?

Why this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie enmore is outfor,

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to doe the thing it should.

And when it hath the thing it buntehmost,

'Tis won as towns with fire, to won, to lost.

Fer. We must off force difference with this Decree,

She must lie here atmore necessitie.

Ber. Necessary we will make you all forworne

Three thousand times within this three years space:

For every man with his affections borne,

Blood by might master'd, but by force all grace.

If I break faith, this word shall break for me.

Lou. Fourefowre we make need necessitie.

So to the Lawses at large I write my name,

And he that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attaynder of eternal shame.

Suggestion are to others as to me:

But I believe although I seeme to loth,

I am the last that will keep his oath.

But is there no quicken recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted

With a refined truslim of Spaine,

A man in all the worlds new fashions planted,

That hath a mint of phraise in his brane:

One, who the muckle of his owne vaine tongue,

Doth rathous like enchanting harmonie.

A man of complements whos right and wrong

Haue chose as empire of their mutinie.

This childe of fancy that Armado bright

For interims to our studies shall relate,

In heightsome words the worth of many a Knight:

From twaine Spaine lost in the worlds debate,

How you delight my Lords, I know not I,

But I protest I loue to heare him lie,

And I will vie him for my Mirthlyfie.

Ber. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire, new words, fallsus owne Knight.

Lou. Cyfar the swain and he, shall be our sport,

And to studie three yeares is but short.

Enter a Conufable with Cyfar and a Letter.

Conf. Which is the Duke's owne person.

Ber. This fellow, what would it?

Conf. I may selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am

his graces Thatbrough: But I would see his owne person

in sheath and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Conf. Signor Armado Armado commends you:

That's villaine abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Cam. Sir the Contempla thereof are as touching mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificant Armado.

Ber. How low issue the matter, I hope in God for

high words.

Lou. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs pa-

sience.

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

Lou. To heare meekely far, and to laugh moderately,

or to forbear both.

Ber. Well far, be it as the sile shall give vs cause to

clime in the meanes.

Clo. The matter is to me far, as concerning impedime.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following for all those three.

I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting

with her upon the Foremen, and taken following her into the

Parke, which put to gether, is in manner and forme

following. Now sir for the manner, it is the manner

of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some

forme.

Ber. For the following sir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God de-

fend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simpliciety of man to harken after the

sheath.
Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Week with Briske and water.

Cle. I had rather pray a Moneth with Murton and Porridge.

Kim. And Don Armado Ball be your keeper.

My Lord Beawre, see him deliuer'd ere, And go we Lords to put in practice that, Which each to other haile so strongly sworne.

Eso. Ilie lay my head to any good man bat, These oaths and laves will prove an idle sorne.

Sirra, come on.

Cle. I suffer for the truth first so true it is, I was taken with Lazeugнетa, and Lazeugнетa is a true gire, and therefore welome the fauore cup of prosperite, affliции you may one day smile againe, and vntil then fitt downe to be.

Exe. Enter Armado and Mathiu Pagge.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe fit, that he will looke sad.

Boy. What is face? Canelle is one and the selfe-same thing

clear imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Boy. How canst thou part face and melancholy

my tender Insenn?

Boy. By a familier demonstration of the working,

my tender Insenn?

Boy. A signe of the tande. Insenn, as a congunt

appertaining to thy young daies, which we may

nominate tender.

Boy. And I thought, as an appertinent title to

your olde time, which we may name tough.

Boy. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meanest thou, I pretty, and my saying apt

or I apt, and my saying prithee?

Boy. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little whereof apt?

Boy. And therelose apt, because quick.

Boy. Spakest thou this in thy praise Matter?

Boy. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eile with thine fame praise.

Boy. What is that an Eile ingenious.

Boy. That an Eile is quicks.

Boy. I doe say thou art quicke in anwseres, Thou

hearst in my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Boy. I looke not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the more contrary, crost worse not

Bro. Have pround's toudy io, yerez with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre fit.

Boy. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told.

Bro. I am still at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You a gentle man and a gommen fit.

Boy. I confesse both, they are both the vanish of a complect man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse

summe of deul-ace amounts to.

Boy. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Boy. True. Boy, Why is it such a piece of立体

Now here is three fluides, geste ill wilt wark, & how
case he is to pur yerres to the word thee, and fluyd these yerres in two words, the dancing basse will tell you.

Brag. A
Brig. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brig. I will hereupon confede I am in love: and as it is base for a Soldier to love; so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Delire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Countreys for a new devils courtise. I think feaste to light, me thinkes I should out-swearer Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love?

Boy. Hercules Masters.

Brig. Most sweeter Hercules; more authority desere Boy, name more; and sweats my childe lets them be men of good repire and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Masters, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee came the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in love.

Brig. O well-knit Sampson, strong joynted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my sapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson love my deare Math?

Boy. A Woman Master.

Brig. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the four, the three, or the two, or one of the future.

Brig. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene fir.

Brig. Is that one of the four complexions?

Boy. As I have read fir, and the belf of them too.

Brig. Greene indeed is the colour of Loves: but to have a Love of that colour, methinks Sampson had small reason for it. He hardly affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so fir, for she had a Greene wit.

Brig. My Love is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask’d under such colours.

Brig. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers write, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brig. Sweet innocenc of a childe, most pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If thee be made of white and red, Her faults wille nere be knowne: For blush-m in cheeks by faults are bred, And fears by pale white thone: Then if the fear, or be to blame, By this you shall not know, For full her cheeks passe the fame, Which nature sith doth owe: A dangerous time master against the reason of white and redde.

Boy. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I think now it’s not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brig. I will have that subieit newrly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty prejudent. Boy, I doe love that Country girl that I tooke in the Parke with the rational bind Cupid: she defierces well.

Boy. To bee whip’d: yet a better love then my Master.

Brig. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in love.
Enter the Princeps of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father sends: To whom he sends, and what's his Embassife, Your selfe, held precious in the worlds eye, To parle with the sole inheritour Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Naumae, the plea of no leffe weight Then Aspstra, a Dowrie for a Queene, Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces desire, When she did trace the generall world before, And prodigally gave them all to you, Queene. Good L. Boyet, my beauty though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise: Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not stript by base sale of chappen tongues: I am leffe proud to hear you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counsell wife, In spending your wit in the prate of tune, But now to taske the tasker, good Boyet, Prim. You are not ignorant all-telling fame Dorh noyce abroad Naumar hath made a vow, Till painfull flidie shall out-weare three yeares, No woman pay apps his silent Count: Therefore tos freemeth a needfull course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe Bold of your worishippe, weingle you, As our bell mowing fasie solECTOR, Tell him, the daughter of the King of France. On furious businesse cunning quicke dispatch, Importunes personal conference with his grace Halfe, signifie so much while we attend, Like humble wifid leter in high will, Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I proce, Ext. Prim. All pride is willing pride, and yongs so to.

Who are the Vostaries my loving Lords, that are vow-fellows with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longanell is one.

Prim. Know you the man?

1 Lad. I know him Madame as a marriage feast, Between E. Perigort and the beautious he, Of secret Fanebridge Solenized.

In Narmadie I saw this Longanell, A man of four signes parts he is effenci'd: Well fittest in Arms, glorious in Amor's: Nothing becomes him ill than he would well. The only joye of his faire vertues gloffe, If vertues gloffe will Raine with any fonde, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blum a Will. Wholesome hath power to cut whole will fild will, It should none faire that come within his power. Prim. Some merry mocking Lord helike, till it? Lad. They say to me, that meall their humors know. Prim. Such foolish tid wits do write: as they grow. Who are the rest?

2 Lad. The yong Duke, a well accomplishments youth, Of all that Verteue love, for Verteue loved. Most power to doe most harme, least 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 Alen's secret once, And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worishippe.

Rafa. Another of these Students at that time, Was there with him, as I have heard a truth. Brough they call him, but a merrier man. Within the limit of becoming mirth, I newer spent an hours talke withall. His eye begers occasion for his wit: For every obiect that the one doth catch, The other turnes to a mirth-mouing left. Which his faire tongue (conceitz expostor) Delivers in such apt and gracious words, That aged ears play content at his tales, And yonger hearings are quite raufed. So sweet and volatile is his discourse

Prim. God bleffemy Ladies, are they all in love? That every one her owne hath garnished, With such bedecking ornaments of praine.

Ma. Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prim. Now, what admittance Lord? Boyet. Naumar had notice of your faire appraoch; And he and his competors in oath, Were all addrest to mee you gentle Lady Before I came: Maccie thus much I haue learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes here to beifie his Count, Then seekes a dispensation for his oaths: To let you enter his unpopuled house.

Enter Naumar, Longanell, Dunane, and Brough.

Here comes Naumar

Naumar. Faire Princeps, welcom to the Count of Naumar.

Prim. Here I giue you be as he approv'd, and welcome hath not yet: the rote of this Count, too hight be your, and welcome to the wide Riti's, too bafe be mine.

Naumar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Count, Prim. I will be welcome then, Conduct me therer. Naumar. Heere me drops Lady I hau'e unforme an oath: Our Lady help me Lord, I will be forborne. Naumar. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will. Prim. Why, will shall break it will, and nothing els. Naumar. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is, Prim. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hau'e your grace hath unforme our Housekeeping: This deadly time to prave that ooth my Lord, And faine to break it: But pardon me, I am too fond of bold, To teachs his Teacher till becommeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming, And fondly resoluie me in my suyte. Naumar. Madam, I will, if fondly I may. Prim. You will be the sooner that I were away, For you'll proue perdi if you make me stay. Brough. Did not I dance with you in 6 ath about once? Rafa. Did not I dance with you in Brough once?
I know you did.

How needleless was it then to ask the question?

You must not be so quick.

'He's long of you!' your man with such questions.

Your wit't too hot it speeds too fast,' will tire.

Not till it leave the Rider in the main.

What time a day?

The hours that fools should take.

Now faire befall your smoke.

Faire fall the face it covers.

And send you many loures.

Amen, so you be gone.

Nay then will I be gone.

Madame, your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Brung in the one half, of an entire gaine,

Disburst by my father in his wills.

But say that he, or we, as neither have

Received that gaine; yet there remans unpaid.

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the King your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold faire friendship with his Majestie:

But that it frames be little worth

For here he doth demand to have repair

An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands

One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

To have his title live in Aquitaine,

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father's lent,

Then Aquitaine, so gilden as it is.

Dears Princeesse, were not his requestors to faste

From reasons yeelding, your faire felle should make

A yeelding gaint some reason in my brief,

And goe well satisfied to France againe.

Pray, you doe the King my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so vneeming to conselle receyt

Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

I do protest I never heard of it;

And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,

Or yeild vp Aquitaine.

We strait your word:

Boy, you can produce acquittance

For such a gaine, from speciall Officers,

Of Charles his Father.

Satisfie me so.

Boy.

So pleases your Grace, ther packet is not come

Where that and other specialties are bound,

To morrow you shall have a fight of them

It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberal reason would I yeild into:

Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As Honour, without breach of Honour may

Make tender of, to to thy true worthinche se.

You may not come faire Princeesse in my gates,

But heere without you thebe to receitd,

As you shall drence your fest levell in my heart,

Though so den'd further harbours in my houses

Of your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewel,

To morrow we shall viste you againe.

Sweet health & faire delites comfort your Grace.

Thy even with will I doe in every place. Exit.

Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

I will pray you doe my commendations,

I would be glad to see it.

I would you here it done.

Is the foule sickick?

Sick at the heart.

Alack! it is blooded.

Would that it do good?

My Phisick faileth I.

Will you prick't with your eyes.

No preyt, with my knife.

Now God faile thy life.

And yours from long liuing.

I cannot say thankfull-giving.

Enter Damares.

Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that faire?

The heare of Alisen, Raphael her name.

A gallant Lady, Mountfer you well.

Do you see him, what is she in the white?

A woman sometimes if you saw her in the light.

Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

She hath but one lift on her felte,

To desire that were a shame.

Pray you sir, whole daughter?

Her Mothers, I have heard.

Gods bleeding a your heart.

Good sir be not offended,

She is an heire of Faulconbridge.

Nay, my choller is ended:

She is a most sweet lady.

Get, you not with him, that may be.

Enter Bernard.

What's her name in the cap.

Katherine by good hap.

Is the wedde, or no.

Ile other will, or no.

You are welcome sir, adiew.

Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. Exit.

That lift is Bremere, the merry mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a self.

And every set out a word.

It was well done of you to take him at his word.

I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Two hone Sleepes maybe.

And where are not Ships? (lips)

Napole, (I sawt Lamb) yestelle we feed on your

Sleep & I passe a illust that now finish the self?

So you gain pathers for me.

Not to gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though fester all they be.

Belonging to whom?

To my fortunes and me.

Good was will be angling, but gentles agree.

This ciall ware of wise were much better vied

On Nanor and his bookezmen, for heres 'tis abused.

If my observation (which very seldom lies

By the beasts full retoricks, diseled with eyes)

Deseeme you not now, Nanor is infected,

With what?

With that which we Louers inside affected,

Your reason.

Why all his behavours doe make their retire.

To the court of his eye, keepeth thorough define:

His hart like an Ague, with your print imprected.
Lo\'ers Labour\'s lost.

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expresst.
His tongue all impetent to speake and not feb,
Did humble with haste in his eie-fight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repair
To feel onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye.
As Jewells in Chriftall for some Prince to buy.
(\textit{glaff},
Was tendering their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paift.
His face owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies incantated with grace.
He guey his \textit{Agnathan}, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake, but one loving Kiffe.
\textit{Proc.} Come to our Paullion, \textit{Sepr} is disposed.
\textit{Bras.} But to speake that in words, which his eie hath d\'i,
I onely have made a mouth of his eie,
\textit{fclod d.}
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
\textit{Lad. Re.} Thou art an old Lour-monger, and speakest skillfully.
\textit{Lad. Ma.} He is Capdle Grandfather, and learmes news of him.
\textit{Lad.} Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.
\textit{Bras.} Do you heare my mad wenchens?
\textit{L.} 1. No.
\textit{Bras.} What then, do you fey?
\textit{L.} 1. I, your to be gone.
\textit{Bras.} You are too hard for me.

\textit{Extrem summi.}

\section*{Actus Tertius.}

\textbf{Enter Bras and Boy.}

\textit{Song.}

\textit{Bra.} Warbile childe, make passionate my Fence of hearing.
\textit{Bras.} Conceivirt.

\textit{Bras.} Sweet Ayer, go tendermelfe of yeares: take this Keye, gue euangelis to the Swaine, bring him feem-fain lyther: I must unploy him in a letter to my Love.

\textit{Boy.} Will you win your love with a French brawl?
\textit{Bras.} How meanest thou, browning in French?

\textit{Boy.} No my complest matter, but to ligge off a tune at the tonges end, canarie to it with the fewe, humour it with turning up your eie: figh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat: if you swallowed love with sighing, loose sometime through: note as if you finnt up love by snelling love with your hat perichiose: like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes craf on your thobill doubluir, like a Rabbon on a sipt, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and kerry not too long in one tune, but a fip and away: there are complements, these are honourous, these beare nice wenchens that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to the?e.

\textit{Bras.} How haft thou purchasfed this experience?
\textit{Boy.} By my penne of olfacution.

\textit{Bras.} But O, but O.

\textit{Boy.} The Hobbit-horse is forgot.
\textit{Bra.} Call thou thy lour Hobbi-horse.

\textit{Bras.} No Mater, the Hobbit-horse is but a Colt, and and your Love perhaps, a Hackenkne:

\section*{Enter Pags and Clewes.}

\textit{Pag.} A wonder Mater, here is a Coford broken in a thin.
\textit{Ar.} Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lenny begin.

\textit{Cle.} No enigma, no riddle, no lenny, no false, in thee male fir. On thy, Planter, a plaine Planter: no lenny, no lenny, no Salue fir, but a Plantr.

\textit{Ar.} By verity, thou inforsted, laughters, thy fullie thought, my splices, the hearing of my luggers provokes me to ridiculus sayings: Opasen me my stars, doth the inconduiter take false for lenny, and the word low

\textit{Pag.} Doe the wife think them other, is not lenny a false?

\textit{Ar.} No Page, it is an elogeism and discourse to make some obscure procedings that hath before bin faire.

\textit{Pag.} Now will I begin your merrall, and do you follow with my lenny.

\textit{The Foe.} The Ape, and the Humble-Bee, Were still at odde, but three.

\textit{Ar.} Vntil the Goule came out of doore,

\textit{Pag.} A good lenny ending in the Goule: would you desire more?

\textit{Cle.} The Boy hath field him a bargain, a Goule, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose fat. To tell a bargain, I will sell a running as fast and loose: Let me see a fat Goose, that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a Coffard was broken in a thin.

Then call you for the Leisure.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantain: Thus came you to argument in:

Then the Boys fat Leisure, the Goose that you bought, And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a Coffard broken in a thin?

Pag. I will tell you freely,

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it. Meth,
I will speak that Leisure,
I Coffard running out, that was safely within,
Fell out the threshold, and broke my thin.

Arw. We will take no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the thin.

Arw. Sir, Coffard, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, bring me to one Francis, I smell some Leisure, some Goose in this.

Arw. By any sweete soule, I mean, setting thee at liberty. Entred未经 thy petition: thou was ensured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now thou will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arw. I quest thee thy libertie, fet thee from distance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this signification to the courtesie Made impecuniosa; there is remuneration, for the best word of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. Meth, follow.

Pag. Like the leguead.

Signor Coffard adio.

Enter.

Clow. My sweete souce of mans flehs, my in-comelaw: Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Renuerston. O, that's the same word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuneratioris, What's the price of this yoke? how, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? It carres it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and fell out of this word.

Enter Benowe.

Ber. O my good kneave Coffard, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you mark, How much Cramion Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Coff. Maitre sir, halfe pennie fasting.

Ber. O, why then three-farthings worth of it.

Clow. I thank your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay thine, I will employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knowledge, Do for thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you have it done for?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will doe it for: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest nor what it is.

Clow. I shall know it, when I have done it.

Ber. Why villainous thou must know first.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone.

Harke flaneur is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parks,
And in her traine there is a gentle Lady:
When tongues speak freely, then they name her name, And Radelme they call her, sake for her:
And to her white hand feit you do commend
This feel d'ye counten: Tis thy guardieu: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better than remuneration, a leawrence-farthings better: most sweete gardon: I will doe it to print: gardon, remuneration.

For.

Ber. O, and I forlook in love, I that haue bene loves whiste?

A verie Beside to a huncous figh: A Criticke, Nay, a night-watch Contables.

A domincing pedlar, sweete Boy,
Then whom no mottail to magnificent.

This wimpelled, whynong, purblonde wayward Boy,
This signifie Innes gians drawle, done Capac,
Regent of Lawmes, Lord of folded armes,
Thamointed fouresigne of figlies and groates:
Ledge of all luyeres and mainecotes:
Dread Prince of Placatter, King of Coppeccere.
Sole Emperour and great general
Outrooting Paccatores (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And were his colours like a Turnebles hooge.
What I joye, I see a wife,
A woman that is like a German Cloake,
Still a repairing: erect out of frame,
And newt going a right, being a Watch:
But being watchful, that it may fill goe right.
Nay, to be proue, which is worth of all.
And among all, to love the worfe of all.
A whisly wanton, with a velvet brow.
With thee pitch bals thickes in her face for eyes,
And by heaven, one that will doe the deece,
Though Angers were her Enuch and her garde.
And to fight for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadful full night.
Well, I will looe, write, fight, pray, thus, groan,
Some men must love my Lady, and some love.

A Hue Quirus.

Enter the Princesse, A Forester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Cle. Was that the King that spured his horse so hard, Against the steepes springing of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinkke it was not.

Cle. Who eare was a shrewd'z mounting minder:
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to France.

Then Forester say friend, Where is the Buff?

That we may Band and play the musitiereth in?

Far. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppece,

A stead where you may make the fairest shooe.

Cle. I thank my beatique, I am faire that shooe,
And therupon thou speake it the fairest shooe.

Ber. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Cle. What, what? First praise mee, & then again lay no,

For. Yes
I hercules, d true, my credit in the flower, Not wounding, pulsie would not let me do so. If wounding, then it was to shew my skill, That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill. And out of question, so it sometimes is: Glory grows guilty of deceitful crimes. When for Paris sake, for praise an outward part, We bend to that, the working of the hart. As I for praise alone now seek to spill The poor Deedes blood, that my heart memnes no ill. Roy. Do not curf wines hold that selfe-foureaigne Onely for praise sake, when they flrine then Lords are their Lords? Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford, To any Lady that subdues a Lord.

Enter Clowes.

Ben. Here comes a member of the common-wealth. Cle. God dig you-don-all pray you which is the head Lady? Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the raft that have no heads. Cle. Which is the greatast Lady, the hightest? Qu. The thickest, and the tallest. Cle. The thickest, & the tallest : it is fo, truth is truth. And your wafe Miftres, were as slender as my wit, One & these Males girdles for your wafe should be it. Are not you the chaste womans? You are the thickest here? Qu. What is your will? What is your will? Cle. I have a Letter from Monsieur Browne. Qu. To one Lady Royalm. Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: he is a good friend of mine. Stand a side good beares. Beay, you can curse, Break up this Capon. Beay. I am bound to ferue. This Letter is mistooke : it importeth none here: It is writ to Flamenista. Qu. We will reade it presently, Breaks the necke of the Wox, and every one giue care. Beay reader.

By heausm, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it felleth that thou art lovely: more faire: then faire,beautiful then beauteous, truer then it felleth: have conseration on thy heroical call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustreate King Cebetina set eie upon the permicious and inordinate Beggs Zemophom, and he that was mightily lay, Fe- mer, and, etc. Whom to annoymance in the vulgar, O buke and oblique vulgar: suppos'd. He came, See, and o- utercame: he came on; fete, to, cowercame thre: Who came the King. Why did he come ? to fee. Why did he befoe ? to overcome. To whom came he ? to the Begger. What faw he? the Begger. Who overcame he ? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captive is inmich: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nutspall: on whose side? the Kings no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for to flands the comparision) thou the Beg- ger, for so wintefeth thy lowlywhefe. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could, Shall I entreate thy loue? I will: What, shalt thou exchange for ragger, rooses: for titles tites, for thy felfe mee. Thus expelling the reply, I prophanne my lips on thy foose, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Three in the dearest designe of undeafith:

Don Adriana de Armacho.

Thus doft thou heare the Nemean Lion teare, Gainst thee thou Lambe, that flandeit as his pray: Submission fail he princely feast before, And he from torage will incline to play. But if thou flute (poore soule) what art thou then? Foulce for his rage, reputaste for his den.

Qu. What phrase of fakers hee is that indited this Letter? Whate weme? What is evocatoire? Did you ever beare letters? Beay. I am much deceitfull, but I remember the file. Qu. Eile your memory is bad, going ote it carefully. Beay. This Armas is a pion, and that keepeth in cour. A Phamnace, a Me-arche, and one that meaksport To the Prince and his kocher mates. Qu. Thou fellow, a word. Whose name is this Letter? Cian. I told you my Lord. Qu. To whom should it thou give it? Cle. From my Lord to my lady. Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady? Cle. From my Lord hereunto, a good master of mine, To a Lady of France, that he call'd Royalm. Qu. Thou hast mistaked thine Letter. Come Lords away. Here teereas, put up this, twill be thine another day. Exeunt.

Beay. What is the fonter? Who is the fonter? Roy. Shall I teach you to know. Beay. I my continence of beaute. Roy. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put off. Beay. My Lady goes to kill horses, but the marrie, Hang me by the necke, if horses that yeare miscarrie, Finely put on. Roy. Well then, I am the floos. Beay. And who is your Dear? Roy. If we choose by the horse, your felse come not neere. Finely put on indeed. Armor. You shal wrangle with her Beay, and face strikes at the brow. Beay. But the felse is hit lower: Have Ist her now. Roy. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the bat it. Beay. So I may awershe thee with one as old as that was a woman when Quene Conmarf of Brittaine was a little wench, as touching the hir.
Loves Labours lost.

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His intellect is not resplenished, he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are fed before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool:

So were there a patch set on Learning, to set him in a Schoole.

But some how say, I being of an old Fathers minde.

Many can brooke the weather, that love not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wis, What was a month old at Caesar birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hel. Dulcinea, goodman Dul, dulcinea goodman Dul.

Dul. What is dulcinea?

Nath. A title to Phebe, so Luna to the Moone.

Hel. The Moone was a month old when Adam was no more, (forre)

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to sue.

Th'alluation holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hel. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'alluation holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the collusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is near but a month old: and I say beside there was a Pricker that the Prince de kild.

Hel. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporall Epiphary on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Prince de kild a Pricker.

Nath. Perge, good M. Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abbreviate your letter, for it argues faciliat.

Enter Dul, Holofernes the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reserent sport truely, and done in the filimony of a good confidence.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) fanguis in blad, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the care of Cleopatra, the flye, the welken the heavens, and another flies like a Crab on the face of Terra, the seyle, the land, the earth.

Curt. Nath. Truely M. Holofernes, the appytiches are twently varied like a scholler at the least, but sir I allure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hel. Sir Nathaniel, hand ere.

Dul. This was not a hand crede, was a Pricker.

Hel. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of intimation, as it were in vie, in way of explanation fiscers: as it were replication, or rather oftereire, to show as it were his inclination after his inderlief, wapollished, vueducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather vittleret, or rather infonfirmed Fudion, to inferre against my hand crede for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a hand crede, was a Pricker.

Hel. Twice said, simplicity, his colier. Othououesmone, after ignorance, have deformed depeb thought looking.

Nath. Sir he bus hath a new seal of thy disaies that are bred in a book.

He hath not care paper as it were.

He hath no drake in a

The proue of Prince de paid and pricker a prettie pleasing Pricker.

Some say So the but not a sore, still now made for much shining.

The Dogges dide yel, et ad to Sore, then Sorell jumps from thothet:

Or pricker more, or else Sorell, the people fall a howling.

If Sore be fore, then et to Sore, makes fiftte fore O sorell:

Of one fore I am hundred mett

by asking but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he claseth him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of figures, figurz, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, resolutions. These are begotten in the braine of nonsense, nourish in the wombbe of painester, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Hel. Sir, I prizest the Lord for you, and so may my precarious, for their Sonnes are well nourished by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. We breake, if their Sonnes be ingenuous, they shall

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Enter Iapetus and the Clowns.

Iap. God give you good morrow Mr. Person.

Natb. Mr. Person, good morrow Sir? And if one should be perft, Which is the one?

Cl.Mary M. Scholemafter, hee that is liket to a hoghead.

Natb. Of perving a Hoghead, a good lutter of conceit in a tun of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis preistice is it well.

Iap. Good Mr. Person be fo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giveme by Cofard, and lent mee from Don Armado: I brefeech you reade it.

Natb. Faible precor gellida, quando pecus annus fab unbram annus, and fo forth. Ah good old Mautens, I may speake of thee as the traveller doth of Venice, venus, venusa, que non te vide, que non te perche. Old Mautens, old Mautens. Who vnderstandeth thee not, or fef la me: Vnder pardon Sir, What are the content? or rather as Horace layes in his, What my foules veres.

Iap. I fir, and very learned.

Natb. Let me hear a stiffe, a flame, a verse, Legge da mine.

If Loue make me forfeome, how shall I swerve to loue? When seeme faile doth budge, if not to beautie vowe.

Though to my lesse forsworn, that hee failefull proue, Thoike thoughtes to mee were Ones, to thee like Oliveres bode, Studie his byas leaues, and makes his bookes shine eyes.

Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee cound.

I know it not, what shall I do? What is it? What art I to doe?

Iap. I do to doe thee good without wonder, fheepe: Well proued.

Natb. And certes the text most infinitely concludes it. Sir I do invite you too, you shall not say me nay: pance uerbs.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exit.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alive.

Berow. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my faire.

They have pitch'd a Toyle, I am toying in a pych, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word. Wli, set thee downe forrow; for so they say the foule laid, and to say I, and I the foule - Well proued wy. By the Lord this Loue is a mad d Arse, it is shepe, it kills me, I a shepe: Well proued against a my sake. I will not loose, if I do hang me: yfath I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not lose her, yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nott one in the world but lyke, and lyke in my throat. By heauen I do love, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallishole: and here is part of my Rime, and here is my mallishole. Well, I hath one a my Sonnes already, the Clowne bore it, the Foule sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foule, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, Gives me grace to gonne.

He stands aside. The King entereth.

Kim. Ay me!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet Cypis, thou hast thump't him with thy Birdbolt under the lefte man in faith secrets.

Kim. So sweet a haffe the golden Sunne giues not, To those fresh morning drops upon the Raffe, As thy eye beames, when their fairest raye haue stopt. The night of dew that on my checkes downe flower. Not finies the flour Moune on halfe so bright, Through the transparent boome of the depe, As doth thy face through leaves of mine guie light: Thou thinke in every tear that I doe wepe, No drop, but as a Cocks doth carry thee: So rideth thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that dwell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will show:
Loues Labours lost.

But do not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queene of Queenes, how faire dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shal I know the myghtyie, Ie drop the paper.
Sweet leaves finde folly, Will he be cauesse here?

Enter Longaville. The King stands aside.

What long avile, and reading listen ear.
Ber. Now in this benifte, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forworne.
Ber. Why do you come in so like a purisa, and wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunken Loue of the same name.
Long. Am I the first you have penned to? (know.
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, by two that I
Thou mayst not the triumphyie, the corner of frentise,
The shape of Loues Tabe, that hanggs vp simplicite.
Long. I fear their robusternes lack power to move.
O sweet Maris, Empresse of my Loue,
Their numbers will interse, and write in profe.
Ber. O Rumes are gardens on wanton Cupids bode,
Disguise not his Shop.
Long. I will shal full goe. He reads the Sonette.
Do not the heavenly Resrererke of those eye,
Gentil whom the world cannot hold argument,
Peruse my heart to that safe perscrute?
Powers for this bragge do not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thow being a Goddesse, I forswore not longe.
Aye now was earlish, thow alouenly Loue.
Thow grace being guard, cures all difficult in me.
Powers are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then there fore God, which on my earlis dont blow,
Exhalted this vapor, so that it is.
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me brake, what sence is so wise,
To loue on earth, to owe a Paradise?
Ber. This is the huer verne, which makes flesh a deirty.
A greene Godeesse, Goddesse, pure pure Idolater.
God anotted vs, God anamed, we are much out with this.

Enter Dianne.
Long. By whom shall I send this (company) Stay.
Ber. Aall bid, all bid, an old infant play.
Like a deircie God, here sit I in the skie,
And weathed fools secretes hecfully ore-eye,
More saies to the world, Chearers I have my will.
Dianne transform'dt, tourse Woodcocks in a daff.
Dianne. Of mozt sunny Kate.
Ber. Of sone prophane coasomite.
Dianne. By heauen the wonder of a mostall eye.
Ber. By earth fye is not, comparle there you lyke.
Dianne. Her Amber haires for toule hath amber coted
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dianne. As ypright as the Cedar.
Ber. Scoope I say her shoulder is with-child.
Dianne. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some was, but then no sone must shyne.
Dianne. Of that I had my wish.
Lou. And I had mine.
Kim. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dianne. I would forger her, but a Peter the.
Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.
Ber. A Peter in your blood, why then inlection.

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet mispiration.
Dianne. Once more ille read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more ille marke how Loue can variye Wit

Dianne reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Adonis in every May,
Spied a blisseous falling faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velvet leaves the mende,
All venemce can paffage finde,
That the Louer falleth to death,
With benefite heebeaus breath.
Ayre (quoth he) be cherocks may blome,
Ayre, would I ought triumph fo.
But alack my hand a frentene,
Pero to plaughter that from thy throne:
Vow alack for youth commeteres,
Touch fo out to plaughter a frentene.
Dioe not call it swene on me,
That I am forswere for thee.
Thow for whom Loue would frentise,
Dune be an Adopye were,
And dense himselfe for loue.
Turning mortall for thy loue.

This wilt end, and something else more plaine.
That first express my true-loues fishsing prame.
O would the King, Bercame and Longaville,
Wre Loures too, all to example ill,
Would from my forthe you wipe a period'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe done.
Lou. Dianne, thy Loue is faire from charitie,
That in Loues grieve sleth ill forrest.
Your may looke pale, but I should blufe I know,
To be ore-lynd, and taken napping fee.
Kim. Come fit you blufe: as his, your cafe is fuch,
You chide at him, offering twise as much.
You doe not loue Maria Longaville,
Did never Sunnet for her fake compile.
Nor nevther lay his wrathed armes aright
His loving forsooke, too keepe downe his heart.
I haue hence clately throwed in the buff,
And mark you both, and for you both did blufe.
I heard your guilty Rumes, obrited yd fashion.
Saw fighete reekes from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, loves one! O loue the other cries.
On her haires were Gold, Challed all the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breaketh Faith and trueth,
And love for your Loue would infringe an oat.
What will Bercame say when that shall hearre
Fasthe infringe, which such zeale did ware.
How will he know how will he spend his wit? 
How will he triumph, heapd and laugh at it.
For all the wealth that euer I did fee,
I would not haue him know so much by me.
Ber. Now step I forth to whipt hypocritis.
Ah good my Ledige, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to repreuce
These worms for loving, that arte most in love?
Your eyes doe make no noocles in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeoff that appears.
You shall not pertin'd, 'ts a hateful thing:
Tulh,none but Minifrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not ashamed I say, are you not

IV. iii. 39—159

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Loves Labour's Lost.

All three of you, to be thus much out of place?
You found his Moot, the king your moth did see.
But I, I do not finde in each of three,
Of what a Scene of folly have I scene
Of fitches, of grones, of forrow, and of scene:
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Great?
To see great Henrye whipping a Gigge,
And profound Solomon turning a Lygge,
And Newt play at puff-puff with the boyes,
And Criticke Tyton laugh at idle toys.
Where lies thy griefs? 0 tell me good Dame
And gentle Lady, where lies thy paine?
And where my Ledges fall about the breth?
A Candle here!
Two bitter is thy left.
Are we betrayed thus to thy open-view?
Not you by me, but I betrayed to you?
That am honest, that hold it funne
To break the vow I am ingag'd in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of incontinent.
When shall ye mee write a thing in time?
Or grone for some I spend a minutes time,
In prunning mee, when shall ye hear that I will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a flame, a brow, a breast, a waife, a legge, a limone.
Soft, Whither a way so faile?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so.

At last, I poitt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Swar Legumadc and Clowne.

Isag. God bleeke the King.
Kim. What Pretfalt hath thou there?
Clu. Some certaine treason.
Kim. What makes trefaun heere?
Clu. Nay it makes nothing fir.
Kim. Ift marre nothing neither,
The treason you and you goe in peace away togeth.
Isag. I beleue your Grace lett this Letter be reade,
Our perfon m. doubts it: it was trefaun he said.
Kim. Berauns reade it ouer.
He reaade the Letter.
Kim. Where hadst thou it?
Isag. Of Collard.
Kim. Where hadst thou it?
Clu. Of Damen Adams dad, Damen Adams dad.
Kim. How now, what is in you? why doo thou teare it?
Ber. A toy my Ledge, a toy: your grace needes not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paffion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dem. It is Berauns writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ab you wherefor no linger gracer, you were borne
to doe me flame.
Guily my Lord, guily: I confesse, I confesse.
Kim. What?
Ber. That you three looles, lack't mee tooke, to make
up the meffe.
Hehe, and you: and you my Ledge, and I,
Are picke-purles in Loue, and we defeare to die.
O diffime this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dem. Now the number is euene
Beraun. True true, we are fouwe: will these Turles be none?
Kim. Hence fire, away.
Clu. Walk aside the true folke, & let the trasyers fly.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let us imbrace,
As true we are as flets and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebebe and flow, heaven will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree,
We cannot crede the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands mutt we be forworne.

King. What, did these ten times shew those loute of thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly
That (like a rude & fausage man of Inde.)

At the first opening of the gorgeous Eall,
Bowes not his vailel head, and frooken blinde,
Kiffes the base ground with obedienc breath,
What peremptory Eagle-eyed light
Does looke up on the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieflie?

Kim. What zeale, what furie, hath inspirt thee there?
My Loue (her Milifies) is a gracious Moone,
thee (an attending Scare)acare feene a light.

To, my eyes are thene no eye, nor I dark.
O, but for my Loue,day would turne to night,
Of all complusions the cull soueraignty,
Do meetes as at a faire in her faire chek.

Of feuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it felle doth felle.
Let me the flourishing all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Retherick, O she needs it not,
To things of fale, a fellers praise belongs:
She paffes prayle, then prayle too short doth blote.
A withered Hermitte, bufore winters wonne,
Might shoke off fittie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as it new borne,
And giveth the Cutch the Craddles infancie.
O't is the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Beraun. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?

A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can gaine an oth? Where is a bookle?
That I may swear ye Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If the leame not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not fale to blacke.

Kim. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of bell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beautes crell becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Dut fonneftemp fientling flames of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies bowes be deckt,
It mornes, that painting vyrung hare.

Should rauith doters with a false speache:
And therefor is the bemade to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dyses,
For nature bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would suwy dispraise,
Paintes it felle blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dem. To look like her are Chinny-sweepers blacke.

Kim. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And of Eichip of their sweet complection crake.

Dem. Dark needes no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your miffesfies date never come in raine,
For fear their colours shoul be wafhes away.

Kim. They were good yours did: for fit to tell you plain,
It finde a faire face noe wafhte to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomes-daye here.

Kim. No D Isle will fight thee then so much as thee.

Dem. I neuer knew man hold witte fuffe to dere.

Kim. Lookke, heer's thiny loue, my foot and her face se.

Ber. 0 if the streets were paued with thin eye,
Loves-Labours lost.

As bright Amelia's LTEE, fitting with his hair.
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowsie with the harmonie.
Neuer durst Poets touch a pen to write,
Vntill his inke were tempered with Loues-Eghes:
O then his lines would rauish lounde ears,
And plant in Tyranns madde humility.
From womenes eyes this doctrine I derive.
They sparkle full the right promethean fire,
They are the Books, the Arts, the Achedamers,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world,
Eile none at all in outhe proves excellent.
Then foole you were the women to for f grosse:
Or keeping what is f worne, you will prove foole,
For Wifedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Men sake, the author of thefe Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our cahthes to finde our felues,
Or else we loose our felues, to keep our cahthes:
It is religious to be thus for worne,
For Charity in felle fulfills the Law:
And who can feuer Loue from Charity.

Iam Saints Capi, then, and Souldiers to the field.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satin quoddifert.
Curat. I pritty God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene harpe & fenencerouspleasant without furellity, witty wythout affection, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresfe: I did contrive this gaudion day with a compausion of the Kings, who is intituled, pommed, or called, Don Alidor, in Armado.

Ped. And nowes our marita, his humour is lousy, his discourse petomperio: his tongue filo, his eye ambitious, his gate maafticall, and his generall behauour our vine ridiculous, and scandalous. He is too picket, too spruce, too affeeted, too odd, as it were, too pertigrin, as I may call it.

Enter Alidor, Quainus.

Pedant. Satin quoddifert.
Curat. I pritty God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene harpe & fenencerouspleasant without furellity, witty wythout affection, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresfe: I did contrive this gaudion day with a compausion of the Kings, who is intituled, pommed, or called, Don Alidor, in Armado.
Loves Labour's Lost.

**Curte.** A most singular and choice Epithet,

*Draw out his Table-books.*

**Pedro.** He draweth out the sight of his verbosite, firmer then the staple of his argument; I abhor such phaenomena, such insipid and poynts desolate companions, such rakers of ostentatie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce deput: but, not desche clepeth a Calle.Caufe, halle,heate,neighbour, cetera rebus, heigh abreisit ne, this is abominable, which he would call abomina-
ble is in natura back to fame: we intill a demean, to make frantick, Just arrive?

**Curte.** Lani debe, bene intellige.

**Pedro.** SOME time for some preface; a little leisach, twill serue.

*Enter Braggart, Boy.*

**Curte.** Vide nos qui vocent?

**Pedro.** Vide, & sado.

**Bragg.** Chirra.

**Pedro.** Quem Chirra, nos Sirius?

**Bragg.** Men of voice well unentrest.

**Pedro.** Most miflantime fit saturation.

**Boy.** They have bene at a great feast of Languages, and foint the scraps.

**Clown.** O they have lir'd long on the alder-basket of works. I manuell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not long by the head as honorificabilitas-dicknustabius: Thou art eatier swallowed then a flag-dragon.

**Page.** Peace; the pesle begins.

**Bragg.** Moufier, are you not lettered?

**Page.** Yes, yes, he teaches boye the Horne-booke: What book is with the boni on his head?

**Pedro.** Bajuracia with a horse added.

**Page.** Ba most hastily Sheepe, with a horse you heare his learning.

**Pedro.** Quis quis, thou Conosnant?

**Page.** The last at the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the if the I.

**Pedro.** I will repeat them: ə I.

**Page.** The Sheepe, he other two concludes it eu.

**Bragg.** Now by the |all waue of the mediterranam, a sweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, imp snap, quick & home, it reioyce my intellacefull true wit.

**Page.** Offered by a childe to an oldie man: which is wit-olde.

**Pedro.** What is the figure? What is the figure?

**Page.** Houses.

**Pedro.** Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Ginage.

**Page.** Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your intame unnamenita a gigge of a Cuckold homes.

**Clown.** And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, ther is the very Remonteration I had of thy Master, thou halfenny purs of wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of dification. O & the heavens were so pleased, that thou went but my Bafiard; What a joyfull fisher wouldst thou make mee? Go to, thou haft in ad dormit, at the fingers ends, as they say.

**Pedro.** Oh I shall fall Lateinne, docile for engen.....

**Bragg.** Atf! men prencifet, we will bee fondled from the barbarous. Do you not educate you on the Charghouse on the top of the Mountain?

**Pedro.** Or stem the hill.

**Brag.** At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

**Pedro.** I do dare no question.

**Brag.** Sir; it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Pavillioin, in the porwinde of this diay, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

**Pedro.** The porwinde of the day, most generous firs, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noones: the word is well cold, chooe, sweet, and apt I do assure you for, I doe assure.

**Brag.** Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familar, I do assure you very good friend: for what is inward between vs, let it passe. I do beseech thee re membr thy curttele. I beseech thee apparel thy head; and among other importuante & most serious devises, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane upon my poor shoulder, and with his royall finger thus daille with my excentrum, with my muftrachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recounted no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleases his grace to impart to attaime a Souldier, a man of travell, which hath scene the world; but lest that passe; the very all of all is; but sweet heart, do implore feerece, that the King would have me present the Princeesse (sweet suckle) with some delightfull offentation, or flow, or pageant, or attaque, or fire-wake: Now, world finding that the Chirra, and your sweet self are good at such excursions, and famoing him out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to caurse your affin in e.

**Pedro.** Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Wor-thers.

**Brag.** As concerning love entertainment of time, some flow in the porwinde of this diay: to be rendered by our affinates the Kings command, it is most gallanter, illusturate and learned Gentleman to the Princeesse: I say none far, as to present the Nine Wor-thers.

**Clown.** Where will you find me worthy enough to present them?

**Pedro.** Ibes, your sir my selfe, and this gallant gentle-

*Page.** Molendo manere; fane (because of his great humme or roynt) shall passe Pompey the great, the Page Hierarch.

**Brag.** Random for error. He is not quantitise enough for that Worther thumb, hee is not to bug at the end of his Club.

**Pedro.** Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minature: his enter and exit shall be stripling a Snake; and I shall have an Apologie for that purpose.

**Page.** Am excelent deuce. And any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done Hercules, now thou extrin-

*Page.** Shalt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gra-

*Pedro.** We attend.

**Brag.** We shall haue, if this fadge nor an antique. I beleaf you follow.

**Pedro.** If I good mane Dull, thou haft spoken no word all this while.

**Pedro.** Not underflow none neither sir.

**Pedro.** Alone, we will employ thee.

**Dull.** He make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on

V. i. 17—165

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Lowes Labour's lost.

Enter Ladris.

"O. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart, if hearings come thus plentifully in. A Lady wald about with Diamonds: Look, you what I have from the loining King. Ryth. Madam, came nothing else along with that? O. Nothing but that: yet as much lowe in Rome, as would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper. Writ on both sides the leaf, in grasc and all, that he was fame to scale on Capulets name. Ryth. That was the way to make his goodnedes was: For he hath bene thine thousand years a Boy. Kurd. I, and a thousand happy gallows too. Ryth. You'll need be friends with him, to kild your fider. Kurd. He made her melancholy, lad, and beauty, and so the dead: had the beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble running spirit, the might a bus a Gramdam ere the dead. And so may you: For a light heart hues long. O. What's your darke meaning mood, of this light word? Kurd. A light condition in a beauty darke. Ryth. We need more light to finde your meaning out. Kurd. You'll marrie the light by taking it in snuffe: Therefore I dreadly end the argument. Ryth. I look what you do, you doe it is full it's darke. Kurd. So don't you, for you are a light Wench. Ryth. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light. Kurd. You weigh me not, O that's your care not for me. Ryth. Great reason: for past care is full past cure. Kurd. Well banded bath, a fret of Wit well played. But Rejaines, you have a Favour too? Who sent it? and what is it? O. I would you knew. And if my face were but a faire as yours, My Favour were so great, be viniesthe this. Nay, I have Verdis too, I thankke Bawome, The numbers true, and were the numbering too. I were the fairest goddesse on the ground. Basia compend me to twenty thousand fair. O be holdthare my picture in his letter. O. Anything like? Ryth. Much in the letters, nothing in the prisse. O. Beauscritus as Inche: a good conclusion. Reply as a text B, in a Coppe book. Ryth. Wat penfals. How? Let menot die your debter, My and Dominicalist, my golden letter. O that your face were full of Oes. O. A Pece of that stiff, and I beforewail all Shrowers: But Lisbenere, what was sent to you From thine Damsel? Kurd. Madame, this Glace. Ryth. Did he not fend you taine? Kurd. Yes Madame: and moreover. Some thousand Verdis of a faithful Lowner. A huge translation of hypericie, Villy compend, profound simplicty. Kurd. This and thathe Pezze, to me see Lyxamize. The Letter is too long by half a mile. Ryth. I think no Iesus DEAD with in heart The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short. Kurd. Let I Would there hands might never part. Wyth. We are wife giues ths marches our Eeaters fo. Ryth. They are worse looses so purchase mocking fo. That fame Bawome is torture are I goe. O that I knewe he were bot by th' weeks, How I would make him tame, and begge, and sleeke. And wait the fasion, and obesere the tymes, And spend his prodigall witts in bootless times, And shape his servuce wholly to my deceif, And make him proud to make me proud that he is. So perturrant like would I tretewe his flame, That he should be my fole, and I his fole. O. None are so furely caught, when they are catcht, As Wit turn'd foole, foffile in Wiltone hau'th. Hast wioldem warrants, and the helpe of Schoole, And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foffile? Ryth. The bloud of youth burns not with such excelse, As grants in vouch to wantons be. Kurd. Follie in Roolces bears not to srong a note, As foolery in the Wife, when Wit doth done: Since all the power thereof is doth apply, To pource by Wit, worth in simplictie.

Enter Bawome.


Arm Wrenches arm, encounters mounted arm, Against your Peace, Louise doth approach, diguise'd: Armed in arguments, you'll be larg'd: To Multer your Wits, stand in your owne defence, Or hide your heads like Cowards, and die hence. Kurd. Saint Demas to S. Cupid: What are they, that charge their breath against it? Say from top. Bawome. Vider the coole shade of a Swoomtree. I thought to clofe mine eyes some halfe an houre: When to interrupt my purpose's rest, Toward that shade I might behold adrest, The King and his companions: waretely I role into a neighbour chacker by, And out of sight, what you shall always be: That by and by diguise'd they will be here. Their Herald is a pretty knownish page: That well by hardthath cool'd his embrascage, After and accent did they seach they seach. Thay must thou speake, and thou thy body bear. And cure and corn they made a doute, Preferre the falleall would put them out: For quoth the King, an Angell thas thou fee: Ye scarce not thou, but speake audaciously. The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not exil, I should have fear of her, and the beame a dambell, With that all laughe d, and clap'd him on the Shoulders: Making the bold way by their prifesse boilder. One red his elbow, and flond d, and swothe, A better speach was never seen before. Another with his finger and his thumb, Cry'd da, we will doe do, come what will come. The third he cupped and cried, all goe well. The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell: With that they all did tumble on the ground, With such a zelous laughter so profound, That in this spleene ridiculcous appeare. Ho, what is this? what is this? and how, do they see this? Ryth. They do, they do, and are apparell'd thus, Like Swoomtree, or Roolces, as I gess. Their purpose is to parcle, to count, and dance.

V. i. 165—V. i. 122

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And every one his love shown to advancement,
Vano his present gifts the which they know.
By favours, feasts, where beauty did abound;

Quean. And will they forthwith Gallant still be made:
For Ladies you must over all be master,
And not a man of them shall lose the grace
Defiles of love, to their bended face.
Hold Ralph still, and all the rest unite,
And then the King will come thee for his Deane;
Hold, take them thine loving, and give them more,
So shall Burrous rest not for Ralph's sake.
And change your favours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, decreed by these removes.

Refa. Come on then, wear the favour most in fight.

Keb. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Quean. The effect of my intent is to croodle thee's,
They do it but in mocking appearance,
And mocks for mocks is only my intent.
Their central counsels they volubly shall,
To Loues mistook, and be mock'd withall.
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With Visage displayed to talk andgreece.
Refa. But shall we dance, if they desire it too?

Quean. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Not to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while it's spake, each turns away his face.

Refa. Why that conceits will kill the keepers heart,
And quite disrobe his memory from his part.

Quean. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubts,
The rest will ere come, if he be out.
There is no such sport, as sport by sport orthroinne: To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own.
So shall we play mocking extended arms.

Refa. Why, the Trumpet sounds, be mask'd, the maskers' come.

Enter Black masques with muskets, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised.

Page. Alas, the rickshéc Beausset on the earth.

Ber. Beausset no richer then rich Taisata.

Page. A holy parcel of the fairest dames that ever turn'd their backs to mortal wouls.

Quean. The Ladies turn their backs to him.

Ber. Their eyes vtile, their eyes.

Page. That ever could their eyes to mortal wouls. Out.

Refa. True, out indeed.

Page. Of your favours be sure, Zara, keep it safe
Not to behold.

Ber. Once to behold, you.

Page. Once to behold with your Sume beamed eyes,
With your Sume beamed eyes.

Refa. They will not answer to that Ephyrite,
You were beth call it: Daughter beamed eyes.

Page. They do not marque, and this brings me out.

Refa. ls this your perfecthea? be gon you rogue.

Refa. What would they stranger?

Know their minds Boys.

If they spoke, or spake to us, we are wise
That lords alone may recant their purposes,
Know what they would?

Refa. 'What would you with the Princes?'

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle vivification.

Refa. Why they have, and bid them be so gon.

Ber. She loves you have it, and you may be gon.

Quean. Say to her we have measured many miles,
To creded a Measure with you on the grass.

Refa. They say that they have measured many mile.
To creded a Measure with you on this grass.

Refa. It is not so. Ask her how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have measured manie,
The measure then of one is ealifie told.

Refa. If to come hither, you have measured miles,
And many miles: the Princes bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary fleps.

Refa. She hears her selfe.

Refa. How many weary fleps?

Of many weary miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbered in the traveull of one mile?

Ber. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, to infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to flew the funniss of your face,
That we (the larger) may worship it.

Refa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.

Quean. Bless'd are clouds, to doe as such chests do,
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and thes thy fisste to flas,
(Those chests removed) upon our watterie eye:

Refa. O vaste petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Those now requirles but Mononsonie in the water.

Quean. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou dit me begge, this begging is no strange.

Refa. Play musick then: you must doe it loone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Quean. Will you not dance? How come you this e-

Refa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now bee's changed?

Quean. Yet full the is the Moone, and the Man.

Refa. The musick playes: vouchsafe some motion to it:
Our cares vouchsafe it.

Quean. But your legges should doe it.

Refa. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance.

Wee ill not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Refa. Why take you hands then?

Refa. Onelie to part friends

Currie. follow the dance, and to the Measure ends.

Quean. More measure of this measure bestrice nice.

Refa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Refa. Prize your felow: What buys your companie?

Refa. Your silence onelie.

Quean. That can never be.

Refa. Then cannot we be bought and sold aule,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Quean. If you deme to dance, let's hold more claus.

Refa. In pruine then.

Quean. I am bell pleased with that.

Quean. White banded Muffins, one sweet word with them.

Quean. Honly, and Milk, and Superbe there is none.

Quean. Nay then two troyes: as if you grow se nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey: well runne dice:

There's half a dozen sweetes.

Refa. Sevente sweet adieu, since you can cogg.

Refa. Play no more with you.

Refa. One word is scarce.

Refa. Earth not be sweet.

Refa. Thou gret't not my gall.

Quean.
Loves Labour's lost.

Qu. Will they return?
Bey. They will they will, God knoweth,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer are.

Qu. How blow? how blow? Speaks to bee understood.
Bey. Fair ladies' masks, are Roses in their bud:
Diffract, their damask sweet mixture fluorish,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Qu. Assay perplexity: What shall we do,
If they return in their owne shape to weed?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you be advis'd,
Let's mock them still as well knowne as disdained:
Let vs complain to the gods what foules were here,
Disguised like Mufcoutes in fapeflile gear
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their flashe flowes, and prologue wildly pend;
And then rough carriage ridiculous, should be present at our Tent to vs.

Bey. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Qu. Whipp to our Tent, as Roes runnes are Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, and the with.

King. Fair sir, God fave you. What's the Prince off?
Bey. Gone to her Tent.

Qu. Please it your Maiestie command me any terrice to her?

King. That which I will make me audience for one word.

Qu. I will, and do will he, I know my Lord. Exit.

Bey. This fellow picks up wit as Pigeons poole,
And writes it again, when Once doth please.
He was Wits Ponder, and retaiels his Wits,
At Wakes, and Waffles, Meetings, Markets, Faires,
And we that fell by Trough, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such flou.
This Gallant spurs the Wenchers on his horse.

Him he bates - Adam, he had tempt'd Eve.
He can cause too, and shew: Why this is he,
That killles his hand in courtly.
This is the Age of Faire, Moniteur the nice,
That when he place at Tables, shanes the Dine
Insecret Sub seruants: Nay he can fling
A some most meanely, and in Wringing
Men's hart who can the Ladies call him Sweet.
The floure in his breaste on which he doth mee,
This is the Flower that flowers on this tree,
To blew his resell as white as Whales bone.
And confidence that with in doth debt,
Pay him the dace of hone-tongued Sweet.

King. A bietic on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put Armathais Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Qu. See where it comes. Belouius what was thou,
Till this madman tread thee? And what art thou now?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.

King. Condivise my speeches better, if you may.

Qu. Then with me better, I will give you ease.

King. We camee to wish you, and purpose gow.
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Qu. This field that hold me, and to houd your vaw:
Not God, nor I, delights in pernicious men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you proueck.
The verse of your eye must brake my mouth.

You misname verse; for verses office neuer breakest men's teeth.

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the enfailld Lily, I protest,

A world of tormens though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your houses guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of hauently orthes, wow'd with integritie;

Oh you have li'd an delusion here,

Vnsext, vnused, much to our shame.

Thus is my Lord, it is not so I swear,

We haue hath pathmes here, and pleasent game,

A meffe of Rufians left vs but of late.

How Madam? Rufians?

I am in trueth, my Lord.

Thus gallants, full of Courtship and of flate.

Madam, I speake true. It is not so my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the dayes)

In curtesie gues vnderlining prais.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Rufias habit: Here they Bazed an houte,

A talke d'apace, and i n that house (my Lord)

They did not bleffe vs with one happy word,

I dare not call them foules; but thus I thinkes,

When they are thrife, foules would faine haue drinke.

This left is drie to me. Gentle I assere,

Your wis makes wife things foolish when we greete

With eies beth seeing, heauens fierce eie;

By light we looke full; your capactye

Is of that nature, that to your huge flore,

Wife things seeme foolish, and such things but poore.

Proves you wife and rich: for my eye

I am a foole, and full of poorete.

But that you take what doth to you being,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

O, I am yours and all that I possesse,

All the foolo mine.

I cannot give you leefe.

Which of the Vizarronds what is that you wore?

Where? where? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Then, then, that Vizard, that superfuous cafe,

That hid the wors, and shew hiselbe better face.

We are diestried,

They makke vs now downeright.

Let vs confesse, and tume it to a leet.

Am I any Lord? Why looks your Highnesse faide?

Help hold his browes, hee! found why looke

You pale?

Sea-ficke I thinke comming from Murfouic.

Thus poore the flars down plagues for perjury

Can any face of braffe hold lenger our?

Here stand I, Ladies darte thy skell to me,

Brutte me with fome, confound me with a flore,

Thrust thy harpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit:

And will I thee newer more to dance,

Nor newer more in Rufias habit wante,

Of newer will I trust to speaches end;

Nor to the motion of a Schoole boyes tonge,

Nor newer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor wow in ringe like a blind-arpers tonge,

Tatata phrases, fetten tearmes proue,

Three pit d Hyperboles, fruice affection;

You haue blowne me full of maggot oftenstence.

I do forswear them, and I there protest,

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)

Henceforth my wrongdoing shall be exprest

In suffet yeas, and honest kerse does.

And to begin Wench, to God help me lawe,

My love to thee is found, your crake or flame.

Sant, fair, I pray you.

Yet I haue a tricke.

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sicke,

I leaue it by degrees, lest vs see,

Write Lord burnermere on vs, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They have the plague, and caught is of your eyes:

These Lords are visted, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I feche,

No, they are free that gave the honest tokens to vs.

Our flars are forset, seek to vs to vs.

If it is not so; for how can that be true,

That will find forrest, being trule that fie

Peace, for I will not have to do with you,

Not shall not, if I as I intend,

Spreke for your felice, my wit is an end,

Teach vs to sweete Madam, for our rude trans.

fession, some faire escuse.

The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but even now, discours d?

Madam, I was.

And were you well adun?

I was faire Madam.

When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your ladde care?

That more then all the world I did recep't.

Whene ver shal challenge this, you will reiet her.

Lord, vpon mine Honor no.

Peace, peace, forbear;

your selft once broke, you force not to forspreare.

Defore me when I b eake this oseb mint.

I well, and therefore kepe it. Reafene,

What did the Italian whisper in your care?

Madam, he tawre that he did hold me deare

As pensive eye-light, and did value me

About this World: adding thereto more suect,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Lovers.

God gue thee joye of him: the Noble Lord

Molt honorably doth vphold his word.

What meanse you Madame?

By my life, my truth,

I sweare that this Ladie di such an oth.

By leasure you did: and to confirme it plane,

you sweare meth, but take it for againe.

My faith and this, the Princeffe I did giue,

I knew her by this Iewell on her fleceu.

Pardon me fur, this Iewell did the weare,

And Lord Brewe (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? will you have me, or your Peace again?

Neither of either, I teme both bothe.

I fee the tricke on ent: here was a conffett,

Knowing and arward of our merriment,

To doth which a Christmas Comedie

Some carry-tale, some feste-man, some flight Zanie,

Some musch-bewes, some trenches. knight Dom Dick

That smiteth his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she is disposed;
Loves: Labour's loth.

Told our intents before; which once distrest,
The Ladies did change Favour, and then we
Following the figures, would but the figure of the
Now to our perturie, to add more terror,
We are again forborne in will and error.

Much upon this stile: and might not you
Foretell our sport, to make vs thus savor? Do you not know my Ladies foot by sh footier? And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back stile, and the fire, Holding a trencher, letting merrite?
You put out Page out: go, you are allowed.
Die when you will, a limocke shall be your crowed. You leve upon me, do you? There's an eye
Wounds like a Lesten sword.

Boy, Full mentally hath this brave manager, this careere bene run.

Bar. Low, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Cames.

Welcome pure witt, thou partt a faire fray
Cle. O Lord fir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no
Bar. What, are there but three?
Cle. No fir, but it is vare fine,
For euerie one paffes three.
Bar. And three times threes is nine.
Cle. Not 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 three fir.
Bar. Is not nine.

Cle. Under correction fir, wee know where, vntill it doth amount.
Bar. By Jove, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.
Cleam. O Lord fir, it was putte you should get your luine by refhining fir.
Bar. How much is it?
Cle. O Lord fir, the parties themelvses, the storks fir will shew where, vntill 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.
Bar. Art thou one of the Worthies? Cle. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am thand for him.
Bar. Go, bid them prepare.

Cleam. We will turne it finely off fir, we will take some care.

King. Beware, they will shame vs:
Let them not approach.

Bar. We are shame-proof we: our Lord: and in these police, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his company.

Cle. I say they shall not come.
Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me oer-rule you now;
That sport beft pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeal flourishes vnto, and the contents
Diers in the Zeale of that which it pretends:
Their forme confoundes, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring part in their birth.

Bar. A right description of our sport my Lord,

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Amenocht, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man fene God?
Bar. Why ask you?
Qu. He speakes not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my farte sweet hone Monarch.
For I proftect, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they say) to Fortune deilger, I with you the peace of minde most royall supplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preffence of Worthyes;
He pretends Hector of Troy, the Swaine Pompey's: great,
the Paris Curate Alexander, Armodius Page Heremites,
the Pedant Idaeus Mantelos: And if these four Worthies in their firft these thrive, these four will change habities, and prefect the other five.

Bar. There is fate in the firft there.

King. You are deceued, tis not so.
Bar. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Fool, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fine fuch, take each one in's vaine.

King. The ship is vnder fale, and here the comm maine.

Enter Pompey.

Cle. I Pompey am.

Bar. You lie, you are not he
Cle. I Pompey am.
Bar. Whit Lubbards head on knee.
Bar. Well faith old mockeer, I must needs be friens wit the:
Cle. I Pompey am, Pompey sure I'd be big.

Qu. The great.

Cle. Thou great fir: Pompey (as we said) the great:
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foes to forest;
And vanquishing all those foes, I here am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Laff of France.

If your Lads/ship would say thanks Pompey, I had done.

L. Great thanks great Pompey,
Cle. Tis not so much wor h: but I hope I was perfecit. I made a little fault in great.

Bar. My hat to a halfe-pence, Pompey proues the butt Worthie.

Bar. Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I lowd, I was the worldes Command

Bar. By Euell, Mys, North & South, I fired my conquering might
My Stench and plainly declares that I am Alisander.

Qu. Your note futes no, you are not:

For it thands too right.

Bar. Your note futes no, in this moft tender fnetting Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is difsaiad:
Procede good Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I lowd, I was the worldes Command.

Bar. Most true, in right you were so Alisander.

Bar. Pompey the great.

Cle. Your returnes and Obed.

Bar. Take away the Conquerer, take away Alisander.
Cle. O fir, you haue overthrownes Alisander the conqueror: you will be scarr'd out of the painted cloth for
this : your Lonis that holds his Pollax sitting on a close floole, will be given to Alar. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and afraid to speake? Raise away for frame Alford. There was (shall please you) a foor-lith mild man, an honest man, lookke you, & loon daft. He is a marvellous good neighbour inflout, and a very good Bowler : but for Alford, alas you see, how 'tis a little out-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speake their minds in some other fort. **Exit Cam.**

**Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.**

**Ped.** Great Hercules is preferred by this Ioanne, Whole Club kill'd Cerberus that three-headed Caim, And when he was a babe, a childe, a thrimpe, Thus did he strange Serpents in his **Mane** : Romanus, he feemeath in minoritie, **Ere, I come with this Apologie.**

**Keep some tacan thy ear, and vanish.** **Exit Beg.**

**Ped.** Judas I am. **Judas.**

**Ped.** Not I for Art. **Judas.** I am, a Machabrew, **Dum.** Judas Machabrew clip, is plaine Judas. **Ber.** A kising traitor. How art thou proud of Judas? **Ped.** Judas I am. **Dum.** The more shame for you Judas. **Ped.** What means you fit? **Ber.** To make Judas hang him selfe. **Ped.** Begin fit, you are my elder. **Ber.** Well follow'd, Judas 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? **Ber.** A Citerne head. **Dum.** The head of a bodkin. **Ber.** A deathes face in a ring. **Lon.** The face of an old Roman coin, is tace tene. **Dum.** The pummelet of Cæsar Paulchon. **Dum.** The cara d'bone face on a flaske. **Ber.** A. Georges half checke in a brooch. **Dum.** 1, and in a brooch of Lead. **Ber.** I, and wore in the cap of a Tooth-drawer. And now forward, for we have putte in countenance **Ped.** You have put me out of countenance **Ber.** Fals, we have gonne thee faces. **Ped.** But you have out-face'd them all. **Ber.** And thou we'th a Lion, we would do. **Ber.** Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go. And so about sweet Iuda. Nay, why doth thou stay? **Dum.** For the latter end of his name. **Ber.** For the Asse to the Iuda : give it him. Indus s-way. **Ped.** This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. **Ber.** A light for monfierut Iuda, it grows darke, he mayumble. **Quae.** Alas poore Machabews, how hath line beene baited. **Enter Braggarts.**

**Ber.** Hide thy head Achiel, here comes Heller in Arms. **Dum.** Though my mackes come homely me, I will now be merrie. **King.** Heller was but a Trojan in respect of this.

**Ber.** But is this Heller? **Kyn.** I think Heller was not to alene timberd. **Lon.** His legge is too big for Heller. **Dum.** More Calfe certain. **Ber.** No, he is heft indued in the small. **Ber.** This cannot be Heller. **Dum.** He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces. **Ber.** The Apostate Mars of Lawesst the almighty, gave Hector a gift. **Dum.** Agist Nymegg. **Ber.** A Lennoun. **Lon.** Stucke with Clouet. **Dum.** No clouen. **Ber.** The Apostate Mars of Lawesst the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the boore of flowers; **Dum.** A man is breathed, that certaine he would fight: ye From more till night, out of his Pulsion. I am that Flower. **Dum.** That Mint. **Lon.** That Cullambine. **Ber.** Sweet Lord Longrall raiseth thy tongue. **Lon.** I must rather give it the rense : for it runnes against Heller. **Dum.** I, and Heller is a Grey-hound. **Ber.** The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chuckes, best not the bones of the buried : But I will forward with my deace; Sweet Roialye bellow on me the phrase of bearing. **Furens blesseth forth.** **Lon.** Speake brave Hector, we are much delighted. **Ber.** I do adore thy sweet Graves thipper. **Ber.** Looke her by the foot. **Dum.** He may not by the yard. **Ber.** This Heller fairest mounted Henniball, The pavre go. **Ces.** Fellow Heller, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way. **Ber.** What a sport thou? **Ces.** Faithfully you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is call away; the quick, the child brags in her belly alodie : 155 yours. **Dum.** Drift thou inframomize me among Potentes? Thou shalt die. **Ces.** Thou shalt Heller be whipt for Latyettta that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pympey, that is dead by him. **Dum.** Moft rare Pympey. **Ber.** Renowned Pympey. **Ber.** Greater then great, great, great, great, great Pympey the huge. **Dum.** Hector tumbles. **Ber.** Pympey is moused, more Aces more Aces flirem them, or flurce them on. **Dum.** Hector will challenge him. **Ber.** I ahouse no more mans blood in's belly, then will slip a Flax. **Ber.** By the North-pole do I challenge you. **Ces.** I will not fight with a pore like a Northern man; Ile flashe, Ile do it by the sword: I play you let mee borrow my Armes againe. **Dum.** Roomes for the incende Worthies. **Ces.** He do it in my shirt. **Dum.** Moft resolute Pympey. **Page.** Master, let me take you a button holuer lower: Do you not see Pympey is vouching for the combat; what
Loves Labour's Lost.

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Enter a Messinger, Monseur Marsade.

Mrs. God sue you Madame.

Qn. Welcome Marsade, but that thou interruptst our merriment.

Marc. I am forrie Madam, for the newest I bring is

beautie in my tongue. The King your father

Qn. Dead for my life.

Marc. Even so: My tale is told.

Bre. Worthies away, the scene begins to cloud.

Brig. For some one part, I breath free breath: I

have seen the day of wrong, through the little hole of
direction, and I will right my felse like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kim. How fare's your Majestie?

Qn. Better prepare, I will away to night.

Kim. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Qn. Prepare I say, I thank you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeavours and enteracts:

Out of a new sad-house, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide;

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If ever boldly we have borne our felues,

In the concourse of breath (your gentleness

Was guilty of), Fare well worthie Lord:

A beautie heart beares not a humble tongue.

Excuse me fo, comming to short of thanks,

For my great suite, so vastly obtain'd.

Kim. The extreme parts of time, extremite forms

All causeth to the purpose of his speed:

And ofte at his verie loole decides

That, which long proceede could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progreine

Forbid the smiling cuterie of Love:

The holy suitte which fame it would conuince,

Yet since loves argument was first on foote,

Lett not the cloud of sorrow suffice it

From what it purpose d: since to wile friends foott,

Is not by much to whilome profible, as

To relayce at friends but newly found.

Qn. I understand you not, my greeves are double.

Bre. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe

And by these beades vnderstand the King,

For your faire faoes have we negliged time,

Plaid foule playe with our eather: your beaurie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our lometors

Even to the opposed end of our intents,

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Love is full of vexating stains,

All warrant as childe, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

End of praying shapee, of habits, and of forms

Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,

To euerie varyed object in his glance:

Which partie-coated presence of loose louse

Put on by us, if your heavenly eies

Muse misbecome our wades and gravities.

Thee beauteously eies that love lookes into thee faults,

Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies

Our louse being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is like wise yours. We to our felues proue false,

By being once false, for euer to be true

To shole that make vs both, faire Ladies you.

And euen that falshold in feste a time.

Thus purifies is false, and turns to grace.

Qn. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Loue.

And in our maiden courtsey rated them,

At courthip, pleasur, and cuterie,

As bunbaff and as timing to the time:

But more deswout then these are our respects

Have we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Qn. Our letters Madam, the'ld much more then left.

Loue. So did our love.

Bre. We did not cost them so.

Kim. Now at the laste minute of the houre.

Grant vs your loues.

Qn. A time we thinkes too short,

To make a world-without-end bargaine in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is in Reture much,

Full of dese gracefullnes, and therefore this:

If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)

You will doe ought, this shal you do for me.

Your oth I will not trueth: but go with speed

To lone lorne and naked Hermitage,

Remove from all the sin of the world:

These way, until the twelue Celestiall Signes

Have brought about their annuall reckoning.

If this yule be indelivall life,

Change not your offer made in heste of Blood:

So solfs, and fals, hard lodging, and thin weede,

Nip not the gentle blossom of your Loue,

But that it bear this triall, and left loue,

Then at the expiration of the yeare,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these defers,

And by this Virgin palmes, now haffing thine,

I will be thine: and till that iustifie

My worful selfe vp in a mourning housse,

Raising the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thoo doe denie, let our hands part,

Neither intided in the others hart,

Kim. If this, or more then this, I would denie,

To flatter with thee powers of mine with red,

The sodaine band of death close vp mine eie.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breft.

Bre. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Kat. You must be purged too, your fints are racc'd.

You are attaine with faults and perritie:

Therefore if you my fauer mean to get,

A twelvemonth thall you spend, and never rett,

But seke the weary beds of people fickle.

Kim. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife a beare, faire health, and honifie,

With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Qn. Of shal I say, I thank you gentle wife?

Kat. Not as my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,

He
FINIS.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus. O wondrous Hippolita, our nuptiall hour

Hippolita. Draws on space: four happy daies bring in

Another Moon: but oile, thinkes, how flow

This old Moon wares? She lingers my desires

Like to a Steepe: as a Dowager,

Long withering out a young mans love newnew.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep thee in these tides
Four days will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a flurer bowe,
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Theseus. Go Pythiastrate,

Stirre vp the Athenean youth to merriments,
Awake the pery and nimble spirit of mirth,
Tune melodiously to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woot thee with my sword,
And woon thee thou, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with resounding.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.

Theseus. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Egeus. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius,

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lysander,

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast given her times,
And interchang'd love-token with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, yet fes of faining love,
And noise the impreffion of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hate, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Kneckets, ribbons, noo-gins, flowen muses (bellesgers
Of strong preuailance in rehardened youths)

With cunning haft thou filched my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To flubborne hartshinnee. And my gracious Duke,
Be it in the will not here before your Grace,
Content to marie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient praifed of Athens;
As he is mine: I may excuse it her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately proued in that cause.

Theseus. What say you Hermia? be adul'sd faire Maida.

To you young Father should be as a God;
One that compound'd your beauties; yea and one
to whom you are but as a forme in wase
By him imprised: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius a worthy Gentleman.

Her. Sir, so Lysander.

Theseus. In humblife he is.

But in this kind, wanting your father's voyce,
The other must be hold till the weather.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies muff within his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold
Not how it may concern me my delecth
In such a proue to please my thoughtes:
But I beteche your Grace, that I may know
The word that may befall me in this cafe,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

Thee. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore fare 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 looerte of a Nunnace,
For eye to be in flandy Cloister mewed,
To live a barren lifte all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruiteless Moone,
Thrice blessed they that make so their blood,
To under go such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthie happie is the Role distill'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin throni,
Growes, lives, and dies, in single blest crosse.

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A Midsummer night's Dream.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
Else I will yield my virgin Patent vp.
Vnto his Lordship, whom vouchsafe to see,
My soule contents not to give fouresigny.
Ther. Take time to passe, and by the next new Moone
Thee day through day, and looke thee looke me, and looke me,
For euerlasting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobediency to thy fathers will,
Or else to yed Demetrius, as she would,
Or on Digital Alartr to passe:
For, sir, the most, and single life.

Dem. Reflet sweet Hermia, and Lysander, yeeld.

Thy crazt title to my certain right,
Lys. You hate her fathers house, Demetrius:

Egym. Sworneo Lysander, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my Loue shall render him;
And the is mine, and all my right of her,
I do oppose unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am thy Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well possest: my Loue is more than his;
My fortunes every way as sorely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius;
And (which is more then all these beasts can be)
I am belon'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then professe my right?

Demetrius, Ile auncient it to his head,
Made lous to Nard's daughter, Helena,
And won her soule and the (sweet Ladie) doters,
Deyously doters, dots in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

Ther. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought I haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did losse it. But Demetrius come,
And come Egym, you shall goe with me,
I hate some private skholing for you both.
For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancyes to your fathers wills;
Or elle the Law of Athen, yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extinguish)
To death, or to a vow of gentle life.
Come my Hypatia, what cheare my loue?

Demetrius and Egym go along:
I must imploie you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and casuerie with you.
Of something, neetty that concernes your felues.
Egy. With dute and deare we follow you. Exeunt
Moore Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my loue? Why is your check so pale?
How chance the Rose there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could weel
Betemeen them, from the tempell of mine eyes.

Lys. For outh that outh I could reade,
Could ever hearre but tale or historie,
The court of some loue never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O croffe! too high to be enthrall'd to loue.
Lys. Or elle misterfled, in respect of years.
Her. O lyght! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Lys. Or elle it floute won the choise of merit.
Her. O hell! to choosse loue by others eye.
Lys. Or if there were a sympathie in cheefe,
Wrie, death, or fickness, did lay fiefge to it;
Making it momenterie, as a found;

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the colld night,
Then in a (pleine) unfoldeth both heare and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iaws of darkness do durrent it vp:
So quickly bright things come to confusion.

Her. If thou euer Louers haue beene euer croft,
It standes as an edif in denmination:
Then let vs teach our trall patience,
Because it is a customearie crofts,
As due to loue, as thoughtes, and dreames, and fights,
Wishes and tears; goot Fancyes followsh.

Lys. A good perfection; therefore before the Hermia,
I have a Widow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great renowme, and the hath no chiilde,
From Athen's is her house remou'd fruen leaguers,
And the repels me, as her onely tonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot purifie. If thou looke me, then
Steele forth thy fathers house to morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meere thee once with Helene,
To do obseruance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander,
I were to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his beft arrow with the golden head,
By the implicite of Venus Doves,
By that which knoeth foules, and propers loue,
And by that fire which burneth the Carthage Quenes,
When the false Troyan vnder faile was scene,
By all the vowes that ever men have brooke,
(In number more then ever women spoke)
In that same place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.


Enter Helene.

Her. God speede faire Helene, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire that faire againe vnlty,
Demetrius loves you faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are blosomastf, and your tongues sweet azure
More then sole then Larke to thy flames ear.
When wheate is greene, when hauhotnes buds appear,
Stickeless is catching; O were fauer for,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go.
My ear should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tonguues sweet melody,
Were the world mine Demetrius being bated.
The reefe Ille gue to be do you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius hart,
Her. I owne upon him, yet he lours me full.
Hel. O that my frownes would teach my fames
Such skill.
Her. I give him curfes, yet he gives me lour.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affecion moove.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I lour, the more he haxeth me.
Her. His fully Helene is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, void that wouls woune me.
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face.
Lysander and my felse will thet place,
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

I. i. 79—205

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A Midsummer night's dream.

O then, what graces in my Loe do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heasen into hell.

Lyf. Night, to you my mindes we will unfold,
To morrow night, when Pleade doth behold
Her fluer visage, in the warie glasse,
Decking with pleasant peace, the bladed greffe
(A time that Lovers flights doth full conceal)e
Through Athen's gates, have we deswelt for A.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faire Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boomes, of our counte-fell (weed)
There my Lyfander, and my felle falle meete,
And thence from Athen's turne away our eyes
To seche new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demeterret,

Keep your word Lyfander we must flaire our flight,
From louers foodle, till morrow deep in midnights.

Exit Heraus.

Lyf. I will my Heres. Heines adieu,
As you on him, Demeterret doth on you. Exit Lyfander. 
Fare. How happy lone, ooe other can be
Through Athen's I am thought as faire as the. 
But what of that? Demeterret thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee errer, doating on Heraus eyes
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and wild, holding no quantity,
Loure can transport to forme and dignity,
Loure lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.

Not nor loures minde of any judgement take:
Wings and no eyes, figure, wheredi halle.
And therefore is Loute (but to be a child.
Because in choife he is often beguil'd,
As waggish boys in game thenselves foresware;
So the boy Loute is persu'd every where.

For eee Demeter ret looks on Heraus eyes,
He fel doth saue, that he is only mine.
And when this Halle some heres from Herances fell,
So be dissolu'd, and flowers of ashes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire Heraus flight:
Then to the wood he will, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
I'Il have thynge, it is deere expence:
But hether in meane I to snatch my paine.

To have his fight thicher, and back againe. 

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snow the Page, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Follownge, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Tayler.

Quinc. Is all our company heere?
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man according to the spar.
Quinc. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athen's, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his weddng day at night.
Bar. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so gonne on to present.
Quinc. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.
Bot. A very good piece of work I assure you, and a merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors by the scrowle, Masters spread your felies.
Quinc. Answer we as I call you. Quinc. Bottom the Weaver.
Bot. You, Nick Bottom are set downe for Pyramus.
Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover or a tyrant?
Quinc. A Louter that kills his selfe quite gallantly for his.
Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it, let the audience looke to their eyes.
I will moue flemes; I will collende in some mesure.
To the reflet, yee three hundred for a tyrant I could play Ercules, or a part of a grave, to make all split the raging Rocks, and thonmes looks shall breake the locks of prision gates, and Philemon call four times from farre, and make and more the bold feate. This was lastie. Now name the rest of the Players. This is Ercles vain, a tyrants vaine: a lover is most conde-

Quinc. Flute the Bellows-mender.
Bot. Here is Peter Quince.
Quinc. You must take Thisbe on you.
Bot. What is Thisbe, a wanding Knight?
Bot. It is the Lady that Pyramus must loose.
Quinc. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman, I have a beard comming.
Quinc. That's all one, you shall play it in a Mache, and you may speake as small as you will.
Bar. And I may hide my face, let me play Thesibbe too:
He speake in a monstrous little voyce; Thesibbe, Thesibbe, ah Pyramus my louter deare, ah Thesibbe deare, and Lady deare.
Quinc. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thesibbe.
Bot. Well proceed.

Quinc. Robin Starveling, you must play Thesibbe mother?
Tom Sowat, the Tinker.
Sowat. Here is Peter Quince.
Quinc. You, Pyramus, mother; my self, Thisbe his father; Sowat the lover, you the Lyonis part: and I hope there is a play fitt.
Sowat. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am full of studie.
Sowat. If you may doe it expresse, but it is nothing but toaste.
Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to hear me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke fay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.
Sowat. If you should doe it too teribly, you would frighte the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would flinte, and that were enough to hang vs all.

Act. That would hang vs every mothers sonne.
Bar. Bar. I granzaze you friends, if that you should frighte the Ladies out of the Writhe, they would have no more induction but to hang vs: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you so faintly as any sicking Dout, I will roare and svee my Nightingales.

End. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyra-

N. 3

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A Midsummer Night's Dream

Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin Goodman at another.

Rob. How now, Friar, whether warder you?

Friar. Ouer hil, ouer daile, through bush, through briar, ouer pack, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wande euer where, witter enny mome, frite, and nowe, to con them by teemor nowe: and meet me in the palace wood, a smile before the Towne, by Moore-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Cittie, we flisse dog'd with company, and our deuils knowe it. In the meene time, I will draw abit of properties, such as our play wants, I pray you leave me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obsecruply and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, advise.


to the Duke's stoge we meete.

Enter a Duke. Enough, hold or cut bow-showings. Exeunt

A Bus Secundus.

Mistletoe night-wanderers, laughing at their home,
The old that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke. Are not you he?

Rob. Thou speakest right.

I am that merry wanderer of the night:
I left to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bounteous horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
And sometymes lurr's I in a Coffins bole,
In very likenesse of a roasted crab:
And when the drinke, against her lips I bob,
And once for all I do theu pour the Ale;
The wise Aunt telling the odder tale,
Some time for three-footed foole, mistaketh me,
Then flipp I from her benn, downe topples fire,
And taloute cities, and falls into a coffe;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and nere, and sweare,
A merrier house was never waitted there.
But use the Fairie, here comes Oberon.
Fair. And heere my Mistris;
Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one door with his traine,
And the Queen at another with hers.

Oh. Ill met by Moore-light,
Proud Tytania.

Wh. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy seip hence.
I have forsworne his bed and companion.
Oh. Terriesth Wanton, am not I thy Lord?
Wh. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou wass holne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of Cym, faire all day,
Playing on pipes of Cym, and verting loue
To amorous Phinais, why art thou here
Come from the fasther sleep of India;
But that forlooth the bounchng Amazon
Your buskin'd Mistrel, and your Warrior loue,
To Thesias must be Wedded: and you come,
To give their bed joy and prosperite.
Oh. How canst thou thus for thame Tytania,
Glanse at my credite, with Hippolyta?
Knowing I know thy loue to Thesias?
Didst thou not leade him though the glimmering night
From Persega, whom he renioned?
And make him with faire Eagles breaketh his faith
With Aradus, and Aitope?
Wh. These are the forgeries of jealoufie,
And neuer since the middle Summers spring
Howe on hel, in daile, forrest, or mead,
By pased fountains, or by ruddy brooke.
Or in the beached margent of the see,
To dance our ringless to the whistling Winde,
But witt thy brutes thou hadst disturbed our sport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in revenge, have sacked up from the see
Contagious fogs: Which falling in the Land,
Hath ecery tide River made so proud,
That they have other-borne their Continent.
The Oke hath therefore stretch'd his yeke in vaine,
The Ploughman loft his swer, and the greene Cowe
Hath lost her senn, ere his youth enwa'd a beard:
The fold fowls empty in the drong, ed beld,
And Crows are fatted with the muriate flocke,
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The nine mens Morris is fled vp with mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lack of trewe are endiduing white.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night innow with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the goutenelse of floods)!
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rhenmaticke dyes dissolv'd abourd.
And through this dispepantry we feate
The fearless aire; hoasted headed frots
Fall in the fresh lap of the clement Ripe,
And on old Hyms neanne and Jace crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds!
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,
The chuilding Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liurene, and the mazed world
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same panegyry of euilla,
Comes from our debate, from our disfention,
We are their parents and original.

Oder. Do you intend it then, it lies in you,
Why should't it make a Stowre in Eden? I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Hanchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buys not the childe of me,
His mother was a Vertreely of my order,
And in the spiced Isken aire, by night
Full often hath the light up through my side,
And fat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking them barked traders on the flood,
When we have taught to see the failes conceate,
And great big belonched with the wantons
Which the with pretty and with (swimming gote)
Following (her wenbe) then rich with your yong stire)
Would imitate, and failes upon the Land,
I see it precifie, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But the being mortal, of that did die,
And for her lye I doe reverence her boy,
And for her lye I will not part with him.

OQ. How long when this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after I behold weding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-lightgeules, goe with vs;
If not, shun me and I will sparc you harms.

OQ. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not to thy Furry Kingdome. Faries away;
We shall chide downe night, if I longer stay.

OQ. Vell, go thy waye: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till ientent thee for this injury.
My gentle Fuke come hither; thou remembrest
Since once yet upon a promontory,
And heard a Mere-maiden on a Dolphin backe,
Vittering luch ducate and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea rampawd at her foot.
And certaine flares that madely from their Spheres,
To bear the Sea-maidens musicke.

Fuke. I remember.

OQ. That very time I lay (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold houone and the earth,
Capulest am I, a certaine time in soue,
As at a faire Verfall, thronged by the bale,
And lovd his love-ofthat (sudda:ly saw my love)
As it should pierce a hundred charmed hearts.
But I wordie fee young Capulest lady: he.

Quench in the chaite beams of the wary houone:
And the imperiall Vertreely pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark I where the bowe of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little westermine flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidsens call it, Loue in idienee.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I thew'd thee once,
The joye of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make heire in too much disposed
Upon the next lie creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the Lewathan can twine a league.

Fuke. He puts a giddle about the earth: in forty minutes.

Oder. Hating once this joyce,
I watch Titania, when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing when the waking lookes vp on,
(He it on Lyon, Besser, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on bullie Ape)
Shee shall put it in with the foule of loue.
And ere I take this charge off from her fight;
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.

Qu. But who comes here? I am mufible,
And I will over-heare their confence.

Enter Demetria, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is Leander, and faire Hermia?
The one leache, the other flame,
Thou toldst me they were fiole in this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meett my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamat,
Yes you draw not iron, for my heart.
Is true as steel, Lease you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee more;
I am your spaniell, and Demetria,
The more you beat me, I will fawe on you,
Vie me but as your spaniell; ifpune me, stike me,
Neglet me, love me; onely give me leave
(Most worthy as I am) to follow you,
What woefull place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high rusts with me)
Then to be vied as you doe your dogges.

Dem. Temps not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am fable when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am fable when I looke not on you.

Dem. You dae impach your modesty too much,
To lease the City, and commiss your selfe,
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trull the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a defect place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I doe see your face,
Therefore I think I am not to the night;
Nor doth this wood lacke wonder 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 look on me?
Denn. He run from thee, and hide me in the brake,
And leave thee to the mercy of wide beasts.

Hec. The wilder hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the hore shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the snide Hinde
Makes sport to catch the Tyger. Boudicke spede,
When cowardly pursues, and valour flies.
Demot. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleve,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hec. I'm the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. Eye Demonstrate,
Your wrongs doe let a scandal on my face:
We cannot fight for love, as men may doe;
We should be wo'd, and were not made to wo'e.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Ext. Of. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do loose this grove,
Thou that the bird, and he shall lecke thy love,
Hail thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. I, there it is.
Oh. I pray thee give me it.
I know a broke where the wide time blowes,
Where Oaslips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouser-cannopied with lucious woodbine,
With sweet muske roles, and with Eglantine;
There sleepe, Tisana, sometime of the night,
Laid in those flowers, with dances and delight;
And there the fauke thows her enamelled skinnes,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.

And with the joyce of this I'll sleeke her eyes,
And make her full of hastfull tantrises.
Take thou home of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet Athenian Lady is alive.
With a stately and full youth, amount his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he elpee.
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man.
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than thee doth upon her love.
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Put. Fear not my Lord, your servant shall do so. Exit.

Enter Queen of fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song

Then for the third part of a minute hence.

Some to kill Cankers in the muske role buts,
Some with wares with Remifte, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elves coates, and some keepe backe.

The clowndrums of Owele that nightly boasts and wonders
At our gentle spirits. Sing me now allehe.

Farewell song.

I saw spotted snakes with double tongue,
I saw thy legging you do not jorne,
And boots and blinde armes do no wrong,
Some more were our Fairy Ringe.

I.为啥 Soint with melodies.

Sing in pure sweet Lullaby,
Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby,
Never harme our fell, our charm
Come our lonely Lullaby eye.
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy. Wearing Spiders come not here,
Hence you long leg'd Spamer Visions,
Beetles blacke approach not more,
Wormes or Nightes doe no offence,
Phalome with melody, etc.

Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One alow, bland Centinell.

Shee sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou feelest when thou dost wake,
Doest it for thy true Loue take?
Louve and languisht for his sake.
Be it Oume, or Cante, or Beare,
Paid, or Boare with blunted haire,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare:
Wake when some vile thing is nere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fare louse, you fault with wandring in y'woods,
And to speake thralst I have forgot our way:
We'll rest vs Hermia, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it to Lysander; find ye out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turk shall farse a pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bottomes, and one stroth.

Her. Nay good Lysander, for my sake my deare
Lie further off yet, does not lie too nere.

Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Louve takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meant that my heart vnto yours is knot,
So that I one heart you can make of it.
Two bottomes interchanged with an outh,
So thiat two bottomes, and a single outh.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
For lying so, Her mis, I doe not ly.

Her. Lysander riddes very preciotly;
Now much below, my manners and my pride.
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander bed.
But gentle friend, for love and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be taid,
Becomes a versusate battelour, and a maide.
So fare be deliaat, and good night sweet friend;
Thy haur night alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that false prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty.
Here is my bed, sleepe thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that with, the wispers eyes be prye.

Enter Puck.

They sleepe.
On the danke and dusty ground.

Pasty foule, she dar't not lye
Neere this lack-loure, this kill-cerethe.

Charle, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak I, let lour forbid,
Sleep his feete 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, sweet Demetriu.
Dr. I charge thee hence, and dost not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darling leave me? do not so.
Dr. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.

Enter Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the lefter is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, where close she lies;
For the light thievish and attrable ye.

Hame how her eyes so bright? Not with falt teares.
Him, if my eyes are ofter waft them hers.
No, no, I am as vigare a Beare;
For breath that merte me runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruisle, though Demetrius.

Doe as a monster, file my pretenthus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia thy eyre?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;
Beate or asleep? I see no blood, no wound,
Lyfander, if you like, good morr for waare.

Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweet fake.

Transparent Helena, nature her shewees art,
That through thy boomet makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vide name, to persifon my sword!

Hel. Do not stay to Lyfander, stay not so.
What though he love your Hermia Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you, then be content.
Lyf. Content with Hermia? No, do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I loute;
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason law'd:
And reason faire you are the wether Made.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their reason;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason, and touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marschall to my will,
And leads me to your eyees, where I orelooke
Loues stories, witten in Loues sweethe heart book.

Hel. Wherefore was it to this keene mortise byrth?
When at your hands did I deliberate this feare?
If not enough, if not enough, young man,
That I did never, not never eat,
Defore a faster looke from Demetrius eye,
And you must bloute my insufficiency.
Good reade you do me wrong (good sooth you do)
In such disdainful manner, mote me vroone.
But fare you well! peruse I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenss.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refuse,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Lyf. She sees not Hermias, Hermias deepeth thou there,
And never machioth can come Lyfander neere;

For as a suffect of the sweetest things
The deepel lossing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heretikes that men do leaze,
Are hated most of those that did deceiue.
It not her, my heart, my heart, and my hereste,
Of all be hated, but the mot of me;
And all my powers address thy love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be thy Knight.

Her. Let me help me Lyfander, help me; do thy beft
To plucke this crawling serpente from my brith.

Lyf. Lyfander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me thought a serpente ease my heart away,
And yet fat fingling at his cruel prey.

Lyf. What comboue? Lyfander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?
A blast where are you? Speake and if you heare:
Speake of all Loues; I found almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you I ll finde immediately.

Exit.

A Midsummer nightes Dreame.

Bat. Are we all met?

Soan. Pat, pat, and here's a maruisule convenient place for our meetac.

Enter the Clamiers.

Bat. Sir, we are wel meet?

Snou. Pat, pat, and here's a maruisule convenient place for our meetac.

Bat. Peter quenches?

Peter. What falt thou, bully Zotte?

Bat. There is a certaine thing in this Comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will neuer please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

Bat. How answere you that?

Snou. Bertaken, a parlous feare.

Stor. Thee use we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bat. Not a whit, I have a devise to make all well.

Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue come to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bette the Weaver, this will put them out of feare.

Stor. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and five.

Bat. No, no, make it two more, let it be written in eight and six.

Snou. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lyon?

Stor. I fear it, I promisse you.

Bat. Matters, you ought to consider with your felues, to bring in (God shiled wp) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefule wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.

Snou. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bat. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and be himselfe must speake through, sayings that, or to the same defekt: Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would will you, or I would request
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

requit you, I would earnest you, not to so much to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly he is Such the Lowre.

Queen. Well, it shall be so; but there is twain, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a cham-

ber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby mete by Moone-

light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night we play our play?

Pet. A Calendar, a Calendar, look in the Almack, find out Moone-shine, find out Moone-shine.

Queen. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Pet. 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.

Que. For one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lamb, and the lamb comes to disfigure, or to prevent the person of Moone-light. Then there is a mother, we must have a wall in the great Chamber for Pyramus and Thisby (fares the Rory,) did talk through the chunk of a wall.

Sn. You may never bring in a wall. What say you Psych.

Pet. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cunning, shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Que. If that may be, then all is well. Come, set down every mother's stone, and rehearse your parts.

Pyramus, you begin, when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brahke, and to every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

A MIDE. What hempen home-spuns have we wagging here,

So near the Cradle of the Fairies Queen? What, play toward? He be an auditor, An actor too, perhaps, if I see causie.

Pyramus. Speak Pyramus: Thus he stand forth.

Pet. Thisby, the flowers of odious fawns sweeter.

Queen. Odoirs, odours.


So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But haste, a voyce: fray thou but here a while, And by and by I will to thee appear.


Pyramus. Muff I speak now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to be a noyse that he heard, and to come again.

Pyramus. Most radiant Pyramus, most Lily white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most briskly lavenal, and make most lovely lowe, As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, I meete thee Pyramus, at Ninome eoonabe.

Pet. Nimome eoonabe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you awrieve to Pyramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter, your cue is past; it is never time.

Pyramus. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pet. If we were fair, Thisby we were only shine.

Pet. O monsifrous, O strange. We are hunted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clowns at Exit.

Pet. Ie follow you, Ile lead you about a Round, Through boggie, through bath, through brake, through Sometime a horste ile be, sometime a hound: (breyer,) A hogg, a headfie brace, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grune, and roar, and burne, Like horste, hound, hog, brace, fire, at every turne. Exit. Enter Pyramus with the Affe head.

Pet. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Jovius.

Sn. O Jovius, thou art changd; What do I see on thee?

Sn. What do you see? You se an Affe-head of your owne, do you?

Pet. Jove is, that this is but transated.

Pet. I se their knaury: this is to make a affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not shewe from this place, do what they can, I wil walk vp and down here, and I wil sing that they shall hear I am not a afraid.

The Woodell cocke, so blacke of hew, Wath Orente-tawny bill.

The Throffe, with his note so true, The Wren and little quill.

Tyt. What Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?


Whole note full many a man doth marke,

And dare not answer, nay.

For indeed, who should let his wit to foollish a bird?

Who would give a bird the lyfe, though he cry Cuckow, neuer to?

Tyt. I pray thee gentle morrow, fing again.

Muse care is much enamore of thy note;

On the first view to say, to Iawre I love thee,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce,) doth move me.

But, Me-thinks mistedde, you should have little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and love keepes little company together, nowadays.

The more the pittse, that some hollowe neighbours will not make them friends.

Nay, I can gleeke upon occasion.

Tyt. Thou art at wife, as thou art beautifull.

Pet. Not so neither: but if I had witt enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ferue mine owne turne.

Tyt. Out of this wood, do not desire to doe,

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend upon my face,

And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me, Ie give thee Fairies to attend on thee,

And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,

And fin, while thou on prested flowers dost sleepe;

And I will purge thy mortall grossefee so,

That thou shalt like an aine spirit go.

Enter Pysylle, Cbesh, Mab, Maffarde-

Fae, Rendi, and Iand i, and I, Where shall we go?

Tyt. Be
To the Gentleman.

Hop in his walker, and gambol in the green,
Feed him with Apricocks and Dawn berries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The homely-begs haste from the humble seas,
And for nights-tapers steep their wanton thighs,
And light them at the flame—Glown-wornes eyes,
To have my losses bed and to sitte:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him Eluer, and doe him curtseies,
1. Fas. Hallo mortall, haile.
2. Fas. Hallo.

But I cry your worshipes mercy hastily; I beseech your worshipes name.

Coh. Colne.

But I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Colne: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peas. Peas blisomes.

Bat. I pray you commend mee to my mistress Spinach, your master, and to master Peasfield your father. Good master Pease-blisome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you let

Mys. Mistref fieldes.

Peas. Peas-blisomes.

Bat. Good master Mistref fieldes, I know your patience well: that same cowardly ganty-like Ox beefe hath.so over many a gentleman of your house. I proufe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I declare you more acquaintance, good Master Mistref fieldes.

Tut. Come, waue upon him, lead him to my bowre. The Moone once-thinks, looke with a worse eye,
And when the wepe, wepe, weepe, little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastize.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him friendly.

Enter King of Pharses, stune.

Oh. I wonder if Tirannas be awak:
Then what was it that next came in her eye,
Which the mult dolc on, in extremite.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-merle now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My Mistres with a monser is in love,
Neere to her closet and confecated bowre,
While she was in her dull and sleeping bowre,
A crew of putches, rude Mechanicals,
That workd for bread upon Athenian flats,
Were met together to echease a Play,
Intended for great Turchus nuptial day:
The flhallowt thick skin of that barren fire,
Who Piramus preferred: in her spire,
Forsooke his Scene, and entered in a book,
When I did him this advantage take:
An Aflin note I stond on his head.
Anoon his Thither must be awakewd.
And forth My Minnowch comes: when taby him sleep
As Wilde-gestle that the creepog Bowler eyes,
Or milted-paste choosenthommy in flume.
(Rising and falling at the guns reports)
And Secure themselves, and madly snipe the savage:

Set in his sighte, away his fellow ye.
And at our thumps there are no one fail:
He must disable aid help from Athenys wall,
Their deade bowre shall this fire thus strong,
Made (asfallole things begin to do them weake.
For brists and thornes at their apparel frinks,
Some fleeces, some harts, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted fire,
And left somee Piramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tyden walked, and straightway loud an Afl.

Oh. This falls out better then I could devise:
But haft thou yet latched the Athenians eyes,
With the loue syce, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I took him slepping (that is finisht to)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That when he wak, of force the must be eyde.

Enter Demetria and Hermia.

Oh. Stand close, this is the fame Athenian.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath to batten on your bites for.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should weare worse.

For thou (I fear) haft given mee easie to caste,
If thou haft flau enderez in his sleep.

Beare one bowre in bloud, plange in steepe, and kill me too.

The Sunne was not to true vice to the day.
As he to me, would he be soltes away,
From sleeping hermes? He beleue as faire
This whole eath maybeyse bord, and that the Moone
May throw the Centre crepe, and so displesa
Her brothers noone tide, with thy Auzzard;
It cannot be but thou haft marred him,
So should a murmurer looket, so dead, forgern.

Dem. So should the murdorere look: and so should I,
Perfit through the heart with your Reasone woad;
Yet you the murderere looks as bright as a clere,
As yonder Vervino in her gumintering sheare.

Her. What is this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah good Demetria, will thou gueue him me?

Rob. I'de rather give his cark sake to my hounds.

Her. Oat dog, oat cur, thou dost not past the bounds
Of maiends patience. Haft thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numberd among men.

Oh, once tell true, even for my fake,

Durst thou a look upon him, being awake?
And haft thou sli'd' he sleeping? O brauncht
Could not a worse, an Adder do so much?

An Adder did it: (for with doublet tongue)
Then think (thou ferror) neuer Adder slung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a triumfphr lesed?
I am not guilt of Lysander bloody:

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I praye that tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get herefore?

Her. A pledge, newes to see mee more.

And from thy hater prerence part: I see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.

Dem. There is no following her in this bancke value,
Her therefore for a while I will remaine.

So forrows in wearest doe hastier growe:
For debt that bankrupt (flip doth arrow bowe,
Which now in some light measure it playes.
Enter Pucke.

**Puck.**

Captain of our Fairy band,
*Helena* is heret at hand,
And the youth, minstole by me,
Pleeding for a Lovers fee.

Shall we then find Pageant fee?
Lord, what foole these mortals be!
*Ob.** Stand aside; the noise they make,
Will cause _Demetrius_ to awake.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

_Lys._ Why should you think? I should woe in scorn?
Scene and derision never comes in tears;
Look on when I woe I wepe; and woe to be borne,
In their uttermost all truths appear.

_Hel._ You do advance your cunning more & more,
When truth kills truth. O duet holy day!
These vows are _Hermes_. Will you gue ther ote?
With oath with oath, and you will nothang weath.
Your vows to her, and me, (put in two falds)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

_Lys._ I had no judgement, when to her I swore.
*Hel._ Not none in my mine now you gue her ore.

_Lys._ Do true loves her, and he loues not you. _Avid._

_Dem._ O _Helen_, goddife, jumph, perfell, duches,
To what my _I)_ love shall I compare shyn eye.

Cirrillad is muskly, O how rippe in shoy,
Thy lipst, blosse kiffing chermes, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high _Taurus_ snow,
Fadm with the bailemen wode, turns to a crow,
When thou boldly up thy hand. O let me kif\footnote{This Princessse of pure white, this featle of bliffe.}

_Hel._ O spight! O hell! If ye are all bent
Toler against me, for your mistrament;
If you were cuill, and knew curesse,
You would not doe me thus much mery.
Two lovely bresses mold in one item,
So with two cunning bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in Heraldy,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love aunder,
To owne with men in learning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, it's not maidenly.

Our first as well: I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the music.

Her. I am amaz'd at your passionate words,
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not yet Lyfander, as in former
to follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrus
(Who e'er but now did purge me with his fote)
To call me goddeffe, ammph, dutce, and rare,
Precious, sellethall! Wherefore I speakes soth
To her heastes? And wherefore doth Lyfander
Deny your love your rich in his foule
And tender me (saddly) affection,
But by your feeling, by your content


This you should pitthe, rather then despise.

Her. I vnderstand not what you mean by this.

Hel. If she cannot etreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst not compell, no more than the current.

This threat have no more strength then her weak prate.

Hel. I love thee, by my life I live;
I sweare by that which I will lose for.
To prove him false, that fates I lose the not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with draw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick come.

Lys. Lyfander, where to send all this?

Hel. Away, you Euboea.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to brake loose.

Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou but a vile thing to loose,
Or I will make thee from me like a serpint.

Her. Why are you groome to rude?
What change is this sweete Love?

Lys. Thin love? out tawny Tartet, out;
Out loathed medicin; O hasted poision hence.

Her. Do you not see?

Hel. Yes, thou, and do you.

Dem. It will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I not trust your word.

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her death?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What can you do me greater harme then hate?

Lys. Get me wherefore? One, what newes my Loues?
Am not I Herma? Are not you Lyfander?
I am now free, as I was ere while.
Since night you loue me; yet since night you left me.

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earne, shall I say?

Lys. By my life;
And never didt dare to fee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing true: it's not so,
That I doe hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O, me ye ugler, you cant ye bloisme,
You thee belieue; What baud you come by night,
And stifle my loves heart from him?

Hel. Fine faith

Lys. Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of baselynesse? What, will you taste
Inpatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Ire, ye, you countesier, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that the bath made compare
Between our bates, the bath wrg'd her height,
And with her perfonage, her tall perfonage,
Her height (forsooth) the bath puzze'd with him.
And are you growne to bugh in his effecte,
Because I am to dwasifh, and to low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am now yet to low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I say you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never cruel;
I have no gift at all in fire withifelle,
I am a right misde for my cowardise.
Let her not take you; you may perhaps think,
Because she is something lowe or then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe

Lys. Good Herma, do not be bitter with me,
I evermore did love you Herma,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you,
Sure that in love you Demetrus,
I told him of your felthto in this wood,
I followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he had chid me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, purge me, pay to me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
I will beare my folly backes,
And follow you farther. Let me go,
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone? who if that hinderes you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I have here behind.

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Her. With Demetrus

Lys. 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 keen and firend.
She was a vixen when she went to schoolle,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you lett her to brous me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,

You minimum, of hindring knout-grafe made,
You bead, you acon

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that forestes her services.

Let
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Let her alone, speak not of Helena,
Till thou dost intend Ne'er to little flow of love to her,
Thou that aside in.

Lyf. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.

O. Follow you Nay, He goes with thee check by jowle.
Her. You Miller, all this coyle is long of you,
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trost you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Take not her part, thou kinder seek for a fray,
My legs are longer though twenty away.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ober. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'\nOr else commit't thy knowledes willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of thine shadow, I mistake,
Did you not tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on? 
And so faire blanclisse prove my enterprise,
That I have pointed an Athenian ere,
And so fare am I glad, I do depart,
As that their lang'ting I esteem a sport

O. Thou feelest that Louers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, mercer the night,
The fairest Welkin couer thou answ,
With drooping fogue as blace as Atherton,
And lead the false Rustys, he goe away,
As one come not within another way.

Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then thire Demetrius vp with batter wrong,
And sometime saile thou like Demetrius,
And from each other looke thou saile them then,
Tell at other hands, death-counters, dying,
With leden legs, and Bate-songs, death center,
Then craft this saile into Lyfanders eie,
Whose liquour hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with thine might,
And make his eye-balke with wond'rful light.
When they next wake, all this deception
Shall seeme a dreame, and frivellust vision,
And back to Athens still the Louer wend.
With league, whose date till death shall never end,
Whiles I in this affaire do the imply,
He to my Queene, and beg me, 


Rob. Here villaine, drawne \& readie, Where are thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground,

Lyf. Lyfander, speaks againe,
Thou run away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak in someBuff: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bringing to the flax,
Telling the buttter that thou look'dst after war,
And wilt not come? Come recreants, come thou child,
He whip thee with a rod, He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yes, art thou there?

Rob. Follow my voice, we try no manhood here.

Lyf. He goes before me, and full dares me on,
When I come where he calis, then he's gone.
The valliance is much lighter head'd then I
I followed fat, but fatter did fy e;

Lyf. Where all fallen am I in darks no mean way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:

To it if but once thou show me thy gray light,
He finde Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Enter Helen and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou run before me, stifling every place,
And darst not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou speak not me; thou shalt buy that deed,
If ever I thy face by day-light see,
Now goe thy way: famourous continenst me,
To measure out my length in this cold bed,
By day \& proclit to be buried.

Enter Helen.

Helen. O weares night, Oliver long and tedious night,
Alas thy hours, shine comforts from the East,
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
I somberifie that my poor companie detest,
And lycle that sometime flours vp torowes eie,
Scate me a while from mine owne companie.
Sleep.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kinds makes vp houre.
Here she comes, curtai and laid.

Enter Helena.

Cordias a kauriye lad.

Thou make poor females mad.

Her. Neuer to wear, neuer to in wo.

Bedabbed with the dew, and tone with briers,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keep no pace with my defiers,
Here will I rest me till the brake of day,
Heauentale Lyfander, if they mean a fray.

Rob. On the ground slype round.

I pleple yor eie gentle louer, remev.

When thou wakest, thou ask't

True delight in the fights of thy former Ladies eye.
And the Country Pleas'd to smile,  
That every man should take his bower,  
In whose walnut tree to flower.  

Lady shall have lily,  
Knight shall have rose,  
The man shall have his heart again,  
And all shall be  
well.  

Enter Qweer of Fairies, and Clowns, and Fairies, and the  
King behind them.  

Tita. Come, for thee downe upon this flowry bed,  
While I thy amiable checker doe coy,  
And flitke muskere roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,  
And kill no faire large ears, my gentle coy.  
Clow. Where's the Paffiditique?  
Prof. Ready.  
Clow. scratch my head, Paffiditique, What's Mounifer  
Clow. Ready.  
Clow. Mounifer Clowthick, good Mounifer get your  
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble Bee,  
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounifer bring me  
the hony bag. Do not frey thy telie too much in the  
action, Mounifer; and good Mounifer have a care the  
hony bag breake not, I would be both to have von  
over-flows with a hony-bag signeout. Where's Mounifer  
Maffard?  
Mas. Ready.  
Clow. Give me your meece, Mounifer Maffard,  
Pray you leave your court the good Mounifer.  
Mas. What's your will?  
Clow. Nothing good Mounifer, but to help Caularly  
Clowthick to fercath. I must to the Barbers Mounifer, for  
me-thinkes I am marnellous hary about the face. And  
I am such a render raff, if my haire do but tucke me, I must  
fercaht.  
Tita. Well, wilt thou wear some musick, my sweete  
love.  
Clow. I have a reasonable good ear in musick. Let  
us have the songs and the bones.  
Musick Trope, For all Musick.  
Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou delight to eat.  
Clow. Truly a pecke of Prounder; I could munch  
your good dry Grace. Me-thinkes I have a great desire  
to a bottle of hay: sweet hay, sweet hay hath no  
folaw.  
Tita. I see venemous Fairy,  
That shall sleeke the Squirrell heard,  
And fetch this new Nace.  
Clow. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried  
pease. But I pray you let none of your people fitte me, I  
have an expostition of thepe come upon me.  
Tita. Sleep, thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,  
Fairies be gone, and be alwayes away.  
So doth the woodwone, the sweet Flowdickke,  
Gently entwolke the gentle Toy so.  
Enting the barty fingers of the Elime.
With these mortals on the ground.

**Exeunt.**

**Enter Thersites, Egeus, Hippolyta, and all his train.**

**Thes.** Get one of you, find out the Fairies.

For now our obstinacy is performed;

And since we have the reward of the day,

My love shall hear the musicke of my hounds.

Vincouer in the Wiltshire valley, let them go;

Dispatch I say, and find the Fairies.

We will fare Queene, up to the Mountains top.

And make the midsummer confusion

Of sounds and echo in confusion.

**Hip.** I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,

When in a wood of Cretes they bayed the Beare

With hounds of Sparte, never did I see

Such gallant chusing. For besides the groues,

The skits, the fountains, every region near,

Seeme all one musickly: I never heard

So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

**Thes.** My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;

So beewd, so fended, and their heads are hung

With eyes that twerre away the morning dew,

Crooked knee, and dew-lapt, like Thessalian Bulls,

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,

Each vnder each. A crye more tureable

Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horse,

In Cretes, in Sparte, not in this Field;

Judge when you hear me. But tell, what nimpha's are these?

**Egus.** My Lord, thus is my daughter here asleep,

And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,

This Helena, old Nausicaa Helena,

I wonder of this being here together.

**Thes.** No doubt they roile vp early to observe

The right of May; and hearing our intent,

Came here in grace of our solemnity

But speak Egeus, is not this the day

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

**Egus.** It is, my Lord.

**Thes.** Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

**Horse and they wake.**

**Shout within, they all start up.**

**Thes.** Good morn great friends. Saint Colombe is past,

Begin th'ewd wood birds but to couple now.

**Lys.** Pardon my Lord,

**Thes.** I pray you all stand up.

I know you two are Russell enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is to faire from recollection,

To sleepe by't, and cleare no enmity.

**Lys.** My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half sleepe, half waking. But as yet, I trowe,

I cannot truly say how I came hither.

But as I trowe (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethinke me, for it is;

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the peril of the Athenian Law.

**Egus.** Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;

I think the Law, upon his head,

They would make a brooke 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 should be your wife.

**Dem.** My Lord, faire Helen told me of their stead,

Or their purpose hither, to this wood,

And in figne hither followed them;

Faire Helena, in fancy followed me.

But my good Lord, I was not by what power,

(But by some power it is my love)

To Hermia (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle guide,

Which in my childhood I did feast upon.

And all the faith, the verue of my heart,

The obserd and the pleasure of mine eye.

In softe Helena. To her, my Lord,

Was I betroth'd, ere I see Hermia,

But like a flickeneke did I loath this wood,

But as in health, come to my natural self,

Now doe I wish it, love it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it.

**Thes.** Faire Lovers, you are fortunate men,

Of this disconue we shall hear more anon.

**Egus.** I will out-bear your will,

For in the Temple, by and by with vs,

Thee couples shall eternally be kiss't.

And for the morning now is something worne;

Our pursed hunting shall be let aside.

Away, with vs to Athens: surely and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solennitie.

**Come hopplina.**

**Exit Duke and Lordis.**

**Dem.** These things seeme small & wertifulable,

Like faire off mountaines turned into Clouds.

**Her.** Methinks I see the whole things with parted eye,

When every things seemes double.

**Hel.** So me-thinks:

And I have found Demetrius, as a newell,

More owne, and not mine owne

**Dem.** It seemes to me,

That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thynke,

The Duke was here, and bid vs follow now.

**Her.** Ye, and my Father,

**Hel.** And Hippolyta.

**Lys.** And I be bold to follow to the Temple.

**Dem.** Why then we are woke: let us follow hom, and

by the way let vs sleepe on.

**Exit Lovers.**

**Clo.** When my soule comtells me, and I will answer.

My dear is, most faire Famesus. Hey he:

**Peter** Lycenes? What the bellows memeber? Stout the nobles? Startin-
g'ing? Gods my life! Stole hence, and left me sleepe: I have had a most rare vision. I had a dreamt past the wit of man, to see, what dreamt it was. Man is but an Asle.

If he goet about to expend this dreamt. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what Me-thought I was, and me-thought I was. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to see, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man hand is not able to tale, his tongue to conceive, but his heart to report, what my dreamt was. I will get Peter Quenes to write a ballet of this dreamt; it shall be calld

**Bacters Dreame,** because it hath no bottome: and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per

adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing at her death.

**Exit.**

**Enter Quinces, Flute, Thisbe, Snout, and Starveling.**

**Quin.** Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

**Snout.** He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

**71. f. 11**
Actus Quintus.

Enter Thesues, Hippolyta, Eges and his Lords.

Thes. 'Tis strange my Thesues, 'tis the louer speakes on. The more strange then true. I neuer may beleue These amours false, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men have such tehing braines, Such blaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends. The Limerick, the Lour, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compassed. One sees more diuils then wafe hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all frantick, See Helen beauty in a brow of Egypt, The Poets eye in a fine fremy rolling doth glance From heaven to earth, from earth to heauen, And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknown; the Poets pen transforms them to shapes, And gives to aire nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It compasseth some bringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some faire, How easie is a bath support'd a Beare? Hop. But all the force of the night told ouer, And all their minds transfigur'd to together, More wittelshit than fantasies images, And groves to something of great confinances But howsoever strange, and admirable.

Enter Thesues, I. for Thesues, Demetrius, Hermon, and Helen.

The. Here come the louers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days Of you all accompany your heares.
Lys. More then to vs, waste in your royall walkes, your board, your bed.
Thes. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we have, To wear away this long age of three houres, Between our after supper, and bed-time? Where is our visuel manager of mirth? What Reues are in hand? Is there noe play, To eate the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Eges.
Eges. Here he mightie Thesues. Thes. Say, what abridgement hauest thou for this evening? What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile The lozie time, if not with some delights? Eges. There is a breese how many sportes are rife Make choise of your which Highteoffe will see first, Lys. The bassett with the Centaures to be sung By an Athenian Even, to the Harpe. Thes. We'll none of that. Hence, I haue told my Loue In glory of my kinman Hercules. Lys. The rite of the tispe Bachans, Tearine the Thracian finger, in their rage? Thes. That is an old device, and it was plaide When I from Thesues came last a Conqueror, Lys. The thrice three Maides, mounting for the death of learning, late decaiell in begorie, Thes. That is some Saire keen and criticall, Not forting with a nuttall ceremonie, Lys. A tedious breese; Scene of yong Parnassus, And his loueThes. very tragicall mirth. Thes. The Merry and tragicall? Tediouse, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we finde the concord of this discord? Eges. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as breefe, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tediouse. For in all the play, There is not one word spake, one Player fitted, And tragical my noble Lord it is for Parnassus Thein therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw Rehearsall, I must confesse, made mine eyes water: But more merrie teares, the passion of loyal laughter Never was.
Thes. What are they that do play is?
Eges. Hard handed men, that workes in Asthena house, Which neuer laboure in their minds till now; And now have toyeld their rememberd memories With this same play, against your raptall.
Thes. And we will heare it.
This grisly beast (which Lyon himself by name)  
The trusty Thoby, coming first by night,  
Did scarce away, or rather did afflict:  
And as the fied, her mantle she did fall;  
What Lyon nilth with bloody mouth did blain.  
Anon comes Piramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his Thotske Mantle blain:  
Whereas, with blade, with bloody blain-blain  
He bravely broods his boiting bloody breast,  
And Thoby, tarrying in Mulberry blain,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lyon, Almon, from Wall, and Louers twain,  
At large disclose, while they do remain.  
Exit all but Wall.  
Thoby. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.  
Dane. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may,  
When many Affes doe.  
Exit Lyon, Thoby, and Moonshine.

Wall. In this same Intermide, it doth befall,  
That Lord, Sonne (by name) present a wall:  
And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a cramped hole or chink:  
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thoby  
Did whisper often, very secretly.  
This house, this rough and call, and this fine plot drew,  
That I am that same Wall the truth is so.  
And this the cranny, right and sinester,  
Through which the tearefull Louers are to whisper.  
Thoby. Would you desire Lime and Harie to speake better?  
Dane. It is the twisteless partition, that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thoby. Piramus draws near the Wall, silence.

Enter Piramus.

Pr. O grime look nightie, o night with hue so blacke,  
O night, whose eye so great, when day is not:  
O night,  
I fear my Thoby promisse is forgot.  
And thou o wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,  
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,  
Thou wall, o wall, o wall,  
Shew me thy chink, to blinde through wall with mine eye.  
Thou wall, o wall,  
Shew me thy chink, to blinde through wall with mine eye.  
But what see I? No Thoby do I see.  
O vickvick wall, through whom I see no blinde,  
Curst be thy fowes for thou deceiving men.  
Thoby. The wall me-thinks being felse, should curse again.

Pr. No in truth for, he should not. Discourse me,  
Is Thoby eue the fire is to enter, and I am to spy  
Her through the wall. You shall see it wall fall.

Enter Thoby.

Pir. To me as I told you; yonder he comes.  
Thoby. O vall,full oftent halfe thou heard my moans.  
For pasting my faire Piramus, and me.  
My cherry lips have often kiss thy thones;  
Thy flowers with Lime and Harie knot up in thee.  
Pir. I see a voyce: now vall I to the chink,  
To spy and I can heare my Thoby face.  
Thoby?  
Thoby. My Loue thou art, my Loue I think.  
Pr. Thoby. My Loue thou art, my Loue I think.  
Thoby. Thoby. My Loue thou art, my Loue I think.  
Pr. Thoby. My Loue thou art, my Loue I think.  
Thoby. My Loue thou art, my Loue I think.  
And like Luminer am I truly thy.  
Thoby. And like Helen till the Faces me kill.  
Pr. Not Shagafus to Piramus was true.  
Thoby. As Shagafus to Piramus I to you.

Pr. O

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A Midsummer Night's Dream

O kif me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thy, I kif the wall hole,not your lips at all.
Wilt thou at Nunsoms combe meete me this night?
Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Thus have I Wil, my part discharged for.
And being done, thus Wall away doth go. Ext Clow.
Now is the moral done between the two Neighbors.

When Lion says do,
Into vne his place;
And he imagine them, not their.
Wit or not, let not these two,
They part, nor yet no life.

Thus, to be alone,
That Lonsing is no life,
For s I should as Lion come in first.
Into these place, were pithe of my life.

When the gentle beaft, and of a good confidence,
The verge belt as a beast, my Lord, ye say lye.
This Lion is a verge Fox for his valor.
True, and a Goofe for his discretion.
Not to my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his discretion,
And the Fox carrie the Goofe.

His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor;
For the Goofe carrieth no valor.
It is well; leave it to his discretion,
And let vs breaken to the Moone.

This Lanthorp doth the horned Moone present.
He should have worn the horns on his head.
Heres no creft, and his horns are mutuall,
Within the circumference.

This Lanthorp doth the horned Moone present:
My felle, the man Ith Moone doth seeme to be,
This is the greteft error of all the refell, the man
should be put into the Lanthorp.How is it els the man
Ith Moone?

He doth not come there for the candle.
For you see, it is already in snuffe.
Am I warie of this Moone; should he be a man?
Appeares by his fmal light of discretion, that he
in the ware: yet but in courte, in all reason, we
must flay the time.

Proceed 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 bush, my thome bush, and this dog, my dog.
Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone:But silence, hence comes Thoby.

Thoby. This is old Nunsoms combe: where is my love?
Oh.

Thoby. This is old Nunsoms combe: where is my love?
Lion. Thoby runns off.

Thoby. This is old Nunsoms combe: where is my love?
Lion. This is old Nunsoms combe: where is my love?

Thoby. O kif me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thy. I kif the wall hole, not your lips at all.

Well run Thoby.
Thy. O well phone Moone.

This Moone shines with a good grace.
Thy. I must be your,

Wit or not, let not these two,
They part, nor yet no life.

Thus, to be alone,
That Lonsing is no life,
For s I should as Lion come in first.
Into these place, were pithe of my life.

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Thoby. This is old Nunsoms combe: where is my love?
Lion. Thoby runns off.

Thoby. This is old Nunsoms combe: where is my love?
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

And as well friends, thus Thu'sd ends;
Aideu, aideu, aideu,
Dusk, Moonshine & Lion are left to bury the dead.

Drame, 1, and Wall too.

But, No, I assure you, the wall is down, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

But, No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all
death, there need none to be blamed. Marry, shee that
wit it had plaid Pallaas, and hung himselfe in Thu's buds
garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and for it is
eerel, and very notably dischargd: But come, your
Burgomaster, let your Epilogue alone.

The brave tonge of midtongh hath told twelue.
Loutres to bed, 's almost faire time,
I fear we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night have over-watcht.
This palatable groffe play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night, Sweet friends to bed.
A formest bold weare that solemnly
In nightly Peale; and now follow.

Enter Furies.

Furies, Now the hungry Lynxes roar,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moon.
Whilte the hevy ploughmane sytte,
All with weary take fore-done,
Now the wastled brandes doe glow,
Whilte the forch owle, forenching loud,
Put the wretched that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a thownd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graces, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth her thought,
In the Church way path to glide
And we Furies, that doe answer,
By the triple Heroes name,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following her beneficile a dreame,
Now are friollis ke, not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house
I am first with brome before,
To liewep the dult behind the doore.

Enter King and Queen of Fairy, with these triame.

By the dead and drewe fishe,
Euerie Elfe and Fairy upwight,
Hop as light as bird from bister,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippingly.

The Song

Now untill the briske of day
Through this house each may stray.
To the left Brise-bed will we,
Which be ye shall be blest by:
And the image there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the compass three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the buss of Nature's band,
Shall not on theire path stand.
Never male, bare lip, nor faire,
Nor marks prof of, such as are
Pensd in Nature,
Shall thy heere choose thine.

With this field dem conurate,
Ewy Fairys take her gate,
And each gentlly chamber blesse,
Through this Wallace wage sweete peace,
In love's lowe safety else.
I be ever of a blesse.
To way, make a song:
Meet me by a bys break of day.

Robin, If we shadowes we have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended)
That you have but flumderd herea,
While these visions did appear.
And this weake and idle dreame,
No more eveding but a dreame,
Center, doe not reprehend.
If you protest, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Furies,
If we have vext you all
Now to scape th' Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Pyr's yas call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your handes, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Solano, and Salanio.

Antonio.

N'oth 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 spite 'tis made of, wore, of it is borne,
I am to learn: and such a Wast-writ fadelle makes of
That I have much ado to know my self.

Sal. Your minde is toising on the Ocean,
There where thy Argo with softly sail'd
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the pruebe Traffickers
That curtie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their woen wings.

Sal. Believe me sir, had I such ventur eath,
The better part of my infections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the gristle to know where fits the wind,
Reading in Maps for ports, and prayers, and routes:
And many a object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my venuses, out of doubt.
Would make me sad.

Sal. My windes cooling my broch,
Would blow me to an Agut, when I thought
What harme a wind too great might doe at sea,
I should not see the fairest hourre-gratte rune,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And from my wealthy Andrew docks in fund,
Velling her high top lower then her ribs
To kiss her burial, I should goe to Church
And the holy office of stone,
And not botheske me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the fireame,
Enrobe the roasting waters with my filkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing becometh'd would make me sad?
But tell me not, I know Antonio
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Sal. Believe me no, thanks my fortune for't,
My venuses are not in one botome trusted,
Nor to one place nor is my whole effraye.

Upon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad:
Selen. Why then you are in louse.

Ant. F-. e.

Selen. Not in louse neither; then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry, and 'twere as euse
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed torsone,
Nature had fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will cut more pees through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such ineger alike,
That they'll not drow their teeth in way of smile,
Though Neffer swears the teit be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Selen. Here come Bassanio,
Your most noble Kinman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Farewel well,
We leaue you now with better company.

Selen. I would have flast till I had made you merry,
I thought my friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth in a very deere in my regard.
I take it you awne busines calls on you,
And you embrace this occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Sal. Well signors both, when shall we laugh at say,
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our speeles to attend on yours.

Excuse Salano, and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you have immade where we must meete.
Roff. I will not fail you.

Graz. You looke not well signo Antonio.
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loole it that doe buy it with much cart.
Believe me you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Graz. Let me play the fool.
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liver rather braste with wine,
Then my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his Grandfater, cut in Albadster,
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the laundres

By
And thankfully red debters for the first.

An. You know mee well, and have spent but time
To minde about my home with circumstance,
And out of doubtful does make me wrong
In the approbation of my remembrance.

Then if you had made waft of all I have:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe:
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prifent to it: they fays speake.

Baff. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and faire ther that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometymes from her eyes
I did receeue faire speachlesse messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing vnder allewed
To Cates daughter, Brutus Portia,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned tutors, and her funny locks.
Hang on her temples like a golden sleece,
Which makes her feast of Belmon Childers froud,
And many in fuch as if her.

O my Antuine, had I but the meannes
To hold a riall place with one of them,
I have a minute prafeges me fuch thirf,
That I should questionlesse be fufcenc.

Anth. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at fea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To rafe a prefent fummre, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in Paces doe,
That shall be raftek even to the veetamor,
To furnifh thee to Belmont to faire Portia,
Goe prefently enquire, and so well I
Where money is, and I no queftion make
To have it of my truell, or for my sake.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerifia.

Portia. By my troth Nerifia, my little body is a wette-
rie of this great world.

Ner. You would be fweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are:
and yet for ought I fere, they are as thick that fertoit with too much,
as they that folve with nothing; it is no hap-
flirtue therefore to be fearied in the means,
Hemiflirtue comes fomer by white hares, but competenc
lutes longer.

Portia. Good fentences, and well pronounce d.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easy as to know what
were good to doe, Chappell had bene Churches, and poor
ments cottages Princes Palletes; it is a good Diuen
which follows his owne inftructions; I can eafier teach twen-
ty what were good to be done, then be one of the twen-
ty to follow mine owne teaching: the bramie may de-
uie lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes oere a
cold deecre, fuch a hare is maddefe the youth, to fop
ore the method of good countaire the cripple; but that
reason is not in fafion to choife me a husband: One
ner, the word choife, I may neither choife whom I would,
or reffue whom I diflike, fo is the will of a living daugh-
ter curb d by the will of a dead father: it is not hard Ner-
ifia, that I cannot choife one, nor reffue none.

Ner. Your fathers were ever vertuous, and help men
at doe, you know no fed inspirations; there is the lotter-
terie that hee hath denvised in thee three cheffes of gold,
fluer, and leade, whereas who choise his meaning,
choise

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chooses you, will no doubt, never be chosen by any righteous, but one who you shall rightly love; but what warmth as there in your affection towards any of these Princely Fathers that are already come?

For. I pray you name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leave it to your affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

For. That's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but call of his horse, and he makes it is a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can flog him himself; I am much straitly, my Lady his mother plaid fale with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Count Palantine.

For. He doth nothing but frown as who should say, and you will not have me, choose: he hecets mettre
tales and smiles not. I fear you will procure the weeping
Philostratus, when he grow old, being so full of un
reasonably fastidious in his youth. I had rather to be massed
to a dead head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of thee. God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Monseigneur
La Fauce?

For. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man, in truth I know it is a faire to be a mocker, but he,
why he hath a better then the Neapolitan, a better
bad habit of bowing then the Count Palantine; he
is every man in no man, if a Trafalgar king, he fals straight
caprice, will fence with his own flour. If I should
marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he
would defouple me, I would forgive him, for if he love me
to madness. I should never require him.

Ner. What say you then to Fawncough, the young
Bacon of England?

For. You know I say nothing to him, for hee under
stands not me, I say him: he hath neither Latin, French,
or Italian, and you will come into the Court & waste
care that I have a poor penny-worth in the English; he is a proper man, picture, but alas who can converse with a
dumbe? if hee only is turt, I think he bought
his doublet in Paris, his round boil in France, his buttons
in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his neighbour?

For. That hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for
he borrowed a box of the care of the Englishmen, and
swore he would pay him againe when he was able: I
think the Frenchman because his surtice, and seald vnder
for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of
Saxony's Nephew?

For. Very wildly in the morning when hee is sober,
and most wildly in the afternoone when hee is drunk:
when he is best, he's a little worse then a man, and when
he is worst he is little better then a beast: and the worst
fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without
him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right
Casket, you should refuse to perform your Fathers will, if
you should refuse to accept him.

For. Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee art
deece a glace of Reinhoff-wine on the contrary Casket,
for if the dewbe be, and that temptation without,
I know he will chuse it. I will doe any thing Nersia
tere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear Lady the having any of
these Lords, they have acquainted me with their deter
minations, which is indeed to returne to their home,
and to trouble you with no more suit, where you may
be won by some other fort then your Fathers impet
on, depending on the Caskets.

For. If it be to be as old as Slide, I will dye as
Slide as Dome: what I 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 doze on his grave absence: and I wish them a faire de
pature.

Ner. Do not you remember Ladie in your Fa
thers time, a Fiescom, a Scheller and a Souldier that
came hither in compan of the Marguerite at Mount-
ferrat?

For. Yes, yes, it was Fiescom, as I think, so was he
called.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that ever my
fountaine eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a faire
Lady

For. I remember him well, and I remember him wor
thy of thy praise.

Enter a Swaymgayn.

Ser. The four Strangerst seek ye Madam to take
their leave: and there is a store-tammer come from a lift,
the Prince of Almeria, who brings word the Prince's
Master will be here to night.

For. If I could but the he be welcome in so good
hearts as I can bid the other four lastwell. I should be
glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint,
and the complexion of a dwell, I'd rather he should
shew me then wene me. Come Serfina, sir, go before,
whiles see that the gate upon one woorer, another
knocks at the doore.

Enter Baggian with Stylick the Ierm.

Shr. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bag. 1 for three months.

Sh. For three months, well.

I. eff. For the which as I told you,
Antones shall be bound.

Shr. Antones shall become bound, well?

Bag. May you fed me? Will you pleasure me?

Sh. Shall I know your name?

Shr. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Antones bound.

Bag. Your service to that.

Sh. Antones a good upon

Eff. Have you heard any imputation to the con
trary.

Sh. No no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a
good man, is to have you understand me that he is suffi
cient, yet his means are not sufficient: the hath an A go
fice bound to Tripoli, another to the Indies. I unders
stand moreover upon the galate, he hath a third at Mexi
co a fourth for England and other ventures heeth sq
quarded abroad, but ships are but boards, photos but
men, there be land rats, and waters rats, water thees,
and land theees, I mean Pyrata, and then there is the
perill of waters, windes. I'ocks the man is not with
standing sufficient, three thousand ducats, I think I may
take his bond

Bag. Be assured you may.
Ir. I will be suffered none; and then may I be suffered.
I w. I will be no less: may I speak with Antonio?
Bass. If you please to dine with me?
Ir. Yes, I will. I will then, to your habitations which his Preceptor the Neer of the deasse: I will bring with me, fall with you, take with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not care with you, drink with you, so no one with you. What news on the Ryals, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signor Antonio.
Ir. How like a famous publican he looks.
I have him for he is a Christian.
But more, for that in low simplicity He lends our money gain, and brings down The rate of Vans for high in France.
If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed him in the common grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and heretics Even there where Merchants most do congregate On men, our bargains, and money-worse thrift, Which he calls interest. Curled by my Tyrole If he forgiving him.

Bass. Signor, do you hear?
Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the name of my memorie I cannot infinitely take on the grove Of all three thousand ducats! what of this?

Shylock. I am to-day the Hebræus of my Tribe
Will furnish me for, how many months
Do you define? Ref! you are good signior.
Your worship was the last man in our months.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the pipe wants of my friend,
He breaks a custom: is he yet possest
How much he would?

Shy. I had three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for the three months,
Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see, but hear you,
Of the interest, which is, in our time, one third.
Neither lend nor borrow upon advantage.
Ant. I do not never visit.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his Vertic Lohen sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wroght in his behalfe)
The third postriter; he was the third.
Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, nor as you would say Directly interest, mark what I said did,
When Lohen and himselfe were comprems'd
That all the eanings which were threats and piod
Should fall as Jacob's hier, the Ewe being ranke.
In end of Automne turned to the Kamo,
And when the work of generation was
Became these woolly breeders in the th, the
The skullful thebeard did as certaine wand's
And in the dooing of the deede of kind,
He fluck them vp before the fullsome Ewe,
Who then conceasing, did in coming time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob.
This was a way to flounce, and he was blest:

And thus is being, when fate is not.
Ant. This was a rumour for that bondmen's for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But I say'd, and Father'd it by the hand of heaven.
Was this insatiable to make interest good?
Or is it gold and blas Ewe and Rams?
Shy. I cannot call, I make it breedes as fast,
But note me generally.
Ant. Mark you this your Bondman,
The deed can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euill soule producing holl wastfull,
I like a villaine with a limping checke, A goodly one at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.
Shy. Three thousand ducats, that is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let this see the rate.
Ant. Well Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Ryals you have rated me
About my monies and my stances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug.
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbelieuer, cur-throat dog,
And spit upon me with gallervine
And all revile of this which is mine owe.
Well then, it now appears you need my help;
Go and to you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, you shall have my money, you say so,
You that did voice your rume upon my beard,
And fought me as you spurned a stranger ence
Over your threshold, moneys is your suite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curse should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-man's key
With base appannage, and whisper humourninge?
Say this: I faire sir, you spoke on me in Wednesday last;
You brou'd me such a day, another time
You said me dog: and for these curtseys
I lend you that much moneys,
Ant. I am as like to call thee to agame,
To put thee on the game, to puzzle thee too.
If thou wilt lend the money, lend it not
As to thy friends, when did friendship take
A breede of brawne mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he break, thou wilt with better face
Exact the penalties.
Shy. Why looke you how godde formere,
I would be friends with you, and have your loue,
Forget the flames that you have binded me with,
Suppil your present wants, and take no deite
Of viance for my moneys, and youle not hear me,
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This is kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I have none,
Goe with me to a Notaire, set me there
Your fingle bond, and in a marrie sport.
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your faire feth, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodice it pleaseth me.
Ant. Consent in faith, I leese to such a bond,
And by there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

Bass. You
If he break this date, what should I gain
By the evasion of the forfeit?
A pound of many flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable nearer
As flesh of Murtough, Bercis, or Goaster, I say
To buy his favor, and extend this friendship,
If he will take it, if not adieu,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Enter Messer AaronMore, and three or four Jews accordingly, with Poria, Nerissa, and their train.

Mr. Milikene not for my complexion,
The shapeless lucret of the burnt furnace,
To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest treasure Northward borne,
Where Pharaoh scarce herself sees her ycleps,
And let us make mimeson for your love,
To prove whole blood is redden, his or mine.
I tell thee, Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath heard the valiant, (by my lane I swear)
The beft regarded Virgin of our Glyme.
Have I found it so: I would not change this hue,
Except to flewe your thoughts my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not sole led
By nice direction of a maiden eyes:
Besides, the lustre of my defense
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my Father had not fancied me,
And hedged me by his wit to yeeld in my self,
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your self and (renowned Prince) than flood as faire
As any comber I have look'd on yet
For my affections.

Now, even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Synonyme

That flew the Sophrion, and a Persian Prince
That was three fields of Salam,Solenman,
I would ere-fore the sternest eyes that looke:
Out-brace the heart most daring on the earth:
Pluck e the yong fucking Culs from the the Bearc:
Ye meke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alsowhile
If Hercules and Lycurgus be alive
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker land:
Suss Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Make that which one unworthier may attaine,
And ile with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or were before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be advis'd.

Mr. Nor will not, nor can bringe me unto your chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your bash and shall be made.

Mr. Good fortune,
To make me blest or curst it among men.

Enter the Citizens alone.

Cia. Certainly, my conscience will enue me to rune
From this Lew my Master: the head is at armes elbow,
And tempe falling to my leafe, Jobbs, Lean-er-lebe, good
Leanerels, onge Jobbs, or good Leanerles Jobbes,
For your legs, take the icons, run awake:
your conscience faires not;
take heed honett Leanes; take heed honett Jobbes;
or as more:and honett Leanerles Jobbes, doe not runne,
Iume running with thy helles; well, the most coragiouss
friend bids me packe, so faire the friend, away lasse
the friend, for the heavens roue vp a brasse enide faces
the head, and run; well, my conscience hanging about
the neck of my heart, laret very widely to me:
my honet friend Leanerles, being an honet mans leaue,
or rather an honet woman home, for indeede my Father did
soothing make, something growt thouge he had a kind of
taffe; well, my conscience faires Leanerles bouge not;
bouge faires the friend, bouge not faires my conscience;
conscience say I you counte well, friend say I you counte well,
be to tell me:
your conscience I shoule say with the her
my Master, (who God bless the maker) is a kind of di-
and to run away from the Lew I shoule be ruled by the friend,
who taining your reverence is the diuell himself.
certainly the Lew is the verre diuell incarnation,
and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard
conscience, to offer to counteine me to say with the Lew;
the friend gives the more friendly countaine:
I will tumme friend, his helles are at your commandement, I will
runne.

Enter old Cuthbert with a Bajet.

God. Master young man, you I praze you, which is the
waie to Master Tomes?

Law. O heuven, this is my true begotten Father, who
being more then friend, blee, high great blee, knows
me not, I will rare confulations with him.

God. Master young Gentlman, I praze you which is the
waie to Master Tomes?

Law. Turns upon your right hand at the next turn-
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ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; morrit at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indiscreet to the Jewes house.

God. Be Gods sonsen twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one Laneczett that dwells with him, dwell with him no.

Lauz. Talk! To you of yong Master Laneczett, mark me now, now will I raise the waters; talk to you of yong Master Laneczett.

God. No Master for, but a poore mans fonne, his Father though I say't as an honett exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to thee.

Lauz. Well; let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong Master Laneczett.

God. Of your worship, friend and Laneczett.

Lauz. But I praye you en old man, rogue I beleech you, talk to you of yong Master Laneczett.

God. Of Laneczett, and plente your maistership.

Laneczett. Master Laneczett, talke not of master Laneczett, Sir Father, for the yong gentleman according to facies and definitions, and such oddy fynes, the fithere three, & such a ship of learning, is indirected ful, as so you would say in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

God. Marke God forbid, the boy was the verie flashe of my age, my verie prop.

Lauz. Do! I look like a cudgel or a honett-post, a flashe or a prop: doe you know me Father?

God. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praye you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule alterwiser dead.

Lauz. Do you not know mine Father.

God. Alacke sir, I am fend bothi, I know you not.

Lauz. Marry indeede if you had your etails you might faile of the knowing mee; it is a yong Father that knows his owne child. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of you, hon, give me your bleffing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be halft long, a mans fonne may, but in the end truth will out.

God. Praye you dishand vp, I am fure you are not Laneczett my boy.

Lauz. Praye you let his haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your bleffing; I am Laneczett your boy that was, your fone that is, your child that shall be.

God. I cannot think you are my fone.

Lauz. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am Laneczett the true man, and I am fure Morgeres my wife is my mother.

God. Morgeres is Morgeres indeede, I bele fone me if thou be Laneczett, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord wifhopt might he be, what a beaft haue thou got? thou haue got more harte in thy eie, then Dobbin my phisicke has on his tale.

Lauz. It shoulde fone then that Dobbins tale growes backward, I am fure he haue had more harte of his tale then I haue of my face when I looke seau him.

God. Lord how at his was changing: how dooone thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a prenteshow giue you now?

Lauz. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my self to run away, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie fone, giue him a prenteshow giue me your present to one Master Baffano, who indeede giues rare new Liuoriues, if I fere not him, I will run as far as God has ane ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a fafe if I fere the fewe little lode.

Enter Baffano with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe so, but let it be so hafted that fupper be ready at the farthest by three of the clocke, se the letters deliuered, put the liueries to making, and defire Gratiano to come ane to my lodging.

Lauz. To his Father.

God. Baffano of your worship.

Baff. Gramerci, would I thou thee with me.

Lauz. Here's my fone for a poore boy.

God. Not a poore boy for, but the rich Jewes man that would fone as my Father shal speke.

God. He hath a great infecolution, as I would fone to fbee.

Lauz. Indeede I shallt and the long is, I fere the fewe, and haue a defire of your Father shal speke.

God. This is the way of advancing your worships renowne, that shal speke to the general, and my fute is.

Lauz. In verie briefe, the fute is amipient to my fette, at your worship I shall know by this honest old man, and though I fay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

God. One speake for both, what would you?

Lauz. See you firs.

God. That is the verie defeat of the matter firs.

Baff. I know thee well, thou haue obtaine thy fute, Shylock thy Maister, speake with me this day,

Shylock. Thy Maister, speake with me this day, and hath prefered thee, if it be prefered thee.

To leaue such fweeps, to become

The follower of to poore a Gentleman.

Cla. The old pursuer be verie well parted betweene my Maister Shylock and you firs, you haue the grace of God fir and he hath enouph.

Baff. Thou speakest it well; goe Father with thy Son, Take leisure thy old Maister, and inquire

My lodging out, give him a Liuere,

More garded then his fellows: see it done.

Cla. Father in, I cannot get a fentece no, I haue nere a tonguin in my head, well: if ane man in Italy haue a fafer table which doth offer to leaue upon a bookke, I shall haue good friedome too, here's a simpe line of life, here's a small trite of wuete, alas, this wuete nothing, a leuen widowes and nine maids is a simpe comming in for one man, and then to fcape drowning thrice, and to bee in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simpe fapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gener: Father come, let I take my leaue of the fewe in the twinkling.

Enter Gratiano.

Cla. Baff. I praye thee good Leonardo think on this, these things be bought and orderly befewed

Returne in hathe, for I doe fealt to might

My beft endowments shall be done here.

Lauz. My beft endowments shall be done here, Exeunt.

Gra, Where's your Maister.

Leon. Yonder.
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Lan. You'd far he he walks.
Gra. Signor Baffano.
Baf. Gra.
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Baf. Gra. You must not denote me, I must goe with you to

Bald. Why then you must: but hear thee Gratiano,
Thou art to tell, to Trude, and bold of voice,
Purs that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why then they shew
Something too libereall, pray thee take pause
To allay with some cold drops of medicatin
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy rude behaviour
I be miscondered in the place I go to,
And loose my hopes.
Gra. Signor Baffano, hear me,
If I do not put on a foward face,
Talk with respect, and I swear but now and then,
Where I pray bookes in my pocket booke-demurely,
Nay more, while grace is faying broad mus eyes
This with my hat, and fight and say Amen:
We all the otherwise of unthink
Like one well studing in stud'nt and
To please his Gratianio, must trust me more.
Baf. Well, we shall see your meaning.
Gra. Nay but I bar to night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to night,
Baf. No than that were,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your bold tale of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose entertain: but far you go,
I have none bufurire.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time.

Enter Iffy and the Clowne.

Iff. I am for thy soule wilt leave my Father sa,
Our house is hell, and thou a merrie dwell
Did it rob of some part of fedWonerecfe:
But far thee well, these is a docrs for thee,
And Lanete, loome at supper shall thou see
Lorencio, who is thy new Masters guest,
Gone him that Letter, doe not secretly,
And so farwell I would not have my Father
See me take with thee.

Cle. Adue, teares exhbit my tonge, moost beautifull
Pagan, moost sweete Iffy, if a Christian doe not play
the knasse and get thee, I am much deceived; but adue,
their foolish drops doe so forth as drown my wanye spirit:
Exeunt.

Iff. Facewell good Laneto,
Alacke,what sinuous time is it in me
To be afained to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorencio,
If thou keep promis I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thoyngue wife.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salurno, and Salazzio.

Lor. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time,
Disguise as at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Sal. We have not spoke yet of torch-bearers.

Sal. For the while welethe it may be quanlty ordered,
And better in my minde of what conkee.

Lor. 'Tis now but shure of clarkk, we have two houres
To furnish vs friend Lanete who the news.

Enter Lanete with a Letter.

Lor. And it shall please you to break vp this, shall it
Seeme to sigaue.

Lor. I know the band, in faith 'tis a faire band
And white they the paper at we go on,
I the tare hand that write.
Gra. Love news to faith.

Lor. By your leave in.
Lor. Wherther goest thou?
Lor. Marry to my old Master the Jew to sup tonight with my new Master the Christian.
Lor. Hold you, take this, tell gentle Iffy
I will not take her, speak it privatly:
Go Gentleman, why y prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am promounced a Torch bearer.

ENTRY CLowne.

Sal. I am in stycke be gone about it first.
Sal. And to will I
Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Grasianos lodging
Some here hence.
Sal. T, good we do so.
Sal. Was not this, Letter from sure Iffy?
Lor. I must cereed till thee all, the she hath shrefed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewells she is furnishd with,
What Pages sure the hith in readynesse.
If ere the Jew her Father come to wraen,
It will be for his gentle daughter take;
And never dare no fortune crooke her foots,
Votle she doe it under this excuse
That she is stituce to a fairchildle Jew:
Come goe with me, and revew this as thou goest,
Faire Iffy shall be my Torch bearer.

ENTRY Jew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Jew. Well, thou shall see, by thys eyell shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Styfleake and Baffano.

What Iffy, thou dost not gusmanize
As thou hast done with me, what Iffy?
And sleepe, and more, and rend appareld out.
Why Iffy I say.

Q. Why Iffy.

Shy. Your worship was wont to call me
I could doe nothing without bidding.
Enter Iffy.

Iff. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bethforth to supprese Iffy.

There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ie goe in haste, to feede upon
The prodigious Christian. Iffy my gentle,
Look to my houfe, I am right loath to goe,
There is some ill a bruing towards my self,
For I did dare of money bags to night.

Cle. I befeech you for goe, my yong Master
Doth expect your proffes,
Shy. So doe I this.

Cle. And they have conspired together, I will not say
You shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for
Nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monady

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[Scene: For the moment, falling out that year's

Shy. What are there masks? hear ye me, Sessa.

Clamber not you vp to the cabinets then.

Nor tuft thy head into the publick Freeke.

To gaze on Christian foole with varnisht faces:

But stopp my loues ears, I mean my cabinets.

Let not the sound of hollow toppresse enter.

My sober house. By heavens face I swear,

I have no minde of leasting tooth to night.

But I will goe: goe you before me sirs.

Shy. I will goe before it.

Misfitts looke out at window for all this:

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worthy a fewes eye.


If. His words were farewell mirth, nesting elle.

Shy. The pack is knod enough, but a huge letter.

Smiling-flow in profit, but he flees by day.

More then the wilde-cat; dores huc not with me,

Therefore I part with him, and part with him.

To one that I would have him helpe to wafte

His borrowed pure. Well Ifessa goe vp,

Perhaps I will remove immediately.

Doe at I bid you, that dores after you, full binde, fall finde,

A poorbe never ftale in thriffite minde.

If. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croft,

I haue Father, you a daughter left.

Enter the Messer, Gratiano, and Salano.

Gras. This is the penthoufe under which Lorenz.

Defired vs to make a tunt.

Sall. His house is almost psst.

Gras. And it is veritable he out durres his house,

For louers ever can assert the clake.

Sall. Tis ten times fatter; Venus Pugilious fylle.

To stafe loues bonds new made, than they are wont

To keipe obliged faith unfortunat.

Gras. That ester holds, who riseth from a fcatth

That with keene apperance that he first dowzet.

Where as the loose is a true selve agai ne.

His teudious miseries with the varde fire,

That he did passe them firl: all things that are,

Are with more spirit clas'd then enjoy'd.

How like a yonger or a prodigall.

The skated barke pits from her native bay,

Hanged and embraced by the thrumpet wind.

How like a prodigall doth the returne

With outer-whither ribs and ragged falles,

Leane, rent, and beggred by the thrumpet wind.

Enter Lor. Sal.

Salano. Meeco comes Lorenzo, more of this here.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,

Not I, but my affaires have caused you wait:

When you shall please to play the trecues for wvices

Ie watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwells my father Jew. How, who's within?

Ifessa above.

If. Who are you, tell me for more certainy.

Albeit I sweareth that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue.

If. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed.

For who loute I so much, and now who knowes

But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Husien, and thy thoughts are witnesses that thou art.

If. Heree, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,

I am glad its night; you do not looke on me,

For I must alms'md of my exchange:

But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see.

The pretty follaris, that themfelves commit,

For if they could, Cupid himselfe would bluss.

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Defend, for you must by my torch-bearer.

If. What, must I hold a Candle to my fames?

They in themfelves good fouth are too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discoue Loove,

And I should be obscured.

Lor. So you are sweet.

Even in the louely garms of a boy but come at once,

For the clothe night doth play the ran-away,

And we are clad for an Ragman's craft.

If. I will make all the doures and guard my felte

With some more disas, and be with you bright.

Gras. Now by my lic, a gentile, and no low.

Lor. Before we but I loue her heartly.

For she is wise, if I can judge of her,

And tame her, it that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as the bath proud der felfe.

And therefore like her felte, vife, fake, and true,

Shall she be placed in my coitant room.

Enter Ifessa.

What, are thou came in a pentoune, away.

Our makling mates by this time for vs say.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gras. Signor Antonio?

Ant. Sir, sir, Gratiano, where are all the reft?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all flay for you.

No maske to night, the wunde is come about,

Bassam preferently will goe abowse,

I have fourt twenty o'clocke for you.

If. I am glad at vs, I define no more delight

Then to be under faile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Nerone, and both their trauay.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curauanes, and discover.

The feuerall Casketes to this noble Prince;

Now make your choice.

Por. The fillt of gold, who this inscription beareth, Who chooseth me, shall game what men desire.

The second filuer, which this promisic carrieth, Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desireth.

This third dull, with warning all as blunt, Who chooseth me, must gue and hast still be hath. 

How shall I know if I doe chooseth the right?

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How shall I know if I doe choose the right.

For. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mer. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will furrow the inscriptions, backe againe;
What fates this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must guie and hazard all he hath.
Must guie, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doth in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde (looses not to showes of droste,
Ht then nor guie not hazard sought for lead.
What fates the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deferes.
As much as he deferes; pause there Morocho,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beft rated by the eletion
Thou doo't defire enough, and yet enough
May not extend to faire as to the Lady
And yet to be aend of my defiring,
Were but a weake dibbling of my title.
As much as I defire, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth defire her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then title, in loud I doe defire,
What I'll have (no farther, but chose here)
Let's see once more this laying grand in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gain what men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world defires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kife this flume, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanom defiers, and the vaile widles
Of wide Arabia are as through fares now
For Prince to come view fair Perse,
The watere Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Speas in the face of heauen, is no barre
To flop the torraine spirers, but they come
As o're a brooke to see faire Perse,
One of these three contains her heavenly picture,
It's like that Lead contains her future damnation
To shinke to base a tale, it were too grofe
To rib her descendach in the obsure grave:
Or shall I think in Silver she's immude
Being ten times vndervalue to tride gold,
O sinfull thought, never so rich a tem
Was fet in worse then gold? They have in England
A cowye that bears the figure of an Angell
Stampd in gold, but that's infculpt upon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deluer me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thrife I as I may.

For. There take it Prince, and if my forme lyeth there
Then I am yours.

Mer. O bell! what house we here, a carion death,
Within whose empyre there is a written frowle:
Ile read the writing.

A vaine stiffe is not gold,
Often burn you heard thence;
Many a man his life hath lost,
But my outward be behold;
Guided vnberd doue woures unfold,
Had you owne as wife behold,
Tong in limbs, in ignominie old,
Your supper was not done behold;
Fate's own, your face is cold.

Mer. Cold indeed, and labourlost,
Then farewell heart, and welcome troff;
Parted adiew, I have too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious issue: thus losers part.

For. A gentle riddance: draw the curtain, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me fo.

Enter Salamano and Solano.

Salamano. Why man I saw Baffano under tyle,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not
Sal. The villiane led with conteries said the Duke.
Who went with him to search Baffano ship,
Sal. He comes too late, the flup was vnderlaile;
But there the Duke was gien to vnderland
That in a Gondilo were tree together
Lorenzo and his amorous Tigia.

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Baffano in that ship,
Sal. I neuer heard a passion so confound,
So strange, outrageous, and invariable,
As the dogge Iow did enter in the streets;
My daughter, O my deare, O my daughter,
Fied with a Christiant, O my Christiant ducate
Juiche, the law, my deare, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, (thole from me by my daughter,
And clewes, two flones, two rich and precious flons,
Stone by my daughter: suffice, finde the gicle,
She hath the flones upon her, and the ducats,
Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his flones, his daughter, and his ducats,
Sal. Let good Antonio looke he keeps his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow lanes that part
The French and English there miscaried
A wile of our crounty richly taught;
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wifth in silence that it were not hit.
Sal. Yo were beli to tell Antonio what you hear.
Yet do not suddained, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A knder Gentleman treats not the earth,
I saw Baffano and Antonio part.
Baffano told him he would make some free
Of his returne: he answere, doe not so,
Slubber not businell for my sake Baffano,
But play the very riping of the time,
And for the Iower bond which he hath of me,
Let it not tare in your minde of love:
Be merry, and impoy your chieflf thoughts
To courtship, and such faire oident of love
As shall conueniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Baffano hand, and so they parted.

Sal. I think he only loves the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicke his embraced beausinell
With some delightful or other.

Sal. Doe we fo.

Enter Mercutio and a Servant.

Mer. Quick, quick, I pray you see, draw the curtain first.
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P. 3

The

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The Prince of Arragon hath taken his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

For Curtes.

Per. Behold, there stand the caskers noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou fail, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioy'd by oath to obtenie three things;
First, neuer to unfold to any one
Which cask I was choie; next, if I fail
Of the eight casket, neuer in my life
To woze a side in way of marriage;
Lastly, if I doe fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Per. To thee intimations every one doth swearer
That comes to hazard for my worthie selfe,
Ar. And to haue I address thee, Fortune now
To my heavens: gold, flours, and bate lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look faire er I give or hazard.
What faies the golden chef, na, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meanes:
By the foule multitude that choose by shrow,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which prises not to th'interior, but like the Marlet
Builds in the eastrer in the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of a barbaire.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not umpse with common spirits,
And take me with the barbarous multitude.
Why then to thee choose Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost bear;
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desires:
And well paid too, for who shall goe about
To coven Fortune, and be honourable
Withoat the flame of merrit, let none presume
To weare an undervelued dignitie:
O that itmet, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived from corruption, and that clear honour
Were purcathed by the merit of the wereer:
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true feed of honor? And how much honor
Picks from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new cainit. Well, but to my choice.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires,
I will assume defect: I give me a key for this,
And instantly unlocke my fortunes here.

Per. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.
Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Prettent me a Facile, I will read it
How much whome art thou to Portia?
How much whome my hopes and my defuerings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he defueres.
But if I defuer no more then a foules head,
Is that my pruse, are my defuerers no better?
Per. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The few seamen times tried this

Some times tried that entenderd us,
That did not cleave a mee:
Some there be that shadowe kisse,
Such base bear a shadowe kisse:
There be foules alone ban,
Sister or a, and so was this:
Take what y'ou will you to bed,
I will ever be your head.
So be gone, you are fed.

Ar. Still more foules I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one foules head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.

Sweete adue, Ile keepe thy oath,
Patiently to breare my wroth.

Per. Thus hath the candle finge the moat:
O thel deliberte foules when they doe chooef,
They have the wildeome by their wit to leve.

Ner. The ancient laying is no hereife,
Hangung and wuung goes by defince.

Per. Come draw the curtain Nefila.

Enter Messenguer.

Mef. Where is my Lady?
Per. Here, what would my Lord?

Mef. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th approching of his Lord,
From whom he brings treaurefull secrets;
To wit (besides commends and curious breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not intenie
So likely an Embassadour of love.
A day in Aprill neuer came to sweere
To shaw how coldly Sonnet was at hand,
As this fore aprimer comes before his Lord,
Per. Now then I praye thee, I am halle a feard
Thou wilt saye that he is come in to hir,
Thou spend it full, high day, war in praising him:
Come, come Nefila, I long to see
Quicke Cap. I. P. 1, that comes to mannerly.

Ner. Beware my Lord, one of them will it be.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Saluna and Salamina.

Sal. Now, what newses on the Ryalte?
Sal. Why yet it liues there uncheck'd, that Anthus
hath a ship of rich lauding wrackt on the narrow seas;
the Goodwin I thynke they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and sall, where the cascatles of many a tall ship, are
busied, as they lay, if my goffs reports be an honest woma
of her word,
Sal. I would she was leyng a goffship in that, as ever
knappe Gogger, or made her neighbours belewe she went
in the dreane on her Husband: but it is true, without
any lipes of prouesse, on crofting the plainest highway of
talk, that the good Anthus, the honest Anthus, that
had a little good enough to keepe his name company!
Sal. Come the full step.
Sal. His, what layett thou, why she endes, she hath lost
a ship.

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Sal. I would it might prove the end of his lothes.

Sal. Let me say Amen betimes, leaff the divell croffe
my path, for here he lies in the likeness of a sow. How
now Slylocke, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Slylocke.

Sly. You know none so well, none so well as you, of
my daughters right, for I partook the Tailor
that made the wings of the newe whiffal.

Sal. And Slylocke for his own part knew the bird was
fledged, and then it is the complection of them all to leuse
the dam.

Sly. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the divsell may he her judge.

Sly. My owne flesh and blood he releff.

Sal. Upon my old cart, rebel at these yeeres.

Sly. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference betweene my flesh and
her, then betweene let and lombre, more betweene your
bloods, then there is betweene wine and renfuzzel, but
tell vs, do you care whether Anthony have had one
lolle since me?

Sly. Since I have another bad match, a bankrupt, a
prudgel, who dare scarce thee on the Ryster, a
beggar that was vis to come for somthing upon the Mart:
lees him look to his bond, he was went to call me Viner,
lees him look to his bond, he was went to lend money
for a Christian curse, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why am I sure the fairest, thou wilt not take
his flesh, what's that good for?

Sly. To baite flesh withall, if it will feede nothing
else, it will feece my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and
him freed me half a million, laughe at my lothes, mockes at
my graces, formed my Nation, thwarted my bargains,
cloathed my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the
reason? I am a Jewe: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a
few hands, organs, demensions, senses, affections, passions,
led with the same foole, hunt with the same weapons,
like unto the same diestes, beseit by the same
meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and
Summer, as a Christian is: if you picske vs do we not
bleede? if you tickle vs, do we not laugh? if you popon
vs do we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not
revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will remembere
you to that. If John wrong a Christian, what's his humanity?
revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his dif-
ference be? Is it Christian? why revenge? The villi-
anie you teache I will execute, and it shall goe hard
but I will better the infraction.

Enter more from Anthony.

Gentlemen, my master Anthony is at this house, and
defires to speake with you both.

Sal. We have bene vp and downe to seke him.

Enter Tubal.

Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot
be marke, unlesse the divell himselfe tale few.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Sly. How now Tuball, what newes from Genoa? wilt
thee found my Daughter?

Tub. I feynt came where I did heare offter, but can-
not finde her.

Sly. Why there, there, there, a diamond went
roll me two thousand ducats in Frankford, the curse
never fell upon our Nation till now. I never felt it till now.
two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-
ous jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,
and the jewels in her care: would the Were betray me at
my foote, and the sheete in her coffe: no newes of them,
why? and I know not; how much is spent in the rach.
why youe leffe upon loffe, the theeke gone with to
much, and so much to finde the sheefe, and no satisfac-
tion, no reuenge, nor no ill luck firming but what lights
a my shoulders, no fights but my bracchings, no tears
but a my bedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too, Antone as I
heard in Genoa?


Tub. Hath an Argelie cast away comming from Tri-
poli.

Sly. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spake with some of the Saylers that escaped
the wreacke.

Sly. I thanke thee good Tuball, good newes, good
newes; ha, ha, here in Genoa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one
time not before others.

Sly. Thoulick it a dagger in me, I shall never see my
gold againe, fourscore ducats at a sittung, fourscore du-
cats.

Tub. There came divers of Anthony's creditors in my
company to Venice, that swore hee cannot choose but
breake.

Sly. I am very glad of it, Ile plague him, Ile torture
him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that he had of
your daughter for a Monike.

Sly. Out upon her, thou torturtest me Tuball, it was
my Treasure, I had it of Leah when I was a Battester: I
would not have guineau for a wilderness of Monikes.

Tub. But Anthony is certainly undone.

Sly. Nay, that's true that's very true, goe Tuball, see
me an Officer, bespenke him a fortnight before, I will
have the heart of him if he forset, for were out of Venice.
I can make what merchandise I will; goe Tuball, and meete me at our Synagogue, goe good Tuball, at our
Synagogue Tuball.

Exeunt.

Enter Titian, Portia, Gratian, and all their traine.

Per. I prye you maister, prase a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose all your company, therefore we forbeare a while,
There's something tells me (but it is not lour)
I would not loofe you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsaffles not in such a quallidie;
But lethe you should not understand me well,
And yet a madon hath no tongue, but though,
I would deacre you here some month or two
Before you venure for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I never be, to misy you misse me,
But if you do, youe make me with a finne,
That I had beene forsworne: Be thow your eyes,
They have one lookt me and deuised me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine them yours,
And so for yours; O these naughtie times
Puts bars between the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but this temporize the time,
To ich, and to draw it out in length,
To frae you from election.

III. i. 20—III. ii. 24
The Merchant of Venice

[Bass.] Let me choose,
For as I may, I live upon the rack.

Pers. Upon the rack! Bass. Then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that vile treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear to enjoy the favours of my love:
There may as well be amity and life,
Tweedle now and fire, as treason and my love.

Pers. 1, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I confesse the truth.

Pers. Well then, confesse and live.

Bass. Confesse and love
Had been the true fune of my confessions:
Oh happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for-deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskers.

Pers. Away then, I am looke in one of them,
If you do love me, you will finde me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musick sound while he doth make his choice,
Then if he love he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musick. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye in all the fireame
And warre death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musick than? Than musick is
Even as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those ducet founds in breaks of day,
That creep into the dreamynge bride-grommes ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse preference, but with much more loue
Then yong Al babies, when he did redeeme
The virtu-ogue, paled, by bowling Troy
To the Sea-monster! I stand for licentice,
The rest aloofe are the Danislian waives
With bleaured visages come forlorn to see,
The issue of the exploit: God Hercules
Liueth loue, liueth with much more dulcay.
I view the fight, then thou that makst the fray.

Here Al babies.

A Song the whilome Bassanio commended as the Caskers, to himselfe.

Tell me where as fancy bred,
Or on the heart, or on the head;
How bege, how nourisht,
Reste proprie.

So engendered is the race,
With graving fed, and fancy done,
In the cradle where it is
Let us all hang2 faste lok.
Upe begynne it,
Dong dong bell.

[Bar. Broon, broon, bell.]

Bass. So may the outward flowes be least themselues
The world is full decked2 with ornament.
In law, what Pleas to tanted and corrupt,
But being seal'd2 with a gracious voice,
Observe the flowre of euill? In Religion,
What dammed error, but some sober brow,
Will blest it, and appostle with a text,
Hiding the grefelless2 with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but alloues
Some marke of reverence on his outward parts;
The Merchant of Venice.

So there faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I be true,
Wilti commit't, sigh'd, rataed by you.

For. You see my Lord Bajfiano where I stand,
Such art I though for my self alone
I would not be sbitered in my pfiff,
To with my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be beebled twenty time my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand ting
More rich, that easily to stand high in your account,
I might as vertues, beastes, living, friends,
Excepting, but the tatt summe of me
Is sum of nothing: whist to summe in grace,
Is a vnteilied girl, whichhold'd, my sauf'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old.
But the may leme: happier then this,
She is not bad to dull but the can lerne,
Happiest of all, is that her gentle Ipirit,
Commits selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouermour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manion, master of my freuants,
Queen of my selfe: and even now, but now,
This house, these freuants, and this fame my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which you part from, looke, or give away,
Let it paffe the space of your loue,
And be my vantage to recallne on you.

Barr. Madam, you have here me all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my vines,
And there is such confusion in my poets,
As after some oration falsely spoke
By a beloud Prince, there doth apperace
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wide of nothing, save so joy
Express'd, and not express't: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence.
O then be hold to lay Bajfiano's dead.

Nor. My Lord and Lady, it is now that time
The blood byd and thee out withs prope,
To cry good voy, good voy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord Bajfiano, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can with none from me:
And when your Honours meotive to tolerate
The bargain of your faith: I doe beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Barr. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your Lordship, you gave me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as wide as yours.
You saw the miffes, I behold the maid?
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertains to me my Lord then you,
Your fortune flood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntil I sweate againe,
And sweating till my very rough was dry
With othes of loue, at last, if promife laft,
I got a promife of this faire one heere
To hauue her loue: promised that your fortune
Atcheied'd her miffire.

Nor. Is this true Nerr"a?

Nor. Madam is it so, do you stand pleased withall.

Barr. And do you Gratiano meane good faith?
This is the fool that lends out money gratis,
Taylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good Spyllak.

Iam. He have my bond, speake not against my bond,
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.

The Duke shall grant me sufficie, I do wonder
That naugthy taylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at this request

Ant. I pray thee hear mee speake,

Iam. He have my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
I have my bond, and therefore speake no more.

He not be made a loft and dull eyl'd foolhe,
To make the head, tenent, and fighandel yield
To Christian traitors follow not,
He have no speech, I will have my bond. 
Exeunt

Sal. It is the most ungrateful course
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
He follow him no more with honefrile prayers:
He lecke my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliner'd from his forturies
Many that have at times made more to me.
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I sorme the Duke will never grant
This forture to hold

Au. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the same modrate that strangers haue
With us in Venice, it is denied,
Wilk much impach the use and the state.

Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
Take greate and loffes haue to bared one,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of feth
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.

Will Taylor, or pray Good Fellow come
To receiue my debts, and then I care not.

Enter Vine, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Isazia, and a man

Lor. Madam, although I speake in your presence,
You have stable and a true content
Of you I send y, which appears most strongly
In bearing that the absence of your Lord.
But if you know to who y shew this honour,
How wife a Gentleman, yet lend yeles,
How deare a love of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then eunuch: y bounty can enforce you,

That do come and waile the timetogether,
Whole soules doe bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of ymagniments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this Amorosa
Being the bosome order of my Lord,
Much needs be like my Lord. If he be so,
How little is the soil I have before
In purchaing the semblance of my soule;
From out the flate of hellsh cruelty,
This comes too near the prasing of my felte,
Therefore no more of it: here other things
Lorissa I committ into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my house,

When my Lord's returneth; for mine own part

I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,

Oft attended by the Church's voice here,

And in my husband and my Lord's return:

There is a nonentity too miles off,

And there we will abide. I doe desire you

Not to deme this simpleton,

The which my loue and some necessitie

Now lays upon you.

I love, Madame, with all my heart,

I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Per. My people doe already know my mind,

And will acknowledge you and Iffira

In place of Lord Angelo and myself.

So far you tell me, I shall care against.

Lor. Fare thoughts & happy hours attend on you.

Iff. I wish your Ladyship all hearts content.

Per. I thank you for your will, and am well pleas'd

To withdraw back on your yarrow. Iffira. Exeunt.

Now Iffira, as I have ever found thee honest true,

So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,

And we all the severance of a man,

In speed to Mantua, see thou render this

Into the Countess's hand, Doctor Belarius,

And look not what notes and gannets she doth give thee,

Bring them in pr'ythee, we must gain'd speed

Into the Triangle, to the common Ferrone

Which trades to Venice; waft me no time in words,

But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bath. Madame, I goe with all courteous speed.

Per. Come on Iffira, I have work on hand

That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands

Before they think of.

Iffira. Shall they see us?

Peria. They shall Iffira: but in such a habit,

That they shall shewe we are accomplished.

With that we lack'd: I'll hold thee any wager

When we are both accoutered like yong men,

I'll prove the prettiest fellow of the two,

And were my dagger with the brauer grace,

And speake between the change of man and boy,

With a creede voyce, and come two meaning steps

Into a manly stede, and speake of frays

Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quant yses

How honourable Ladies bought my love,

Which I denying, they fell lache and died,

I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,

And with for all that, that I had not bled them;

And twentieth of these parts lies Ile tell,

That men shalleware I have discontinued schoole

Above a twelue moneth: I have within my minde

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lads,

Which I will praphese.

Iffira. Why, shall we yett see to men?

Peria. Sir, what a question that?

If thou wert here a lewd interpreter:

But come, I'll see thee all my whole desire
When I am in my coach, which frays for us.

At the Parkes gate, and therefore haste away,

For we must marke twoe many miles to day. Exeunt.

Enter Claudio and Iffira.

Claw. Ye truly, for look ye, the issues of the Fa-

er are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise

you, I teaze you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and to

now I speake my actuation of the matter: thence be of

good cheere, for truly I think you are damned, there is

but one hope in that can doe you any good, and that is

but a kind of balleard hope neither.

Iffira. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Claw. Mantua you may parteil hope that your father

got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughtar.

Ref. That were a kind of balleard hope indeed, so the

fires of my mother should be visited upon me.

Claw. Truly then I teaze you are damned both by fa-

ther and mother: thus when I then Stella your fathers,

I fall into Charlotte your mother, well, you are gone both

wars.

Ref. I shall be faul't by my husband, he hath made me

Claw. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christian

ans enow before, one so many as could well live one by an-

other: this making of Christians will raise the price of

Hogs, if we grew all to be pore eaters, we shall not

shortly have a ratter on the coaters for money.

Enter Laurence.

Iff. I teile my husband Lancelot what you say, heere

he comes.

Loren. I shall growe jealous of you shortly Lancelot;

if you thus get my wife into courses?

Ref. Nay, you need not fear vs Laurence, Lancelot

and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for men

in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter; and hee facs

you are no good member of the common wealth, for

in concerning lewes to Christians, you raise the price

of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Common

wealth, than you can the getting up of the Negroes bel-

tie the Moore is with childe by you Lancelot?

Claw. It is such that the Moore should be more then

reason: but if the leffe then an honest woman, force

is indented more than I teoke her for.

Loren. How course foole can play upon the word, I

think the bell grace of water will shewly turne into

silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only

but carres: goe as farre, bid them prepare for dinner?

Claw. That is done, they have all stomachs.

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a wittie nunner are you,

then bid them prepare dinner.

Claw. That is done to fin, onely couter is the word.

Loren. Will you couter than far?

Claw. Not for neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou

shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inch? I pray

thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellowes, bid them couter the table, serve in the

meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Claw. For the table far, it shall be ferd in, for the

meat far, it shall be cowered, for your comming in to

dinner far, why let it be as humours and conceits shall

governe.

Exit Claudio.

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suete,

The foole hath planted in his memory

An Arnie of good words, and I doe know

A many foolest that stand in better place,

Garnish him like that, for a skinkie word

Defie the matter: how chee'r thou Iffira,

And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How
The Merchant of Venice.

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio’s wife?

Ifst. Pull all expressing it is very meete.

The Lord Bassanio live an uypright life.

For having such a bliefling in his Lady,

He findeth the joys of heaven here on earth,

And when he doth not mean it, it

Is reason he should never come to heaven?

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And forfeit one; there must be something else

Paund with the other, for the poorest world

Hath not her fellow.

Len. Even such a husband

Hath thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Ifst. Nay, but take my opinion to of this:

Lor. I will none, lest we goe to dinner?

Ifst. Nay, let me praise you while I have a damacke.

Lor. No pray the, let it serve for table talke,

Then how some thou speakest among other things,

I shall digget it?

Ifst. Well, Ile let you forth. Exeunt.

Enter Shylock.

Da. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock the world thanks, and I thinkke so to

That thou but lauwest this fashion of thy walle.

To the left house of hell, and then wish thought

Thou it shew thy mercy and remorse more large

Than is thy frange apparent cruelty.

And where thou now caueth the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,

But touch’d with humane gentlenesse and love

Forgive a moynie of the principall,

Glancing an eye of pity on his louses

That have of late so blisteled on his backe,

Know to preffe a royal Merchant downe;

And plucke commotions of his state

From baslie bolesmes, and rough hearts of flint,

From thicluhborne Turkes and Tarters never tried

To offices of tender curteisie,

We all respect a gentle answer Jew?

Jew. I have profefed your grace of what I purpose,

And by our holy Sabbath hauie I owne

To have the due and forfait of my bond.

If you denie it, let the danger light

Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedom.

You make me why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue

Three thousand Ducates I have answer that:

But shall I be the Jew? Is it answer’d?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat,

And I be pleas’d to give ten thousand Ducates

To have it bain’d? What are you answer’d yet?

Some men there are none but a gapping Pigge:

Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat

And others, when the bag-pipe tings o’th nose,

Cannot contain their Vnre for affront.

Matters of passion sweares it to the mone

Of what it likes or loathes, how for your answer:

As there is no time reason to be renderd

Why he cannot abide a gapping Pigge?

Why he a harleynesse needes a Cat?

Wyle a woollen bag-pipe; but of course

Matly yeeld to such men; if he shalme,

As to offend humbly being offended:

So can I ouer no reason, nor will I not.

More as a long sharte, and a scarce loasting

I vvere Authour, that I follow thus

Allowing butt against it: Arey woult he.

Rift. This is no answer to an awakening man.

To extince the current of thy cruelty.

Jew. I am not bow’d to please thee with my answer.

Shall it alone kill the things they do not love?

Jew. Hates any thing he would not kill.

Raff. Every offence is not a hate as all.

Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent spring thee

twice.

Shy. I pray you thank you queation with the Jew:

You may as well go than aduant the heath.

And bathe the maine blood before his vital height.

Or eece as well vie queation with the Wise,

The Erie biate for the Lambe:

You may as well forbod the Mountain Pines

To wage their high tops, and to make no noile

When they are fretted with the gulfes of heaven:

You may as well do any thing moff hard,

As seeke to fasten that, then which what harder?

His livelth heart. Therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offer, vie no further natuere,

But with all brieve and plaene convenience

Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Raff. For thy three thousand Ducates hereis fix.

Jew. If certeine Ducat in three thousand Ducates

Were in five partes, and every part a Ducate,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Shy. How that thou hope for mercy, rending none!

Jew. What judgement shall I deale doing no wrong?

You haue among you many a puchart slave,

Which liue your Affe, and your Dogs and Muler.

You are in abiet and in flawless parts,

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your hearts?

Why sweate they tender barkehs? Let their beds

Be made so fast as yours: and let their pulstas

Be seassen’d with such Viandas you will answer

The
The Merchant of Venice

The flowers are ours. So do I answer you.

The point of Beth which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it,
If you deny me; set upon your law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgment, answer, Shall I have it?

To my power I may dissemble this Court,
Vince's Bellerio a learned Doctor,
Whom I have set to determine this,
Come heere to day.

My Lord, beere dayes without a Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Do. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.

Mess. Good cheer Libertines, What man, garage yet:
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Jew. I am a tainted Weather of the loue, Murer in death, the weakest kind of sute,
Drops earthe to the ground, and to me let;
You cannot better be employ'd Baffone,
Then to hur fill, and write mine Epigraph.

Enter Nerefa.

Do. Came you from Padua from Bellerio?

Ner. From both, My Lord Bellerio greets your Grace.

Baf. Why doth thou use thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the foreskin from that bankour there.

Do. Not on thy face: but on thy face hurtles law.
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halie the kennelie
Ottily thryse enly. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou wrait well enough to make.

Gr. O be thou damnd, execrable dogge,
And for thy life let such be accorde.
Thou almost makest me weare in my faith;
To hold opinion with Pythagorians,
That foules of Animals influe themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy cursed spirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Eure from the galloves did his fell foule feare;
And what if thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
.Inte'st feile in thee: For thy defires
Are Woffith, bloody, tir'd and rauncous?

Jew. Tell thou cannot raile the feade from off my band
Thou must offend it thy Lungs to speake so loud
Remove thy we good yowles, or it will fall
Tendelle suide. I stand here for Law.

Do. This Letter from Bellerio doth commend
A young and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here by hand
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Do. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place,
M'antime the Court shall here be Bellerions Letter.

Our Gracefull understand, thou at the receit of your
Letter I am very bale: but in the instant that your self
Monger came, in losing conversation, we was with a young Do-
ctor of Rome, his name is Bethlalast. I acquainted him with the
case in controversy, between the Jew and Antonio the
Merchant: We sent an immediate Tryste together: he is
form'd hare with my opinion, which brested with the case laying,
the great matter: Whereas I cannot shew any precedent, prises

wish him at my uncompleation, to fix up your Gracefull request
in my end. I befooke you, let this bacle be your蹑 compartment so to
let him have a couert retum afterman: for I was never to
Young a body, with so old a head. I come here to your Grace's acceptance, whereat shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Bellerio.

Do. You hear the learn'd Bellerio what he writes,
And heere (take it) is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Do. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference.
That books that pretend judgment in the Court,
For I did my Lord

Do. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference.
That books that pretend judgment in the Court,
For I did my Lord

Do. Then must the Jew be merciless.

Jew. On what compulsion must I Tell me that.

For. The quality of merit is not fraud,
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It bleeth both him that giveth, and him that takes,
This mightiest in the mightie, it becomes
The throned Monarch Letter then his Crowne.
His Scepter beweas the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and Maestie,
Wherein doth fit the dread and farte of Kings;
But mercy is about this impercepte flye,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth thrive in these like minds,
When mercie fayons Justice. Therefore Jew,
Though fuisse be thy plea, consider this,
This in the course of Justice, none of vs
Should fee raisalition: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercy. I haue spake thus much
To mitigat the suide of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this first course of Venice
Must needs give givence against the Merchant.
Shy. My deeds upon my head, I brace the Law,
The penalite and forset of my bond
For. Is he not able to de barge the money?

Baf. Yes, yeere is tendeth for him in the Court,
Yes, twice the committ, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over,
On forset of my hands, my head, my heart:
This if will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bartens downe truth. And I befooke you
Wrest once the Law to your authoritie,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And earbe this cruel slussell of his will.

For. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established
Twill be recorded for a President,

and

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And many so tender by the same example,
Will run into the state: It cannot be.

Iew. A Daniel come to judgment, yes a Daniel.
O wife young judge, how do I honour thee.
Par. I pray you let me looke upo the bond.
Iew. Here is most reseved Doctor, here it is.
Par. Stop, there is three thy movie offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay perjurie upon my soule?
No not for Venice.
Par. Why this bond is forfeit.
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off.
Neereth the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thince thy money, but me teare the bond.
Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy judge:
you know the Law, your exposition
Hath heene most found. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-defering pullar,
Proceede to judgement: By my sole I swears,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I lay here on my bond.
An. Most heartily I do befrr the Court
To gue the judgement.
Par. Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your boforme for his knife.
Iew. O noble Judge. O excellent young man,
Par. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penator,
Which here appeareth due upo the bond.
Iew. This verse true: O wife and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy bookes?
Par. Therefore joy base your boforms.
Iew. I, his brett,
So the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Neereth his, these, these are the very words.
Par. It is fo: Are there ballance here to weigh
the flesh?
Iew. I have them really.
Par. Have by some surgeon. Stop, there on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?
Par. It is not so express, but what of that?
Twere good you doo much for charity.
Iew. I cannot finde it, ys not on the bond.
Par. Come Mr. chaste, have you any thing to say?
An. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand. Baffone, fare you well,
Greene not that I am faine to this for you:
For herein fortune shews she felle more kinde
Then is her cuftome. It is full her vie
To let the wretched man out-lie his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From whch lingring pance
Of such infirme, doth the crye off me.
Commit me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the procefs of Anthony's end:
say how I knew you, spake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her beudge,
Whether Baffone had not once a Louse:
Repry not you that you shall looie your friend,
And repent not that he pays your debt.
For the Jew do cut but deep enough.
Yet he it mildly, with all my heart.
An. Anthony, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life is felt,
But life is felt, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eternel'd above thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this deuill, to deliver you.
Par. Your wife would give you little thanks for that.
If he were by to here you make the offer.
Iew. I have a wife whom. Proceed I loue,
I would shew the were in heauen, so the could
Interst some power to change this cursed Jew.
Nor. 'Tis well you offer it behind he backe,
The wretch would make eile an inequit house.
Iew. There be the Chriftian husbands: I have a daugh-
Would any of the stoke of Barchus
Had beene her husband, rather then a Chriftian.
We trie time, I pray thee pursue sentence.
Par. A pound of that fame marchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Iew. Most rightfull Judge.
Par. And you must cut this flesh from off his brest,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.
Par. Tarry a little, there is something else,
The bond doth gue thee beene no less or bloud,
The words expressely are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, thou dost deft.
One drop of Chriftian bloud,thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Vnto the face of Venice.
Iew. O upright Judge.
Markle Jew, a learned Judge,
Shy. Is that the law?
Par. Thy felle shall be the Act:
For as thou wert infirme, be affir'd
Then shall he suffer more then thou defir'd.
Iew. O learned judge, mark Jew, a learned judge.
Par. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriftian goe.
"Bafl. Here is the money,
Par. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou be not more
But a ufta pound of flesh: if thou tak' more
Or lette then a ufta pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heay in the substance,
Or the defellion of the twantweth part
Of one poor people, may of the scale doe turne
But in the effimation of a hayer,
Thou dutt, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Iew. A second Daniel, a Daniel Jew,
Now infall a I have thee on the hip.
Par. Why doubt the Jew paule, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principlall, and let me goe.
"Baff. I have it ready for thee, here it is.
Par. He hath refus'd me in the open Court,
He shall have meftly forfeiture and his bond.
Iew. A Daniel shall fay, I a second Daniel,
I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barly my principlall?
Par. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken in thy perill Jew.
Shy. Why then the Desuil giue him good of it
He lay no longer question.
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Par. Tarry, Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is engraven in the Lawes of Venice,
It is engraven in your father's Lawes,
And by every Law and in every act.
He lacks the life of any Citizen,
The party gain'd the which he doth contrive,
Shall lose one half his goods, the other half
Comes to the private ander of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke: only, gault all other voice.
In which preachment I say thou standst:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast mured
The danger formerly by thee receiv'd.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg thee thou mayst have leaute to hang thy felo,
And yet thy wealth, being forto to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cend,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the plates charge.

Dok. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee this; before thou ask it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is Antonio's,
The other ha fe comes to the general state,
Which huamblesse may drive into a fine.

Par. 1 for the fitte not for Antonio.
Sbr. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
If you take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth fullmate my house: you take my lie
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Par. What mercy can you render him Antonio?
Gra. A halter grants nothing else for Gods sake.
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: to he will me have
The other halfe in vie, to send it
Upon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately doe his daughter,
Two things proued more that for this favour
He prefently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Here in the Court of all he does pooffit
Vnto his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter,
Dok. He shall doe this, or elle doe receit
The promis that I late pronounced here.

Par. Art thou contented Jew? what doth thou say?
Sbr. I am content.
Par. Clerk, draw a deed of gift,
Sbr. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And will it signe.

Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In chritimings thou shalt have two godfathers,
Hath beene judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Exit. 

Dok. Sir I interreat you with me home to dinner.
Par. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this nighte toward Padua,
And it is meere I presentely let forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your legifure feares you not:
Antonius: grant in this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him,

Exit Duke, and his traine.

Baj. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

have by your wife done becom this day acquitted
Of greevous penaltys, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely copen you cuseous painses withall,
And stand indebted ever and aboue
In love and fertuice, to you evermore.

Par. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therien doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was never yet more mercifull,
I prye you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave,

Baj. Deare sir, of force I must attempts you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fees: grant me two things, I prye you
Not to dene me, and to pardon me.

Par. You preffe me tare, and therefore I will yeeld,
Gue me your gleaves, I weare them for your sake,
And for your loye Ile take this ring from you,
Do not draw backe your hand, take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this?

Baj. This ring good for, alas it is a trifle,
I will not have my feile to give you this,
Par. I wil have nothing else but ouely this,
And now methinks I have a hande to it.

Baj. These's more dependes on this then on the vailin,
The desaft ring in Venice will I gue you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I praye you pardon me.

Par. I ffe if you are liberal in offers,
You caught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be anwer'd,

Baj. Good if this ring was given me by my wife,
And when the put it on, the made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor gue, nor loyle it.

Par. That feife ferves many men to faue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mafayman,
And know how well I have deferued this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For givins it to me: well, peace be with you.

Ant. My L.Baffano, let him have the ring,
Let his deterrings and my house withall,
Be valued against your wives commandement,
Baj. Go to Graziano, yoon and ouer-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antonius house, away, make haste.

Exit Graziano.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Par. Enquire the lewes houe out, give him this deed,
And let him figure it, weel away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well come to Lorenzo.

Enter Graziano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L.Baffano vpon more advice,
Hath beene you here to this ring, and doth intrest
Your company at dinner.

Par. That cannot be:
Hir ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I prye you tell him: furthermore,
I prye you shew my youthold Styckes house.
Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

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Enter Lorenzo and Isabella.

Lorenzo. The moon's flame bright, In such a night as this, When the sweet wond did gently kiss the trees, And they did make no noise, in such a night Trophies methinks mounted the Trojan walls, And lighted his foule toward the Grecian tents, Where Creusa lay that night.

Isabella. In such a night did Tabitha fearfully one-trip the dews, And saw the Lyons shadow ere lustelle, And ranine quivered away.

Lorenzo. Is such a night.

Good Duke, with a Willow in her hand, Went to the wilder side banks, and wist her Loue To come againe to Carthage.

Isabella. In such a night.

Medea gathered the enchanted hearts That did renew old Elfe.

Lorenzo. In such a night.

Did Isabella from the wealthy leve, And with a Vntoucht Loue did returne from Venice, As farre as Belmont.

Isabella. In such a night.

Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well, Stealing her soule with many vows of faith, And nearer true one.

Lorenzo. In such a night.

Did pretty Isabella (like a little flowr) Slander her Loue, and forgive it her.

Isabella. I would not have you did no body come: But haue, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messenger. Friend.

Lorenzo. Friend? who is your friend? I pray you.

Enter Sthesus, my name, and I bring word My Mistresse will before the breake of day Be here at Belmont, the doth desire about By holy crosses where the knuckles and prays For happy weelocke hours.

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

Messenger. None but a holy Hermit and her maid: I pray you it my Mistresse yet return'd?

Lorenzo. He is beyond we have not heard from him, But go we in I pray thee, Isabella, And ceremoniously let vs prepare Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, sola, we ha ho, sola, sola.

Lorenzo. Who calls?

Clowne. Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, sola, Leucet howling man, here.

Lorenzo. Leucet, where, where?

Clowne. Tel him thers a Paft come from my Maffter, with his hone full of good news, my Maffter will be here ere morning sweet foule.

Lorenzo. Let's in, and there expect their coming.

And no more matter, why should we go int? My friend, if thou desirest thee pray within the house, your Miftris is at hand, And bring your musique forth to the ayre, How sweet the moone-light sleepeys upon this banke, Here we will set, and let the sounds of musique Creep in our ears soft stilles, and the night Become the ruches of sweet harmony:

Speak musique, looke how the floor of heaven Is thicke inflayed with patiens of bright gold, There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest But in his motion like an Angell rings, Still quilling to the young eyed Cherubins; Such harmony is in immortal foules, But whiff this muddy vefure of decay
doosly cloth in it, we cannot heare it: Come hie, and wake Diwan with a hymne,

With sweetes tunes please your Miftris ear, And draw her home with musique.

Isabella. I am eternly merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musique.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spaires are attentive:

For doe but once a wilder and warrion heard And race of joyful and exhilarated cotes,

Pitching mad boundes, bellowing and ringing loud, Which in the los condition of their bloud, If they but heare perchance a trumpet found, Or any ayre of musique touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a mutual und, Those songs and verses turnd to a modell great, By the sweet powr of musique: therefore the Poet Did saine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods. Since naught to stork fih, hard, and full of eage, But musique for true dooth change his nature, The man that has no musique in himselfe, Not is not moued with concord of sweete founds, Is set for treafons, fratagems, and spoyles, The motions of his spaire are dull as night, And his affections darke as Erurb.

Let no luch man be traile: make the musique.

Enter Porcia and Nerissa.

Porcia. This night we see is burning in my hal: How faire what little candell throws her beams, So shines a good deed in a naugthy world. (dies)

Nerissa. When the moones shone we did not see the can.

Porcia. So doth the greater glory dim the leafe, A sublimate shyns brightly as a King

Vonval King be by, and then his state

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke

Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Nerissa. It is your musique Madame of the house.

Porcia. Nothing is good I see without refte; Whatshes it founds much sweetener then by day?

Nerissa. Silence beftowes that enters on a Madame.

Porcia. The Crow doth sing as sweettly as the Lark.
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When neither is attended: and I think
The Nightingale if he should sing by day
When every Goose is generally thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by Italian, Scæon'dare
To their right pacifie, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleeps with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd,

\textit{Midsummer's Night.}

\textit{Lr.} That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd of Portia.
\textit{Per.} He knows me as the blinde man knows the
Cuckow by the bad singer?

\textit{Per.} These Lady welcome home?

\textit{Per.} We have been praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

\textit{Lr.} Madam, they are not yet:
But there is none a Messenger before
To signifie their coming,

\textit{Per.} Go, go, Portia,
Give order to my Attendants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, nor your,

\textit{Per.} Twelve fowls.

\textit{Lr.} Your husband is at hand, 1st, is his Trumpeter,
We are not tell-tales Madam, fare you not,

\textit{Per.} This night murtheres is but the daylight sickle,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid,

\textit{Enter Baffiano, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.}

\textit{Bass.} We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abencé of the fame
Let me gui you light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a leasue husband,
And never be \textit{Bassiano} for me,

\textit{But God for all: you are welcome home my Lord.}

\textit{Bass.} I thank you Madam, gui welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is \textit{Antonio},
To whom I am infinitely bound.

\textit{Per.} You should in all fence be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.

\textit{Anth.} No more then I am wel acquist of you,

\textit{Per.} Sir, you are wel chere welcome to our house:
It must appear in other vates then words,
Therefore I faint that breathing curtefie,

\textit{Gra.} By yonder Moone I sawe you do me wrong,
Instawd I gave it to the judges Clearkes,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,

\textit{Per.} Since you do take it Loce to much at hart.

\textit{Per.} A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?

\textit{Gra.} About a hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poetie was
For all the world like Curtiers Poetry
Upon a knife: \textit{Love me, and leave me not.}

\textit{Per.} What take you of the Poetie of the valew:
You swore to me when I did give you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave,

\textit{Per.} Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
Your should have beene repliefle and have kept it
Gave it a judges Clearkes: but I know not
The Clearkes will here wearre hairre on's face that had le

\textit{Gra.} Hewill, and if he due to be a man,
\textit{Neris.} If a Woman live to be a man,

\textit{Gra.} Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little screeched boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the judges Clearkes,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny at him,

\textit{Per.} You were too blame, I must be blame with you,
To part in sightly with your wives first gift,
A thing shacle on with othes upon your finger,
And I trusted with faith unto your felth.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him I care
Never to part with it, and heer he flanks:
I dare be warne for me, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke in from his fingers, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith \textit{Gratiano},
You giue your wife too vikinde a cause of greece,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

\textit{Bass.} Why I were beft to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it,

\textit{Gra.} My Lord \textit{Bassiano} gave his Ring away
Vnto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Defend it too: and then:

\textit{Boy his Cleark.}
That toolke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And nother man not matter would take ought
But the two Rimgs.

\textit{Per.} What Ring gave you my Lord?

\textit{Bass.} Not that I hope which you recei'd of me.

\textit{Bass.} If I could adde a he into a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon, it is gone.

\textit{Per.} Even so sole and in your sole heart of truth,
By heauen I will ner come in you led
Vntil I see the Ring.

\textit{Ner.} Not in yours, all giing not see mine.

\textit{Bass.} Sweet Poetie,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would enquire for what I gaue the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When ought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would sharte the streight of your displeasure,

\textit{Per.} If you had knowe the value of the Ring.
Or laid her wotheinnesse that gaue 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 unreasonale,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modesty
To vrg the thing held as a ceremone:
\textit{Neris} teaches me what to beleue,
He die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

\textit{Bass.} No by mine honor Madam, by my sole
No Woman had it, but a cuill Doctor,
Which did refute three thousand Ducaus of me,
And begg'd the Rings: the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to goe dipeles'd away;
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend, What should I say Sweete Lady?
I was infor'd to fend it after him,
I was better with blame and curtefie,
My honor would not let me gratitude
So much befriate it. Prond'me good Lady,
And by the blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?
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For. Let not that Doctor ere come near my house,
Since he hath got the well that I loved.
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you,
He not deny him any thing I have,
Ne nor my body, not my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure at
Let not a night from home. Watch me like Argus,
If you do not, if I be less soone,
Now by none honour which is yet mine own,
I'll have the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Nerissa. And I his Clarke, therefore we well adieu
How you doe take me to mine owne protection,
For if I doe, he marrie the young shrinks poor.

Act. I shall unhappy labours of these quarrels.

For. Sir, give me not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.
Baf. Petrarch, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these mine friends
I swear to thee, sworn by thine own tame eyes
Wherein I fee my selfe.

Per. Make you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly teares himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double telle,
And there is an oath of credit.

Baf. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Act. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband ring
Had quite miscarrie'd: I dare be bound againe,
My soule upon the quarter, that your Lord
Will never more to make fault conceive.

Per. Then you shall be my trusting: give him this,
And bid him keep it better then the other.

Act. Here be Lord Bajamon: I tarry to keep this ring.
Baf. By heare it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Per. I had it of him: pardon Bajamon.

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
For that same robb'd boy the Doctors Clarke
In Summer, where the wares are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deeter'd dis.

Per. Speake not so grossely, you are all amand:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure,
It comes from Padua from Bajamonte,
There you shall finde that Petrarch was the Doctor,
Nerissa had the Clarke. Lormes here
Shall winnecke I fe forth as soon as you,
And but eun now return'd: I have not yet
Entered my houle. Amours you are welcome,
And I have better news in store for you.
Then you can expect: snuffe this letter soon,
There you shall finde three of your Argories
Are richly come to harbour Fodanie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Actus. I am dumb.

Thu. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me cuckold,
Ner. I, but the Clarke that never means to doe it,
Wilt he be false will he be a man.

Thu. (Sweet Doctor you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then he with my wife.

Act. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life & living,
For here I reade for certain that my ships
Arefaile come to Rode.

Thu. How now Laura?
My Clarke hath some good comfort for you.

Act. I dare like gueze him them without a fee.
There doe I gueze to you and Bajamon.

From the rich leve, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Laura. Faute Lady you drop Manns in the way
Of flattered people.

Act. In a very morning,
And yet I assure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there upon intertests,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be for, the first intercature
That my Nerissa shall be fowcote 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 should with it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I time, I have no other thing.
So fare, as keeping the Neris's ring.

FINIS.

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As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.  
Do you remember Adam, it was upon this fashion he bequeathed me by will, but more a thousand Crowns, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my fadness: my brother Judges he keeps at Thicole, and report speaks goldenly of his prospects: for my part, he keeps me ruthfully at home, os (to speak more properly) flays me here, at home w'ise, I have no way to keep you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the falling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides of their flesh that they are ate with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end Riders deeply 'r'd, but I (his brother) game nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as: besides this nothing that he to plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countrance seems to take from me: he eats too freely, and I have said the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mine myself my gentry with my education. This is it Adam that grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I think is within me, begins to mutine against this feritude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Orlando.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlando. Go, and get Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will flay me vp.

Orlando: Now sir, what make you here?

Adam: Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Orlando: What mean you there?

Adam: Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours with ill fortune.

Orlando: Marry sir be better employed, and be taught a while.

Orlando: Shall I kepe your hogs, and eat hukes with them? what prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Adam: Know you where you are fere?

Orlando: O sir, very well: hearce in your Orchard.

Adam: Know you before whom fere?

Orlando: I, better then him I am before knows me: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should do know me: the courtsey of nations allows me your better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers between 9: I have so much

of my father in me, as you, albeit I content your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Orlando: What boy.

Orlando: Come, come elder brother, you are too young in

Orlando: With in the lay hands on me villain?

Adam: I am no villain: I am the youngest sonne of Sir Evander's: but he was not my father, and he is thence a villain that quarrel such a father begot villains: were thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy threat, till this other had pul'd out thy tongue: or trying to thou halt ral'd on thy fete.

Adam: Sweet Master be patient, for your Father's remembrance, be at accord.

Orlando: I set me get I lay.

Orlando: I will not till I please: you shall hear mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give mee good education: you have train'd me like a peazant, obliterating and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give mee the proper allotment, my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Orlando: And what will thou do? beg when that is spent?

Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you lease 9.

Orlando: I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Orlando: Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam: Is olde dogge my reward. Most true, I have lost my teeth in your ferience: God be with my olde master; he would not have spoke such a word. Ex. Ort. Ad. Orlando: It is too true, begin you to grove upon me! I will physicke your rancifellate, and yet give no thousand crowns nether: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Orlando: Was not Charles the Dukes Wastler here to speake with me?

Dennis: So please you, he is here at the doore, and important accesse to you.

Orlando: Call him in: I will be a good way: and to morrow the wastling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Orlando: Good Mounsir Charles: what's the new news as the new Court?

Charles: There is no newes at the Court Sire, but the olde newes that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing Q.3 Lords

I. i. 1—108

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Lord: have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, which lands and estates with their own Duke, for they do me them good leave to come.

Oli. Can you tell if Restafand, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her Father?

Chas. One; for the Duke's daughter with his Queen, and his wife, his own sister to her, and the old Rebekc Mood, of England, are she and many more men with him; and there they lie like the old Rebek Mood, of England, they say many young Gentlemen flock to him every day, and the time so careful that they lies in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Chas. Merry doe I do: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am a son for secretly to understand, that you may not take him. For if the Duke had a disposition to come in disguise against me to lay a fall: to make itwrastle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your issue was well becomes you to keep him with him, as I must for my own honour if he comes in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might lay him from his intendements, or he would have his disgrace as well as he shall run into, in that it is in his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy leue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly receive: I had my false notice of my Brothers purpose herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to disoffend him from it; but he is not false. He tells thee (Charles) it is the rubbones, by the young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret and venal contriver against mee, and his natural brother: therefore ye thy discretion, I had as little thou didst break his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to, for if thou dost him any flight disgrace, or it he doth not mightly grace him thereon, he will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and newest thee. But I must take thy life by some indirect means or other: for I shall thee, (and almost with tears I speak) there is not one so young, and of villainous this day living. I spake but brotherly of him, but should I anathemize him to thee, as he is, I must blush, and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Chas. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he goe alone againe, I'll need wrastle for prize more: and to God keep your worship.

Exit. farewell good Charles. Now will I fritte this Game.

Chas. I hope I shall see an end of him, for my soule (yet I know not why) I hates nothing more then he: yet he's gentle, neuer shool'd, and yet learned, full of noble devices, of all sorts enchantingly belov'd, and indeed to much in the heart of the world, and especialy of my owne people, who well know him, that I am altogether misprised: but is shall not be long, this wraster shall cleare me, not thing remains, but that I knowled thee the bye litter, which now lies to goe about.

Exit.

Enter Restafand, and Camel. Chas. I pray thee Restafand, sweet my Cez, be merry.

Reef. Deere Cez; I know more melt then I am misfithe of, and would you yet were merrier: wist you not, I could teach you to murder a banished father, you must not leave me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Chas. Herein I see thou los' mee not with the full weight that I love thee; if my Vnle thy banished father had banished thy Vnle the Duke's Father, so thou hadst been still with me: I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the touch of thy leue to me were to righteous tempered, as mee is to thee.

Reef. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to receive in yours.

Chas. You know my Father hath no child, but I, nor none is like to have; and truly when he done, thou shall be his heir for, what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee a gaine in affection: by mine hone I will, and when I break that oath, let mee young men times through my sweet Reef, my deere Reef, be enemy.

Reef. From herewith I will Cez, and deifie spects: let me see what think of thee for falling in Love.

Chas. I pray thee do to make sport withall: but none woman in good earthe, nor none further in sport nyther, then with safety of a pure blufhs, thou must in honor come of againe.

Reef. What shall be our sport then?

Chas. Let us sit and mocke the good houses Fortune from the whettle, that her gifts may henceth bee beloved equally.

Reef. I would we could doe so: for her benefits are mightly misplaced, and the bountifie blind woman and most mistake in her gifts to woman.

Chas. Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that make her honest, the makes very illusurced.


Enter Close. Chas. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may the not by Fortune fall into the fire: though nature hath given ws to float at Fortune, hath not Fortune lent in this fool not off the argument?

Reef. Indeed there is fortune too hard for us, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Chas. Peradventure this is not Fortune work either, but Nature, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to render us such goddeshe, hath lent this Naturall for our whetteone, for always the dulness of the foolbe, is the whenfonde of the wits. How now Withe, whether wender you?

Chas. Misfithe, you must come away to your father.

Reef. Were you made the mellenger?

Chas. No by mine hone, but I was bid to come for you.

Part 2: i. 1. 108 -- ii. 66.
As you like it.

Ref. Where learned you that oath foole? 
Clr. Of a certaine Knights, that swore by his Honour they were no Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mutard was naught; Now I stand to it, his Pancakes were naught, and the Mutard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne. 

Ccl. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge? 

Ref. I marry, now rummase your wife's doe. 
Clr. Stand you both forth now: shrove your chimes, and swerve by your beard that I am a knave. 

Ccl. By our beard, if we had them this hour. 
Clr. By my knaverie (if I had) then I were: but if you swerve by that it is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knave swerving by his Honor, for he never had none; or if he had, he had forsorne it before, except he saw those Pancakes, or that Mutard. 

Ccl. Prithie, who is it that thou mean'st? 
Clr. One that old Prerogacy your Father loves. 

Ref. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be put for taxation one of these daies. 

Ccl. The more pitie that fools may not speak wife-ly, what Witteman do foolishly. 

Clr. By my throat thou tallest true: For since dit eltcke that fools haue been silenced, the little foolerie that wife men have makes a great grace; Here comes Mon- 

Ccl. Enter le Bean. 

Ref. With his mouth full of newes. 
Clr. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their 

Ccl. Then shall we be newes-cram'd. 

Ccl. All the better: we shall be the more Marketable. 

Ref. Enter Monseur et Dio, what's the newest? 

Clr. Enter Fair Princeffe, you have lost much good sport. 

Ccl. Spurt of what colour? 

Le Bro. What colour Madame? How shall I an-

Ref. As weat and fortune will. 

Ccl. Or as the deces. 

Clr. Well said, that was laid on with a fresh wind. 

Ccl. Nay, if I keep not my ranke. 

Ref. Thou lookest thy old fanell. 

Le Bro. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told 

Ref. Do not tell vs the manner of the Wraffling. 

Le Bro. I will tell you the beginning: and it please your Ladiships, you may fee the end, for the bell is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are comming to performe it. 

Ccl. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried. 

Le Bro. There comes an old man, and his three sons. 

Ccl. I could match this beginning with an old tale, 

Le Bro. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence. 

Ref. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne vs all men by theses prelats. 

Le Bro. The eldfe of the three, wraffled with Charles the Duke Wraffler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: So he ferued the second, and to the third yonder they lie, the poor old man their Father, making such pititid dole over then, that all the behol- 

ders take his part with weeping. 

Ccl. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants. 

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated 

Ref. I yonder the man? 

Le Bro. Even be, Madam. 

Clr. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successefullly. 

Ccl. How now daughter, and Coulon: 

Ref. Are you crept hither to see the wraffling? 

Ccl. I my Ligeio, so please you go vs leau. 

Ccl. You will take little delights in us, I can tell you there is such oddness in the man; In spite of the challenge-ers youth, I would faine diffwade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speak to him Ladies, see if you can moose him. 

Ccl. Enter Monseur the Challenger, the Princeffe calls for you. 

Ccl. I attend them with all respect and dutie. 

Ref. Young man, have you challeg'd Charles the Wraffler? 

Ccl. No faire Princeffe: he is the general challenger, I come but as other do, to try with him in the strength of my youth. 

Clr. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for 

Ccl. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told 

Clr. Do not tell us the manner of the Wraffling. 

Ccl. I will tell you the beginning: and it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the bell is yet to do, and here where you are, they are comming to performe it. 

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As you like it.

Col. And mine to eke out hers.

Ref. Fare you well, I praise heaven I be deceived in you.

Col. Your hearts desire be with you. Where, where, where is this yong gallant, that is so devious to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but he will hath it in a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trye but one fall.

Col. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuad a him from a first.

Orl. You use to mocke me after: I should not have mocked me before: but come your wails.

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speech young man.

Col. I would I were mistaken, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Ref. Oh excellent young man.

Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. Sowre.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I befeech your Grace, I am not yet well breathed.

Duk. How doth thou Charles?

Le B. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Bestre him awake:

What is thy name young man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest fonte of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene so to some man else, the world eather'd thy father honourable, but I did finde him full mine enemie; thou shoul'dst have better pleas'd me with this deede, hadst thou defended from another house; but fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou hadst told me of another Father.


Exit Duke.

Col. Were I my Father (Cezar) would I do this? Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's honie, His yongest honie, and would not change that calling To be adopted unto to Providence.

Ref. My Father laud be Roland, his foole, And all the world was of my Fathers mind, Had I before knowne this yong man his honie, I should have given him tresure enterreates, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Col. Gentle Cofin, Let vs goe thank him, and encourage him.

My Fathers rough and emuous disposition Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well defend'd, If you doe keep your promisses in love; But subtly as you have excelled all promisses, Your Multer shall be happie.

Ref. Gentleman, Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune That could give more, but that her hand lacks meanes. Shall we goe Cezar?

Col. I fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are all thowe downe, and that which here stands vp Is but a quineline, a mere guttulloke blocke.

Ref. He calls me back: my pride fell with my fortunes, He take him what he would: Did you call Sir? Sir, you have wraffled well, and outthernowne More then your enemies. Col. Will you goe Cezar?

Ref. Fare with you: fare you well.

Scena tertius.

Col. Why Cofin, why Resalme: Cepha have mercie, Not a word?

Ref. No one to throw at a dog.

Col. No, thy words are too precious to be call away uppon ears, throw some of them at me; come same mee with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two Cofins laid vp, when the one should be laud with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Col. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, fateh but it is, for my childe Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Col. They are but burs, Cofin, throwe vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the crodden pathes our very petty coates will catch them.

Ref. I could make thee on my coate, these burs are in my trant.

Col. Hemp them away.

Ref. I would trye I could cry hem, and have him.

Col. Come, come, wratelf with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wratelf then my selfe.

Col. Of a good with uppon you: you will trie in time.
in diphraph of all: but tuming thisie is right or tenence let yon taue in good earneth. Is it posisible on such a so

dain, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir

islandes yongest sonne?

Ref. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father decelie.

Ref. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his

Sonne decelie? By this kindes of chaffe, I should hate

yor for mine father hatte his Father deceler yet I hate

not Orlando.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for mine sake.

Ref. Why should I not doth be not deterre well?

Inter Duke with Lords.

Ref. Let me loue you for that, and do you loue him

Because I doo. Looke, here cometh the Duke.

Ref. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Misrie displaish you with your faith haste,

And get you from our Court.

Ref. Me Vnkle.

Duk. You Cofen,

Within these ten daies it that thou best found

So meete our publique Count as twentie miles,

Thou diest for it.

Ref. I do beleve your Grace

I te me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:

If with my felie I hold insaligence,

Or have acquiesce in mine owne deffine,

If that I do not dreame, or be not frenzie,

(As I doe tru't I am not) then deere Vnkle,

Never so much as in a thought vnborne,

Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus do all Trarior

If their purgation did confite in worde,

They are as innocent as grace is felle;

Let it suffice thee that I tru't thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistuit cannot make me a Traior:

Tell me whereas the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughtere there's enough.

Ref. So was I when your highnesse took his Duke

So was I when your highnesse benifi the him;

Treason is not inherent my Lord,

Or is it we did dereit from our friends,

What's that to me, my Father was no Traior,

Then good my Leige, mistake me no so much,

To think my pouer is remarchous.

Duk. Deere Souersage beare me spoke.

Duk. 1 Celie, we finde her for thy sake.

Elfe bad the with her Father rang'd along.

Const. I did not then intrest to have her stay,

It was you pleasure, and your owne remote,

I was too yong that time to value her,

But now I know her: if she be a Traior,

Why so now: we full haste hauie a Traior

Roff at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,

And wherefore we went, like rising Swans,

Still we went coupled and ineparable.

Duk. She is too sublic, for thee, and her smoothness,

Her wryte silience, and peryance,

Speake to the people, and they patter her

Thou art a foole, the robe thee of thy name,

And thou wilt shew more brights, & seem more vertuous

When she is gone: then open not thy lips.

Fame, and irreccable is my domoone,

Whiche I have pat upon her, is benifit'd.

Const. Presence that sentence them on my Leige,

I cannot liue out of her company.

Duk. Thou art a fool; you Nestre prouide your selfe,

If you out-flay the time, upon mine honor.

And in the greemes of my word you die,

Exit Duke et.

Const. O my poore Rofalou, whether wilt thou goe?

Wilt thou change Fathers? I will gine thee none,

I charge thee be not thou more grud'd then I am.

Ref. I have more caufe.

Ref. Thou hast not Cofen,

Prethee be carefull; know'ft thou not the Duke

Hath benif'ted his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Const. No, hath not? Rofalou lacks then the loue

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,

Shall we be fundred? shall we part sweete girls?

No, let my Father fecke another here;

Therefore deule with me how we may fie

Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,

And do not nekke to take your change vpon you,

To bere your griefes your selue, and issue me out:

For by this heaven, now at our fowrtye pale;

Say what thou canst, I goe alonge with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Ref. To secke my Vnkle in the Forest of Arden.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,

(Mades as we are) to travel forth so farre?

Breathe procketh thou, or doth it sooner gold.

Const. He put my selue in poore and meane attire,

And with a kind of ymbre strooke my face,

The like doe you, if we shallaffe along,

And never the affairis.

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 curtesys vpon my thynge,

A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart

Lye there what hidden waman forse there will,

Wecle haue a swathing and a marshall outside,

As many other mannifis wards have,

That doe outface it with their semblances.

Const. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ref. I leue no worde a name then thine owne Page.

And therefore looke you call me Cenmeat.

But what will you by call'd?

Ref. Something that hath a reference to my rate:

No longer Celis, but Alana.

Ref. But Cofen, what if we shalide to froide

The clowndom Forole out of your Fathers Court:

Would he not be a comfort to our transeale?

Const. Heece goe alonge ore the wide world with me,

Leave me alone to woe him; Let's awaie

And get our Jewels and our wealth together,

Deule the finest time, and safest way

To hide vs frorm purfuite that will be made

After my flight: now goe in we content

To libertie, and not to bandimenter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senor: A myson, and two or three Lords

like Forefathers.

Duk Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:

Hath not old cufome made this life more sweete

Then
As you like it.

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woos:
More free from peril then the amorous Court?
Here feel we not the penalties of Adam,
The sear'sted difference, as the Icicle change
And curtilch chiding of the winter's windie,
Which when it bites and bisows upon my body
Even till I think with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: there are censours
That feelingly persuade me what I am:
Sweet are the sites of adorifer.
Which like the teard, easily and venemous.
Wee yet a precious jewel in his head
And this o'er life eves, from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books, in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Adam. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That cannot share the flubsborne of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a little.

Da. Sen. Come, shall we go and kill vs venison?
And yet it rakes me the poore dappled foole
Being native Burgers of this defert Cuyl,
Should under our confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.

1 Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholly anger grieues at this,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vliurpe
Then doth your brother that hath battell'd you
To day my Lord of Amers, and my felte,
Did streale behind him as he lay along.
Vnder an oake, whose antique roote peepes out
Upon the brooke that brawsles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequelred stag
That from the Hunters ame had rane a hurt,
Did come to language; and indeed my Lord
The wretched amanuell hee forth soles greene
That thes discharge did stretcht his leathern coat
Almost to bufling, and the big round teares
Courts d one another downe his innocent note
In pitituous chaste: and thus the harte forke,
Mach marked of the melancholly anger.
Sond on this extremell verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Da. Sen. But what said anger?
Did he not martize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand families.
First for his weeping into the needelike stringe;
Poore Deeke quoth he, thou mak'st a teartment
As wordlings doe, guing thy sum of more
So that which had too mult. then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
To right quoth he, this misere doth part
The Flaxse of compassion: answr这件 careless Heard
Full of the pature, wlops along by him
And nev'r (fayt to greet him: quoth anger,
Sweep up you fat and greazi Citizens,
'Tis with the fashion wherefore do you looke
Upon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus mof't out mercifully be pierced through
The body of Commone, City, Court,
Yes, and of his great life, swearing that we
Are meree vliurpe, tyrants, and whates worst
To fright the Animals, and to kill THEM vp
In their allignd and nature dwelling place.

D. Sen. And did you leese him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and comming
Upon the lobbing Deeke.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Da. O, can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of confent and suffrance in this.

2 Lord. He cannot hear of any that did see her.
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
'They found the bed empty; did of their Miftris.

3 Lord. My Lord, the reynolds Clown, at whom to oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh in so misling,
Higera the Princesses Closetwoman
Contells that the secretly o'er heard
Your daughter and her Cozen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraffler
That did but lately soile the Archangel Charles,
And the beleevers where ever they are gone.
That youth is truly in their company.

Da. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be about, bring his Brother to me,
He make him finde him: do this foddily:
And let not the be and inquisition quafe,
To bring against these foolish runaway.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam

Ort. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Maffer, oh my gentle mafter,
Oh my sweet mafter, Oh you remembre
Or old Sra. Rowland? why, what make you here?
Why are you vextreous? Why do people louse you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why should you be so fond to ouste come
The bonne prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your prase is com too foffily home before you.
Know you not Maffer, to feeme kind of men,
Their graces issue them but as enemies,
No more doe yous: your vertues gentle Maffer
Are ranctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Eunomous him that bears it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappe youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roome
The enemie of all your graces slues
Your brother, no, no brother, ye the fonne
(Yet not the fons, I will not call him so)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your prases, and this night he meant
To burne the lodging where you sit to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He
As you like it.

He will have other means to cut you off; I overheard him: and his prachises: This is no place, this house is but a bacherie; Abhorre it, feare it, do not enter it.

Ad. Why whether Adam wouldst thou have me go? Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Or. What, wouldst thou have me go&beg my food, Or with a baile and boletous Sword enforce A therewith hanging on the common rode? This I must do, or know not what to do: Yet this I will not do, do how I can, I rather will submit me to the malethe
Of a duched blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not so: I have five hundred Crowne, The intish here I feared under your Father, Which I did floure to be my tutors Nurse, When seruce shou’d in my old limbs be lamed, And urgeardized age in corners thrown, Take that, and he that doth the Kences feede, Yet proudedly he enteres for the Sparrow, Be comfort to my age, here is the gold, All this I ginie you, let me be your servante, Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie; For in my youth I never did apply Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood, Nor did not with vblissfull forchide weare, The means of weakeish and debilitie, Therefore my age is as a lustie winter, Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you, He doe the servent of a younger man In all your businesse and necesseties.

Or. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares The comfart sereuse of the antique world, When seruce false and dutie not for neede, Thou art not for the faction of these times, Where none will swere, but for promotion, And haung that do chace his servitie vp, Even with the hauing, it is so fo with thee: But poore old man, thou prunst a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blosomme yeide, In lieu of all thy painses and hardumbie, But come thy wares, weele goe along together, And see we haue the youthfull wagers fpent, Weele light upon some feeled lowe content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee To thee in good leap with truth and loyalitie, From feautencye yeeres, till now alwayd fourscore Here lyes I, and but now lue here no more At feautencye yeeres, many their fortunes feake But at fourscore, it is too late a wecke, Yet fortune cannot recompence me better Then to die well, and not my Matters debter. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Ralphs for Ganemus, Colin for Allenus, and Clowman, alias Touchstone.

Ref. O Tispor, how merciy are my spirites? Col. I care not for my spirites, if my legges were not wearies.

Ref. I could finde in my heare to dergrace my mans apparell, and to erry like a woman: but I must confere

the weaker vestile, as doublet and hose ought to show it feele corageous to petticoats; therefore courage, good.

Col. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Col. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I should bee no croffe if I did beeare you, for I thinkke you have no money in your purse.

Ref. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.

Col. I know am I in Arden, the more foolie I, when I was at horse I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ref. I be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes here, a young man and an old in solennitie take.

Cor. That is the way to make her see you full.

Sil. On Corin, that thou knewst how I doe love her.

Cor. I partly guesse: for I have lou’d ere now.

Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse, Though in thy youth thou wouldest be a true lover.

As ever figh’d upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

As sure I thinkke did never man loue so:

How many actions most ridiculous,

Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fancie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then never loue to hartily,

If thou remembre not the lightest folly,

That ever loue did make thee run into,

Thou halft not lou’d.

Cor. Oh if thou halft not as I doe now,

Wearing thy sherrin in thy Militia prais’d,

Thou halft not lou’d.

Sil. If thou halft not broke from company,

Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou halft not lou’d.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Exit.

Ref. Als pweare Shepherd searching of they would,

I haue by hard adventure fou’d mine owne.

Col. And mine: I remember when I was in love, I broke my word upon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to loose Smile, and I remember the kissting of her backe, and the Cowes dugs that her pretty chape hands had milk’d; and I remember the wooning of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and givning them her againe, said with weeping teares, were thefe for my fake: weah that are true Lovers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ref. Thou speake it wiser thou art wise of.

Col. Nay, I shall note be ware of mine owne wits, till I breake my thins against it.

Ref. Low, low, this Shepherd’s passion

Is much upon my passion.

Col. And mine, but it growsome something wixe with me.

Col. I pray you, one of you question you’d man,

The for gold will give vs any foodes,

I fain almost to death.

Col. Holls, you Clowne.

Ref. Peace foolie, he’s not thy kindman.

Col. Who calls?

Col. Your better Sh.

Col. Why are they very wrenched.

Ref. Peace.
As you like it.

Ref. Peace I say; good even to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ref. I prehie Shepeheard, if that lose or gold
Can in this defair place buy entertainments.
Bring us where we may sell our fleues, and feed:
Here's a young night with trauaille much opprest,
And taints for succour.

Cor. Fare Sir, I pittie her,
And with her take more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to release her:
But I am Shepeheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My matter is of Churchs disposition,
And little wides to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of piety.

Besides his Coate, his Flocke, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our chiefest cost now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will beeded: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ref. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That Yong swaine that you saw here but ere
While,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of vs.

Cor. And we will tend thy wages:
I like obligeance, and willingly could
Waste thy time in it.

Ref. Affirledly 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 fastfull Fether be,
And buy it with your Gold right fouldly.

Scene Quinta.

Enter, Amiens, Jaques, &c. others.

Song.

Under the green wood sire, "
Who loves to be with mee,
And turnes the merry Note,
Not on the want: But do the urge:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall be no enemies,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Amy. More, more, I prée thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholy Monfieur Jaques.

Amy. I thank it: More, I prée thee more.

Amy. I can lie melancholy out of song,
As a Weazell lies egges: More, I prée thee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
you.

Amy. I desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another lanço: Callyouem lanço's?

Amy. What you will Monfieur Jaques.

Amy. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.
Will you sing?

Amy. May I as your request, then to please my selfe.

Amy. Well then, if you 'll thank me any man, I'll thank
you: but that they call complements is like the under
of two doges. And when a man thankes me hartefully,
me thankes I have given him a penie, and he renders me
the hugely thankes. Come sing: and you that will not
hold your tongues.

Amy. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
The Duke will drink under this tree; he hath bin all this
day to look you.

Amy. And I have bin all this day to avoid him:
He is too disputable for my company:
I think of as many masters as he, but I glue
Heaven thankes, and make no boast of them.

Come, warble, come.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam,

Adam. Dene Muster, I can go no further:
O I do for food. Hence I lie downe,
And measure out my grace. Farewel kinde master.
Orl. Why how now Adam! No greater heart in thee
Like a little, consider a little, there is the felle a little.
If this vncomly I fortell yeild any thing image,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee:
Thy conceit is nearer death, then thy powers.
For my take be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I will heere be with thee preently,
And if I bring thee that not something to eate,
I will give thee issue to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a macker of my labor.
Well said, thou lookest cherely,
And Ibe with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleak air. Come, I will beare thee;
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die.

Adam. For want of dinner,
If there like any thing in this Defert.

Cherely good Adam.

Exeunt.
Scene Septima.

Enter Duke Sen & Lord, like One-spite.

Duc Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast, For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence, Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duc Sen. The compact of Ares, grow Mufical! We shall have shortly differ'd in the Spheres, Go fecke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Iago.

1. Lord. He fautes my labor by his owne approch.

Duc Sen. Why how now Monifent, what a life is this That your poore friends muft woe your company, What, you looke merrily.

Iag. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole ih Fortell, A motley Foole (a mirable world:) As I due by foode, I met a foole, Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun, And rul'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, I good for termes, and yet a motley foole, Good morrow foole (quoth I) no Sir, quoth he, Call me no foole, till heauen hath fent me fortune, And then he drew a fball from his poake, And looking on it, with lacke-luftr eye, Sayes, very witty, it is a caule clock: Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world wagg'd: 'Tis but an houre age, since it was nine, And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven, And fo from houre to houre, we rife, and rife, And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot, And thereby hangs a tale. When I did leave The motley foole, thus mortall on the time, My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere, That Foole's should be fo depe contemplature: And I did laugh, fake intermission An houre by his diall. O noble foole, A worthy foole: Motley's the owne weare.

Duc Sen. What foole is this?

Iag. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courrier And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire, They have the gift to know it: and in his braue, Which is as drie as the remainder bisket After a voy aged: He hath strange plauncs and brane With obfervation, the which he vent In mangled formes. O that I were a foole, I am ambitious for a motley coate.

Duc Sen. Thon shall have one.

Iag. It is my owne gift, Purchased you, need your better judgements Of all opinions. I am of a guile in them, That am min. I would have liberty Wiilhmul, as large a Cherrie at the windes, To blow on whom I please, for fo foole have: And they that are no friend with my life, They moit yet laugh, and why? (for they be?) The why is plain, saith, why (Pafias Churfhe?) Hes, that a Foole, with withe his Dosh very fcoine, though he rot in it. Seeme fentences of the bob. If no, The Wife, man, foole is my neigbour, So I would make it a worthy for the foole:

Duc Sen. Give me leave To speake my minde, and I will through and through Cleanse the foule bodie of the infected world, If they will pittily returne to the medicine.

Duc Sen. Fle so then, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Iag. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Duc Sen. Moll mifchievous foole fin, in chiding fin: For thou thy felle hath beene a Libertine, As leaffaul as the brutth thing it feele, And all th imbolshed fore, and headed eues, That thou with licence of free foole hart eague, Would't thou digorge into the generall world.

Iag. Why who cries out on pride, That can therein take any private party: Doth not flow as hugely as the Sen, Till that the teare teere menne do ebe. What woman in the Citie do I name, When that I say the Cury woman beares The cift of Princes on unworthy shoulder's? Who can come in, and say that I meaned her, When such a one as free, such is her neighbour? Or what she of belief function, That lays his braue, is not on my cofl, Thinking that I meaned him, but therein futes His folly to the merle of an speche, There then, how then, what then, let me for wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him: if do it right, Then heath wrong d him selfe: if he be free, why then my taxing like a wild-foole flies Voulacl'd of any. Man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and ease no more.

Iag. Why I have ease none yet.

Orl. Not that now, till necessity be serued.

Iag. Of what kind stould this Cocke come of?

Duc Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd men by thy distress Or else a rude defpiser of good manners, That in civility thou feem't to emptune? Or else thou cou'dst in true, the thorny point Of bare diffarte, hath tane from me the thou Of smooth civility: yet am I land bred, And know some noircure: But forbear, I say, He dies that touches any of this fruite,

Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Iag. And you will not be answer'd with reason, I will die.

Duc Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force, more then your face. Mowe vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almobst die for food, and let me have it.

Duc Sen. Sir downe, and feed, & welcome our table. Orl. Speake you so gendy? Pardon me I pray you, I thought that all things had bin suage here, And therefore put on the countenance Of thence commandment. But where are you That in this defect inaccessible, Under the shade of melancholy bonges, Lothe, and neglect the covering houses of time? If ever you have look'd on better dayes: If ever breet where bels have knoll'd to Church; If ever fate at any good mans feast: If ever from your eye-side why a starry, And know what be his paines, and be pinted? Let gentleness my strong eflence cemented, In the which hope, I blush, and hide my head.

R.  

II. vii, 1—119

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And this wide and wondrous Theater
Prepares more woful Pageants then the Scene
Wherein we play in.

1a. All the world's a stage.
And all the men and women, merely Players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ten years. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And fining morning face, creeping like snail
Willingly to school 
And then the Lover, 
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his Millers eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Fall of strange oaths, and bearded like the Bard,
Jealous in honor, foppish, and quicke in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the Canons mouth: And then the Julliffke,
In faire round belly, with good Capon in'd,
With Eyes weare, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wife & ses, and moderate in stunk,
And so he plays his part. The first age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantalone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthefull hole well fau'ld, a world too wide,
For his variorum face, and his biggely manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull hisorie,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, Fans eyes, last taffe, fans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Allam.

Dn Sen. Welcome: let downe your venerable burthen,
And let him feede.

Orl. I thank you moff for it.

Dn Sen. So had you neede.

I scarce can speake to thank you for my sake.

Orl. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you.

As ye to question you about your fortunes:

Give vs some Musick, and good Cozening.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter windes,
Those are not fro yonder, as many ingratitude
They toake is not for keenes, because they are not even,
Although thy breath be rude.

Flie hee, flie hee, unto the greene hilly,
And my friendship, in singing; whom having, more fly:
The heigh be, the hilly,
This Life is most fly.

Prattle, prattle, thou better noise that daft not bright so night
As benefites forget:
Though thou the worser murrp, the fling is not so sharpe,
as friend remembered not.

Flie hee, flie, etc.

Dn Sen. If that you were the good Sir Roundland (an.
As you have whistled faithfully you were,
And of mine eye doth his exquisites witness,
Mofit truly limit'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duce
That loud you Father, the rebus of your fortune,
Go to my Cave, and tell mee. Good owd ma,
You art right welcome, as thy matters is:
Support him by the arme: give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

Enter Duke, Lords & Others.

Dn. Not see him since? Sir, fir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made merric,
I should not feeke an about argument
Of my revenge, thus present: but looke to it,
Find out thy brother wherefore he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a living in our Territorie.

Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth where, do we pleasure in our hearts,
Till thou canst quith thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinkke against thee.

Or. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lod'd by my brother in my life.

Duke. More villanie thou. We'll put him out of dores:
And let my offices of such a stature
Make an extent upon his house and Lands:
Do this expeditiously, and turne him going.

Enter Curte & Clere.

Dn. And how like you this Shepherds life my Touchstone?

O$.
As you like it.

Claud. Truly Shepherd, in respect of its felle, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very wild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleases me well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (look ye) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more pleasant in it, it goes much against my fancy, and my stock in my shepherd?

Coe. No more, but that I know the more one f thickens, the worse at afe he is: and that hee that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of raines is to wet, and fire to burne: That good posture makes for songes, and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull hundred.

Cl. Such a one is a natural Philosopher.

Was't ever in Court, Shepherd?

Coe. No truly.

Cl. Then thou art damnd.

Coe. Nay, I hope.

Cl. Truly thou art damnd, like an ill rosted Eggs, all on one side.

Coe. For not bringing at Court your ration.

Cl. Why, thou knowest not at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wiltak'd as a sin, and damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, Shepherd.

Coe. Not a whit Touchstone, those are good manners at the Court, are mismak'd in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you abhor all at the Court, but you kiss your hands: that courtier would be unsavile if Courtiers were shepherds.

Cl. Infinity briefly come, infinity.

Coe. Why are we still halding our Ewes, and their Fela you know are gratis.

Cl. Why do not your Courtiers hands (waste?) and is not the grate of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:

Coe. Besides, our hands are hard.

Cl. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow as:

Coe. And they are oftenest dower'd, with the surgery of our f补贴: and would you have us kiss Thacker? The Courtiers hands are perfumed with Cinnet.

Cl. Most shallow man: Thou wormes mete in respect of a good piece of fleath indeed: learne of the wife and perpend: Queer is of a bafe birth then Thacker, the very uncleanly flux of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepherds.

Coe. You have too Courtyly a wit, for me, I leeq.

Cl. Wilt thou reft damn'd God help thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Coe. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I shew that I hate get that I wear: owe no man hate, enue no mans happiness: glad of other mens good content with my hammer: and the greas of any price, is to see my Ewes grace, my Lams tuck.

Cl. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your lining, by the cepulation of Caxtle, to be bade to a Bel-weather, and to betray a fhee-Lamb of a twelvemonth

to a crooked-pated slye Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou best not damn'd for this, the dullwitted with no shepherds, I cannot fee: elle how thou shouldst escape.

Cor. Here cometh yong Mr. Gammared, my new Miftisfes Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ref. From the self to sullenly fade, no jewel is the Rosalinde.

Cl. Her word being mov'd on the winds, through all the world bearers Rosalinde.

Cor. All the pillories farre? Lend me, are the blankes to Rosalinde:

Cl. Let no face be kept in mind, but the faire of Rosalinde.

Cl. Iereme you so, eight years together: dinners, and fopperes, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right: Durre women rammle to Marsters.

Ref. Out of Foole.

Cl. For a stare.

If a Hare doe lackes a Hinde, Let him seek out Rosalinde:

Cl. If the Cat will after Binke, so be purr with Rosalinde:

Coe. Wintertcarnaments must be lanes, so must slender Rosalinde:

Cl. They that reap must sheare and bondes, so taute with Rosalinde:

Coe. Softly out, both from of sides, such as are Rosalinde.

Cl. He that seessest rove will finde, must finde Lones prize, & Rosalinde.

This is the very sad gallop of Verses, why do you inter-
tect your tell with them?

Ref. Pee you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Cl. Truly the tree yed: but rude faine.

Ref. Iegaffe it as yhou, and then I shall grafse it with a Merle: then it will be the earliet fruit in country:

Cl. You have fad: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a string.

Ref. Peace here comes my fitter reading, stand aside.

Cl. Why should this Defere hee, for it is unseasoned? Now:

Tunes he bamy on eare tree, that so thine small fayings floe.

Some, how brewe the Life of man

Dives his erring pilgrimage,

That the first hatching of a flyes,

Backes on his faumes of age.

Some of violated violets,

sweet the futes of friends, and friends

But upon the fairest bowes,

or at earefome stomac:

Will I Rosalinde write,

reading all that roads, to know

The grunts of course fature,

became wound in little plots.

Therefore beatest Nature ourd shad,

that one bodes should be tall

With all Graves while enuerly

natures profounly deflubbed R.

III. ii. 13—153

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As you like it.

Gaer, that I weeke you more; I was fore heynge:
Heaven would that free their gifts from base head,
and I to love and diet her name.

Ref. O nofle gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilies of
Loue have you wearied your passioiners withall, and
ever crede, have patience good people.

Col. How now backe friends: Sheheard, go off a little:
go with him sirrah.

Col. Come Sheheard, let vs make an honorable res-
treet, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with
script and scrapple.

Exeunt.

Col. Didst thou hear these veres?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
of them had in them more fete then the Veres would
beare.

Col. That's no matter the feet might beare this veres,
Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
themselves without the verst, and therefore stood lame-
ly in the veres.

Col. But didst thou hear without wondering, how
thy name should beang'd and cursed upon theeerces?

Ref. I was feuen of the nine dates out of the wonder,
before you came: for looke heere what I found on a
Palme tree: I was never fo bethem as since Sylender as time
that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Col. Troo you, who lath done this?

Ref. Is a man?

Col. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck;
change you colour?

Ref. I cleere who?

Col. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
meece; but Mountains may bee remoued with Earth-
quakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Col. It is possible.

Ref. Nay, I prate now, with moff then, I vnto them sayes,
tell me who it is.

Col. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moff wonderfull
wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out
of all howing.

Ref. Good my companion, dost thou think though
I am expansion like a man, I have a doubte and hole in
my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South sea
disvouerise. I prate thee tell me, who is it quickly, and
speake space: I would thou coulde say, that thou
might it power this conceale d man out of thy mouth, as
Wine comes out of a narrow mouth'd bottle, either too
much at once, or none at all. I prate thee take the Corke
out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tydings.

Col. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
Is his head worth a hand, or his chin worth a beard?

Col. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee
thankfull: let me say the growth of his beard, if thou
delay men not the knowledge of his chin.

Col. It is young Orlando, that trippes up the Wrafflers
hectes, and your hearts, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the discreet take mocking: speake faude
brow, and true maid.

Col. I faith Cos? this he.

Ref. Orlando?

Col. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doubte &
heere? What did he when thou sawst him? What sayde
her? How look'd her? Wherein went her? What makes he
heere? Do he ask for me? Where remains he? How
parted with him? And when that thou seest him a-
gaine? Answere me in one word.

Col. You must borrow me Gargantuous mouth first:
tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size;
I say I and no, to theele particulars, is more then to anwser
in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and
in mans apperel? Looks he as freely, as he did the day
he Wraffled?

Col. It is ease to count Anomies as to refolute the
propoisions of a Louer: but take a raitle of my finding
him, and reliish it with good obsecution. I found him
under a tree like a drop'd Aconce.

Ref. It may yeel be cald Loues tree, when it droppen
forth fruites.

Col. Gnie me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Col. There lay hee fretch'd along like a Wounded
knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a fight, it well
become the ground.

Col. Cry bolla, to the tounge, I prite thee, ftcurter
vneassonably. He was famish'd like a Hunter.

Ref. O manuous, he comes to kill my hart.

Col. I would igne my long without a Bursten, thou
bring't me out of teere.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Lones.

Col. Yon bring mee out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ref. 'Tis he, little by, and note him.

Lag. I thank you to your company, but good faith
I had a better face beene my selfe alone.

Orel. And to had: but yet for fashion sake
I thank you too, for your tacenie.

Lag. God buy oue, let mee see as little as we can.

Orel. I do define we may be better transeers.

Lag. I pray you marke no more trees with Writing
Loues-linges in their barkes.

Orel. I pray you marke no more of my veres with re-
ting them ill-favouredly.

Ref. Rafalisme is your loues name?

Lag. Yes, lauf.

Lag. I do not like her name.

Orel. There was no thought of pleasing you when she
was chritten d.

Lag. What future is she of?

Orel. Just as high as my heart.

Lag. You are full of pretty answers: have you not busi
acquainted with goldsmith wifes, &c. the out of rings?

Orel. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloose,
from whence you have studied your questions.

Lag. You have a nimble wit: I think I was made of
'Attalead's hecles. Will you fitte downe with me, and
wee two, will rail against our Mistris the world, and
all our milerie.

Orel. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe
against

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As you like it.

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against whom I know most faults.

179. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Ore. I'm a fool: I will not change, for your belle ver-
tu, I am ware of you.

181. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I
found you.

Ore. He is drown'd in the brooke, lookes but in, and
you shall finde him.

189. There I shall finde mine owne figure.

Ore. Which I take to be either a foolke, or a Cipher.

192. He is no longer with you, farewell good sign-
fleur Louise.

194. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Mon-
steur Melancholy.

Reo. I will speak to him like a wontee Lacky, and un-
der that shape play my am汁e with him, do you hear For-
tet? Verst well, what would you? 

(Creep.)

198. I pray you what it's a clock?

Ore. You shoulde ask me what time o'clock there is in
the clock in the Forrest.

Reo. Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else
figuring our amourse, and groaning every horse would
detected the laze foot of time, as well as a clock.

Ore. And why not the twofoot of time? Had not
that bin as proper?

Reo. By no means for; Time travels in divers paces,
with divers persons: I tel you who Time ambles with,
who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and
who he stands fit withal.

199. I prechee, who doth he trot withal?

Reo. Marry he trots hard with a yong maide, between
the contract of his marriage, and the day it is solemnized:
if the interim be but a feemg'time, Times pace is so hard,
that it feemes the length of seven yeares.

192. Who ambles Time withal?

Reo. With a Preest that lacks Latin, and a rich man
that bast not the Gowes: for the one sleepes easily be-
cause he cannot fluty, and the other hedes merily, be-
cause he feelis no paine: the one lacking the burden of
leane and wastife Learning, the other knowing no bur-
tain of beeifie tedious peniity. There Time ambles withal.

Ore. Who doth he gallop withal?

Reo. With a cheefe to the gallozer: for though he
ago as lightly as a horse can fall, he thanks himselfe too soon
there.

192. Who flaiers it fit withal?

Ore. With Lawyers in the vacation: for they sleepe
betweene Termes and Termes, and then they perceive not
how time moves.

200. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Reo. With this Shephardest of my fitter: heres in the
skirts of the Forrest, like fringes upon a pettocket.

Ore. Are you native of this place?

Reo. As the Conie that you see dwell where flees
is kindled.

Ore. Your accent is something finer, then you could
purchas in or removed a dwelling.

Reo. I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde
religious Vockle of mine taught me to speake, who was
in his youth an inhaled man, one that knew Courtship too
well: for there he fell in love, I have heard him read
many Leders against it, and I thank God, I was not a
Woman to be touch'd with so many gibbes offences as he
hath generally ca'd their whole sex withal.

Ore. Can you remember any of the principal suits,
that he laid to the charge of women?

Reo. There were none principal, they were all like
either another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming
monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Ore. I present recours of them.

Reo. No: I will not call away my phisick, but on those
that are sick.

201. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that s
butes our yong plants with casting Refaelson on their
barkes: hanges Oades upon Hauthesores, and Embraages on
all (forsothly) defying the name of Refaelson.

If I could meete that Faerie Gentle, I would giue in
the some good counsel, for he seems to haue the Quoatidion
of Lowre upon him.

1. I am he that is in Lowre-shak'd, I pray you tel
me your remedie.

Reo. There is none of my Vackles marked upon you:
be taught me how to know a man in lome in suche
gage of fouffes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Ore. What were his marks?

Reo. A leane checke, which you have not: a blwe eie
and fonkes, which you have not: an unquesioneable spir-
rit, which you have not: a beard negleched, which you
have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your ha-
vine in beard, is a younge brothers reneuement) then your
hole should be vngarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your
flese vnbout'd, your thoo vntye, and euerie thing
about you, demonstrating a careless detolation: but you
are no fuch man, you are rather point deane and yng,
accomtments, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Lou-
er of any other.

1. I Lour.

Ore. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue
Reo. Me beleue it? You may affone make her that
I desire you haue, which I warrant the apper to do,
then to conffess thee dace; so that one of the women
in which will flitte the lie to their conffences. But in
good southe, you are he that hangs the verities on the
Tree, wherein Refaelson is to admite?

Ore. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of
Refaelson, I have that, that eueriebody heare.

Reo. But are you so much in Lowre, as your times speake?

Ore. Neither time nor reason can express how much.

Reo. Lour is mereely a maddencre, and I tel you, de-
feres as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do:
and the reason why they are so no prouffed and cured, is
that the Lunaticke is so ordinarie, that the youngers are
in love too: yet I profess cure it by counsel.

Ore. Did you euer cure any fo?

Reo. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to ima-
gine me his Lour, his Mirriss: and I fet him euerie day
to woothe at Which time woule I, being but a moonnight
youth, greeee, be enflamed, changed, longin, a
mind, had, and was a Madman in love, and in the
date of his colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertain him, ther after warred
him: now wepe for him, then pit as him; that I drewe
my Sutor from his mad humour of lour, to a living humour
of madenesse, and was to inpard the full streame of 1
world, and to live in a nooke metly Monstall, and thus I cur'd
him, and this way will I take you mee to walye your Li-
ter as cleane as a found sheepes hears, that there flall not
be one foot of Lowre in's.

Ore. I would not be cured, youth.

Reo. I would cure you, if you would but call me R f-
and, and come euerie day to my Coar, and wot me.
As you like it.

ORIO. Now by the faith of my love, I will; tel me where it is.

REF. Go with me to it, and I will show you: and by the way, you that tell me, where in the Forest you live:

Will you go?

Or. With all my heart; good youth.

REF. Nay, you must call first Rosalind: Come, father, will you go?

Exeunt.

SCENE TERTIA.

Enter Clown, Audrey, and Jaques.

Cla. Come space good Audrey, I will fetch you your Gosses, and how a deed am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

And. Your features, I ord warrant vs: what features?

Cla. I am here with thee, and thy Gosses, as the most capacious Poet honell Oxen was among the Goates.

Tag. O knowledge all inhabed, worse then loven in a catchd house.

Cla. When a mans veres cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit condoned with the forward childe, un- derstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made the Poetcall.

And. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honell in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Cla. No true, for the trueltt poetrie is the most fai- ning, and Lovers are given to Poeties: and what they sweare in Poeties, may be said as Lovers, they do feign.

And. Do you with then that the Gods had made me Poetcall?

Cla. I do truly: for thou swerst to me thou art hon- nell: Now if thou went a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

And. Would you not baneme honell?

Cla. No truly, wildesse thou wert: had I knewd: for honesty coupled to beaute, is to have a home a lawe to Sugar.

Tag. A material fool.

And. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honell.

Cla. Truly, and to call honesty upon a foule flat, were to put good mere into an vnicene dift.

And. I am not a flat, thou ough I thanke the Goddes am foule.

Cla. Well, prayfed be the Gods, for thou fouleple, flutt- thinecke may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and at that end, I have with Sir Olimer Mar-text, the Vice of the next village, who hath promis to me here in this place of the Forest, to oppose and couple vs.

Tag. I would faine see this meeting.

And. Well, the Gods gueve vs soy.

Cla. Aether. A man may if he were a feart full heart, flagger in this attempt: for here wee have no Temple but the wood, no affinell but hone-beasts. But what though! Courage. As homen are odious, they are necess- fare: It is aad, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good homen, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the downe of his wife, as none of his owne getting homen, even to more men alone:

No no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Re- call: the single man therefore bless'd? No, as a wall'd Towne is more warmier then a village, so is the fore- head of a married man, more honourable then the bare crown of a Basketman: and by how much defence is bet- ter then no skill, by so much is a house more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Olimer Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Olimer: Sir Olimer Mar-text you are well met. Will you dispatch vs here vnder this tree, or that we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none here to giuete the woman?

Cla. I will not take her on guilt of any man.

Ol. Truly the must be giuete, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Tag. Proceed, proceed: Ile giuete her.

Cla. Good even good Mr what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are very well men: goodpif for your left companie, I am very glad to see you, even a toy in hand here Sir I Nay, pray be counter.

Tag. Wil you be married, Moloty?

Cla. As the Oxench his boss fe, the horse his curb, and the Falcon his baill, so man has his defires, and as Peggen bills, so a vellocke would be allying.

Tag. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush as a begger? Get you to church, and have a good Prieft that can rely you what marriage is, this fellow will but soyne you together, as they soyne Wafnforth, then one of you will proue a flauke paintell, and like green timber, waarpe, waape.

Cla. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar- rie me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excite for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

Tag. One thou with mee, and let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete Audrey, We must be married, or we must liue in bandrey: Farewell good Mr Olimer: Not Olimer Olimer, O bane Olimer leave me not behinde thee: But wondre away, bee gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter, Nere a fantastical knaxe of them all fill flute me out of my calling.

Exeunt.

SCENE QUARTA.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ref. Neuer talk to me, I will wepe.

Cle. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ref. But haue I not caufe to wepe?

Cle. As good caufe as one would defire, Therefore wepe.

Ref. This very hair.

Is of the dissembling colour.

Cle. Something browner then Judasses: Marrie his kifles are Judasses owne children.

Ref. Thas his hair is of a good colour.

Cle. An excellent colour:

Your Cheeftran was ever the onely colour:

Ref. And his skinning is as full of linseauce, As the touch of holy brad.

Cle.
As you like it.

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That eyes are that the fruitful, and lostest things,
Who but their coward gates on amorous
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do wawnse on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to sound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lye not, so say mine eyes are murderers.
Now thew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some tearre of it: Leave upon a rush
The Cleanness and capable superficre
Thy pale thesome moment keener: but now mine eyes
Which I base darter at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sit. O deceit Plebe.
If true (as that ever may be neere)
You meet in some free souls, checke the power of favore,
Then shall you know the wounds unnotible
That Louis keene arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou weere me, and when that time comes,
Aff ord mee with thine eyes, pittey me not,
And till that time I shall not pitry thee.

Sit. And why I pray you who might be your mother
That if you scull, eat, and so at once
Over the wretched what though you have no beauty
A thy youth. I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Must you be therefore proude and pitillate?
Why what meane this? why do you look on me?
I see no more in you then the ordinare
Of Nature tale worker out of my little life,
I slame the meanes to tangle my eyes too:
No faith proud Mistle, hope not after it,
Tis not your malle bowes, your blake little biare,
Your bungle eye balls, nor your cheekes of creame
That can ename my spirit to your worship:
You solde thy Beleved, wherefore do you follow her
Like dogge, youth puffing with wunde and fraine,
You a earth thou thousands a proper man
I then sine a woman. Tis inch hailes as you
That makes the world fall of ill-warden children:
Tissure like glibble, but you that blatter her,
And out of use the feed her little more proper
Then any of her lineaments can throw her:
But Mistle, know your falle downe on your knees
And thank heauen, fathing, for a good man ioue;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear:
Selle when you can, you are not for all markets:
Crey the man mercy, Ioue him take his offer,
Foulre is molt foule, being foule to be a fouler
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yerre together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooc.

Phe. Here falls in love with you footseede, & she'll
Fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fal
As she answers thee with frowning lookes, & she scarce
Her with bitter words: why looke you to upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I beeare you.
Phe. I pray you do not fall in love with mee,
For I am safer then rowses made in wine:
Before, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the toft of Olliver, here hard by:
Will you goe Siffer? She heardly her hard:

Enter Corinna, Mistle, and Malter, you have oft enquired
After the Shepherd that complained of love,
Who you now fitting by me on the Turph,
Praising the proud didant all Shepherdelle
That was his Mistle.

Corinna. What well, and what of him?
Corinna. If you will fee a pageant truly plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Louse,
And the red glove of favon and proud didant,
Goethence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will mark it.

Corinna. Enter Ocome, let me remove,
The fliht of Louders seeth the fliht in Ioue:
Bringing to this fliht, and you shall say
He prove a bulle actor in their play.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvano and Pebe.

Sil. Sweet Pebe do not come me, do not Pebe
Say that you love me not, but say if not
In fuentelle, the common executioner
Whose heart the accentuall sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humberd neck,
But falt beg pardon: will you frerne be?
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Raffael, Celia, and Corinna.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee:
Those tell me there is murder in mine eye,
Tis pretty faire, and very probable,

Come
Come Sire, the Shepherd, looke on him better
And be not prov'd, though all the world could see,
None could be so bold in sight as he.

Come, to our flocke.

Pres. Dead, Shepherd, now I find thy fav' of might,
Who e'er lovd that loud not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Philips.

Pres. Hah! what faith thou Silium?

Sil. Sweet Philips pity me.

Pres. Why I am forry for thee gentle Silium.

Sil. Where ever sorrow is, relief will be:
If you doe sorrow in my grief in lour,
By gazing loose your sorrow, and my grief
Were both extreme:

Pres. Thou haft my love, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Pres. Why that were courteous ness.

Silium; the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I hate thee now,
But now that thou canst take of lour to well;
Thy company, which erft was irksome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recom pense
Then thine owne gladness, that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my lour,
And in it so a povertie of grace,
That I shall think it a most pleasant crop
to gleeze the broken cares after the man
That the maine hurst repeateth now and then
A frettard smile, and that Ile live upon.

Pres. Knowli thou the youth that spake to mee yeare.
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him of;
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Curte once was Master.

Pres. Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a youthfull, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But fore hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man, the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faileth then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did sacle it vp:
He is not verry call, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is lit to flue, and yet his well:
There was a prettie redneffe in his lip,
A little richer, and more luffe the red
Then that mixt in his cheekes; this was the diffirence
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damask.
There be some women, that had they markt him
In parcell as I did, would have gone neree
to fall in love with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Hauing mode cause to hate him then to laue him,
For what had hee to doe to chide at me?
He faid mine yeares were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembered, scorn'd ar me:
I manuell why I answer'd not againe.
But that's all one: omittance is no quintance:
Ile write to him a very scanty Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Silium?

Sil. Philips, with all my heart.

Pres. Ile write it first:
The matter in his head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and pulling short;
Goe with me Silium.

Enter Rustians, and Ceila, and Inaquus.

Ing. I pritty, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with thee.

Ref. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Ing. I am so: I doe love it better then laugheing.

Ref. That's, ife that are in extremity of either, are abno-
minable followers, and betray themselves to every me-
derne ventures, worse then drunkards.

Ing. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing:

Ref. Why then this good to be a poftle:

Ing. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emi-
ation; nor the Multians, which is fantastical; nor the Couiriers, which is proud; nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious; nor the Lawyers, which is politick;
not the Lashers which is nice; nor the Lovers, which is all thes: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, con-
pounded of many sipples, extracted from many eids, and
indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in
which by often rumination, wrapes me in a most hme-
rousf$adneffe.

Ref. A traueller: by my faith you have great rea-
ton to be sad: I fea you have told your owne lands,
to fee other mens: then to have seen much and so have
nothing, is to have rich eies and poor hauds.

Ing. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ing. And your experience makes me sad: I had rather
have a folee to make me warne, then experience to
make me sad, and to trauaille for it too.

Ort. Good day, and happiness, dear Rulfand.

Ing. Nay then God buy you, and you talk in blanke
verse.

Ref. Farewel Mountfuir Traueller: looke you
life, and wares strange futes; divide all the benefits
of your owne Countrey: be out of lour with your
naturice, and almost chide God for making you that
contenuence you are; or I will scarce thinke you have
sawm in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where do you bin all this while? you a lady? and you
ferce me such another tricke, never come in my right
more.

Ort. My faire Rulfand, I come within a houre of my
promise.

Ref. Breake an houres promis in lour? bee that
will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
of lour, it may be saed of him that Cupid hath elipt
him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Ort. Pardon me deere Rulfand.

Ing. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in
my fea; I had as little be wood of a Saile.

Ort. Ors of a Saile?

Ref. I, of a Saile: for though he comest flowly, hee
 carries his housse on his head, a better soyournce I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he bring his demine with
him.

Ort. What's that?

Ref. Why boomes? if such as youre faine to be
holding to your wines for: but he comes armed in his
fortune, and presents the flander of his wife.

Ort. Ver i

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As you like it.

Ori. Veresia no horse-maker: and my Rosalind is virtuous.
Ref. And I am your Rosalind.
Ori. It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better breed than you.
Ref. Come, woo me, woo 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 wife, virtuous Rosalind?
Ori. I would kiss before I spake it (poker).
Ref. Nay, you were better spake first, and when you were grave'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kiss: vere good Oratiers when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God owne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.
Ori. How if the kiss be denied?
Ref. Then the piper to your entriade, and there begins new matter.
Ori. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mirth?
Ref. Mirth that should you if I were your Mirth, and should think he rather then your wit.
Ori. What, of my faults?
Ref. Not out of your apparell, and yet out of your suit:
Am not I your Rosalind?
Ref. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.
Ori. Wilt, in her person, I say I will not have you.
Ref. Then in mine owne person, I die.
Ori. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost fix'd thousand yeere old, and in all this time there was not one man die in his owne person (omissus) in a house. Nay, Tristram had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet did he what he could to die before, and he is one of the paterneers of love. Leander, he would haue liu'damaine a faire yeere through Herus had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was found dead, and the foolish Chronologicals of that age, found it was Herus of Ceflos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and worrie haue eaten them, but not for love.
Ori. I would not have my rights Rosalind of this mind, for I prohibit her owne might kill me.
Ref. By this hand, it will not kill a flite; but come, now I will be your Rosalind in more comming-disposition: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.
Ori. Then love me Rosalind.
Ref. Yes faith will Stridas and lardassies, and all.
Ori. And wilt thou have me?
Ref. I, and twentie such.
Ori. What tiewith thou?
Ref. Are you not good?
Ori. I hope so.
Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come fliter, you shal be the Prell, and marry vs, give me your hand Orlando: What doe you say fliter?
Ori. Pray the marry vs.
Ref. I cannot say the words.
Ori. You must begin, will you Orlando.
Ref. Go too: wilt you Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Ori. I will.

Ref. I, but when?
Ori. Why now, as fast as she can marry vs.
Ref. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for wife.
Ori. I take thee Rosalind for wife.
Ref. I might ask you for your Commission, but I do take thee Orlando for my husband: there is a galge goes before the Prell, and certainly a Woman thought runs before her actions.
Ori. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.
Ref. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?
Ori. For ever, and a day.
Ref. Say a day, without the corte: no, no Orlando, men are April when they are, December when they wed: Males are May when they are males, but the sky changes when they are wyes: I will bere more serious of thee, than a Bastian cokke-pidgeon over his nest, more clamorous then a Parrar against raine, more new-lengled then an ape, more gudde in my desires, then a monny I will wepe for nothing, like Doem in the Fountain: & I will be but when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when then art without to sleepe.
Ori. But will my Rosalind doe so?
Ref. By my life, she will doe as I doe.
Ori. O but she is wise.
Ref. Ori. Or else she cou'd not have the wit to doe this: the wiser, the wayward. make the doores upon a wood mans witt, and it will out at the calement; flat that, and it will out at the key-hole. flat that, I will flye with the smoke out at the chimney.
Ori. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wit?
Ref. Nay, you might keep that checke forth, till you met your wives witt going to your neighbours bed.
Ori. And what witt could witt have, to excute that?
Ref. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall not take her without her assurer, wille you take her without her tongue: O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her not ouse her childre her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.
Ori. For these two houres Rosalind, I will leave thee.
Ref. Also deere love, I cannot like thee two houres.
Ori. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two o'clock I will be with thee again.
Ref. I, except Rosalind.
Ori. I except Rosalind.
Ref. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty othes that are not dangerous, if you break one note of your promise, or one minute behind your houre, I will think you the most pathetical breach of promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may bee chaffed out of the gosse band of the unkind full: therefore beware my simile, and keep your promise.
Ori. With no false religion, then if thou speakestth induces Rosalind: so aye.
Ref. Well, Time is the sade Tuffler that examinest all such offenders, and let them trye a dipper. Exh.
Ori. You have simply skirt'd cusses in your house.

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prate: we must have your doubts and hope plucks over your head, and show the world when the bird hath done to your own niece.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou dost know how many faisone deerpe I am in love: but it cannot bee founden: my affection hath an unknowne bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Col. Or rather bottomlefe, that as fast as you pour affections, in, it runs out.

Ref. No, that same wicked Baffard of Vmne, that was begot of thought, conceiued of slyene, and borne of madnissey, that blinde rascally boy, that abueth every one's eye, because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how depe I am in love: I'll set the Alissa, I cannot be out of the fight of Orlando: I'll goe finde a shadow, and fight till he come.

Col. And I'll sleepe. — Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lagues and Lords, Forresters.

Lag. Which is he that killed the Dears?
Lord. Sir, it was I.
Lag. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deers horns upon his head, for a branch of victory: have you no song Forrestier for this purpose?
Lord. Yes Sir.
Lag. Sing: it is no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noysice enough.

Mufike. Song.

What shall be house that held the Dears?
His Leather sign, & horns to weare:
Then sing his house, the staff shall weare this burthen;
Take thine no sooner to weare the house,
It was a staffe er than staffe borne,
I bete the wether weare it,
And the Faater weare it.
The here the house, the lofty house,
Is not a thing to laught at.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now; is it not past two a clock?
And here much Orlando.
Col. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,

Enter Silvia.

He hath ane his bowe and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: looke who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle Phoeb, did bid me give you this: I know not the contents, but as I guess
By the terme browe, and wifdship action
Which he did vve, as he was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but a gudelitte messenger.

Ref. Patience her felke would stantle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this beare all:
Sche faires I am not faire, that I lacke manneris,
She calls me proud, and that she could set love me
Were man as rare as Pheanis: o'd's my will,
How love is not the hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she to me? well Sheppard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuce.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phoeb did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a foolie,
And surryd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I venly did thinke
That her old glouses were on, but twas her hands:
She has a hussiwes hand, but that's no matter:
I say the never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ref. Why, this is boyesterous and cruelly fitt,
A flue for challengers: why she defeas me,
Like Tuke to Christifan: veners gentle braine
Could not drop forth withy goate rude mention,
Such Eiehop words, blakker in their effect
Then in their countrayne: will you hear the letter?

Sil. So plesse you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phoebes cruelty.

Ref. She Phoebes me: marke how the tyrant yrrites.

Read. Art thou god, to shepherds sour d? That a madens hearth shall borne in Can a woman calle thus?

Sil. Call you this my thing?

Ref. Read. Why, thy godhead land a part, Was it thou with a womans heart? Did you ever heesute, hating
While the eye of man did brace me, That could do no wegeance to me.
Meaning me a best.

If the forme of thy brightesse
Hame power to raise fresh love in moise,
Affeckt, on me, what strange effect
Would they work then in whoe is pleased
Whereas thou didst me, I did love,
How them might they passe on:
He that brings this love to thee;
Little knoyst thou that Lune in me:
And by him stand up my monde,
Whether that thy youth and Palace
With the faithfull offer thyself
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or effeck by my lone dease
And these fenishes how to de.

Sil. Can you this chiding?

Col. Alas poor Sheppard.

Ref. Do you pity him? No, he descreves no pity;
When should one fitch a woman? what to make thee an insitum;
And play false straine upon thee? not to be endur'd.
Well, goe your way to her: (for I see Loun hath
Made thee a tame makke) and say this to her: That if the londe me, I charge her to lose thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unlesse thou intrest for her: if you bee a true lorde hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.

Exit Sil.
As you like it.

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A thee, and fain'd about with Olive-trees.
Cl. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The range of Oziers, by the murmuring furnace
Left on your right hand, brings you to the placet
But at this hour, the house doth keep it selfe,
There's none within.

Oh. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeares: the boys are faire,
Of femall favour, and leftowes himselfe.
Like a ripe fuller: the woman low
And browner then her brother: I am not you.
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cl. It is no broth, being ask'd, so far we are,
Oh. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He tends this bloody napkin: are you he?

Ref. I am: what motif we would stand by this?

Oh. Some of my faine, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cl. I pray you tell it.
Oh. When I in the song Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an hour, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweets and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And mark what obelisk did pretend it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with dice antiquite:
A wretched ragged man, one endowing with faire
Las sleeping on his back: about his necke
A green and gilded snake had wraith'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
Seeing Orlando, is unlinked it selfe,
And with unaverted glides, did slip away
Into a bully, vnder which hilles shade.
A Lyonnelle, with vidders all drave dice,
Las cowching head on ground, with exilke watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for his
The royall disposition of that beast
To pray on nothing, that doth terme as dead:
This steene, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cl. Oh I have heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did rend him the most vnnatural
That list'd amongst men.
Oh. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnatural.
Ref. But to Orlando: did he leave him there
Food to the fowl'd and hungry Lyonnelle.
Oh. Twice did he turne his backe, and put up's so:
But kindnesse, soberly euery time renewing,
And Nature stronger then his lost occasion
Made him give betroth to the Lyonelle:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurring
From miserable flummor I swaked.

Cl. Are you his brother?
Ref. Why are you so doubt'd?
Cl. What is the cause?
Oh. Twice I: but his doe I: he doth not blame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion.
So ferrely, taking, the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin?
Oh. By and by.

When from the lift to last bewixt vs two,
Tears our recomendments had made kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Defect place:
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh way, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers loute,
Who led me instantly into his Case,
There drifte, hirselfe, and here upon his arme
The Lynonne had came some firth away,
Which all this while had bided: and now he fain'd
And cri'd in fain'ting upon Rosalind.
Dear, I recouered him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, straunger as I am.
To tell this story, that you might excusse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in this blood, into the Shepherd youth,
That he m sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cl. Why dost thou command, sweet Rosalind
Oh. Many will sound when they do look on blood.
Cl. There is more in it: Cofen Commanded.
Oh. Lookke, he recouers.

Ref. I would I were at home.

Oh. Well I led you shitter:
I pray you well you take him by the arme.
Oh. Be of good cheety youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ref. I do so, I confesse it.

Ah, bear, a body would think this was well counterfeited,
I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho.

Oh. This was not counterfeited, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ref. Counterfeited, I affirme you.

Oh. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeited to be a man.

Ref. So I do: but ysthat, I should have beene a woman by right

Cl. Come. You looke piler and piler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oh. This will I: for I must answere suche backe.
How you excusse my brother, Rosalind.

Ref. I shall deside something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Achus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Corew and Andrie.

Cl. We shall finde a time Andrie, patience gentle Andrie.

And. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the other gentlemans sayning.

Cl. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Andrie, a most vile

And. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Andrie, there is a youth here in the Forrest layers claim to you.

And. I know who thys: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you meaneth.

Enter William.

Cl. It is meet and drink to mee to see a Corew, by
my truth, we that have good will, have much to answer 
for: we shall be hearing: we cannot hold. 
 Will. Good cu'n Amyr. 
 Add. God ye good cu'n William. 
 Will. And good cu'n to you Sir. 
 Cii. Good cu'n gentle friend. Confer thy head, confer 
thy head: May prethee bee cooler'd. How collide are you 
Friend? 
 Will. Fierce and twentie Sir. 
 Cii. A ripe age: Is thy name William? 
 Will. William, Sir. 
 Cii. A faire name. Was't borne th'Farrell heere? 
 Will. I Sir, I thank God. 
 Cii. Thanke God: A good answer: 
Art rich? 
 Will. Faith Sir, so, so. 
 Cii. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: 
and yet it is not, it is but so, lo! 
Art thou wife? 
 Will. I Sir, I haue a prettie wit. 
 Cii. Why thou failest well. I do now remember a say 
ning: The Fool doth think he is wife, but the witman 
knowes himselfe to be a Fool. The Heathen Philoso 
pher, when he had a desire to case a Grape, would open 
his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning there 
by, that Grapes were made to ease, and lippes to open. 
You do lose this maid? 
 Will. I do fit. 
 Cii. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned? 
 Will. No Sir. 
 Cii. Then learne this of me, To house, is to house. For 
it is a sygge in Rhetorike, that drink being pouderd out 
of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, the other em 
py the other. For all your Writers do confesse, that gpe is bee: 
now you are not gpe, for I am he. 
 Will. Which he fitt? 
 Cii. He fitt, that must marrie this woman: Therefore 
you Clowns, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the 
fashion: which in the bonnifit, is companie, of this fe 
male: which in the common, is woman: which toget 
er, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne 
then perisheth: or to thy better understanding, dyest or 
(to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranlate thy life in 
to death, thy liberre into bondage: I will deale in po 
fison with thee, or in baldino, or in thee: I will bandy 
with thee in faction, I will one-run thee with pollicte: I 
will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore teme 
ble and depart. 
 And. Do good William. 
 Will. God tell you merry Sir. 
 Exit. 
 Enter Coral. 
 Cii. Our Master and Mistresse seeks you: come a 
way away. 
 Cii. Trip Audrey, trip Audrey, I attend, 
 I attend. 
 Event. 

Scene Secunda. 

Enter Orlando & Oliver. 

Ori. It's possible, that on a little acquaintance you 
ought to her that, by desiring, you should love her? 

And loving you? and wooing, she should grant us? And 
will you persuer to enjoy her? 

Ori. Neither call the giddiness of it in question; the 
powerie of her, the small acquaintance, my odaine wo 
eling, nor odaine confineting: but say with thee, I love 
Alena: say with her, that the loues me; confer with 
both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your 
good: for my fathers house, and all the reuenue, that 
was old Sir Rowlands will I estate upon you, and hee 
love and die a Shepherd. 

Enter Rosalind. 

Ori. You have my content. 

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thisher will I 
insue the Duke, and all the censured followers: 
Go you, and prepare Alena; for sooke you, 
Here comes my Rosalind. 

Ref. Good trowe your brother, 
 Ori. And you faire sister, 
 Ros. Oh my deere Orlando, how it greewes me to see 
thee wear thy heart in a scarfe. 
 Ori. It is my arme. 
 Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with 
the construction of a Lion. 
 Ori. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady. 
 Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited 
to found, when he shewed me your handkercher? 
 Ori. I, and greater wonders then that, 
 Ros.-O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there 
was never any thing so odaine, but the fight of two 
Banners, and Cutters: The alphabetical bragge of I came, 
now, and overcomce. For your brother, and my fitter, no fitter 
me, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they 
look'd; no sooner look'd, but they figird: no sooner figird 
but they ask'd on another the reason: no sooner knew 
the reason, but they fought the remedie: and in these 
degrees, bate they made a paire of flames to mariage, 
which they will climb incontinue, or else bee incontinue 
before mariage : they are in the verie wrenth of lone, 
and they will together. 
Cubbz cannot part 
them. 

Ori. They shall be married to morrow: and I will 
build the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bether a 
thing it is, to looke into happenes through another mans eye: 
by so much the more Iall to morrow be at the height 
of heart heauenfie, by how much Iall thinke my bro 
thier happy, in having what he wishes for. 

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot fuse your turne 
for Rosalind? 

Ori. I can live no longer by thinking. 
 Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle tak 
ing. Know of me then (for now I speake to some pur 
poor) that I know you are a Gentleman of good con 
cion: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion 
of my knowledge; inasmuch (I say) you accound 
ther do I labor for a greater effecte then may in some 
little measure draw a belieue from you, to do your selfe 
good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, 
that I can do strange things: I have since I was three 
years old acquaint with a Magistre, most proficient in 
his Art: and yet not desensnable. If you do lose Rosalind 
fo noere theblase, as your glasse eases it out: when your 
brother marries Alena, will you marry her. I know up 
to what straights of Feneste she these dree: sadie: is not 
impossible to me, if it appeare not impossible to you, 

V. i. 12—V. ii. 74
As you like it.

Here come two of the banish'd Duke's Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Page. Wilt we meet honest Gentleman.


3. Page. We are for you, sir, it's middle.

4. Page. Shall we clap into a roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the apt prophylaxes to a bad voice.

5. Page. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gypies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover, and his lady,
With a boy, and a be, and a boy woman,
That a rose the green, the only pretty room,
When birds do sing, boys danc'd a song, a song,
Sweet Lovers love the spring,
And therefore take thy present time,
With a boy, & a be, & a boy woman,
For love is crowed with the same.
In spring, spring, &c.


to set her before your eyes to Morrow, humane as the is,
and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ref. By my life I do, which I tender deeply, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your bell a-

ray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to mor-
row, you shall: and so Refain'd if you will.

Enter Sichins & Page.

Look, here comes a Louer of mine, and a Louer of hers.

Page. Youth, you have done me much vengeance, I

To show the letters that I write to you.

Ref. I care not if I have: it is my faddle

To see more delightfull and vengeance to you:

You are there followed by a faithfull Shepheard.

Look upon him, love him: his worthships you.

Page. Good Shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love

Still. It is to be all made of sigles and tears,

And so am I for Page.

Page. And I for Gaimed.

Orl. And I for Refain'd.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Still. It is to be all made of signes and services,

And so am I for Page.

Page. And so am I for Gaimed.

Orl. And so am I for Refain'd.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Still. It is to be all made of fantasies,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, dutie, and obedience,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purifie, all trall, all obedience:

And so am I for Page.

Page. And so am I for Gaimed.

Orl. And so am I for Refain'd.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Still. Why do you speak too, Why blame you me to

love you.

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not here.

Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the bowing

of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will help you

if I can: I would lose you if I could: To Morrow meet

me altogether: I will marry you, if ever I marry

Woman, and itt be married to Morrow: I will satisfy you,

if ever I satisfy Man, and you shall be married to mor-
row. I will content you, if what pleases you content you,

and you shall be married to Morrow: As you love

Refain'd meet, as you love Page meet, and as I lose

no woman, I'll meet: so fare you well: I have left you

commands.

Still. He lets failles, if I like.

Page. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clapham and Audrey.

Orl. To Morrow is the Joyfull day Audrey, to Morrow

we shall be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is

no dishonourably, to desire to be a woman of your

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Sezor, Amor, Jovus, Orin.

Es. So: So: Be these beleeve Orlando, that the boy

can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometymes do not,

As those that fear they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Refain'd, Sichins, & Page.

Ref. Patience once more, whilsts our edict is vrdigt.

You say, if I bring in your Refain'de.

You will bellow her on Orlando here?

Duke: That would I had: 1 would 1 Kingdoms to give with her.

Ref. And you say you will have her, when I bring her.

Orl. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Ref. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.

Page. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ref. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give your fettle to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Page. So in the bargain.

Ref. You say that you'll have Page if she will.

Still. Though to have her and death, were both one

thing.

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As you like it.

Ref. I have presented to make all this matter even:
Keep your word, O Duke, to sue your daughter,
You yours' Orio, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word Shade, that you'll reserve me,
Or else refusing to wed this sheephead:
Keep your word Souls, that you'll receive her
If she refuse me, and so hence I go
To make these doubts all even. Exit Ref. and Celia.

Duke. I do remember in this sheephead boy,
Some likely touches of my daughter's lawsuit.
Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
He thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest booted,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate fudges, by his wickel,
Whom he reports to be a great Magician.

Enter Cleme and Andr.  
Obseured in the circle of this Forrest.

Is. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coining to the Arke. Here comes a payre of vert (lang beasit, which in all tongues, are call'd Foolies.

Cle. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Is. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Cle. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation. I have trod a measure, I have flasted a lady, I have been in the wickel with mine enemie, I have vended three Tailors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Is. And how was that tane vp?

Cle. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the fourth cause.

Is. How fourth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Cle. God did you tell, I desire you of the like: I preffe in this warre, amongst the rest of the Country cumplassites to sweare, and to overthrow, according as marriage binds and blood breaks: it is a poor virgin, and a favor'd thing for, but mine owne, a poor humour of mine owne, to take that no man else will: such unfortunate's dwells like a master, in a poore houfe, as you seeke in your foule oyter.

Duke. By my faith, he's very twist, and fenonious.

Cle. According to the foules bolt fors, and fitch dulce diseases.

Is. But for the fourth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the feaste cause?

Cle. Upon a lye, fourest times removed: (heare by your parte here (Andr.) as thus: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he spake me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mide it was: this is calld the reft courtes, if I fent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold lent me word he cut it to please himselfe: that is called the quip model, if againe, it was not cut well, he fubmitted my judgment: this is called, the reply courtes: if againe it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is calld the counter check quarellsome; and to ro lye circumstantial, and the lye direct.

Is. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Cle. I durt go no further then the lye circumstantial, nor he durt not give me the lye direct: and so were ready dord's swords, and parted.

Is. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Cle. O fir, we quarrel in point, by the booke: as you have booke for good manners: I will name you the degrees.

Is. First, the Rest courtes: the second, the Quip model: the third, the reply Courtes: the fourth, the Reproove valiant: the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome: the fascist, the lye with circumspection: the tenth, the Lye direct: and you may subside that too, with all. I knew when feuen Juffices could not take up a Quarrel, but when the partes were met themselfes, one of them thought but of an iif; as if you said fo, then I said if: and they flooke hands, and swore brothers. Your Fir, is the only peace-maker: much verrer in it.

Is. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke. He vies his fellow like a flaking-horse, and under the preface of that he flouos his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.  
Still M. P.  
Is. Hymen. I know you; there is much in heaven,
When earthly things made eammon
Assume together.

Or. God doth reserve the daughter.

Hymen from Heaven brought her,
To bring her betcher.

That thought my selfe; sayes the hand with his,
Whose heart within his bowels is.

Is. To you I give my teile, for I am yours.

To you I give my lute, for I am yours.

If there be trust in fight, you are my daughter.

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

If fithe & shape be true, why then my lute adieu.

Is. He have no Father, if ye be not he:
He have no Husband, if ye be not he:
Now are we women, if ye be not there.

H. Pease hope: I base confidence,
Tis I must make conclusion.

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To insaye in Hymen's bands,
Truth holds true contents.

You and you, no croffe shall part;
You and you, are hate in hart:
You, to his loute must accord,
Or have a Woman to your lorde.

You and you, are sauell together.

The Winter to owle Weather,
Whiles a Wedlock Hymen we sing,
Feste your tales with quefioning:
That reason, wender may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedlock to great Fama crowne,
O blissful bond of board and bed:

'To Hymen peoples; evermore;
High wedlock then be honourd:

Hymen, high bonor and renowne
To Hymen, God of marriage Towne.  

Duke. O my dere Niece, we come thout bet tell me,
Even daughter welcome, in no liffe degree.  

Pho.  

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As you like it.

Pho. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my faineise to thee doest combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2nd. Ne. Let me have aduance for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland,
That brings these tidings to this faire assembly.

Duke Frederick. hearing how that courteous day
Men of great worth referred to this forrest,
Added a mightie power, which were of great
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the word.
And to the skirts of this wide Wood he came:
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was comforted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world.
His crownne bequeathing to his benish'd Brother,
And all their Lands retor'd to them againe
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome yong mans.

Thou offerst fairly thy Brothers wedding;
To one his lands with-hold, and to the other
A land is left so large, a potent Duke doth.

First, in this Forrest, let vs do these ends
That heere wrecket well begun, and well begun:
And after, every of this happy number
That have ende'd throw'd dailes, and nights with vs,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their flaters.

Meane time, forget this new-faine dignite,
And fall into our Ruffike Reuelye.

Play Musike, and you Brudges and Bride-grooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to'th Measures fall.

Str. Sir, by your patience if I heard you rightely,
The Duke hath put a Religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

2nd. Bro. He hath,

1st. Bro. To him will I of these commuteries,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your fortunes, your patience, your virtue, well defends it:
you to a loue that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deferred bed:
And you to wrangling, for the losing voyage
Is but for two months vidipid. So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measures.


1st. Bro. To fee no pattim, I: what you would have,
To slay: to know, at your abandon'd cane.

Duke. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights,
As we do trull: they end in true delights.

Ref. It is not the fashion to fee the Ladies the Epilogue:
but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the
Lord the Prologue. It is to bee, that good wine needs
not bull; its true, that a good play needs no Epilogue.
Yet to good wine they do the good bottle: and good
plays pour the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
What a cait act am I then, that am neither a good Epilogue,
ne cannot intimate you in the behalf of a
good play? I am not furnish'd like a Beggar, therefore
to begge will not become mee. My way is to consecrate
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the love you bearre to men, to like as much
of this Play, as pleases you: And I charge you (O men)
for the love you bearre to women (as I perceive by your
sipping, none of you hates them) that betwene you,
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-
man, I would kill as many of you as had heardes that
pleas'd me, complections that lik'd me, and breaths that
I defie not: And I am sure, as many as have good
heards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
offer, when I make curtsey, but me farewell.

FINIS.

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Aditus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Beller and Host, Christopher Sir.

Beller.

To be seen at thy match.

Host. A piece of Rockey you rogue.

Beller. You shall yet see a baggage, the Silur are no

Host. Look in the Chronicals, we came in with Richard Compere: therefore Pain-

cas paladins, let the world slide: Selfa.

Host. You shall not pay for the glasses you have hurt?

Beller. No, not a deniere: go by S. Jerome, get to thy

cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must get the Head-

Beller. Third, or fourth, or first Borough, he unver-

Host. I do not budge an inch boy; let him come, and

Beller. He is a Lord from hunting wynch his trains.

Host. Huntsman I charge thee, tender well my hounds,

Beller. Quixosman, the poore Curte is imbof, and

Host. And couple Clamder with yael the deep-mouth'd brach,

Beller. Sawnt thou not buy how Silur made it good

Host. At the hedge corner, in the couldeli Fall,

Beller. I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Host. Why Beinas is as good as he my Lord,

Beller. He cried upon it at the mearest loife,

Host. And twice to day pick'd out the dullest Kent,

Beller. I take him for the better dogge.

Host. Thou art a Fool, if Ecco were as fleet,

Beller. I would esteem him worth a dozen such:

Host. But sum them well, and leave onto them all.

Beller. To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Host. I will my Lord.

Host. What's here? One dead, or drunk? See doth

Beller. He breathes no my Lord. Were he not warm'd

Host. With Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so foundy.

Beller. Oh monstrous beast; how like a twine he lies,

Host. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:

Beller. I will prach on this drunken man,

Host. What think you, if we were carryed to bed,

Beller. Wound'd in sweete clothes: Rings put upon his fingers:

Host. A most delicious banquet by his bed,

Beller. And brasse attendanças neere him when he wakes.

Host. Would not the beggar then forget himself?

Beller. 1. He prayes me Lord, I think he cannot choose.

Host. 1. It would seem strange unto him when he wak

Beller. Lord. Even as a flatching dreame, or worthless fant

Then take him vp, and manage well the left:

Beller. Carrie him gently to my Laurel Chamber,

Host. And hang it round with all my vavont pictures:

Beller. Blame his foule head in warme distilled waters,

Host. And burne sweete Wood to make the Lodging sweete:

Beller. Procure me Mustake ready when he waketh,

Host. To make a ducats and a heavenly found:

Beller. If he chance to speake, be ready straight

Host. (And with a love subtilissime reverence)

Say, what is it your Honor will command:

Beller. Let one attend him with a siluer fision

Host. Full of Rose-water, and bewitched with Flowers,

Beller. Another beare the Ewer; the third a Lisper,

Host. And hat will please your Lordship doole your hands.

Beller. One be ready with a softly lute,

Host. And ask him what apparel he will ware:

Beller. Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,

Host. And that his Lady meanes at his diseafe,

Beller. Perwise him that he have bin Lunaticke,

Host. And when he sayes to say that he dreams,

Beller. For is nothing but a mighty Lord:

Host. This do, and do it kindly, gentle fuse,

Beller. It will be parthie paving excellent,

Host. If he be husbanded with courteuse.

5. Anon. My Lord I warrant you we will play our part

Beller. As he shall think by our true diligence

Host. He is no leefe then what we say it is.

Beller. Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,

Host. And each one to his office when he wakes.

Beller. Sound trumpets.

Host. Sirrah, go see what Trumpeter tis that sounds,

Beller. Beline some Noble Gentleman that means

Host. (Travelling some journey) to repose him here.

Enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Host. Sir, An't please your Honor, Players

Beller. That offer setuc to your Lordship.

Enter Player.

Host. Bid them come here:

Beller. Now fellows, you are welcome.

Host. Players. We thank your Honor.

Beller. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

Host. Players. So please your Lordship to accept our

Beller. Do with my heart. This fellow I remember,

Host. Sir, I remember. 1. Some old he"s Farmers oldfate form:

Beller. Twas where you would the Gentlewoman so well.

Host. I have forgot your name; but sure that you

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Was aptly styled, and naturally perfom'd... Singhle. I think she sees that your honor menues.

Lord. 'Tis true, thou didst it excellent

Well you are come to me in happe time, The rather for I have some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can affish me much. There is a Lord will have you play to night; But I am doubfull of your modesties, Least (out-eyeing of his oddde behavious, For yet his honor neuer heard a play) You break into some morrie passion, And to offend him: I for I tell you fear, If you should imploy, he growes impatient.

Plai. Fears not my Lord, we can contain our selves, We be the verie antich in the world.

Lord. Go ferr, take them to the Batterie, And give them friendly welcome everie one, Let them want nothing that your house afford.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirs go you to Bat-colnew my Page, And see him dreft in all fuites like a Ladie: That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber, And call him Madam, dothim obediance: Tell him from me (as he will win my love) He beare himselfe with honourable action, Such as he hath obtaine'd in noble Lords, Vnto their Lords, by them accomplisht, Such dutie to the drunkard let him do: With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtefe, And say: What is't your Honor will command, Wherein your Ladie, and your humlie wife, May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue. And then with kinde embracements, tempesting kisses, And with declining head into his bosome Bid him shed tears, as being ouer-joyed. To see her noble Lord retir'd to health, Who for this frequent years hath strenthened him No better then a power and loathsome beggar: And if the boy haue not a woman guife To raise a showuer of commended teares, An Onion will do well for such a shift, Which in a Napkin (being cloe cou'd) Shall in delight enforce a wasser ece: See this dispach'd with all the haile thou canst, Anon lie guie them more instruction.

Ever a manningman. I know the boy will wel furpe the grace, Voice, gait, and action of a Gentlewoman? I long to heare him call the drunkard husband, And how my master willth themselfes from laughter, When they do homage to this simple peasant, Ill in to counsell them: haply my preference May well oblige the ouer-merrie pleinne, Which otherwise would growe into extramees.

Exit she the drunkard with attendants: some with apparel, Ralph and Emer, and other appearances: Lord. Beg. For Gods sake a pot of truell Ale.

1. Ser. Will plese your Lord drink a cup of sakes?

2. Ser. Will please your Honor taste of these Con

3. Ser. What raiment will your honor wares to day.

Ser. I am Christopher Sly, call me not honour Lordship: I ne'r drank sakes in my life: and if you give me any Converse, give me confreres of Beere: here sake me what raiments Ile wares, for I haue no more doub

Lent then backes : no more shakings: then legges: no more shooes then feet, may sometime more bette then sakes, or fuch sakes as my tores looke through the ou

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor. Oh that a mightie man of fuch dUCKET, Of such perfidious, and so high entertainement Should be infus'd with so foules a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sies fonde of Burton-heath, by birth a Pedker, by education a Cardmaker, by transmigration a Bear-heard, and now by present professio a Tinker. Aske Maryon Hacket the far Anewte of Wincor, if shee know me not? if she say I am not xiith.d, on the scree the Ale, force me vp for the liking knave in Chislen dome. What I am not brefaught: here is

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Lady moane.

2. Man. Oh this is it that makes your servants drouop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shal have At beaten hence by your strange Lucanie. (oufle

Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these abpee orlie dreames: Looke how thy servants doe attend on thee, Eth in his office readeth at thy bekes. With them haueth Misfitted Harry Annoo plaites, Mistick, and aonie caged Nightingales do sing. Or wilt thou sleepe? We'll have thee to a Couch, Softer and sweeter then the lutfilf bed

Or purpose trim'd wp for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we will biffow the ground: Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses may be stape? These harneffe flused allwth Gold and Peale. Doth thou louehawking? Thou hast hawkes will foree Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou burn, Thy hounds shall make the Welkin awnser them: And fetch Bril echoes from the hollow earth.

1. Man. Say thou wilt courfe, thy gray-bounds are as

As breathed Stags: 1 festeer then the Roe. (wint

2. M. Doth thou loue pictures Ie will fetch thee a stray

Adonis painted by a running brooks, And Citudea all in ledges hid. Which feate to moue and waunten with her breath, Even as the wailing fedge play with winde.

Lord. We'll shew thee so, as she was a Maid, And how she was begrued and furpis'd, As lustie painted, as the deede was done.

5. Man. Or Daphne running through a charrie wood, Scratchinge her legs, that then she sware the budees, And at that sight that led Apolla wepe. And so workemall the blood and teares are drawne

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord: Thou haue a Ladie farre more Beautiful, Then any woman in this waining age.

1. Man. And til the tears that the thath shed for thee, Like enious bouds one-run her lovely face, She was the fairest creature in the world, And yet thee is inferiour to none.


And noe a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly,

Well bring our Ladie hither to our fight,

And once againe a pot of faire Ale.


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3. Man. With pleasure your mightiness to wait your hands:
Oh how we try to see your wit reflect'd,
On that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteen yeers you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you walk'd, so walk'd as if you slept.

Bag. These fifteen yeers, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never speak of all that time.

1. Man. Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you lay, he beares out of doore,
And runne upon the Hoftefte of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leere,
Because she brought alone Jugs, and no feall'd quartes:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Bag. This woman made of the house.

3. Man. Why for you know no house, nor no fuch maid
Nor no fuch men as you have reckond vp,
As Stephen Stile, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turpe, and Henry Pumpersdell,
And twenty more fuch names and men as these,
Which many were, nor no man ever saw.

Bag. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Bag. I thank thee, thou art not looke by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Bag. Marry I fare well, for here is cheere enough.

Where is my wife?
Lady. Her noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Bag. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me Lord. I am your good-man.
Lady. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband.

I am your wife in all obedience.

Bag. I know it well, what must I call her?
Lady. Madam.
Bag. Also madam, or Jane Madam?
Lady. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call Ladies.
Bag. Madame wife, they say that I have dreamt,
And slept about one fifteen yeers or more.

Lady. I, and the time female thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Bag. 'Tis such, so many leave me and her alone:
Madam engrely you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Beware noble Lord, let me intrest of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Ot if not so, until the Sun be fet.

For my Physicians have expressely charg'd,
I must returne to your former malady,
That I should yet absteine from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Bag. It stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams againe:
I will therefore tarne in delight of the bath & the blood.

Enter A Megauerger.

Meg. Your Honors players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedy
For to your docters hold it very much,
Seeing too much fadecles hath concernd your blood,
And melancholy is the Nurse of frenzye,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and meriment,
Which bearth a thousand TERMS and longe lasting life.
Bag. Marry I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.
Lady. It is a kind of hisprry.
Bag. Well we foil:
Come Madam wife fit by my side,
And let the world fly, we shall here be younger.

Flourish. Enter L Lucietta, and his man Trinculo.

Luc. Trinculo, In the great dely I had
To frequent Padua, nursery of Arts,
Iam arrird for fruitfull Lombardies,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers love and leace am smrd
With his good will, and thy good companie
My vnitie furent well approat in all,
Hear yet vs breath, and haply inflitate
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.

Pisrennotu for grace Citizens
Give me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Florosent I come to the Trinculos,
Pisrennotu come, broach vp in Florence,
It shall become to ferue all hopes conceiued
To deck his fortune with his vertuous deeder.
And therefore Trinculo, for the time I studio,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I appri, that treatise of happiness,
By vertue specially to be architect.
Tell me this minde, I am Pis, left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plafe, to plunge him in the deep,
And with facincie feakes to quench his thirst.

Trinculo. Sir, these patterns, gentle matter mine.
I am in all affectted as your felle.
Glad that you thus continu your resolute,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Quely (good matter) while we do advaite
This vertex, and that moral diaphor,
Let's be no stocks, nor no baches I pray,
Or to devote to Asphales cheokes
As Quell, be an outcaste quiet absed:
Batke Lodigiche with acquaintance that you have,
And prate the horitons in your common talke,
Mutilke and Poesie vtc, to quicken you,
The Mathemistickes, and the Metaphysics
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke leues you:
No profe growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In brette ffrd, frudic you what you most affect.

Luc. Gramacies Trinculo, well doth thou advaite,
If Quell thou wert come affrberne,
We could at once put vs in realnesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget,
But stay a while, what companion is this?
Trinculo. Matter fare thee well come vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katharina & Bianca,
Grema a Penceller, Fomente Sister to Bianca,
Lucia Trinculo.

Bag. Gentlemen, inshort unone me no farther,
For how firmly am tell'd you know:
That is not to bellow your yeare anf daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both lour Katharina.

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Because I know you well, and love you well, I swear you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gentleman, her father. She's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensia, will you any wife?

Kate. I pray, sir, is it your will

To make a tale of me among these mates?

Hortensia. What means you that?

No mate for you.

Vindice you were of gentler mind inclined.

Kate. Th'art, sir, you shall never need to fear, it was not halie way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,

To comb your muddle with a three-egg'd tobole, and

Paint your face, and vie you like a tobole.

From all such duels, good Lord deliver us.

And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Haste matter, here's some good pathmen toward,

That which is in dark mud, or wonderfull forward.

Luce. But in the others silence do I see,

Maidsmilbe behawt and sobrietie.

Peace Tranio.

Tra. Well said Mr. mum, and gaze your fill.

Bag. Gentlemen, that I may none make good

What I have said, Bianca get you in,

And let not displese thee good Bianca,

For I will lose thee here the life my gree.

Kate. A pretty peace, it is bell put finger in the eye, and

And I, the know why.

Duke. Sate better content, in my discontent,

Sir, to your pleasant unprofitably I subscribe:

My bookses and instruments shall be my companie,

On them to looke, and prattich by my selfe.

Luce. Harke Tranio, thou maist beare Minerva speake.

Hortensia. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,

Sowe much that our good effect will

Bianca's greefe.

Kate. Why will you mew her vp

(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue.

Bag. Gentlemen content ye, I am resolved.

Com Benvenuto.

And for I know the taking most delight

In Musick, Instruments, and Poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keeppe within my house,

To instruct her youth. If you Hortensia,

Or signior Grazio you know any such,

Prefere them rather; for to cunning men,

I will be very kind and liberal,

To mine owne children, in good bringing up,

And so farewell; Katherine you may thy,

For I have more to commone with Bianca.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What shall I be appointed house on, as though

(Beatle) I knew not what to take,

And what to leave? Haw.

Kate. You may go to the duels dam; your guests are

So good here's some will hold you: Their love is not

So great Hortensia, but we may blow our nails together,

And fit it fully out. Our cakes doth on both sides.

Farewell: yet for the love I bear me my sweet Bianca, if

I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that

Wherein she delights, I will with him to her father.

Her. So will I signior Grazio; but a word I pray:

Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd,

pause, now upon advice, it toucheth vs both

That we must yet again have access to our faire Mistris, and

be happy in actions in Bianca's house, to labour and effect

one thing specially.

Kate. What is that I pray?

Her. Marrie her to get a husband for her sister,

Kate. A husband and a duell.

Hortensia. If a husband.

Kate. I say, a duell: Think it thou Hortensia, though

her father be very rich, any man so wert a tobole to be

married to hell?

Hortensia. Why, may I, though it put 

Tranio's patience, and more to the soul of my heart, why

march thee here good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on

them, would take her with all faults, and many enough.

Kate. I cannot tell: but I had a he, she take her downe

for this condition: To be wher at the hire free exercise

nothing.

Hortensia. They (as you say) there's some choice in rotten

apple: but come, since thees in law makes vs friends,

it shall to fare forth friendly mantain'd, till by helping

Baptista, eld to daughter to a husband, we let his young free to a husband, and then have too affie:

Sweet Bianca, I hope, may be his dole, but that same affie,

gets the Ring. How say you further Grazio?

Grazio. I am agreed, and would I had gone in the

bell horrie in Padua to begin his woying that would thoroughly,

wore her, wed her, and bed her, and ride the hoop of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo Menoe Tranio and Lasaro.

Kate. I pray for celses is it possibell

That love should of a sodain take such hold.

Luc. Oh Tranio, till found it to be use,

I never thought it possibell or likell.

But see, while Ido read my paper, I

found there her left Louther, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on

them, take her with all faults, and many enough.

Kate. I cannot lert: but I had a he, she take her downe

for this condition: To be wher at the hire free exercise

nothing.

As Anna to the Queene of Carriage was;

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish Tranio;

It's archieve not your young modest gyse,

Content me Tranio, for I known that can

Affic me Tranio, for I known that can.

Kate. Master, it is no time to childe you now,

Affection is not rated from the heart:

Some have touch'd you, might remembrance but ce.

Ramine you understand you mean, the same

Grazio. Gentleman Ltd. Go forward, thy sentents,

The celt will comfort, for thy counells sound.

Kate. Master, you look'd so holy on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not why's the pathfull.

Luc. Oh yes, I have seen beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Amor had, that

made great love to welcome him to her hand,

When with his knees he kisst the Cretan friend.

Tranio. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how his filler

Began to lold, and raise vp such a storme,

That most on eyes might hardly endure the day.

Luc. Tranio, I saw her call all his to meace,

And with her breath the old crome doth eye,

Sacred and sweet was all I have in her.

Kate. Nay, then thine time to flint thou his fill:

I pray awake sir; if you love the Maid,

Bend thoughts and wis to sarve her. Thus it stand:

Her sides filler is to curst and throw it,

That til the father rid his hands of her,

Master, your love much have a made at home,

And therefore hes the closely rest her vp.
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Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah Troil, what a cruel Father's he?
But art thou not afraid he take some care
To get her cunning Schoolmates to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I fit, and now is plotted.

Luc. I have it, Troil.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our intentions meet and ample in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-mistress.
And undertake the teaching of the maid
That's your deuce.

Luc. It is. May I be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua betwixt Vincentio's sonne,
Kepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit thy Comtrinmen, and banquet them?

Luc. Benv, consent thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet but terme in any house,
Nor can we be disinguish'd by our faces.
For man or matter: then it follows thus;
Though it be matter, Troil: in my stead:
Kepe house, and port, and entertainas, as I should,
I will some other be, some Firentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Peru.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Troil at once
Vinca there: take my Concordat and cloak,
When Bianka comes, he writes on thee,
But I will charge him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So bad you need:
In breese Sir, fish ye your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For to your father charg'd me as our parting?
Be serviceable to my sonne (quoth he).
Although I think I was in another fence,
I am content to bee Lucentio.

Because so well I lose Lucentio.

Luc. Troil be so, because Lucentio loner,
And let me be a plane, t'archache that made,
Wilt thou finde light hath ther'd my wounded eye.

Enter Benvielli.

Here comes the rogue, Sirrah, where have you bin?

Benv. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Master, he's my fellow Troil, thoufis thy cleaseth, or thou stalest, or both? Pray what's the

Luc. Sirrah come hither, 'tis no time to left,
And therefore frame thy manners to the time
'You fellow Troil here to save my life,
I am as small as you, and my countenance on,
And if I may speak, so have but on
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,
I kill a man, and fear I was defiered
Waste you on him, I charge you, as becomes
While I make my way hence to issue my life:
You speak not a word.

Benv. I am not afraid.

Luc. And not a lot of Troil in your mouth,

Troil is chang'd into Lucentio.

Benv. The better for him, would I were so too.

Luc. So could I Taino boy, to have the nest with after
That Lucentio indeed had Magnific Josette daugh-
But Sirrah, not for my sake but your manners, I ad-
Dite you, you take your manners discreetly in all kind of com-

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all places else, you maisters Lucentio.

Luc. Troil let's go.

One thing more reseth, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these women; if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and worthy.

Exeunt. The Prefeniers and friends.

1. Adam. My Lord you send, you do not invite the play.

Benv. Ye's by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely.

Come there any more of it?

Benv. Sirrah, the most begun.

Benv. This were excellent piece of worke, Madame

Luc. Would 't were done. They pis and marks.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumi.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leave,

To see my friends in Padua: but of all
My bell beloved and approved friend

Hortensio. & I sow this is his house:

Here enter Grumi, knockes I say.

Grum. Knockes it whom should I knocke? Is there
Any man's had rebud thy worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me here freely.

Grum. Knocke you here sir? Why sir, what am I for,
That I should knocke you here sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,

And rap me well, or else knocke your knaves gate.

Grum. My M'g grave a quarell with none:
I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the word.

Petr. Will it not be?

Faith sirrah, and you not knocke, t'aving it,

Ile trye how you can Sav, I say, and bring it.

Grum. Helpis mitthis helpe, my mistresse is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you first, villain

Enter Hortensio.

Hort. How now, what's the matter: My deare friend

Grumi, and my good friend Petruchio. How do you?

Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Contrales: er bene rebatose, may I say.

Petr. Auza impresa bene venite multe largiter a figur

or me Petruchio.

Rite Grumias life, we will compound this quarell.

Petr. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he be leges in Latin.

If this be not a lawful cause for me to loose his issue, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him handli-
ye well. Was it, was it for a servant to vie his master, being perhaps (for outhe I see) two and thirty, a peep out? Whom would to God had well knockt at first,
then had not Grumia come by the word.

Petr. A feancellesse villain: good Hortensio,

I bad the rauchfull knockt upon your gate,

And could not get him for his heart to do it.

Grum. Knocke at the gate! Obreates: I speke you not

These words plainly. Sirrah, knocke me here: suppreme here: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And

Come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirrah be gone, or take not I advise you.

Hort. Petruchio patience, I am Grum's pledge:

Why this a beaute chance twarr men and you,

Your ancient truffle plesant fearest Grumi:

And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale

Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Petr. Such wind as flatters youngmen through's world,

To
To seek their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few,
Signor Hortensio, thus it stands with me.
As now my father is deceased,
And I have thrust my felto into this maze,
Happily to wise and thrice, as I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Her Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a friend's ill-favoured wife?
Then all thanks: but a little for my counten.
And yet I'll promise thee the shall be rich,
And withal rich: but that's too much for you,
And I'll not with thee to.

Peer. Signior Hortensio, twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if you know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burnish of your own value); I'll
See her as foule as was Florio's Louisa,
As old as Job, and as curt and throw'd as
A Seracs Genette, or a wife.
She makes me not, or makes minutes at least.
Affections edge me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick less.
I come to ruish it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Peer. Nay look you fir, she tells you flatly what his mind is: why give him Gold enough, and marry him to
A Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old tool with the rea's
tooth in her head, though she have as many dotesys as
two and fifty horses:
Why nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.

Her Petruchio, since we are deep thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in left,
I can Petruchio help thee to a wife.
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brough't up as well becomes a Gentilwoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults in all,
Is, that she is intollerable curt,
And throw'd, and forward, so beyond all measure,
That were my face faire worser then it is,
I would not weel her for a mine of Gold.

Peer. Hortensio, peace; thou knowest not Gold's effect,
Tell me her father's name, and tis enough:
For I will bower her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn cracke.

Her. Her father is Bapthia of Almussa,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Hers is Katherine Novello.
Remound in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Peer. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleepe Hortensio I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Whose you will accompany me thither.

Gra. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as well as I do. She would not
Thinke scolding would doe little good upon them.
She may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so: Why
That's nothing: and he begins once, he'll raigne in his rap
Tricks. He tells you what fir, and the fand him bus a lit-
tle, he will draw a figure in her face, and so disfigure
his with it, that she shall know more, ties to see within.
Then do you know him not fir.

Her. Tarry Petruchio, I must go with thee,

For in Bapthia keep's my treasure is,
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her with holds from me. Other more;
Sisters to her, and every one:
Supposing a thing impossible,
To those defial I have before rehearse,
That ever Katherine will be wood:
Therefore this order last Bapthia to name,
That none shall have decelle into Almussa,
Tell Katherine the Curf, I have a god a husband.

Gra. Katherine the curf, A title for a master, of all titles the worst.

Her. Now that my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And suffer me diffused in tender robes.
To lift Bapthia as a high-colour'd man,
Wee returne Dazenkey, to influec Bianca,
That so I may by this device.at least
Have leave and licence to make tune to her,
And visipuncted euer his by her felie.

Enter Grumio and Lucetius difficled.
Gra. Here's no kinsman, See, to beguile the old
Folks, how the young folkies let their heads together.
Matter, matter, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Her. Peace Grumio, it is the visial of my Loue,
Petruchio and by a while.

Gra. A propriest biplying, and an amorous,
O very well, I have great deat the ather.
Hearke you sir, I have them were fairly bound,
Allbooks of Loue, fee that an over
And fee you reade no other Lectures to her.
You understand me. Over and beside
Signior Bapthia liberal, to,
Ile mend it with a Largeffe. Take your paper too,
And let me hauem vetti well perum'd
For the is sweeter than perfumes of telle
To whom they goe: what wil you reade to her.
Loe. What is it to reade to her, Librae for you
As for my patron, famd you to aflfus,
As firmly as your telle were still in place,
Yet and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you write were you a scholler fir.
Gr. Oh this learning, what a thing is it.
Gra. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Affes is.

Peer. Peace firra.

Her. Grumio saum: God save you signior Grumio.
Gra. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Thorw you whether I am going to Bapthia of Almussa,
I promisse to enquire carefully.
About a schoolmaster for the faire Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man: For learning and behauiour
For his turns well in Poetrie
And other books, good ones. I warrant ye.

Her. This well and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promisse me to help one to another,
A faire Musitian intrested in our Milites,
So shall I no wise be behind in dutie
To serve Bianca, to so beloved of me.

Gra. Beloved of me, and that my deed still prove.

Her. Grumio, 'tis now time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

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Upon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will understand to woo curtly Katherine,
Yes, and to marry her, if she give no place.

Gزر. So said, so done, is well:
How, sir, have you told him all her faults?

Petr. I know she is an iceberg braving cold:
If that be all Matters, I hear no harm.

Gزر. No, say it to me, friend, What Countryman they?
Petr. Done in Verona, old Dames none.

My father dead, my fortune lates for me,
And I do hope, good days and long, to fee.

But if you have a flaminque, too, a Gods name,
You shall have me affilling you in all.

And will you woo this Wilde cat?

Petr. Will he?

Gزر. Will he woo her? I, or lie hangher.

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Thinks you, a little dinte can daunt most ears?
Have I not in my time heard Lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, pull up with winds,
Rattle an angry Boare, chafed with heat?
Have I not heard great Ordinance in the field,
And heaves Artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battell heard

Loud lamas, neighing steadys, & trumpets clangue.
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives us no great to a blow to heare,
As will a Chefe-nut in a Farmers fire.

Tulip, frugl, scare boys with bugs.

Gزر. For he fears none.

Gزر. I prithee, what would be Contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoever.

Gزر. And so we wil, provided that he win.

Gزر. I would I were as farte of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio broome, and Bianculla.

Tran. Gentlemen God save you. If my be bold
Tell me befcreeth, which is the readieft way
To the house of Signor, Baptista Mantua.

Mer. He that bids the two faire daughters if he ye mean?

Tran. Euen he Bianculla.

Gزر. Hearken you, you mean not her to——

Tran. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides fir, at any hand I pray,

Tran. I leave no chiders fir: Bianculla, let us away.

Mer. Well begin Tranio.

Her. Sir, a word ere you goe

Are you a futor to the Maid you call of, yes or no?

Tran. And I be fir, is it any offence?

Gزر. No, if with more words you will get you hence.

Tran. Why, sir, I pray are not the fairest as free
For me, as for you?

Gزر. But is not free.

Tran. What reafon I be fcred of you?

Gزر. You have not fluded me in this,
That she the chaste leaue of Signor Tranio.

Her. That she the chaste, me Signor Hortensio.

Petr. Softly my Matters: I prithee Gentlemen
Do me this right, bear me with patience.

Petr. I prithee fiter Kate, witten by hand.

Mer. If this be it, then all the rest was so, Stricken

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Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this insolence? 
Dame. A hand aside, poor gryle the weeps: 
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her. 
For shame thou Hiding of a duellish Spirit, 
Why dost thou wrong her, that didst neere wrong thee? 
When did she ereffly thee with a bitter word? 
Kate. Her silence floutes me, and I be reveng'd.

Enter Bianca.

Bap. What in my sight? Heau a get thee in. 
Kate. What will you not suffer me. Nay now I see 
She is your treasure, the mill have a husband, 
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day, 
And for your love so her, Lead Apes in hell. 
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep, 
Till I can finde occasion of revenge. 
Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus greev'd as I? 
But who comes here.

Enter Grumio, Lucentio, in the habite of a mean man, 
Persuwed with Trance with his boy 
Hearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista. 
Bap. Good morrow neighbour Grumio: God sue 
you Gentlemen. 
Per. And you good sir; pray have you not a daughter, 
Call'd Katerina faire and vertuous. 
Bap. I have a daughter fir, call'd Katerina. 
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly. 
Per. You wrong me signior Grumio, give me leave. 
I am a Gentleman of Verona fir, 
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit, 
Her affability and bashfull modestie: 
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour, 
Am bold to thaw my self a forward guest 
Within your house, to make mine eye the winnife 
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard, 
And for an entrance to your entertainment, 
I do present you with a man of mine 
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes, 
To instruct her fully in those sciences, 
Whereof I know she is not ignorant, 
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong. 
His name is Latino, borne in Mantua. 
Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake. 
But for my daughter: Katerina, this I know. 
She is not for your taste, the more my griefe. 
Per. I see you do not meane to part with her, 
Or ifl you like not of my companie. 
Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde. 
What are you sir? What may I call your name. 
Per. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's sonne, 
A man well knowne throughout all Italy. 
Bap. I know him wellyou are welcome for his sake. 
Gre. Saving your tale Petruchio, I pray let vs that are 
poore petitioners speake too of Bacchus you are meruious 
forward. 
Per. Oh, Pardon me signior Grumio, I would faine be doing. 
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will cure 
your wooling neighbours: this is a guilt 
Very grateful, I am sure of it, to express 
The like kindnesse my felie, that have bene 
More kindely beholding to you then say: 

Freely give unto this yong Scheller, that hath 
Been long ryuing at Rome, as cunning 
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages. 
At the other Cardicks and Mathematickes 
His name is Cambio: pray accept his ference. 
Bap. A thousand thanks signior Grumio: 
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir, 
I thankes you walke like a stranger, 
May I be bold, to know the cause of your comming? 
Gre. Pardon me sir, the boldness is mine owne, 
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere, 
Do make my felie a futter to your daughter, 
Into herte faire and vertuous: 
Nor is your famie releuse to vns to me, 
In the pretence of the elder filde. 
This liberty is all that I request, 
That as upon knowledge of my Patente, 
May I have welcome mongst the rett that woo, 
And fee a cesse and favour as the rett. 
And toward the education of your daughters: 
I heere before a simple instrument, 
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes: 
If you accept them, then their worth is great: 
Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray. 
Gre. Of Pisa sir, come to Pescara. 
Bap. A mightie man of Pisa by report, 
I know him well: you are welcome sir: 
Take you the Lute, and the sete of bookes, 
You shall go see your Pupils presentely. 
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant. 
Sire, lead the gentleman to my daughters, and tell them both 
These are their tutors, but them vie them well, 
We will go walk a little in the Orchard, 
And thence to dinner: you are passing welcome, 
And so I pray you all to thank your felowe. 
Per. Signior Baptista, my business is akeft haste, 
And euer I day I cannot come to woo, 
You knew my father well, and in him me, 
Left solheire to all his lands and goods, 
Which I have betterd rather then decreat, 
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loose, 
What downe shall I haue with her to wife. 
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands, 
And inseffession twentie thousand Crownes. 
Per. And for that dworie, lie affurher of 
Her widowhood, be it that the foruse me 
In all my Lands and Lesues whatsoever, 
Let speculaces be therefore drawne between vs, 
That covenants may be kept on either hand. 
Bap, I, when the special thing is well obsteined, 
That her house : for that is all in all. 
Per. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father, 
I am as pretentious as she proud minded: 
And where two raging fires meete together, 
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie, 
Though little fire grows great with little winde, 
yet extreme guilt will blow out fire and all: 
So to her, and to the yeilds to me, 
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. 
Bap. Well maiesth thou woo, and happy be thy speed: 
But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words. 
Per. To the proofs, as Mountains are for winder, 
That makes not, though they blow perpetually. 

Enter Herion: with his head broke.

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Bap. How now, my friend, why doth thou looke so pale?

Her. For fear I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musici-
ness?

Her. I thinke she'll sooner prove a foundler,

Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Her. Why no, for the hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When (with a most impatient dullish spirit)

Frets calle thou thefe! (quoth she) I feame with them:

And with that word the stroke me on the head,

And through the infrument my pat made way,

And there I floop amaz'd for a while,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,

While she did call me Raffell, Fiddler,

And twangling lacket, with twentie lificate reannes,

As he had flushed to mindle me in.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a luffie Weach,

I love her teneties more than ere I did,

Oh bow I long to have fome chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not difcomforted.

Proceed in prifonlife with my younger daughter,

She's apt to learn, and thankfull for good tunes;

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

Or fhall I lend my daughter Kate to you.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. He attend her heart.

And woo her with that spirit when she comes,

Say that the wife, why then I tell her plane,

She fings as sweetly as a Nightingale:

Say that the browne, I lay th' lookses as electe

As morning Roses newly wathin with dew;

Say she be mutte, and will not fpeak a word,

Then Ile commend her volubility.

And fay the revereth piercing elocution:

If she do bid me packe, I lay give her thanks,

As though the bid mee, lay her a weake:

If the feme to weal, Ile creafe the day

When I shall ask her boon, and when be married.

But here he comes, and now Petruchio fpeak.

Kate. Good morrow Kate, for that your name I heare.

Kate. Well hase you heard, but fomething hard of

hearing:

They call me Kate, that do falk me of me.

Pet. You figh infatue, for you are call'd plaite Kate,

And bony Kate, and fometimes Kate the cuff:

But Kate, the prettie Kate inChriflendome,

Kate of Kate-hall, my fiper-fainte Kate,

For dainties are all Kate, and therefore Kate

Kate. Take this of me, Kate of my confolation,

Hearing thy mildeffe praiy in every Towne,

They vrefke spoke, and th' beautie fouled,

Yet not fo deepely as thee belonge,

My liefhe am mood'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mould, in good time, let him that mould you be.

Remoue you heare: I knew you at the fift

You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kate. A loft'd floore.

Pet. Thou haft hit it: come fit on me.

Kate. Affe are made to beare, and fo are you.
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And kiss me Kate, we will be married a fond day.

Erect Petrusha and Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up to so fondly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part,

And venture madly on a desperate Mord.

Tra. Twas a commodity lay setting by you,

Twill bring you gain, or perish on the les.

Bap. The gaine I feke, is quiet me the match,

Gre. No doubte but he hath got a quiet catch

But now he plyes, to your younger daughter,

Now is the day we long have looked for,

I am your neighbour, and was fitter first.

Tra. And I am one that love Biondra more

Then words can witnesse, and your thoughts can guefe.

Gor. Yongling thou canst not love so deare as I.

Tra. Grasp heart thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But think doth fire,

Skipper stand backe, this age that nouriseth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flouriseth.

Bap. Content you gentlemens, I will expound this stiffe

Tis seeds must win the prize, and he of both

That can affure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have my Biondra love.

Say signior Gremio, what can you affure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City

Is richly furnishd with plate and gold,

Basses and ewers to have her dannie hands:

My hangs are all of trowe worth,

In livery clores I hace flyt my crownes:

In Cypresses chefs my armes counterpoints,

Costly apparell, tents, and Canopie,

Pine Linnen, Turkey cushiones boil with pearle,

Valens of Venice gold, in neede to worke.

Pewter and brasse, and all the things that belongs

To house or house-keeping: then at my farme

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pale,

Five-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this porson,

My felle am frooke in yeares I must confesse,

And I die to morowe this is hers,

When I first hee the falls shee will be one of mine.

Tra. That only came well in: for, lift to me,

I am my fathers here and only fonna,

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

He leaue her houses three or foure as good

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,

Befides two thousand Duchesses by the yeare

Offruitful land, all which shall be her inoynt

What, Jase I pinche you Signior or Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand Duchesses by the yeare of land,

My Land amounts not to so much in all

That shee shall have, besides an Argofie

That now is lying in Marcellus roade:

What, have you choosed you with an Argofie

Gremio, its knowne my father hath no leffe

Then three great Argofies, befores two Galliasse

And twelve cite Gallies, thele I will affure her,

And twice as much what ere thou offree next.

Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,

And shee can have no more then all I have,

If you like me, shee shall haue me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world

By your fame promisse. Gremio is out vied.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the beft,

And let your father make her the asuurance.

T. Shee

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She is your owne, elle you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

Tru. That's but a caull: he is old, he's young.
Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolued,
On fonday next, you know

My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the fonday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance:

If not, to Signior Gremio:
And for my sake, and thank you too. Exit.
Gre. Adieu good neighbours: now I scarce thee not:
Sirrah, young gamerre, your father were a fool.
To give thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot under thy table: out, out, out,
An old Italian foot is not to know my boy. Exit.
Luc. Revenge on your crafty widdhed bite,
Yet I have set it with a card of rest.

'Is in my hand to do my matter good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucia
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Lucio,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children: but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a fife if I late not of my cunning. Exit.

--

Adieu Tertiis.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.
Luc. Befor forcares you grow too forward Sir,
Huse you to fortofet the entertainment
He's not Katherines, and you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The pantomime of his merrie harmony:
That gave me leave to have prorgnate,
And in such a manke we have spent an hour
Your Lecture shall have instruction as much.
Luc. Pregnance. After that never be to faire,
To know the cause why mutick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minds of man
After his lucre, or his vulgar game?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, confer in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not bear these braves of time.
Bian. Why gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strue for that which refit in my choice:
I am no breaching scholke in the schools,
He is not tied to hower, nor pointed times,
But lend my Leetions as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all all: there is that we doun't,
Take you your instrument, play you the whistles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have doun't.
Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be sooner, tune your instrument.
Bian. Whose left we left?
Luc. Heere Madam: Hee that Semoi, hee of figure
true, but feter Preqme reins Celia sone.
Bian. Confer them.

Luc. Hee that, as I told you before, Semoi, I am Lucente,
But of, some into Vincent of Pala, Signor trin,
Disenfoged thus to get your lour, be feter, and that
Lucentio that comes a wooning, quoute, is my man Tranio,
regia, bearing my port, celia saw that we might be
guese the old Pantalone.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument in tune.
Bian. Let's here, oh fie, the crumble in.
Luc. Split in the hole man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let mee ter if I can confert it. Hee that, quoute,
I know you not, but of germo delio, I tru fe you not;
but feter quoute, take heed he here is not, regia pre
sume not, Celia saw, despire not.

Hort. Madam, its now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base know that irs.
Luc. How sherr forward our Pedantio,
Now for my life the knase dock count my lour,
Pedantho, Ile watch you better yet;
In tune I may believe, yet I misitrust.
Bian. Mistrust it not, for face Ludo.
Hort. What call'd so from his grandfather.
Hort. I must believe my matter, elle I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt,
But let it rest, now Ludo to you:
Good matter take it not wrindly pray
That I have bence that pleasan with you both.
Bian. Why, I am half forward our Pedantio,
My Leetions make no musick in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, Sir, will I must watch
And watch withall, for but I be decic'd,
Our fine Multian growth amoros.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To loose the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamth in a brefter fort,
More pleasan, pthy, and effectual,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is writing factely drawne
Bian. Why, I am half my gamthong long age:
Hort. Yet read the gamthong of Hortensio.

Bian. Gamtho I am, the ground of all accord:
Are to plead Hortensio's passion:

Bian. B to take him for thy Lord
Cime, and look with all affection,
D' faire, one Clisse, twote notes hau e,
Bian, shew pitty or I die,
Call you this gamthong but I like it not,
Old thoughts pleasf me best, I am not fonce
To charge true rules for old inuocation.

Fare. You Enter a Muse.

Necie. Missefr the, your father propre you leave your
And helpe to direffe your sisters champer vp,
(books)
You know to morrow is the wedding day
Luc. Farewell sweet matters both, I must be gone,
Luc. Farewell, I misdreffe then I have no care in thy
Bian. But I have cause to pray into this sted, gent
Methinks he lookes as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be to humble
To caff thy wandring eyes on every side:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quick with thee by changing.

Enter Petrucho, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucente, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we bewe of not our fones in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-grome when the Preift attend,
To speake the cerimonnial rites of marriage?
What fates Lucente to this frame of ours?
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Kate. No shame but thine, I must the both be forst.
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart.

To win a mad, brain-fuddled, full of sin,
Who would in haste, and means to wed at eyfire :
I told you, he was a franticke toole,
Hiding his butter lefts in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;

Her'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, mirth, and proceede the bêtes,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wo'd:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is mad Petrarch's wife
It would please him to come and marry her.

Petr. Thrice good Katherine and my gauntlet,
Vpon thy life Petrarch's livings but well,
Whatever fortune flayth from him of the word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry yet within he's honest.
Kates. Would Katherine had never seen him though.

Act 1 Scene 2

Kate. Go, quere, I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For last an acture would vexe a very saint,
Mark how a shrill of importune humour.

Enter Biondale.

Bion. Mariet, Master, smaller, newes, and such newes as you
never hear of.

Kate. Is it now and oldetoo? how may that be?

Petr. Why, is it not newes to heared of Petrach's
Kate. Is it come? (commonly)

Petr. Why not fit?

Kate. What then?

Bion. He is common

Act 1 Scene 3

Kate. What will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Kate. But say, what to the olde newes?

Petr. How Petrach is coming, in a new hat and
an old jerkin, a pair of olde breeches three turn'd,
A pair of booters that have beene candle-cakes, one buckled,
Another laced: an olde ruffly trowed one out of the
Towne Amory, with a broken hat, and chaplett with two
broken points: his boote lipp'd with an olde mothe
saddle, and horsep o'let knotted: Letteaks poiffet
with the glanders, and like to move in the chine, trou-
bled with the Lampsell, infected with the fallionts, full of
Windgall, piquet with Spains, rais'd with the Yel-
lores, and parcell of the Fures, hacke-boy'd with the
Staggars: be-waxe with the Bota: Wad in the backe,
And fust the fraves, neere leg'd before, and with a
half-cheked Butte & a sallettall of shaples leather, which
being re-sett to keepe him from stumbling, hath been
often burst, and now repai'd with knots: one girt five
times peeed, and a woman Crupper of velvic, which
hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in fluds,
And here and there peeed with packhred.

Petr. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh fear, his Lacey, for all the world Capar-
ion'd like the horse, with a lumen clock on one leg,
and a keysy bout-hole on the other, gaunt with a red
and blew lift, an old hat, the humor of fancy pricket
in for a feathers: a monstor, a very monstor in apparell,
& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen Lacey.

Petr. To fume o'other humor pricket, this fashion,
Ye oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Kate. I am glad he's come, how fortere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Petr. Didst thou not say he come?
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And watch our vantage in this business,
We'll never reach the grey beard Groznio,
The narrow praying father Memolo,
The quaint Musician, amorous Lutie,
All for my Maffetsake Lucentio.

Enter Groznio.

Signior Groznio, came you from the Church?

Gro. As willingly as ere I came from school.

Tr. And is the Bride & Bridgroom coming home?

Gro. A bridgroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the grie shall finde.

Tr. Carter then he, why 'tis impossible.

Gro. Why he's a deuil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tr. Why she's a devil, a devil, the devil is damme.

Gro. Tur, she's a Lamb, a fool to him:
Ile tell you sir Lucentio; when the Priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
I by gogge wonees quoth he, and swore to loud,
That all almas'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he floopp'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom tooke him fuch a cuife,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any hill.

Tr. What faind the wench when he rote againe?

Gro. Trembled and thooke: for why, he lump'd and sware,
as if the Vizard meant to cozen him: but after many
merry monenies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he,
as if he had beene aboord carousing to his Mates after
a form, quaff off the Muscadell, and throw the fops
all in the Sextons face: having no other reason, but that
his beard grew thime and hungely, and seem'd to ask
him fops as hee was drinking: this done, hee tooke the
Bride about the necke, and kif her lips with such a clama-
rous smackske, that at the putting all the Church did
ecocho: and I feeing this, came thence for very shame,
and after mae I know the rout is coming, such a mad mar-
tysage newer was before: barks, backs, I shew the mini-
trels play.

Musick plays.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensia, and Apothecaress.

Pet. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thukke to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But for it is, my haffe doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is it possible you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you know my businesse,
You would interest me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thank you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patent, sweet, and everlastous wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tr. Let vs interest you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gro. Let me interest you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kar. Let me interest you.

Pet. I am content.

Kar. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kar. Now if you love me stay.

Pet. Groznio, my heart.

Fathers, for they are ready, the Oates have eaten the
horses.

Kar. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I pleasse my selfe,
The dore is open for, there lies your way,
You may be engaging while your horses are grone:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll prove a lolly fair groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate content thee, greech not be angry.

Kar. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall play my lesure.

Gro. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

Kar. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If he had not a spirit to refit.

Pet. They shall goe forward Kate as thy command,
Obey the tyme that you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, recull and dominercrae,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be mody, and merry, yet goe hang your felices:
But for my botty Kate, the mulf with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor flumpere, nor flate, nor feet,
I will be matter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chastelle, shee is my house,
My houseold-buffs, my field, my barren,
My horicke, my care my saile, my any thing,
And here five hands, touch her who ever dares,
Ile be my husband, for shee.

That stops my way in Padua: Groznio.

Draw forth thy weapon, we are betwixt theret and
Receife thy Miftrrere if thou be a man:

Feate not twext wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,
Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Exeunt. P.ka.

Top. Nay, let her goe, as a great of quest ones.

Pet. Went they not quickly, I should de' with laugh-

Tr. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Miftrere, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly maried.

Gro. I warrant him Petruchio is Kate.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to supply the places at the table,

Pet. You know there wants no innesets at the feast:

Luc. You shal supply the Bridgrooms places, and
Let Bianca take her sisters roome.

Tr. Shall we cvn Bianca pracitise how to bride it?

Bap. She shal Lucentio: some gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Groznio.

Pet. Kate. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gro. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou smale
slide from my shouder to my heart, with no
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The Taming of the Shrew.

Scene I. Verona. A street.

[Enter Petruchio and Kate.]

Pet. Where is my bride? Who is that bawd that has taken my horse? And brought along these rascals to meet me?

Kate. Where is my husband? What can I do to help you?

Pet. Where is my horse? And where is my horse?

Kate. I have it for you. You are a fine fellow.

Pet. Go rascal, and fetch my horse.

Kate. I have it for you.

Pet. Go, rascal, and get my horse. Where is my horse?

Kate. I have it for you.

Pet. Go, you rascal, and get my horse.

Kate. I have it for you.

Pet. Go, you rascal, and get my horse.

Kate. I have it for you.
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KATE. Rachel, I love you, was about unwilling.

COURT. He takes his head； thus I do not know it.

KATE. But I at last, I know you have a homely,

Wife, you have to shun, sweet Kate, of all shall I?

What is this, Mutton?

1. SERV. 1.

KATE. Who brought it?

PETER. 1.

KATE. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

What doggers are those? Where is the rice-call?

KATE. How durst you, stangers, bring it from the drawer

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, strollers, cups, and all:

You needless soft-boards, and unworn-out flanes.

What, do you grumble, ill be with you straight.

KATE. I pray you husband be not so diuerte.

The meate was well, if you were not so invent.

PER. I tell thee Kate, 'tis burnt and made away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

For it engenders cholera, plummet anger,

And better to serve thee at the last,

Since of our safety, question so displeasable.

Then feed it with such inter-reded fishes,

Be patient, to morrow, I shall discourse,

And forthwith well left for convenience.

Come I will bring the lady's chamber. Exit.

Enter SERVANTS several.

NATH. Peter, ditto each before.

PETER. 4. A kil her in her own humor.

GEMMA. What shall we do?

PER. Thus have I politicely begun my journey.

And 'tis my hope to end therefore:

My Fauclon now is shape, and rolling empire,

And all the people, them not but good go long.

PER. For then the nearer hakes upon her hire.

Another way I have worked your Haggard,

To raise him some, and know hee keepers call.

That is, to watch her, some visit watch these Kates,

That bate, and brate, and will not be obedient:

She certificates to day, nor none will dare.

LAST NIGHT, that iest we, not to trust the shall not.

As with the meat, some tenderfaced fault

Ile finde about the making of the bed,

And hee ile thing the pillow, there the boulder,

This the Country, another way the flanders.

I, and metaphysics harken,

This all to done in rendezvous or other,

And in conclusion, the shall watch all night,

And if the chance to nod, ile rouse and dread,

And with the emblem shee keepers fell awake:

This is a way to kid Wise with kindness.

And thus ile make her mad and headlong humour,

He that knows better how to tame a she.

Now let him speak, to the charge to them.

Enter TROMO and HARTON;

THO. I, thoufelfe with Apalene, that misfirs of Zamo,

Dost fame in any other but Lucrecia,

Tell you for, thou bear me faire to hand.

Lu. Sir, to fasten you in what I have faid,

Stand by, and make the manner of this teaching.

Enter BIANCA.

HER. Now Misfirs, profy you in what you read.

BIA. Why Misfirs read ye oft, if so much as me?

HER. Care, that I profye the Art to you.

BIA. And may you peceque Misfirs of your Art.

Lewis. While you feet, there fore, Misfirs of my heart.

HER. Quicke proceds marry, now tel me I pray,

You that durst swear, that you misfirs BIANCA

Lou me in the World so well as Lucrecia.

The. Oh delightful Loue, unconstant woman.

I tel thee Loue is this wonder, for

Misfirs no more, I am not Loue.

Nor a Misfirs as I seeme to bee,

But one that come to live in this disquife,

For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,

And makes a God of such a Collon;

Know it, I am call'd Harton.

The. Supposing Harton, I have often heard

Of your entire affections to BIANCA,

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightneffe,

I will with you, if you be so contented,

Forswore BIANCA, and her love for ever.

HER. See how they haffe and court Signior Lucrezia;

Here is my hand, and here I finally vow

To woo her more, but do torturc her,

As one would with all the former fauours

That I have fondly and all, then while.

The. And here I take the like unlimited oath,

Never to marry with her, though she would engage,

Fix on her, see how, deadly the oath count count.

HER. Would all the world, but he had but fewe for me.

For me, that I may surely keep no oath.

I wil be married to a with Widdow,

Ere three dayes pass, which hath as long loud me,

And have lose that proud disdainfull Haggard,

And do farewell Signor Lucrezia,

Kindneffe in women, not their batrouseous lookes

Shall win my love, and yet to make my leve,

In resolution, as I was before.

The. Misfirs scarse, bleff you with such grace.

As longeth a Louers blessed sake.

I pray, I have one you matteringe gentle Loue,

And have feare to you with timorous.

BIA. Truste you well, but have you on both faire mee?

The. Misfirs we have.

Luo. Then we are rid of Lule.

The. If faith I have a luttle Widdow now,

That shall be wood, and wedded in day.

BIA. God give him joy.

The. I, and here I come her.

Bianca. He supposes in Tromo.

The. Faith he is gone into the taming (C'mon

The taming (chooses what is there such a place

Itmisfirs, and Pericles is the master,

That teacheth tristers elegance and twente long,

To name a flour, and sharmes her chancellor toonan.

Enter BIANCA.

BIA. Oh Misfirs, master I have watcht so long

That I am digge-ware, but as I last I spyed

An ancien Angell coming dreary the hill,

With faceless hee ture.

The. When he is stopped.

BIA. Misfirs, Most courteous, as it appeares.

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Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Ful. Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

Val. Why this was modelled on a person, a Values drah: I see it, I see it towd and filthy,

Why'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap.

Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Kate. I have no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlemens wares be such caps as these.

Val. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Her. That will not be in hand.

Kate. Why lie I troth I may have leave to speake,

And speake I will. I am no child, no babe,

Your better have indued me fay my name,

And If you cannot, bett you fors your pace.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or els my heart concealing it will breake,

And rather there is shall, I will be free,

Even to the wittensoff I pleaze in words.

As. Why thou sayest true, it is paltry cap,

A cuffard cooen, a bumble, a silkent pie,

I love thee well in that thou lik't it not.

Kate. Love me, or hate me not, I like the cap,

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Val. The gowne, why I come Tailor let vs see.

Oh mercie God, what making fluffes is here?

What is that a fluff is like demi cannon,

What vp and downe carded like a snape Tart?

Heets frup, and nip, and cut, and flaus and flath,

Like to a Center in a babbes hopper.

Whar descis ram. Tailor cut it thou this that?

Her. I see flies like to have another cap nor gowne.

Tud. You bid me make: to Order be well,

According to the fashon, and the time.

Petr. Marrie and did: but if you be remembered,

I did not bid you name it in the time.

Go hop me oner euery kennel howe,

For you shall hop without my custody sir:

Do none of it; hence, make your skilt sist.

Kate. I never saw a better fashioned gowne.

More quent, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Believe you mean to make a puppet of me.

Val. Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tud. She laces your Worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance,

Thou letst, thou thowt, thou thowt blombe,

Thou yard three quarters, halve yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou Not, thou winter crecketh thou,

Brand'd in mine owne house with a sheme of thome.

Away thou Ragge, thou quanrist, thou thowmt,

Or I shall go to be metamethe with thy yard,

As thou shalt stanke on presting what thou will:

I tell thee, I that thou haft mad hir gowne.

Tud. Your worship is deceas'd, the gowne is made lust as my master had direction.

Graison gave order how it should be done.

Grum. I gave him no order. I gave him the fluffe.

Tud. But how did you define it should be made?

Grum. Marrie fit with needle and thred.

Tud. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grum. Thou haft did many things.

Tud. I have.

Grum. Face not mee: thou hast brunt'd monastery,

Brust not me: I will neither bee fac'd nor brand'd.

I say vnto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to piecees. Ergo thou leef.

Tud. Why here is the note of the fashon to teffity.

Pet. Read it.

Grum. The note lies in this thraste if he say I say so,

Tud. Imposing, a loofed bodied gowne.

Grum. Master, if euer I said loofe-bodied gowne, fow me in the skirles of it, and beaste me to death with a bottome of brownie third: I fain a gowne


Tud. With a small compacte cape

Grum. I confesse the cape.

Tud. With a trunke fleecie.

Grum. I confesse two fleecies,

Tud. The fleeces curiously cut,

Pet. I there is the villaine.

Grum. Error it beh old, error it beh old?

I commanded the fleeces should be cut out, and fold'd vp againe, and that lie proue upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thumbe.

Tud. This is true that I say, and I hadd thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

Grum. I am for thee straight: take thou the bull, give me thy meat-yard, and spare me not.

Her. God-a-mercie Grumio, then hee shall have no odaine.

Pet. Well fit in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Grum. You are t'o right for, for as my masters.

Pet. Go take it vp into thy matters whe.

Grum. Villaine, for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse gowne for thy matters whe.


Oh Grumio the conceit is deeper then you think for: Take vp my Mistresse gowne to his masters whe.

Oh fire, fie fie.

Pet. Hertefy ng say thou wilt see the Tailor paide.

Grum. Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Her. Tailor, he pay thee for thy gowne to metrow,

Take no winking of his lusty words.

Away I say, commend me to thy master. Exit Tud.

Pet. Well, come my Kate, we will vent to your fathers,

From thar in the honest meanes habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor.

For'tis the munde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honor every in the meanest habit.

What is the lay more precious then the Lake?

Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because he painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good Kate neither art thou the worfe

For this poor furniture, and meanes array.

If thou accountest it flamme, lay it on me,

And therefore frolick, we will hence forthwith,

To trall and sport vs as thy fathers houd.

You call my men, and let vs strait to him,

And bring our horses into Long-lane end,

There we will mount, and thither walk on foote.

Let's see I think's it now some feauen a clocke,

And well we may come there by dinner time

Kate. I dare assure you fit's almost two,

And twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be feauen ere I go to hoist.

Look what I speak, or do, or thinke to do.
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You are full crossing it, sir; it isn't alone,
I will not go to-day, and ere I do,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.
Hark! Why to this gallant will command the fame.

Enter Tramel, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tha. Sirs, this is the house, please you if that call.
Ped. I what else, and bus is deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me.
Nearer twenty years a go in Genoa.
Tha. Where we were lodgers, at the Friars,
'Tis well, and hold your own in any case
With such suaveness is length to a father.

Enter Biancina.

Ped. I warrant you: but first here comes your boy,
T'were good be were schooled.
Tha. Fear not you him. Fata Biancina.
Now doe your duty throughnes I advise you
Imagine 'twere the sign Vincentio.
Tha. Tur, fear not me.
Tha. But shift thou done thy errand to Baptista.
Bian. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look't for him this day in Padua.
Tha. Tha is a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes Baptista: let your countenance be.

Enter Baptista and Lucetta: Pedant bearded
and bare headed.

Tha. Signior Baptista you are happlie met.
Sir, this is the gentlemen I told you of,
Pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Damas for my patrimony.
Ped. Softly: for by your leave, hasten com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a wealthy cause
Of lease between your daughter and himself;
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the lease beareth to your daughter,
And she to him to stay him not long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To have him match'd, and if you please to like
The words then I upon fame agreement
May you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her fo bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Tha. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your pleasure and your thirteenth please me well
Right now is it your son Lucentio here.
Both love my daughter, and the loueth him,
Or both disagreeable deeply their affection:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And passe my daughter to sufficient dower,
Therewith is made, and all is done,
Your dorne shall have my daughter with consent.
Tha. I thank you sir, where then do you know bet?
We be affied and such affiance tame,
As shall with either parents agreement stand.
Tha. Not in my heart Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have cares, and I have many terms,
Befriends old Gomes is hasting still,
And happlie we might be intermarried.
Tha. Then at my lodging, and tell you,
There doch my father live and show this night?

Weele passe the business private and well:
Send for your daughter by your present her,
My Boy shall fetch the Schynter present.
The word is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Tha. It likes me well, Camillo here you home, and bid Lucentio make her ready
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio Father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio wife.
Tha. Prase the gods the may withall my heart.

Tha. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Petruchio,

Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way,
We come, one meffte is like to be yours,
Come sit, we will better it in Pisa.

Tha. I know you. Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biancina.

Bian. Camillo.
Luc. What faith thou Biancina.
Bian. Luc. You law my Master wake and laugh upon you.
Luc. Biancina, what of that?
Bian. Faith nothing: but hath left me here behind
To expound the meaning or morall of his signes and tokens,
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Bian. Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the deceasing Father of a decentfull hone.
Luc. And what of him?
Bian. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then.

Tha. The old Priest at Saint Lakes Church is at your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this.

Tha. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeitt arrawer: take you assurance of her, Come presting ad Impressandum foemina, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Lucentia farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. I shall not hear thee, Biancina.
Bian. Luc. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as thee went to the Gareden for Pasley to flower a Rabbe, and so may you : and so adieu Sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lakes to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with you appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if the be so contented:
She will be ples'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, ICREAroun11 goe about her:
It shall goe hard if Camillo go without her.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers.
Tha. Good Lord how bright and goodly Shines the Moon.
Kate. The Moon, the Sunne it is not moonlight now.
Petr. I spy it is the Moon that shines so bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.
Fay. Now by my mother's sone, and that's my fafe, It
And wonder we to fee thy benefit fonne,
Who will of thy arrivall be fully joyous.

And thus it is true, or is it theft pleasure,
Like pleasant translators to breakes a left
Vpon the company you overtake.

And not sthere father fo it is.

For our flt montom hath made thee jealous. Evensides. How. Well Pertochus, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if the forward,
Then half thou taught Hertesit to be vntoward. Exit.

Enter Biendenia, Laccesta and Biana, Grumio
in her cornes.

Bedad. Softly and swiffly fit, for the Prieffe is ready.
Lue, 1 lile Biendenia; but they may chance to neede
thee at home, therefore leave vs.

Exit. Biend, Nay faith, Ile fee the Church a your baken,
and then come backe to my mistres as fonne as I can.
Grie, I masuall Cambre comes not all this while.

Enter Pertochus, Kate, Laccesta, Grumio
with attendants.

Pert. Sir, sitt hee doore, this is Laccesta houfe,
My Fathers beared more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you sir.

Vou. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I think I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheeress is toward.
Knock. They're bufe with, you were biff knocke lowe.

Pedant looke out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would bear down the
gate?

Vou. Is Signior Laccesta within fir?

Ped. He's within fir, but not to be spokken withall.

Vou. What if a man bring him a hundred or two
or make merrie withall.

Ped. Keeps your hundred poundes to your selfe, hee
shall neede none fo long as I live.

Pert. Nay, I told you your fonne was well belaved in
Padua; do you hear my father, to leaue troublesome circonstan
ces, I pray you tell signior Laccesta that his Father is
come from Padua, and is here at the doore to speake with
him.

Ped. Thou lief his Father is come from Padua, and
here looking out at the window.

Vou. Art thou his father?

Ped. Yes, for his mothers sake, I may believe her.

Ped. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat kna
terie to take upon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meanes
to cofen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biendenia.

Bia. I have feene them in the Church togethers, God
sendem good thipping: but who is here? mene olde Ma
fter Omnias: now we are vndone and brough to noth
ing.

Bia. Come hight crackhempe.

Bia. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vou. Come hight you rogue, what have you forgot
me?

Biend. Forgot you, nor Sir: I could not forget you, for
I never saw you before in all my life.

Bia. But you renowned villaine, didst thou never
see thy Miftres father, Laccesta?

Bia. What
Enter Pedant with ferments; Baptista, Tranio.

Tet. Sir, what are you that offer to becast my servant?

Vema. What an I forsage what are you for; oh immortal Goddess, oh fine villaine, a fallen doubteul, a velue hole, a lesseer cloake, and a captaine hot; oh I am vnadone, I am vnadone; while I place the good husband at home, my feone and my feruemt spend all at the vntuerne.

Tet. How now, what's the matter?

Vema. What is the man lunatricke?

Tet. Sir, you seeke a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why, what conserne you, if I were Feste and gold? Thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vema. I thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in Bergam.

Tet. You mistake me, you mistake me, praise what do you think this name?

Vema. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him ye ever since he was three yeares old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad ass, his name is Lucentio, and he is mine oneile sonne and heire to the Landes of mee figneor Vincentio.

Vema. Lucentio: oh he hath murderd his Master; I have hold on him, I charge you in the Duke name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son Lucentio?

Tet. Call forth an officer: Cardie this good knave to the laire: father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth comming.

Vema. Cardie me to the laire?

Gra. State officer, he shall not go to prizon.

Tet. Take not heigne Vincentio: he saile he shall go to prizon.

Vema. Take heede figneor Baptista, leaft ye be captured in this businesse: I dare swear I see the right Vincentio.

Gra. Of wheuer thou daresst.

Vema. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tran. Then thou wert beft faire that I am not Lucentio.

Vema. Yes, I know thee to be figneor Lucentio.

Tet. Awake with the doart, to the laire with him.

Enter Benedict, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be mad and abuul; oh monfroes villaine.

Bian. Oh we are spoilt d, and yonder he is, denie him, for hisweare him, or else we are all vnadone.

Exit Benedict, Tranio and Pedent as falt as may be.

Lum. Pardon sweete father.

Knes. Luces my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Tet. How haft thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Lum. Here's Lucentio, right sonne to the right Vincentio.

That have by enmity undeared with the gentle mine, While countenace fuppopted with deeres own.

Gra. Here'spatching with a winterskeecte and eteenes all.

Vema. Where is the drownd villaine Tranio?

Tet. That fact'd and bredevd mee in this manner?

Bian. Why, tell mee is not this my Cantelu?

Bian. Cantelu is chand'd into Lucentio, Luue wronged th'etenes. Unknonk lone

Made mee exchange my face with Tranio, While he did bear my countenranse in the townes, And happye I have arrived at the left.

Vema. The woful house of my bliss; what Tranio did any tale enforst him to?

Then pardon him, sweete Father for my sake.

Vema. I see the villaine noeth that would have sent me to the laire.

Tet. But doe you haere fur, haere you married my daughters without asking my good will?

Feme. Even as Baptista, so will I consent you, go to: but I will in to heare what for this villain.

Exeunt.

Ereit. And so bound the depth of this lament. Exeunt.

Lum. Look not pale, Sume, thy father will not know. Exeunt.

Gra. My sonne is doug in hale in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my care of the rest.

Kare. Husband let's swaile, to see the end of this ado.

Perr. Forth, forth, and we will.

Kare. What is in my mind of the course?

Perr. What shal me shew to thee of me?

Kare. Me for God forbid, but shal me shew to thye.

Perr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sume let's swaile.

Kare. Nay, I will shew you a kisse, now praise then Lume.

Perr. In ninde withall come my sweete Kare. Better once againe women, women to late.

Exeunt.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gertrude, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Benedicto Grumio, and Widdow; The Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Lum. At last, though long, our bating notes agree. And time is when reging water is come, To finale as flapes and periule our bloowse? My faire Bianca bid my father welcome, While I with felfeame kindnesse welcome thine: Brother Petruchio, sister Katerina, And thou Hortensio with thy louung Widdow: Feath with the bell, and welcome to my house, My Banket is to close our flomakes vp.

Aiter our great good cheere: praise ye fit downe,

Fat now we fit to chat as well as eat.

Perr. Nothing but fit and fit, and ete and ete.

Bian. Petruchio affords this kindnesse, fonne Petruchio.

Perr. Petruchio affords nothing but what is kind. For both our sake I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life Hortensio leaves this Widow, Then never truett me if I be affraid.

Perr. You are very sencible, and yet you misse my fence.

I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wt. He

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Bion. Jove.
Lew. Ilke I be your half, Bionla comes.
Bion. Some, I le be your half, Bionla comes.
Lew. Ilke, have no halges: Ilke beares it all my life.

Enter Bionlal.

How now, what newes?

Bion. Sir, my Miftir sends you word

That she is with, and she cannot come.

Perr. How? she’s with, and she cannot come: is it an answer?

Gve. J., and a kinde one too:

Praise God, if your wife fend you not a worse.

Perr. I hope better.

Bion. Sir, such them, goe and interest my wife to come to me forthwih.

Exit Bion.

Perr. Oh ho, interest her, say then thee must needs come.

Her. I am afraid sir, doe what you can.

Enter Bionlal.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where’s my wife?

Bion. She fates you have some Gouldly left in hand,

She will not come: the bids you come to her.

Perr. Worfe and worse, she will not come:

Oh vidle, inolterable, not to be indur’d:

Siira Gramme, go to your Miftir,

Say I commend her come to me.

Exit.

Her. I know her answer, sir.

Perr. What?

Her. She will not.

Perr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my holliand here comes Katerina.

Katr. What is your will, that you fend for me?

Perr. Where is your father, and tierenfus wife?

Katr. They lie conferring by the Parlor fire.

Perr. Sir, since them biler, at they demise to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth into their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Lew. Here is a wonder, if you talle of a wonder.

Her. And is tis, I wonder what it bodes.

Perr. Marrie peace it bodes, and lone, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right hapiome:

And to be short, what not, that’s sweete and happy.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good Perruchus;

The wager thou haft won, and I will addle

Into their loffes twenty thousand crownes,

Another downe to another daughter,

Per the is chang’d as the haft neuer bin.

Perr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And thow more signe of her obstinacie,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she cometh, and bringeth you fraughtful Wives

As prisoners to her womanish persuasions.

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it underfoot.

Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to fight,

Till I be brought to such a fille paffe.

Kate. Fie what a foolish duty call you this?

Lew. I would your ducat were as foolish too:

The widomfe of your ducat faire Bianca,

Hath soff o the fuch hundred crownes since fupper time.

Bion. The more foolo you for laying on my dutie.

Perr. Katherine 1 charge thee tell thee head-strong

women, what duties doe owe their Lords and husbands.
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Mad. Come, come, your mocking: we shall have no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Mad. She shall not.

Pet. I say the shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, ye knave that threatning ronkin dys brow,
And dare not scornfull dances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
It brings thy beauty, as froiffs do bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no sense is meere or amiable.

A woman mord'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, chigge, berefit of beautie,
And while it is so, none do dry or thritte
Will daigne to dip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keep,
Thy head, thy fourr signe: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in flowers, the day in cold,
Whilst thou ey it warne at home, secur and safe,
And craves no other tribute as thy hands,
But loute, faire lookees, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is forword, peneul, pouten, lowe,
And not obedient to his right will,
What is the but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelesse Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am a sham'd that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they shoulde kneele for peace:
Or fecke for rule, supremacie, and sway.
When they are bound to servie, loute, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weakes, and smoth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hartes,
Should weel agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wome.
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason hapele more.
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but frawes:
Our strength as warke, our weaknesse past compare,
That seeming to be moff, which weinde leste are.

Then valle your stomackes, for it is no boose,
And place your hands below your husbands foot:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why ther is a wench: Come on, and kisse me.

Kate.

Luc. Well go thy wayes olde Lad for thou slate ha's.

Pet. Tis a good heaeting, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh heaeting, when women are froward.

Pet. Come Kate, were'to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.

Pet. I was I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exit Petrachia.

Kate. Now go thy wayes, thou haft tawd a curst

Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tawd so.

FINIS.

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ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter your Bertram Count of Raffillan, his Mother, and
Helena, Lord Lewyn, with black caps.

Mother.

[Delivering my fone from me, I bury a se-
cond husband.]

[And Lin going Madam, weep for my
father's death new, but I must attend his in-
stead's command, to whom I am now in Ward, suemere
in cubition.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame,
you in a father. He that so generally is as all times good,
much of necessity hold his verrou to you, whose worth
neff would flire it up where it wanted rather then rack
it where there is such abundance.

Mr. What hope is there of his Majesty amendment?

Laf. He has abandon of his Pavisions Madam, un-
der whose prudues he hath perfected time with hope,
and finds no other advantage in the procece, but onely
the looking of hope by time.

Mr. This young Gentlewoman had a father, O that
had, how a pauffage tis, whole skill was almost as
great as his own self, had it been a so far, would have
made nature immortal, and death faultless have play for
showe of works. Would for the Kings fake liee were li-
uing, I think it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How well'd you the man you speake of Madam?
Mr. He was famous for in his profession, and it was
his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very
tirene spoke of him admiringly, and notunently: he
was skillful enough to have had tit, of knowledge could
be set up against mortalitie.

Mr. What is it (my good Lord) the King louishes
of?

Laf. At that I shall

Ref. Madam, I defire your holie wills.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mr. Be those brief Erremus, and succede thy father.
in maner's avshape: they blood and vertue
Contend for holpie in thee, and thy good selfe
Share with thy broth-ncell. I once all, true a few,
One way to move: be able for this enemie
Rather in power then use: and keepe thy friend.
Wnder my name into key. He checks for blence,
But neuer too far speeche. What heaven more will,
That thery may summell, and my prayers passe lowing,
Fall on thy head. Farewell my Lord,

Mr. In vnderstand Courtesie, good my Lord and
Aunde hence.

Laf. He cannot want the belt
That hall attend his loue.

Mr. Heavens blefe him: Farewell Bertram.

Ref. The belt wishes that can be forg'd in your thought
be lenants to you: be comfortable to your mother, your
Miftress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell pretie Lady, you must hold the cre-
dit of your father.

Hel. O were at all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then node I flied for him. What was he like?
I have forgott him. My imagination
Carries no favour in us but Bertram,

Laf. Thee none, there is no laung, none,

Ref. Bertram be away. There were all one,
That I should loue a bright parterre flarge,
And thinke to wedd it, he is to aboue me
in his bright radiance and colour all light,
Enter Paroles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his fake,
And yet I know him a noxious liar,
Think him a great way foole, folie a coward,
Yes the best suit is to fix him.
That they take place, when Veruets fitly bones
Lookes bleake, th cold wond: withall, full often we see
Cold widows dowinge on superfusious fowle.

Par. Save you faire Queen.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And noo.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. If it you have some flaine of souliour in you: Let me sake you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barricade it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he affails, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to vs some warlike resistanc.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Befall our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virginie might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne upmarry in blowinge him downe againe, with the breach your selves made, you lose your Catal. It is not poltieke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Loffe of Virginie, is ratiuall encreas, and there was neuer Virginie, till virginitie was first lott. That you were made of, must to make Virginie. Virginie, by beinge once lott, may be ten times found: by being ever lott, its ever lott. Its too cold a companion: Away with it.

Hel. I will stand for's a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be faide int, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mochtes, which is most infallible diso- bedience. His that hangs himselfe is a Virgin; Virginitie murtheres it, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limits, as a desperate Offendarre against Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheere, confuses it lott to the very paying, and so dies with feeding its owne flamecakes. Besides, Virginitie is pernious, proud, yule, made of faules-loue, which is the most inhibited done in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Our wish't: within ten yeares it will make it selfe two, which is a goddy increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do so, to beneficiate her owne thing?

Par. Let mee see, Marry ill, to like him that ne'er it liketh. 'Tis a commodity will lose the glosse with lying: The longest day, the leffe worth: Off whist while's vnderstand. Answer the time of requent, Virginitie like an oldle Courier, wides her cap out of falshon, richly fured, but intable, sill like the brood & the toothpick, which were not now; god! Date is better in your Eye and your Porridge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French witter'd peaces, it looks ill, it eats drily, marry these witter'd peaces: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a witter'd peace: Will you any thing with't?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

These shall your Master have a thouand lour's: A Mother, and a Milresse, and a friend, A Phoin, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Sovereigne, A Counsellor: a Traverselle, and a Drare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His hanging, concord: and his discord, intrest:
His faith, his sweet disfater: with a world
Of prettie fond adostrous childrens
That blinking Cupids grooffs.
Now that he:
I know not what he shall, God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one faith?

Hel. That I will well, 'tis pity.

Par. What pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in's,
Which might be felt, that we the poore borne,
Whose basin flares do thas upsp in wistes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And are what we alone much think, which neuer Returns vs thakens.

Enter page.

Par. Mosteine Paroles,
My Lord efs for you.

Par. Little Hollow farewell, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monstous Paroles, you were borne voids a
charitable flare.

Par. Vnder Mars 1.

Hel. I specially think, vnder Mars.

Par. Why vnder Mars 1?

Hel. The warres hath to kepye vnder thee, that you must needs be borne vnder Mars. 1.

Par. When he was predominante.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinkether.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go too much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away.

When feare propouse the faletie:
But the composition that you valoure and feare makes in you, is a venture of a good wing, and like the worse well.

Read. I am so full of businesse, I cannot answer the accute: I will returne perfect Courier, in the which my instruction shallter to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a Couriers counsell, and understan what advice shall shall upon thee, else thou diest in thinne vnshakableness, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou hast lefiore, say thy prayers: when thou hast nooe, remember thy Friendes:

V. 2.

Get

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249
All's Well that ends Well.

Get thee a good husband, and live with him as he vies thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives vs free scope, only doth backward pull
Our flow delights, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love to lyre,
That makes me feele, and cannot ferre mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To toyne like, likes; and kisse like nature things.
Imposible be strange attempts to troche
That weigh these points in equity, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever throwe
To shew her mercy, that did midle her love?
(The Kings dispair) my proue they deceive me,
But my intents are true, and will not leave me.

Enter Fluorid. Comets.

Flu. The Flowersines and Senecys are by these,
Have sought with equall fortune, and continue
A bountie warre.

1. L.G. So as reported fir.

Kng. Nay ass most credible, we here receive it,
A certaine vouch'd from our Colyn Spurria,
With caution, that the Flowersines will move vs
For spesie stoles, whereas our dearest friend
Prefidizes his life, and would intice
To have us make denaill.

2. L.G. His love and wifedome
Appea'd to your Majestye, may please
For amplitr creducion.

Kng. He hath aim'd our answer, and
Flowers is done before he comte:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meant to lea
The Thysian servitor, freely haue they leave
To land on eithir part.

Kng. It well my seruen
A nourishe to my Creestere, who are strake
For brething, and explicit.

Kng. What sit the comes heere.

Enter Terean, Laisen, and Parolies.

1. L.G. It is the Count Royally my good Lord,
Young Bertie am.

Kng. Youth, thou beart't my Father's face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haft
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit: So Welcome to Paris.

Bert. My thanks and ease are your Majesties.

Kng. I would I had that corporall foundness now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
Parti tride our fouldyship; he did looke farre
Into the ferrues of the tune, and was
Discipled of the housefe. He labred long,
But an vs both did baggage Age (false oh,
And wore vs out of all: It much reparis none
To talke of your: good father; in his yoth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may lea
Till the ornone some returne to them vuolent
For they can hide their licen in honour:
So like a Couriere, compest our bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpest; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true inatures when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obedi d his hand. Who were below him,
He'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Minking them proud of his humiliat,
In their poore proue he humbled: Such a man
Might be a cope to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But glory backd.

Bert. His good remembrance for
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approahto his not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speecch.

Kng. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Methinks I heare him now,) his plaine words
He faster'd not in este, but graffed them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholy oft begin
On the Catastrophe and heele of paaffe
Where I was out: I let me not liue (quoth he)
After my flame lackes oyde, to be the oufe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensio fentes
All but new things disdaigne; whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose confidencies
Expect before their fashion: this he wish'd
I after him, do after him with too:
Since I nor was not borne to bring home,
I quickly were disilluished from my hue
To gaine some Labourers toome,

L. 2. E. Your loud Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.
Kng. I fall short.

Bert. I knowe how long a count
Since the Pitysham at your fathers died:
He was a man's fam'd.

Bert. So our moneths since my Lord.
Kng. He were bring, I would try him yet.
I end me an arme: the teall haue worne me out
With hisereall applications: Nature and ticknesse
Dabeate it at their lecture: Welcome Count,
My foure no deter.

Bert. Thank you Majestie.

Enter Fluorid.

Flu. The Countesse, Steward, and Clerkes.

Com. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Madam the care I have had to espy your content,
I with might be found in the Kalender of my past
endowes, for then we wound our Modelie, and make
sole the clearest of our desyrumes, whensof our seleniums
we publish them.

Com. What does this business here? Get you gone
: the complaint I have heard of you I do not at all
beare, this is my lowness that I do not: For I know you
lacke not fully to commit them, it have abillency enough
no make such knescles yours.

Com. 'Tis not vokumous to you Madam, I am a poor

Ste. Well for.

Com. No madam,
'Tis not so well that I am poor, though many
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladyship's good will to go to the world, I find the woman and w
will do as we may.

Coo. Will those needs be a bigger?

Clc. I do beg your good will in this case.

Coo. In what case?

Clc. In the case and mine own: service is no herita-
gage, and I think I shall never have the blessing of God,
call I have in issue my body, for they say banes are bless-
gings.

Coo. Tell me thy reason why those wilt not strike?

Clc. My poor bodie Madam requires it, I am distant
only the few, and her mett needs get that the dwell
drivers.

Coo. Is this all your worshipful reason?

Clc. Faith Madam I have other, holier reasons, than as
they are.

Coo. May the world know them?

Clc. I have borne Madam a wicked creature, as you
and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I fear matter that
I may repent.

Coo. Thy marriage former then thy wickedne.

Clc. I am a friends Madam, and hope to have
friends for my uses fake.

Coo. Such friends are nine enemies to me.

Clc. Ye are shallow Madam in great friends, for the
knights come to do that for me which I am a worse at:
he that ears my land, spares my estate, and guess mee
leave to lose the crop: if I be his cuckold here is my
drudger; he that confesses my wife, is the champion
of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and
blood, lays my flesh and blood; he that lays my flesh
and blood is my friend, he that kills my wife is my
friend; if men could be contented to be what they are,
there were no war in marriage, for young Charles the
Puritan, and old Perse the Pappit; how torment their
hearts are scar'd in Religion, their heads are both one,
they may oulde borne together like any Deace's Hill.

Clc. With thou ever be a subtle mouth'd and calum-
nious knave?

Coo. A Prophets I Madam, and I speake the truth the
next war, for the Ballad will repeat, which men full
true shall finde, your marriage comes by definition, your
Cuckow fings by kind.

Coo. Get you gone fit I tellke with you more amon.

Coo. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Hele
come to you, of her I am to speake.

Clc. Sirs tell my gentlemewon I shall speake with
her. Helen late.

Clc. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Greeksicks flogged, Ferr,

Food done done, food was this. King Perseus say,

With that she floged as fine fand adoun

And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if done be
good, among nine bad if done be good, there's yet one
good in ten.

Coo. What, one got sin? ye corrupt the song

Clc. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a
purifying stew; would God would loose the world to
all ye; weed finde no fault with the other woman
if we were. Parson one in ten quoth he and we might
have a good woman borne but one every blazing star,
or at an equinox, I would mend the Officerwell, a
man may draw his heart out to a croe a pluckne.

Clc. You're begone in knave, and doe I command you?

Clc. That man should be as women command, and
yet no harm done, though none be no Puritan, yet
it will do no harte, it will wear the Surplice of humiline
over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart. I am go-
ing forsoth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither.

Coo. Well now.

Coo. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman
interly.

Coo. Faith I doe; her Father bequeath'd her to me,
and she her selfe without other advantage, may lawful-
ly make rule to as much loose as fine finds, there is
more oowt her then is paid, and more shall be paid
her then shee demanded.

Coo. Madam, was eare late more neere then she
thou wouldest meete, alone her, and did communicate
to her her owne words to her owne ears, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they
thorougt a line better henge, shee was then, fine
loued your Sonne, Fortune theeld was no god-
dele, but that put such difference betweene their two
elates. I oue no god, that would not extend his might
once, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir-
ginia, that would suffer her poor Knight surfet'd
without refuse in the first assault or randome after-
ward: This fine elate'sd in the most bitter touch of
from that day I heard Virginia exclaime, in which I held
my horse speedly to acquaint you withall, silence in
the loffe that may happen, it contenues you something
unknown.

Coo. You leaze discarg'd this boisterie, keep it
to your selfe, name likekebolds inform'd me of this
before, which hung so tooter in the ballance, that
I could not but believe nor misdoubt: praise you
brave mee, I will thin in your boisme, and I thank you
for your honest care: I will speake with you futh-
er anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Helen.

Old Coo. Eas we it was with me when I was young:
Eas we ere are naturr, there are ours, this theme
Dott in our Rôle of youth righte belong.
Our blood swells, this to our blood is borne,
It is the flower, and tale of nature's truth,
Where loves strong passion is imprin't in youth,
By our remembrance of dates forgot,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her ears is ticked out, I obtin'd her now.

H. What is your pleasure Madam?

Old Coo. You know Helen I am a mother to you.

H. Mine honorable Mississ.

Old Coo. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
fed a mother
Me thought you saw a temper, what's in mother, I
hat you flat at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were envombed mine, 'twas often seen
Adoption flusses with nature, and choice breeds.
A nature flip to us from foreigne seeds;
You were oppress'd me with a mothers groame,
Yet I express'd to you mothers care.
(Gods mericie maiden) dost it tread thy blood
To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diffument messenger of war?

V 2
I say I am your Mother.

He shall say, I am your Mother. 

I care no more for, then I do for heaven,
So I were not his father, can no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old Cum. Yes Helen, you might be my daughter in law,
God fende you meant is not, daughter and mother
So true your pole; what pale age?
My fear hath cast my fondness! now I see
The mistife of your loutliness, and finde
Your self too head, now to all sense it groffe;
You love my fone, mention is safhord
Again the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy checkes
Conteffe it ton tooth to thother, and shinte ess
See it grossely fwere in thy behoulours,
That in their kinde they speake it, openly line
And bellowth of their line.
That truth should be suspecte, speake, tell so.
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clewe:
It be not, so I wente how ever I charge thee,
As heauen shall woork in me for thine sake
To tell me truth.

He that doth not ponde me.

Cum. Do you love my Sonne?

He that doth not love him Madam?

Cum. Do you not love him Madam?

He that doth not love him Madam?

Cum. Do you not love him Madam? 

He that doth not love him Madam?

To whose great art, which is that great gift
Of his profession, that has good receipt,
Small for my legacie be finchted
Bythl luckell too in heauen, and would your honor
But give me leave to trie faccible, I de venture
The well soffice of mine, on his Gracees curt,
By such a day, an hour.

Cum. Do you not love him Madam?

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Bythl luckell too in heauen, and would your honor
But give me leave to trie faccible, I de venture
The well soffice of mine, on his Gracees curt,
By such a day, an hour.
After well earned foulties, to retire
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the maldady
That doth my life beflege: farewell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the fonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(That late was that inherite but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) fee that you come
Not to wors honour, but to wed it, when
The brault quellant thinkes: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L.C. Health at your bidding verse your Maysely.

King. Those grotes of Italy, take heed of them,
They lay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captuyes
Before you teere.

Be'. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell, come better to me.

1. L.G. Oh my sweet Lord you will stay behind vs.

Parr. This not his fault the spark.

3. L.G. Oh'tis brave worres.

Parr. Molt admirable, I have seen those warres.

Relff. I am commanded here, and kept a cople with,
Too yong, and the next yere, and tis too early.

Parr. And why minde I land too boy,
Seale away braillely.

Relff. I that stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Cresting my thooses on the plaine Masony,
Till honour be bought vp, and no word worse
But one to dance with: by heaven, I brace away.

L.G. There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

1. L.G. I am your acccaryt, and so farewell.

Relf. I grow to you; & our parting is a torturd body.

2. L.G. Farewell Captaine

L.G. E. Sweet Monstier Parelle.

Parr. Noble Heros; my sword and yours are kinne,
good warres and lustrouss, a word good mettals.
You shall finde in the Regiment of the Spint, one Captaine
Splinter that cuttiss, with an Embolme of warre here on
his funder cheele; it was this very sword untrumped it:
fary to him I live, and observe his reports for me.

L.G. We shall noble Captaine.

Parr. Mars doante you for his nouces, what will
you doe?

Relf. Stay the King.

Parr. Vce a more spiacious occasion to the Noble
Lords, you have restrain'd yor selfe within the List of
too cold an acide: be more expressiue to them for they
werek yourselves in the cap of the time; there do mutler
ture gate; eat, speake, and move under the influenee
of the most receiv'd faire, and though the devil lease the
meature, such are to be followed: after them, and take
a more dilacerd farewell.

Relf. And I will doe so.

Parr. Worthy fellows, and like to pronounce molt fi-
neveric sword-men.

Exam. Enter Latro.

L.G. Pardon my Lord for me, and for my tidinges.

King. I fee thee to sand vp.

3. L.G. Then heres a man fash'd that he brought his
I would you had kore in my Lord to take me spiritt.
And that as my bidding you could to sand vp.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And ask thes mercy for't.

L.G. Good faith b-croffe, but my good Lord 'tis that,
Will you be cut't of your informity?

King. No.

L.G. Or will you eat no grapes my royall foze?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if -
My royall foze could reach them; I have seen a medicine
That's able to breash life into a stone,
Quicken a rooke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whome simple touch
Is powerfull to swaye King Pippin, nay
To give grace Charlesman a span in hand
And write to her a loue-line.

King. What her is this?

L.G. Why doctor fie: the Lord there's one arta'd,
If you will fee her: now by my faith and honoure,
If feritely I may come to thy thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her feze, her yeeres, professioun,
Wisdome and constantly, hath armaz'd one more
Then I dare blame my weakenson: will you fee her?

For that is her demand, and know her businesse
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good Latro,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off shine
By wondering how thou tookest it.

L.G. Nay, lie fey, you
And not be all day neyer.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing our prologue.

L.G. Nay, come your wayes.

Enter Helen.

King. This horse hath wings indeed.

L.G. Nay, come your wayes,
This is his Maiestie, say mine tend to him,
A Traitors you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Maiestie feldome feares, I am Crescendo Vusile,
That dare lese two together, say you well.

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Helen. My Lord, my Lord.

Girarde de Stamber was my father,
In what he did profetle, well found.

King. I knew him.

Helen. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough; on's bed of death,
Many receiue he gue me, chiefly one,
Which as the dezertif of his practisse
And of his olde experince, th'oldest of us,
He had me front vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have fo,
And hearing your high Mayesties touches
With that mignifent cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, flonds cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you maiden,
But may not be so cedalous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors issue vs, and
The congregated College haue concluded,
That labouring Art can never rancome nature
From her inavible effecte: I say we must use
So frame our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past cure malady
To temperick, or to diffeere fo
Our great felte and our credit, to resteeme
A lencefull helpes, when helpe past fence we deme.

Hel. My
All's Well that ends Well.

Hel. My dutie then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforcer mine office on you,
Humbly intretating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to bear me backe againe.

King. I cannot gie thee leave to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughst to helpe me, and such thanks I gue,
As one seere death to note that with him live.
But what at full I know, thou knowst not part:
I knoweing all my part, thou knowst not Art.

Hel. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your selfe gaitt teatured:
He that of graste works is finnisher,
Ott does them by the weakest minilter:
So holy Witt, in babes birth hedgment shouwne,
When Judges haue bin babes great floods haue shone
From simple sources: and great Seas haue dreid
When Miracles haue by the greatt beene dened.
Wher expectation fails, and most of there,
Where it most promitess: and ott hitts,
Where hope is coldest, and delpare melt shifftes.

King. I must not, I must not there heere, here the weid maidie,
Thy pantes not wil: mutt by thy telic be paid,
Proffer not tooke, espethats for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Meritt to by breaths hard,
It is not to with him that all things knowes
As'tis with vs, that square our gazelle by floweres:
But most is percussion in vs, when
The help of heavan we count the art of men.

Deare sir, to my endeausers give content,
Oferaur, not me, make an experiment,
I am not an Impostore, that proclame
My selle against the lealit of mine aine,
But know I thanke, and thanke I knowe moost sure,
My Art is not pauch power, nor you pauch sure
King. Art thou to confident? Within what space
Hop'ft thou my curte?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ee twice the hoises of the funne shall bring
Then fiery shutcher his bastard nag
Ee twice in marke and occidental dampe
Mostt Hofgare hath quichched her sleepy Lame
Or foure and twenty times the Pyloons glase
Hath told the threee hours minutes, how they pass:
What is infrime, from your sound parts shall fire,
Health shal bee sure, and kinekille trely dye.

King. Upon thy certernity and confidence,
What daunt's thou venture?

Hel. Taste of impudence,
A blundress boldculle, a divulged flame
I reduce by odious ballads: my maides name
Sead other wise, not worse of worst extended
With judic saue life, let my life be ended

Law. Methinks in thee some beeiled spirit doth speak
It's powerfull sound, whith an organ weake:
And what impossibility would fly,
In common fencer, fence faires another way:
Thy life is dere, for all that life can rate.

King. With soone of life, in thee lasth estimatte,
Youth, beauty, worthdeme, courage, all
That happenes and passe, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs mutt intimate
Trull undone, or monstrous delperate,

Law. True vertisty, thy Pythoke is well try,
But mutters these owne death of die,
If I breake true, or flush in property
For wracke, supposes lecture die,
And well defendt: not helping, death's meye,
But if I helpe, what doe you promisse me.

King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it euens?

King. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe,
Then thats thou gие me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogeance
To choose from forth the roayl blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy selffall, whom I know
Is free for me to take, thee to bellow.

King. Here is my hand, the promises obfert'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be fend:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy reliev'd Varent, on thee full reluye:
More shoulde I question thee, and more I mutt,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou can frow, bow tended on but reft
Vquestion'd welcome, and enuident diuell.
Cause me some helpe here beas, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Flour. Exi.

Enter Countesse and Cleome.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
Of your breeding.

Cleme. I will flew my selfe highely fed, and lowly
Taught, I know my buttace is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciaill,
When you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?

Cleo. Truly Madam, if God hauet made a man any maners:
hee may enlach put off of Court: hee that cannot make a legge,
put off a cap, kiffe his hand, and pay nothing,
has neither legge, hand, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow,
was not for the Court. But for me, I have an unweace to serue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a botnetable answer that fits all questiones.

Cleo. It is like a Barbers chisme that fits all buttace,
the pin buttace, the quich-tuttace, the brrown buttace,
or any buttace.

Lady. Will your answerer severete fit to all questiones?

Cleo. As fit as grwoes it for the hand of an Attorne,
As your French Crowne for your safety punke,
as Titus rule fore-finger, as a pacasse for strucature,
a Morris for May-day, as the sale to his hole,
the Cuckold to his horse, as a colding quene to a wrangling knave,
As the Nuns up to the Friers mouth,
ay as the puding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answer of such finestel for all question?

Cleo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable,
it will fit any questiones.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrosure,
that mutt fit all demandes.

Cleo. But a stincke neither in good faith, if the learned
should speake untill of it: here it is, and all that belongs
to it. Aske mee if I am a Courtare, it shall dye you no barren to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could I will bee a fool in quession,
hoping to bee the wiser by your an
twnt.

Lady.
Alas! Well that ends Well.

I pray you sir, are you a Countryman?

O Lord, for there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Sir, I am a poor friend of years, that leaves you.

O Lord for, thince, thick, spare not me.

I think it, you can esteem none of this homely

O Lord for, my put-me too, I warrant you.

You were lastly with me, as I thinkke.

O Lord, spare not me.

Do you erie O Lord for at your whipping, and

spare not me? Limited you O Lord for, is very frequent

your whippe; you would have been very well to a

whipping if you were but bound too.

Here was waste leisure in my life in my Old

and I see things may concern, but none more.

I play the noble husband, the time, to entertain

it properly with a foot.

O Lord, why is this true well-agen.

And indeed to our beloved, good Hecatist,

and urge her to a present ascent back.

Command me to my kinffer, and my fame, this,

not much.

Nor much commendation to them.

In no small employment for you, understand me.

Moit thoughtfully, I am there, before my legges.

Halt yer aigen.

Enter Count, Lagen, and Parole.

O Lord, they say miracles are past, and we have our

Philosophical notions, to make modern and other

things having coincid, and corisider. Hence it is, that we

make our fortune, of coming our felves and learn-

ing knowledge, when we should labour our felves to a

unknown vent:

Wry'tis'the rarest argument of wonder, that

hath flout our busineffe times

And so, O Lord.

To be the remainder of the Act-

So I say both of Great and Parole.

O Lord, of all the lemons and leet in the world.

Right it well, say.

O Lord, that giveth us so much life.

Par. Why there, to thy course.

O Lord, no, no, no.

Right it, there is a manifest defect.

O Lord, when the life and death.

Par, stop, ye fay well, so would I have it.

I may not, it is a sound word, well.

If it is indeed if you will have it the event,

shall read it as do ye call them, O Lord.

A plunging of a heavenly effect in such

ly after.

That is it, I would have said, the wise name

Why your Dolphin is not bitter: fore now

I speak in effect.

Now'tis'the strange, 'tis very strange, that is the

breath do the tesdion of it, and he's of a most fashioned

mouth, that will not acknowledge it to be the-

Old Lord. Very band of heam.

Par, to, I say.

O Lord, in a most weke

Par, and debile monster great power, great tran-

scendence, which should indeed give us a further vie 

be made, then alene the recouery of the king, as to be

Old Lord. Generally thankfull,

Enter King, Helme, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you say well heere comes the

King. O Lord. Lutishque, as the Dutchman fakes: he likes a

made the Better will I haue a tooth in my head: why

he's able to lead her a Carranto.

Par. Mor arc wanger, is not this Helen?

Old Lord, Vore God I thank fo.

King. Go call before mee all the Lordes in Court,

And shew my prectuers by the patients side,

And in this beautful hand whole banifall fence

The birth redial, a second time receive

The conclusion of my poem's gulf,

Which out attendant thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Made for forth time now, that youthful parcell

Of Noble Barshellers, bound by my bestowing,

Of whom both Saintagere power, and father voice

I hate to verty true, and election markes,

Thou half power to choolce, and they none to false

To touch you, one fore and truest Mirths,

Call when pleasant, and marry each but one.

Old Lord. I'te gone buy ential, as the barnure

My mouth no more were broken then their boyes,

And were no little beard.

King. Praise them well.

Not one of their, but had a Noble father

She admirers to a Lord.

Par. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, setteth'd

the king, toether.

Ai! We understand, and chasse heaven for you.

O Lord, I take Made, and therin wealthi

That I pretend, I simply am a Made

Please at your handshee, I have seen ayredly

The tendre in my cheeks thus whisper mee.

We both that shou'd shou'dlar vear, but be chould;

Let the white staff from thy cheek for ever,

We taking care the cage.

At your grace and thee,

Most handly loved, through all his love in mee.

O Lord. New Person cly Alain del lys

And to my noble friend, high God and high

Danny bright becam; So will you leave my fate

 loot and put it.

Old Lord. Thanks for all the rest is more.

O Lord. The most is in this choise, then throw

Ansemy to thy life.

Old Lord. This humor for them flares in your face eyes,

Before I speak to thee, sumingly it eighty;

I once did your fortunes twenty times above

Her face to images, and her humble love;

La. No better if you please.

Old Lord. With my receve,

Which great lord graus, and lo I take my lease.

Old Lord. Do all they deme her? And they were fons of

more, I doe have them whip'd, or I would tend them

to th Turke to make Banichers of.

Old Lord. Be not afraid that your hand should take,

So never doe you wrong for your owne sake

Bleffing upon your vowels, and in your bed

Ende faire fortune, if you dare wed.

Old Lord. These boyes are boies of ice, they're none have

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have here: 1. sure they are barbarous to the English, the
Frenchmen got em.

4. Lord. Fair one, I think not.
Old. Lord! There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father
drank wine. But if thou be not so fast, I am a youth
of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hey, I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my mount, ever whilst I live.
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why then young Bertram take her fleas thy wife.

Ber. My wife and Leige? I shall befeech your highnes,
In such a business, give me leave to vie
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'倾 thou not Bertram what thee's

4. Lord. Yes my good Lord, but ne'er hope to know
I who should marrow her.

King. Thou know'倾 thee's here's raise'd me from my sick-

4. Lord. But follows it my Lord, to bring me downe
Mift answer for your rating? I know her well:
She has her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Phisians daughter my wife: Dijaine
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis onely title thou disdain'tst in her, the which
I can build vp: strange it is that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, pass'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction; yet stands off
In differences so mightie. If she be

All that is veracious (true what thou didst't)
A poore Phisians daughter, thou didst't

Of vertue for the name: but do not do:
From lowest place, whence veracious things proceed,
The place is dignified by th'o dores decent.
Where great additions swell'st, and vertue none,
It is a droppen honour. Good a lone,
Is good without a name: Valenell is so:
The property by what is in, should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, faire,
In thefe, to Nature sime an immediate here:
And thole breath honour: that is honours ofcourse,
Which challenges it as honourous bone,
And is not like the fire: Honourous charme.
When rather from our ad's we then derive
Then our fore-gores: the meere words, a flue
Deboli'd on euerie tombe, on euerie grasse:
A lying Trapper, and as off is dume,
Woman's, and damn'd oblivion in the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said?
If thou canst like this creature, as a madze,
I can create the reft: Vertue, and thee
Is her owne drove: Honour and wealth, from mee,

4. Lord. I cannot love her, nor will fruite to doo't.

King. Thou wrong it thy selfe, if thou should friend tribute to change.

Hey, I that you are well refor'd of my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reft go.

King. My Hanau sat at the stake, which to deftce
I must produce my power. Herea, take her hand,
Neath a cunn'd bull, y sawrrorth the this good gift,
That dott'd in vile amprition handke flve:
My love, and her delights: that canst not dreame,
We posseing war in her deftctue fate,

Shall weigh thee to the bosome: That will not know,
It is in Vs to plant this Honour, where
We pleazer to have it grow. Checks thy contemple:
Obey Our will, which transtales in thy good:
Believe not thy disdaime, but receivest
Do thine owne fortunes that abdience right.

Which thoy dutie owes, and Our power claimes.
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the flaggers, and the carelesse lapse
Of youth and ignoration: both my restenge and hate
Looking upon thee, in the name of justice;
Without all terms of piticc. Speak, thine soules.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for thy sake
My fancies to thy eyes, when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, now bene
The praiid of the King, who so nobled,
Is st' were borne fo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her the is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpose: If foot to thy estate,
A ballance more replacet.

4. Lord. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile vp'pon this Contract: whole Ceremonie
Shall pence expedient on the now bome brief,
And be perform'd to night: the followe Feast
Shall mere attend upon the coming space;
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy lease to me Religious elde, do'.erre.

Exequy
Surtees and Laffon beg leave, common-
ing of this wedding.

Laf. Do you houre Monsieur? A word with you.
Par. Your pleasure fir,

Laf. You Lord and Master did well to make his re-
concarn.
Par. Recantation? My Lord! my Master?
Laf. 1. Is it not a Language I speak t
Par. A moli harth one, and not to bee understoode
without bloudie succeeding. My Master?
Laf. Are you Companion to the Count. Rinaldo?
Par. To any Count; to all Counts what is man.
Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts master is of
another fitle.
Par. You are too old sir: Let's satisfie you, you are
too old.

Laf. I must tell thee firrath, I write Man: to which
title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

I did think thee for two ordinaries to bee a
pretie wise fellow, thou didst make tolerable ven's
of thy crassell, it might paffe: yet the feareth and the ban-
eress about thee, did manofulde disswade me from be-
leeving the veoff of so great a burthen, I haue now
found thee, when I looke thee againe, I care not yet art
those good for nothing but taking vp, and th't our
fearre worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity up-
on thee.

Laf. Do not plunde thy selfe to farre in anger, leat
thou halte thy striall: which if, Lord have mercie on thee
for thine, so my good window of Lettie face thee
well, thy cemenet I neede not open, I look through thee.
Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity

Laf.
Enter LIFIA.

Lif. Sirs, your Lord and masters married, there's need for you: you have a new Mistress.

Par. I most respectfully beg your Lordship's permission to make some reparation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve about is my master.

Lif. Who? God.

Par. I fear.

Lif. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou not hang thy arms in this fashion? Doth make hole in thy legs? Do other fellows do? Thou wast best fit thy master part where thy note stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd bear thee: meek till thou art a general offence, and every man shall bear thee: I think thou must create men to bear themselves so much.

Par. Thus a bad and unvaledged measure my Lord.

Lif. Go too far, you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a Pomegranate, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more fawcet with Ladies and honourable personages, than the Commission of your birth and lineage gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. Iesse you. 

Enter Count Ruffilion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be concea'd awhile.

Ruf. Vndone, and forfited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rufil. Although before the Colonel Prieve I have fortune, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ruf. O my Paviour, they have married me: I love the Tuscaw warmes, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hold, and it is more merits, The trend of a man's foot: too'th warmes.

Ruf. There's letters from my mother: What thim.

Par. I that would be knowne: sooth warmes my boy, too'th warmes: He wets his honor in a boxe volone, That hugs his kickie wicke hearer at home, Spending his mantle marrow in her arms Which should sustain the bound and high curst Of Master fierie feed: to other Regions, Frances is a flax, we're that dwell in Indes, Therefore too'th warme.

Par. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King That which I dont not speak. His present gift Shall furnish me so to thefe Italian felds Where noble fellows strike: Warres is too strive To the dark house, and the detected wife.

Par. Will that Capricho hold in thee, act sure?

Ruf. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. Ile send her strait away: To morrow, Ile to the warres, fle to the fruge forrow.

Par. Why thric bals bound, thes is noise in this. It's hard A young man married, is a man that's mad: Therefore away, and leave her bruely: go, The King's has done you wrong: but hithis's so. 

Enter Helena and Clonew.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is the well?

Clw. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very warme, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given fire is very well, and wants nothing to wish: but yet fire is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what do's she's yate, that she's not very well?

Clw. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clw. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God fend her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly.

Enter Paralle.

Par. I'll efe you my fortunate Lady. 

Hel. I hope fir I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had your prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, have them all. O my kynge, how do's my old Lord?

Clw. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clw. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a man tongue shakes out his masters woods: 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.

Clw. You should have made fir before a knave, that's a knave, before me I'll art a knave: this had beene truth fir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wistle fool, I have found thee.

Clw. Did you finde me in your selle fir, or were you taught to finde me.

Clw. The search fir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and she encreafe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, fit is, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go to faire to nights.
All's Well that ends Well.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have as far as I was commanded from you; Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting, only he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not misapply Helena as my courtes, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The misfortun'd, and required office.

On my particular, Prepara'd I was not For such a business, therefore am found So much vail'd. This drives me to intreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather then else ask why I intreat you, For my regards are better then they seem, And my appointments have in them a need.

Guest than flowers itself in the first view, To you that know them not. Thus to my mother, 'Twill be two dairies ere I shall see you, To love your wife's end, and have your wife's end.

Hel. Sir, I am nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever fair,

With this obedience seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely flaxens have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let this go; my heart is very great. Farewell: He's home.

Hel. Pray set your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Farewell, I am not worth of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I stay 'tis mine: and yet it is,

But like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does touch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Farewell, and scarce so much: nothing indeed, I would not you tell what I would my Lord: Each other, Strangers and foes do funder, and not kike. Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to hoarse.

Hel. I shall not brake your bidding, good my Lord: Where are my other men? Monseur, farewell.

Enter Ber. Goe Islands home, where I will never come, Whilst I can shake my sword, or bear the drum: Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard The
The fundamental reason of this war is.
Whole great, a great b aise, but for
And more than twice.

I. Lord. He comes the squarer
Upon your Grace part: black and facefull
On the oppresser.

Duke. Therefore we must sue, and we will sue,
Our terms on France. Would in so suit a bushefish, that his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord.

The reason of the face I cannot yeeld,
But like a common and an outward man,
That great the figure of a Company frame,
By false visible motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
My self in my incontinent grounds to fail.
As often as I goest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

French C. But I am sure the young of our nature,
That first on their estate, will day by day
Come here for Phyfield.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can fly from thence,
Shall on them little: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auxsales they fell,
To morrow to this field.


Enter Countess and Count.

Count. It hath happened all, as I would have had it, for
That he comes not along with her.

Cle. By my truth I take my young Lord to be a very
Mellancholy man.

Cone. By what obedience I pray you.

Cle. Why he will look upon his boots, and sing:
Mond the Ruffe and flog, take question and sing, pick
His teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of
Mellancholy hold a godly manner for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he comes to

Cleon. I have no mind to speak since I was at Court,
Our old Ling and our 1st Country, are nothing
Like your old Ling and your 1st Country: the brains of
My Cupid's knock'd out, and I begin to lose, as an
Old man loses money, with no Romacke.

Lad. What hace we here?

Cle. In that you have there. exit

I have just seen a daughter in-law, this hath recovered
The King, and Bueno me: I have wedded her, the bodded her,
And I will make the next steadfast. Thou shalt hear I am
Runaway, know it before the report come. If thy house
Breast enough in the world, I will build a long distance. My
duty to you.

[The Countess and Count exit.

Enter Cleon.

Cleon. O Madam, yonder is health noewes within be
tweene two loul diverts, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Cle. May ther be some comfort in the swerwy, some
comfort, your sonne will not be kild id soone as I thought he
would.

La. Why should he be kild?

Cle. So say I Madam, if the runne away, as I heare he
does, the danger is in finding too's, that's the loffe of
men, thought be the getting of children. Here he
come will tell you more. For my part I only hear your sonne
was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you good Madam.

Hil. Madam, my Lord is gone, for enter gone.

French C. Do not say so.

La. Thynke you not, gentlemen, pray you Gentlemen,
I have felle to many quixes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the flart
Can woman me enroot. Where is my sonne I pray you?

French G. Madam he's gone to ferue the Duke of
Florence,

We met etherward, for thus we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hil. Look on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.

[When there could get the Ring upon my finger, which never
shall come off, and when a child is begotten by thy body,
That I am father too thence, all men husband; but in each other
I write a Nunner.

This is a dreadful sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentleman?

Cle. I Madam, and for the Contents take are forrie
For our paings.

Old La. I prethee Ladie have a better cheer:
If thou engroffed, all the greefe are thine,
Thou rob't me of a moysty: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

French G. Madam.

La. And to be a fouldier.

French C. Such is his noble purpose, and belee't

The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good conuenience claims.

La. Returning you thither.

French E. I Madam, with the swift wing of speed.

Hil. Till I be not wife, I have nothing in France,

'Is bitter.

La. For you that there?

Hil. I Madam.

French E. To but the boldness of his hand hoply, which
His heart was not contentious too.

La. Nothing in France, vritill he have no wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only the, and the deferes a Lord,
That twenty such rude boys might end upon,
And call her hourly Miztris. Who was he?

French E. A servant only, and a Gentleman: which I
have sometime known.

La. Fader was it not?

French E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A pret tied fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well deduced nature
With his indiscourse,

French E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to have.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when ye see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
never winne the honour that he looses: more he increase


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you written to be resolv'd.  
From G. We fear you Madam in that and all your
worthless affairs.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw near?  
Exit.

Hi! Till I hear no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France until he has a wife: 
Thou first hast none Kassilin, none in France, 
Then halt thou all again: poor Lord, is it I 
That drivest thee from thy Country, and expost 
Thou tender limbs of thine, to the event 
Of the none-sparring warre? And is it, 
That drivest thee from the sportuous Court, where thou 
Was'st shut at with faire eyes, to be the marke 
Of imoskie Muskets? O you leaden messengers, 
That ride upon the violent speeede of fire, 
Fly with faire syme, mount the high-piercing aire 
That flings with piercing, do not touch my Lord: 
Who euer shoots at him, I set him there. 
Who euer charges on his forward breeth 
I am the Caistifte that do hold him too?, 
And though I kill him not, I am the cause 
His death was so effected: Better were 
I met the raune Lyon when he roared 
With sharpe constraint of hunger: better were, 
That all the militia which nature owes 
Were mine at once. No come thou home Kassilin, 
Whence honor but of danger winnes a farrce, 
As oft is losed all. I will be gone: 
My being here it is, that holds thee hence, 
Shall I stay here to do? No, no, although 
The ayre of Paradise did fan the house, 
And Angles offic'd all. I will be gone, 
That pistillfull rumour may report my flight 
To confolate thine care. Come night, end day, 
For with the darke (poore theater) lie thee away. 

Exit. 

Flower. Enter the Duke of Florence, Kassilin, 
drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parviates.

Duke. The Generall of our horde thou art, and we 
Greas in our hope, lay our beall loute and credence 
Upon thy promising fortune. 
Ber. Yet it is 
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet 
We'll trust to bristle it for your worthy sake, 
To the extreme edge of hazzard. 
Duke. Then go thou for it. 
After this playd you worthy prosperous helme 
As thy sufficicent miffits. 
Ber. This very day 
Great Mars I put my felloe into thy file, 
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove 
A boaster of thy drumme, master of loute. 

Exit Flower. 

Enter Countiff & Steward.

La. Alas! and wouldst thou take the letter of her? 
Might you not know the thing would do, as she has done, 
By sending me a Letter. Reader wag.
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In harshest defense.

Drum and colours.

Enter Count Raffaello, Paride, and the whole Army.

Mar. The goddess forbid elf.

Mar. So, now they come.

That is Antonio the Duke's eldest sonne,
That Eufalmo.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Hel. Her,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lovd with his wife; if she were honest
He were much goodlier. It's not a handliom Gentleman
Hel. I like him well.

Da. This petty he is not honest-goods that same knave
That leads him to theeple places: was I this Lady,
I would poison that vile Raffail.

Hel. Which is he?

Da. That lacke an-apes with scowrful. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he is hurt'ly battaln.

Da. Loos've our drum! Well,

Mar. He's firebly war at something. Look he
has lyed vs.


Mar. And your curteisie, for a ring-carryer. Exit.

Mar. The troops is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring
You, Where you shall holf: Of injion'd penitents
There's four or five, to get S. Leoper bound,
Alond at his house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaset is this Matron, and this gentle Maid
To este with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further;
I will bellow some precipt of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Mar. We'll take your offer kindly.

Enter Count Raffaello and the Frenchman,
and at a stp.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him not: let him
have his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordship find him not, I'll send
hold men more in your respect.


Brr. Do you think I am so fatre
Decreased in him.

Cap. E. Believe it my Lord, in mine owne direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him
as my kinsman, he's a most notable Coward, an
infinite and endlessey, an hourly promise-breaker, the
owner of no one good quality, worthy your Lordship's
entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you know him, least reproving too
farre in his venow which he hath not, he might at some
great and trioul business, in a maine danger, stale
you.

Brr. I would I knew in what particular I should try
him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off my
drumme, which you hear him so confidently unders-
take to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines will sedentarily

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prize him, for I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy; we will binde and hoodwink him so, that he shall topple no other but that he is carri
d into the Leage of the aduerse forces, when we bring him to our own tent; be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promis of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the drum forfite of his soul upon oath, neuer trust my judgement in such thing.

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for's: when your Lordship sees the bottom of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeite lump of ours will be melt
ed if you give him not John drummers entertainment, your invasion cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parrots.

Cap. E. Of the law of laughter hinder not the hon
or of his defeigne, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Bar. How now Monfeur? This drumme fliks fore
ly in your disposition.

Cap. G. A poos on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme? lift but a drumme? A drum fo
to left. There was excellent command, to charge in with our hoifte upon our owne wings, and to rend out owne well

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disater of a rate that Capar him selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Bar. Well, were cannot greatly commend our succes
e: some difhoner wee had at the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recover

Par. It might have beene recovered,

Bar. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of serv
e is faldome attibuted to the true and exact perfor
mer, I would have that drumme or another, or two in
ners.

Bar. Why if you have a formage, you't Monfeur: if you think your mylstrye in stratagem, can bring this instrumen of honour againe into his native quarter, be magananimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speele well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his graces, even to the most jubilant of your worthines.

Par. By the hand of a skilfull I will undertake it,

Bar. But you shall not fumble in it.

Par. I'll shew this evening, and I will presently get sorne my dilemen's, encourage my selfe in my cause, put my selfe into my mortall preparation, and by midnight looks so have farther from me.

Bar. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the success will be my Lord, but the attempt I v.s.w.

Bar. I know't shall stand.

And to the possibility of my Lordship
Will Subsister for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words.

Exit

Cap. E. No more then Fish loues water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidetely seems to

undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be
done, dauntes himeselfe to do, & dares better be demed
then to do.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, cer
taine it is that he will dauntes himeselfe into a most for
avour, and for a weke escape a great deal of difficoutries,
but when you finde him, you haue him ever afer.

Bar. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so frencyle he doth addresses himeselfe vnto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an in
tention, and clap upon you two or three probably lies:
but we have smowt imboff him, you shall see his fall to
night; for indeede he is not for your Lordships respect

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Fow
ere we cafe him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord
Lafew, when his difguise and he partes, tell me what a smowt you shall finde him, which you shall see this vee
night.

Par. I must go looke my twiggars.

Par. I shall be caught.

Bar. Your brother he shal go along with me.

Cap. G. As plea the your Lordship, he leaves you.

Bar. Now will I lead you to the hoisie, and show you

The Laffel I spoke of.

Bar. But you say'ts honest.

Par. That's all the fault: I spokke with him but once,
And found her wondrouss cold, but I sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we haue't wind
Tokens and Letters, which she did refend,
And this all I have done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her P?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. Exeunt

Enter Helen and Widow.

Hel. If you will doubt me that I am not that, I

know not how I shall affaire you further.

Bar. I shall lose the grounds I workt upon.

Par. Though my false be false, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesse,
And would not put my reputation now
In any fathing all.

Hel. Not would you with me.

Par. First give me truthe, the Counte is my husband,
And what to your分娩e couensent I have spokken
Is so from word to word and then you cannot
By the good syde that I of you shall becom,
Errour in beforwing it.

Par. I should beleive you.

For you have fire'd me that which well appo
t

Yare great in fortunne.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,

And let me buy your friendly helpe thus fare,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I have found it, The Counte won your daugh
ters,

Layes doth he has witnens age before her beautie,
Relent to carrie her: let her in fine conbns
As weel direct her bowv'tis left to heare in
Now his important blood will naught decive,
That there'll demand: a ring the Countye secret
That downstairs had susceded in his hand.

From
From home to home, some surfe or surfe dicitons
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 dextere,
How ere repeated after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hed. You see is lawful there, it is no more,
But that your daughter are the seemes as woules,
Define this Ring: appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivres me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chaftly abscnt: after
To marry her, I ele adde three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.

Lord. I have yealded
Instruct my daughter how the shall perfect.
That time and place with this deceit so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Mifskes of all forts, and longs composd
To her unwarthinesse: It nothing needs
To hide him from our ears, for he perfills
As if lies lay on.

Hed. Why then to night
Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull ait,
Where both not time, and yet a sinflul fiet.
But let's about it.

Atlas Quarto.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other
Souldiers in armour.

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner; when you fallie upon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you understand it not your fliers, no matyer: for we must not seeme to understand him, vntil he some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

2. Sal. Good Captaine, let me be th Interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?


Lord. But what line of wofli half thou to speake to vs againe.

4. Sal. Ea fath as you speake to me.

Lord. He must think of one of strangere, I'l adorn their entertainment. Now he hath a fancie of all neighboorging Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speake one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Thoughts language, gibble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreters, you must seeme very politick. But catch bose, here he come, to beside two hours in a sleepe, and then to returne & sweare the lies he forges.

Enter Parrorie.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three hours twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very pleasant imputation that carries it. They beginne to smake mee, and disgraces hase of late, knock'd too often at my door: I finde my tongue is too foole-harde, but my heart hath the fentre of Mars

before it, and of this creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

La. E. This is the first truth that ere shynce own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell should move mee to undertake the recoverie of this diurne, being no ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hartes, and say I got them in explet: yet flight ones will not carrie it. They will say, come you off with too little? And great ones I dare not gue, wherefore what the infallence. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-woman mouth, and buy my felle another of Banzets Mole, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

La. E. Is it possible he should know what it is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turne, or the breaking of my Spanshi Iword.

La. E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in arrasem.

La. E. I would not do.

Par. Or to drome my cloathes, and say I was shipt.

La. E. Herry firm.

Par. Thow thought I swore I leapt from the window of the Cridell.

La. E. How deep is

Par. Thirty disme.

La. E. Three great ostices would scarce make that be beleued.

Par. I would I had any drumm of the enemies, I would sweare I recorre dit.

La. E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumm now of the enemies.

Allium onion.

La. E. This moron, cargo cargo cargo.

Ad. Cargo cargo cargo, utsimanda per curbo cargo.

Par. O ranome, ranome.

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Recke the reminde hehe.

Par. I know you are the Major Regiment.

Lord. And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speake to me,

He discover that, which that vndoe the Florintine.

Int. Bade vro de, I understand thee, and can speake thy tongue: Reserve house is, behold their thy faith, for fourteenth pay-yardis are at thy belonne.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,

Makre remne uique.

La. E. Oferbodele her, voleume.

Int. The General is content to spare thee yet, and good winkes as thou art, will leade thee soo To gather from thee. Hopy thou mayf informe Something to faze thy life.

Par. O let me bluee,

And all the secrets of our campo lies thow,

Their forces, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,

Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But will thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, darast me.

Inter. Acorda luna.

Come on, thou art granted space.

Erat short Allium within.
All's Well that ends Well.

L. E. Go tell the Count Raffield and my brother,
We have caught the woodcockes, and will keep him
Till we do hear from them.

S. Y. I'll see him. I'll bring back the news.

L. E. A will betray us all unto our selves,
Informer on that.

S. Y. So I will sir.

L. E. Till then I'll keep him darkly and safely lockt.

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called Diana.

B. T. They told me your name was Fontyfell.

D. No my good Lord, Diana.

B. T. Titled Goddesse,
And worth it with addition: but faire foule,
In your fine frame hath lose no qualling
If the quickere of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maidens but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and thirne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet felle was got.

D. Sir, she was heare, B. T. So she should ye be.

D. No.

M. My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.

B. T. No more a than.

I preache do not thinke against my wives:
I was complaid to her, but I loose thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

D. If you trust us.

Till we assure you: But when you have our Roget,
You barely leave us thrones to push our felow,
And mock vs with our bareness.

B. T. How hate I care.

D. Tis not the many oases that makes the truth,
But the plaine felle vowe, that is vow'd true:
What is not he, I trust we are not by.

B. T. But take the highst liens vemes: then pray you tell me,
If I should swore by for 4 great attributes,
I had you dearly, would you believe my oases,
When I did love you all? This he's no holding
To faweare by whom I protest tellone.

That I will work against him. Therefore your oases
Are words and poore conditions, but unlikef
At leat in my opinion.

B. T. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy smirll: Leue is helde,
And my integrity se know the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy selfe into my fickle defret,
When then recoure. Say thou art mine, and ever
My lee is stt begins, till fourfirt.

D. I like that ye make topic's in such a scarce,
That we'll forake our felows. Grant me that Ring.

B. T. He lend it to me, but have no power
To use it from me.

L. E. Will you not my Lord?

B. T. It is a honour longing to our house,
He gat to happen to some manne Anceflors,
Which were the greatest oblique 4th world,
I came to looe.

D. Mame Honors such a King,
My chaufferes the Inwell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Anceflors,
Which were the greatest oblique 4th world,
In me to looe. Thus your owne proper wifedome
Brings in the Champion honor on your part,
Against your owne affaire.

B. T. Here, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

D. Ie order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the bond of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remaine there but an hour, nor speake to mee.
My reasons are moft strong, and you shall know them,
When backe against this Ring shall be delivered:
And on your finger in the night, Ie put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May taken to the future, our paff deeds.

M. Ied in then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, through there my hope be done

B. T. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee,

D. For which, I am long to think both heaven & me,
You may so in the end.

M. My mother told me such how he would woo,
As if the late in's heart. She fayes, all men
Hau the like on their: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead. Therefore there Ie he with him
When I am bound. Since Frenchmen are to brade,
Marry that will, I like and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think no fitte,
To coven him that would vntly winne.

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Soldiours.

C. S. You have not given him his mothers letter.

C. E. I have delivred it an hour since, there is of
thing une, that thing his nature fore on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.

C. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
for神话 off to g-ode wife, and is facer a lady.

C. E. Especially, he shut incurre the everlasting
dispair of the King, who had eaten and his bounty
to hau happynesse to him, I will tell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

C. G. When you have spoken it its dead, and I am
the grasse of it.

C. E. He hath persued a young Gentlewoman
here in Florence, of a most clevend renown, & this night
he stt, the in the in the force of her honours: he ha hath
given her his monumental Ring, and thinkes himself
made in the vnaflf compositon.

C. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our
felows, what things are we.

C. E. Merely our owne traitors. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we shall fee them receale
themsefes, till they attaine to their abor's ends: so
he that in this action continues against his owne Nobil-
ity in his proper fireame, so-flowes himself.

C. G. Is it not meaning damnable in us, to be Trum-
peters of our ownfull interests? We shall not have
a company to night.

C. E. Not till after midnight: for he is diered to
his hoere.

C. G. That approaches space: I would gladly have
him fee his company antransmit'd, that he might take

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In the course of his own judgement, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come;
for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. I,. in the mean time, what have you of these Watters?

Cap. E. I bear there is an ouverture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I affure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count Rugilson do then? Will he trouble higher, or return again into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid, so should I be a great deal of his.

Cap. G. Sir, by his advice two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most abhorrant impiety, the accomplishment of her Nature, becomes as prey to other griefs; in fine, make a groat of her last breath, & now the fings be known.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death it felt, which could not be one of the fay, is come: was faithfully confirmed by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Cap. E. I am hereby strike that he'll bee gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make as com-
forts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, we drove our game in vain, the great digest that once have here acquird for him, shall at home be encoun-
tered with a shame as ample.

Cap. G. The weble of our life, is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our ventures would be proud, if our faults whip them not, and our crimes would dis- guise if they were not cherished by our ventures.

Enter a Messenger.

Who now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street in, of whom by his love hath taken a solene lease; his Lordship will pass morning for France, the Duke hath offered him Letters 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 Rugilson.

Ber. They cannot be too secure for the Kings tarti-
nete, here's his Lordship now; How now my Lord, I'm not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd letters businesse, a moneth length a piece, by an abstrait of farrise 1 have conuled with the Duke, done my aduiz with his nearest relation, his maid, done for her, writ to my La-
die mother, I am returning, enter, tain'd my Conunoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma-
y more needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. G. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this needing your departure hence, it requires half of your

Locality.

Ber. 'Tis not the business is not ended, as fearing to hies of it hasten but shall we have this dialogue between the Fool and the Soildaner. Come, being forth this counsewer modelled, ha! 'd'nd'd mee, like a double every seeing Prophecy.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, he's late the flesches of night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heele has defend'd it, in for-
ping his figures so long. How does he carry himself?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The flesches carrie him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weares as a wench that had filled her milke, he hath contrived himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a Priar, for the time of his remembrance to this very instant disair of his setting with flesches:

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and shall bee seet to his face, if your Lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Paricles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muselbe, he can say nothing of me; hush, hush.


Inter. He calleth for the tornett, what will you say

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint.

Inter. Yes, as a man be a Dally, I can say no more.

Inc. Sanctific.

Cap. G. Find the Integer.

Int. You are a mercifull General; Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as it hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weake and un-
trustable; the troopers are all leaster, and the Com-
manders were poore rogue, upon my reputation and

Int. I shall set down your answer for

Par. Do, do take the Sacrament on't, how & which

Int. What's that-fasting face is this?

Par. G. Yer deucl'd my Lord, this is Monsieur Paricles the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole tenet of warre in the knot of his scarf, and the prattle in the shape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trull a man againe, for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have currie thing in him, by wearing his apparel nestly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Piut or six thousand horse I fed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for he speake truth.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poore rogue, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thank you sir, a truth, the Rouges are monstrous poore.

Int. Demandez of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me se, Sappio a hundred &

fifte
All's Well that ends well.

For some of this, the Countess a Foile I know it, Whose papes before, but not where he doth ame.

Thane as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

Parole.

Ber. He shall be whipst through the Armie with this time in's forhead.

Cap.E. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifest Linguist, and the army-potent founder.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive sir by your Generals looks, you shall be faint to hang you.

My life is in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repeat over the remainder of Nature. Let me live in a danger, it'll fetch, or any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Capitaine Donna: you have aswer'd to his requesst with the Duke, and to his voul. What is his honeste?

Par. He will stille for an Egg out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he paroles. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will say true, with such volubility, that you would thinke a truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his butt vreste, for he will be swine-drinke, and in his lecke he does little harme, save to his bed-clothes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in flaxw. I have but little more to say of his honesty, he is euer-tie thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to love him for this.

Par. For this description of shme honeste? A pez upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his experitence in warre?

Par. Faith sir, he's led the drunme before the Englishe Tragedians: to helpe him I will not, and more of his fouldership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Melle-End, to instruct for the doubting offiicles. I will doe the man who honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villainie to farre, that the laste redeems him.

Int. A pez upon him, he's a Cat still.

Cap.G. I charge you to be more particular.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to resoll.

Par. Sir, for a Cardcuse he will fell the fee-imple of his falsation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'insile from all remainderes, and a perpetuell succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Capitaine Donna?

Cap.E. Why do's he ask of me.

Int. What's he?

Par. Ene a Crow's thame neel: not altogether so great as the firfte goodneffe, but greater a great deal in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is remore, a great that is. In a retreat he out-rummes any Lackey; marrie in conning on, hee he's the Cramp.

Int. If your life be sau'd, will you venderake to betray the Florentine.

Par. 1. and the Capitaine of his horse, Count Ruffillon.

Int. He whisper with the General, and knowes his pleasure.

Par. He's no more drumming, a plague of all drummers, only to fume to defender well, and to beguile the suppo-

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All's Well that Ends Well.

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And help to a husband, but O strange men,
That can such sweet vice make of what they hate,
When fawcet of the coin's thoughts
Defies the pitchy night, to left doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter: you Diana,
Vender my poore infradition yet must suffer
Something in my behalf,

Draft. Let death and horrible

Go with your impostions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Here. Yet I pray you:

But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time rushes us,
All's well that ends well, fill the fines the Crowne;
What er the course, the end is the renowne. 

Exeunt Cleome, old Lady, and Lucio.

Lady. No, no, no, your sonne was milled with a splint,
Affair follow there, who eulogious fazzo would launce
Made all the voiald and dwayne youth of a nation in his
Colour: your daughter-un-law has borne alyve at this
House, and your sonne here at house, more advanced by
the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Beet I speak of.

Lady. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death
Of the most veracious gentlwoman that euer Pleasure
had prais for creating. If the bad perswased of my flesh
And coined mee the deereft groans of a mother, I could
not have ownd her a more rooted love.

Lady. Twas a good Lady, twas a good lady. Wee
my pickups a thousand fallets ere we light on such
another heauties.

Cle. Indeed Sir she was the fweetes Margerome of the
fallet, or rather the hearte of grace.

Lady. They are not heauties you knowe, they are noble-
heauties.

Cleome. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar for, I have not
much skill in grace.

Lady. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knave
or a fool?

Cle. A knave at a womanes service, and a knave at a
man.

Lady. Your distinction.

Cle. I would couen the man of his wife, and doe his
service.

Lady. So you were a knave at his service indeed.

Cle. And I would give his wife my bauble service to doe
her service.

Lady. I will subscribe for thee, thou art but house
And fool.

Cle. At your service.

Lady. No, no, no.

Cle. Why sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as
great a prince as you are.

Lady. What then, a Frenchman?

Cle. Faith Sir it has an English amrane, but his kin-
nerie is more hotter in France then there.

Lady. What prince is that?

Cle. The blacke prince Sir, alias the prince of dark-
ness, sitting under a diuell.

Lady. Hold the there, my good man. I am not sure what
You are to this law, though you stand to forget me from thy mother than talk of it, some
big man.

Cle. Yes, Sir.
Cl. I am a woodland fellow sir, that always loued a good fire, and the method I speak of cost keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: one that humbleth themselues may, but the ma-nie will be too chill and stor, and theye bee for the flower way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Le. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a weearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy waies, let my horses be well look'd too, without any tricker.

Cl. If put any trickers upon ev en fir, they shall bee
Lad. tricks as is their owne right by the Law of Nature.

Le. A drewe knave and an unhappie.
Lady. So as. My Lord that's gone made himselfe
much frowt out of him, by his authoritie bee remaines here, which he thinkes is a patente for his pawncif, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Le. I like him well, is not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sone was upon his retorne home. I sought the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minisritie of the kin both, his Maiestie out of a felle grace gracefull remembrance did first propose, his Highest hath promised me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceived against your sone, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Lefship like it?

La. With very much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effect.

Le. His Highest comes post from Marcella, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intel-ligence hath feldome fail'd.

Le. I recitoyes me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that your sone will be here to night: I shall beeche your Lefship to remaine with mee, till they meet together.

Le. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I ought safely to be admitted.

La. You neede but please your honourable privi-ledge.

Le. Lady, of that I have made a bold chaytor, but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clane.

Cl. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sone with a patch of veluer on his face, whether there bee a fear va-lent lorn, the Veluer knowes, but in a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halve, but his right cheek is worne bare.

Le. A face nobly got, or an elle face, is a good liuie of honor, So belike is this.

Cl. But it is your carminado'd face.
Le. Let me go see your sone I pray you, I long to takke
With the young noble lord.

Clane. Faith there's a chine of em, with delicate fine-bags, and most courtesie feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

Exeunt

All's Well that ends Well.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Winifred, and Dume, with
Two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding setting day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But since you have made the dates and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affayres,
Be bold you do to grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnooce you. In happy time,
Enter a gentle Affecter,
This man may helpe me to his Madame's care,
If he would spend his power. God face you fir.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the Court of France.
Gen. I have bene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not false From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vie of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gen. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
to give this poore petition to the King;
And syde me with that flore of power you haue
To come into his presence,

Gen. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd at last night, and with more haft
Then is his vie.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well,
Though time seeme to aduerse, and meanes wanish:
I do beeche you, whither is he gone?

Gen. Marrie as I take it to Roffulin,
Whether I am going.

Hel. I do beeche you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Comend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make vs meanes,

Gen. This lie for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your felte to be well thansk
what e're falls moe.
We must to horse againe, Go go, prouide

Enter Clane and Parissian.

Par. Good Mr. Lanace give my Lord Lefwen this letter,
I bane ere now fir beth better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with frether clothes: but I am now fir muddied in fortunes mould, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Cl. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but fleeting ills,
Smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth exte no Fith of Fortunes butting. Preche thow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to flay your nofe fir: I speake
but by a Metaphor.

Cl. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor finke, I will flay
my nofe, or against any mans Metaphor. Pretho get thee further.

Par.
Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

Col. Foh, gesture stand away a paper from fortune cloath-foole, to give to a Noblemen. Look here he comes himself.

Enter Lu. 

Col. Here's a purse of Fortunes, or of Fortunes Cat, but note a Miser, that he's false into the voidsome full-goad of her displeasure, and as he fayres is muddied with all. Pray you sir, we the Carpe as you may, for he looks like a poor decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rashely knave. I doe gittis his difficulty in my staples of comfort, and leave him to your Landships.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly fetch'd.

Lu. And what would you have me to do? This is too late to pair his paiges now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that he shouldfetch you, who of her felis is a good Lady, and would not have knaves durn long order? There's a Cardece for your: Let the luther make you and fortune friends I am for other businesse.

Par. I bechech your honours to hear me one single word.

Lu. You begge a single penye more: Come you shall have lone your way.

Par. My name my good Lord is Parlelott.

Lu. You begge more then word then. Cos my pasyon, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. Omy good Lord, you were the first that found me.

Lu. Was I insteed? And I was the first that left thee. Par. It lies in your Lordship to bring me in grace for you did bring me out.

Lu. Our upon thee knave, dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the duelo one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inspire further after me, I had talkes of you last night, though you are a foolke and a knave, you shal late, go too, follow.

Par. I priuse God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lu., the two French Lords, with attendants.

Km. We left a jewel of her, and our sheene.

Was made much poorer by it: but your fonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know Her estimation home.

Old Lu. This path my Liege,
And I beleech your Maiestie to make it
Nurseall rebellion, done this blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-bears in, and burns on.

Km. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenge was high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to hoore.

Lu. This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon: the young Lord
Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladies, Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all, Led a wife,
Whole beauty did offend the Lawes.
Of richesse else: what words all cases lookt capibility,
Whole deters perfection, hearts that scorn'd to loose,

Humbly call'd Medocin.

Km. Prasing what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we doe bury
Thricecentering elices of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender and inform him
So'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall my Liege.

Km. What favours he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?

Lu. All that is, hath reference to your Highness.
Km. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
me, that sets him high in fame.

Flourish Count Bussan.

Lu. He lookes well on't.

Km. I am not a day of feation,
For thou maist be a for-rent, and a baile
In me at once Barth to the brights head beames
Diffultated clouds give way, to blood thour forth,
The time is faire again.

Ber. My high repeated blames
Deere Sovereigne pardon to me.

Km. All is else.

Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the milant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'd decrees
Thenasible, and noisefulfe foot of time
Stales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first
I flucke my choice upon her, ere my heart
Dar't make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye enhaing,
Contemple his soenfull Perpective did lend me,
Which warps the line, of euery other fayre,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expressd in flone,
Extended or contrasted all propones
To a moit hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That the whem all men praud, and whom my selfe,
Since I base low, haue lou’d; was in mine eye
The doubt that did offend it.

Km. Well export d:
That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon flowy carried
To the great lender, turns a lowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash subsid,
Make triviallice of serios things we have,
Not knowing them, unlill we know their grace.

Of our displeasures to our feluse valve,
Destoy our friends, and after weeps their dute:
Our owne lowe waging, cries to fee wifes don, &
While shameful late dries up the afternoone,
Beth this sweet Helenes knell, and now forget her,
Send forth your amorous token for faire Madame,
The maine conpects are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widoweres seconde marriage day:
Which better then the first, O decreebetween blace,
Or, ere they move in to Q Nature erbe.

Lu. Come on my faine, in whom your boness name
Must be diggest: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter.

That

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Do not belie the man; O, behold this Ring, What's high respect and rich validation Did lack a Paradis; yet for all that He gave it to a Commoner of Canope If he be one.

Cont. He blushes, and thus he says: Office preceding Ancestors, that humane Confer'd by filement to th present fife Hath it become owed and worn, This is his wife, That Ring's a thousand pence.

King. I thought you said You saw one here in Court, but witness it. 

Dud. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce So bad an instrument, his names Parallels.

Laf. It was the man to day, it was he, 

Kim. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ref. What of him? He's quoted for a most pre- eminent With all the parts with which he is adorn'd, Whole nature in him: so tarter as a teat, Am I, or what the man is belittered, That will speak on my word.

Kim. Sir, it is this Ring of yours.

Ref. I think it has certainty it is my father, And boons of her rich wanton way of youth, She knew her degree, and filling for mee, Mudding my eagerness with her retartant, At all impeachment of her course, Are motives of more time, and time, Her infinite comings with her madneess gives, I Sub'd me to her, I joyed the Ring, And I had that which any interner might At Market price have bought, 

Dud. I shall be patient You have turn'd off a rift from noble wife, May suitly designe, I pray you yet, (Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband) 

Send for your Ring, I will return it home, And give me none againe.

Ref. I have it not.

Kim. What Ring was yours I pray you? 

Dud. Sir much like the fame upon your finger.

Kim. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his late. 

Dud. And this was it I gave him being a bed. 

Kim. The story then goes fall, you throw at him Out of a Caufement.

Dud. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parallels.

Ref. My Lord, I do confesse this ring was here.

Kim. You baggle threforly, cuery feather flatts you: Is this the man you speake of? 

Dud. My Lord.

Kim. Tell me forsw, but tell me true I charge you, Not fearing the displeasure of your matter, Which on your just proceeding, I keepe off, By him and by this woman heere, what know you? 

Par. So please your Mayesty, my matter hath bin an honourable Gentleman. 

Kim. Come, come, to th' purpose: Did hee love this woman?

Par. Faith did he love her, but how.

Kim. How I pray you?

Par. He did love her for, as Gentle loves a Woman. 

Kim. How is that? 

Par. Helou'd her for, and lou'd her not. 

Kim. As thou art a knave, and no knave, what an equal

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Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ref. Bush, both, O pardon.

Exit. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter; this is eyes,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And is by me with child. &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Exit. If the my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He lose her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Exit. If its appeares not plain, and prove vntrue,
Deadly disarte seperate me and you.
O my deere mother do you see you living?

Exit. Mine eyes Yong! Onions, I shall weep anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thank thee, waite on me home, Ilke make sport with thee:
Let thy curties alone, they are scurvy ones.

FINIS.
Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Caius, and other Lords.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Saylers.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

Scena Secunda.

My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What think you Saylers?
Cap. It is perchance that you your felle were fued.
Vio. O my poor brother, and to perchance may be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Affare your felle, after our ship did light,
When you, and those poor number fued with you,
Hang on our drawing boaste: I saw your brother
Most pronadous in perill, bindle humfle.
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prafice)
To a strong Riffle, that lord vpon the isle:
Where like Graves on the Dolphins backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold
Mine owne escape vntoldeth to my hope,
Whereeto thy speech lures for autonome.
The like of him. Know'd thou this Countrie?

Cap. 1 Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three hours traualie from this very place.
Vio. Who governes here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name,
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino: I haue my father niasimah,
He was a Barchellor then.
Cap. And I'm now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then I was freth in murmure (as you know)
What great ones do, the leffe will prattle of,
That he did seek the loue of faire Olivia.
Vio. What's this?
Cap. A veruous maid, the daughter of a Countrie
That dide some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the proteccion of his foute, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whole deaf stowe
(They say) the haith abjur'd the fight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I fer'd that Lady,
And might not be deliered to the world.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my citate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because the will admit no kinds of false
So not the Duke.

Wit. There is a faire behaviour in that Cegazines,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution yet of thee
I believe thou hast half a mind that failest
With that thy faire and outward character.
I persuade (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conclude me what I am, and be my syre,
For such difficult as happily shall become
The farse of my intent. Ille trust this Duke,
Thou shalst present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worthy thy pains: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many forms of Musick,
That will allow me very worthy his service.
What e'e may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shapeth thrue the Gince to my witch.

Cap. Be you this Eunuch, and your Mute Ille hee,
When my tongue blays, then let mine eyes not see.
You, I thank thee: Lead me on.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir Te. What a plague means my Niecee to take
The death of her brother thus? I am sure cares an enemy to life.

Mai. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier
a night's: your Catin, my Lady, take great exceptions to your late hours.

Te. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mai. I, but you must confine your tulles within the modest limits of order.

Te. Confine? Ille confine my felle no finer then I am:
These cloathes are good enough to drink in, and so bee
Their best cloathes: and when they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne fraps.

Mai. That quaffing and drinking will endow you: I
Leard my Lady talkes of it yesterday: and of a foolish
Knight that you brought in one night here, hee was woer

Te. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mai. He.

Te. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mai. What's that to th' purpose?

Te. Why he's three thousand ducates a year.

Mai. I, but hee haue but a year in all these ducates:
He's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Te. For that you'll say so: he plays oth Viol-de-ga w
boys, and speaks three or foure languages word for word
without books, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mai. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that
he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the
gift of a Coward, to slay the gull he hath in quarrelling,
't thought among the prudent, he would quickly
have the gift of a grave.

Te. By this hand they are soundnels and lubbers
That sayer of. Who are they?

Mai. They that add moreour, hee's drunk nightly
in your company.

Te. With drinking healths to my Niecee: Ile drinke
to her as long as there is a passinge in my throat, &
drunk in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Cowdrill that will
drink to my Niecee, till he breakne strake oth to, yke a
parish top. What wench! Cegazines: noble here come
Sir Andrew Aguefane.

And Sir Toby Bick. How now is Toby Bick?

Tob. Sweet to Andrew.

And. Blesse you fair Shew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accoist Sir Andrew, accoist.

And. What's the answer?

Te. My Nieces Chamber-maid.

Mai. Good Mistris accoist, I desire better acquaintance.

And. My name is Mary sir.

Mai. Good Mistris Mary, accoist.

Te. You mistake knight: Accoist, is from her, boord her, wot her, shaye her.

And. By my troth I would not understate her in this
company. Is that the meaning of accoist?

Mai. For you well Gentlemen.

Te. And thou let part to Sir Andrew, would thou
mightst never draw iword a gen.

And. And your part to midria, I would I might never
draw this word again: a Passe Lady, doest you think I have
soles in hand?

Mai. Sir, I haue not you by th' hand.

An. Mary but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

Mai. Now fir, thoughts is free: I pray you bring your
hands to the Buttry barte, and let it drink.

An. Wherefore (sweet-beast?) What is your Metaphor?

Mai. It's dry fir.

And. Why I think to: I am not such an affe, but I
can keep my hand dry. But what's your left?

An. A right fir.

And. Are you full of them?

Mai. Sir, I haue them at my fingers endi marry now
I let go your hand, I am batten.

Exit Maria

Te. O knigh, thou Lack'd a cup of Canaries when that
did thee to put downe?

An. Therefore I thikke, unless you see Canary
put me downe: mee thinks sometimes I had no
more with then a Christian, or an ordinary man he's: but I
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleaze that does harme
to my wit.

Te. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it: Ile ride
home to morrow sir Toby.

Te. Pur-quire my deere knight?

An. What is purquire? Do, or not do? I would I had
beflowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fresing
dancing, and beare-baying: O had I but followed the
Art.

Te. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

An. Why, that have meended my hair?

Te. Pst question, for thou seest it will not cooke my

An. But it becomes we wel enough, dost not? (nature

Te. Excellent, it hangs like flies on a disaffire & I hope
I see a bull will take thee between her legs, & spin itself.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow for Toby, your niece will
not be feere, or if she be four to one, the lones of me: the
Comt himselfe here hard by, woces her.

Te. She's none oth Count, she's not much above her
degree, neither in eftate, years, nor wit: I have hered her
swear: 'r there's life in man.

Ad.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

And. He stay a month longer. I am a fellow o’t h
frangelt made o’t h world: I delight in Maskes and Re
uels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses? Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the
degree upside better, 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 cut the Matron too.

And. And I think I have the backe-tricke, simply as frowny
as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have
these gifts a Curtain before ’em? Are they like to take
dull, lie milits Madepicture? Why doth thou not go
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Curtain?
My very walke should be a ligge. I would not so much
as make water but in a wink-a-pase: What doth thou
mean? Is it a world to hide verses in? I did thynke by
the excellent conyourition of thy legge, it was form’d un
to the three of a Galliard.

A D 1. By strong, and it is dooed indifferent well in a
small colour’d twelve. Shall we set about some Revels?

To. What shall we do else: we were not born under
Taurus?

A D 2. Taurus? That lies and heart.

To. No sir, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee cap
pet. Ha, higher; ha, excellent.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in masque attires.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you,
Cesario, you are like to be much advanced, be hast known
you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vi. You either feate his humour, or my negligence,
you call you the continuance of his love. Is he incontinent
for, in his favour.

Val. No beleue me.

Enter Ensign, Comed, and Attendants.

En. I thank you: hence comes the Count
Duke. Whose Cestus?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloofe, Cesario.

Thous knowest no liefe, but all: I have vued the
Thee to the books even of my secret loue.

Therefore good youth, addressee thy vace vnto her,
Be not done so silly, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy friend shill grow,

Thou hast audience.

En. Shre my Noble Lord.

If he be for a hander to her foster
As it is spoke, the newer will admit me.

Thou, the famous, and leese all such bounds,
Rather then make unprofitif returne,

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Duke. Often, unfold the pamion of my loue,

Vio. She will attend thee better in thy youth.

Shall stand: one in a Nuttys more grace apace.

Vio. I think not so, my ord.

En. Deere Lad, beleue me.

For they shall yet befe of thy happy yeares,
That say thou art a man: Domenic
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, thrill, and found,

And all the feeme a creature woman part,
I know thy forparation is right ege.

For this affayre: some tourse of flue attend him,
All if you will: for I my self, an beat
When lead in compare, no power well in this,
And thou that live is freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. The do my bell.

To vowe your Lady, yet a bcrew full fine,
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife. 

Scene Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Claudio.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will
not open my lippes so wide as a bristle may enter out way
of the excuce my Lady will hang there for thy absence.

Cl. Let her hang me: she is that is well hang’d in this
world, needs to feare no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Cl. He shall be none to feare.

Mar. A good innocent answer: I can tell thee where y
faying was born, of all feare no colours.

Cl. Where good milits Mary?

Mar. In the wars, ‘tis that you be bolded to say
in your footerie.

Cl. Well, God give them wisedome that he use: &
thoile that are fools, let them use their talens.

Mar. Yet you will be hang’d for being for long abente,
or be turn’d away: is not that as good as a hinging to
you?

Cl. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage:
and for running away, let youmner bear it out.

Mar. You are false then?

Cl. Not so farther, but I am recolued on two points

Mar. If one breake, the other will hold: or both breake,
your pathm will fail.

Cl. I put in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if

Vio. Would you loose none, thou wast as witty a piece of

Ensign, as any in Illyria.

Cl. Peace you rogue, no more o’t here: that comes my
Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were beft.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Vio. Wise, and bestly will, put me into good feeling:

Cl. Their wits that think they have thee, doe very of poor
fooles: and that am sure I thee thee, may passe for a
mistaken, how fates Quanapulum Better a witty fool
there a tool ith wit. Good bleeve thee Lady.

Ol. Take thee fool away.

Cl. Do you not hear vower, take away the Ladie.

Cl. On too, y are a dry fool: I leave more of you be

Vio. du you grow did-honest.

Cl. Two faults Malona, that drinke & good companell

Vio. will amend: for give the dry foolo drink, then the foolo
not dry: bid she didmontt that mend himself, he mend,

Cl. he is no longer did-honest: if he cannot, let the Betroth

Ol. Then any thing that’s mended is but patch’d: vertia

That tranfigures, is but patche with finne, and fin that

Cl. That is but patche with vertue. If that this simpe

SLigolime will serve, so: this will not, what remedy?

Y 3
As there is no true Cuckold but calamiy, so beanties a
flower: The Lady bad take away the foule, therefore I
say againe, take her away.
O. Sir, bad them take away you.
M. Mephiboseth in the hightest degree, Lady, Cardew
was first married: that is as much to say, as I were not
moatly in my braine: good Madamo, give me leave to
praise you a foule.
O. Can you do it?
M. Deceitully, good Madono,
O. Make you proude.
M. I must excele you for it Madono, Good my
Mouse of vertue answere me.
O. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your
proofe.
M. Good Madono, why mourne thou?
O. Good foule, for my bothers death.
M. I thinke his foule is in hell, Madono.
O. I know his foule is in heauen, foule.
M. The more foule (Madono) to mourne for your
Brothers foule, being in heauen. Take away the foule,
Gentlemen.
O. What thinke you of this foule Malawin, doth he
not mend?
M. No, yes, and shall do, till the parse of death shake
him: Infortuny that decides the war, doth ever make the
better foule.
O. God send you sir, a speedy Infortuny, for the
better increasing your folly. Sir Tobie will be I wot that
I rone no Fox, but he will not pase his word for two pense
that vvere no Foole.
O. How say you to this Malawin?
M. I say my lady Iyop takes delight in such
sharen rake? I saye him put down the other day, with
great my foule, that has no more braine then a Crape.
Look ye now, he's out of his gard already: yells you
laugh and minn over occasion to him, he is g-g-g. I iourely
I takeethe Wisionen, this cross to so the set kind of
fooles, no better then the fooles Zanes.
O. O you are fike of it selfe low Malawine, and talle
with a dillempse or appeare. To be generous, you tellle,
and of free disposition, is to take those things for Mud
holes, that you dream Common bullets: There is no
danger in all this foule, though he do nothing but talk;
no nor sayling, in a knowne diuerse man, though her he do
nothing but proue.
O. Now Mercury macle thee with hisling, for thou
speakst ill of foules.
E. Enter Miss.
M. Madam, here is the gate, a young Gentl-
eman, much desirous to speake with you.
O. From the Count Orfice, is it?
M. I know not (Madam) tis a faire young man, and
well attainted.
O. Who of my people hold him in delay?
M. Sir Tobie Madam, your knyfone.
O. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but
madman: Ile on him. Can you Malawin? If it be a suit
from the Count, I am fecke, or not at home. What you
will, to dispaire it.
E. Enter Malawin.
Now you see for, how your growling grows old, & peo-
dle dislike it.
M. Thou speake for vs (Madona) as if thy eld-
ernes should be a foule: who set full, Ioue cranane with
braines, for here he comes. Enter Sir Tobie.
One of thy kin has a most weakes Pie-mater.
O. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the
gate Coffin?
O. A Gentleman.
O. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?
O. Thus to Gentleman heere. A plauge o'those pickle
heering. How now Sir.
O. Good Sir Tobie.
O. Coffin, Coffin, how have you come to esteily by
this Lethering?
O. Leechery, I define Leechery: there's one at the
gate.
O. I marry, what is he?
O. To let him be the duetl and he will, I care not gi
me faith say I. Well, it's all one.
O. What's a drunken man like, foule?
O. Like a droun't man, a foule, and a madde man:
One dranghe ah, ah, ah, makes him a foule, the foule
maddes him, and a third drownes him.
O. Go thone and seeke the Crowner, and let him hitte
o'my Cox: for he's in the third degree of drinke: here
he's drownd: go seeke after him.
O. He is but mad yet Madono, and the foule shall
looke to the madman.
E. Enter Malawin.
M. Madam, yond young fellow sweares he will
speak with you. I told him you were fecke, he takes on
him to undesrstand to much, and therefore comes to speak
with you. I told him you were albice, he seems to have
a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to
speak with you. What is to be said to him Lutic, he's
fortified against any demand.
O. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.
M. He's been told so: and bee eyes he'll stand at
your desire like a Sheeffes pest, and be the boyparte to
a bench, but I speake with you.
O. What kind o'man is he?
M. Why of unkind.
O. What a stor of man?
M. He's serene manner, he speake with you will,
or no.
O. Of what personage, and yeates is he?
M. Not yet old enough for a man not yong enough
for a boy: as a squall is before a seas period, or a Cooling
when it is almost an Apple: Til him in standing wa-
ter, between boy and man. He is vere well-fauuned, and
he speakes were therewith: One would think his
mothers mink were fretfull out of him.
O. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.
M. Enter Gentlewoman, my Lady calle.
O. Gowne me your tale; I come throwe it on my face,
We've once more here Orfice Embrae.
E. Enter Ulensia.
M. The honest Lady of the house, which is the 3
Of. Speake to me, I shall answer you: your will.
O. Most rulant, exquisites, and unmatchable beau-
ty. I pray you tell ye if this bee the Lady of the house,
for I neuer saw her. I would bee leas to call away my
speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have
taken great pains to coni. Good Beauties, let mee fur
 alte my count: I am very compeate, even to the lefth
foule of spoae.
O. Whence come you sir?
O. I can lay little more I have studied, & that
question out of my part. Good gentle one, give me
modell affiance. if you be the Lady of the house, that
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

may proceed in my speech.

O, Are you a Comedian?

Ves. No my profound heart: and yet, by the verie
phrase of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you
the Lady of the house?

O, If I do not vinpe my selfe, I am.

Ves. Most certaine, if you are the, do vinpe your
selfe: for what is yours to betowe, is not yours to be
ferue. But this is from my Commi**on:** I will on with
my speech in your praire, and then shew you the heart of
my maske.

O, Come to what is important in: I forgive you
the praire.

Ves. Alas, I tooke great pains to fluidic it, and'tis
Protest.

O, Is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep
it in. I heard you were teacevy at my gates, & allowed your
approach rather to wander at you, then to heare you. If
you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be bleeue:
'tis not that time of M. sure with me, to make one in to
skipping a dialogue.

Ves. Will you boyd playe fit, here lies your way.

Ves. No good fa**wel**ber, I am to hulhe here a little lon-
ger. Some moli**fication** for your Giant, sweete Laue:
tell me your mind, I am a maffenger.

O, Sure you have some huldeous matter to deluer,
when the cuttele of it is so ferseorill. Speake your office,
please. It done concerns your eare: I bring new over-
ture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olytie
in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as mat ter.

O. Yet you began rudely. What are you?

Ves. The rudeness that has appere'd in mee, have I
learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I
would be, are as secreet as maiden-head: to your eares,
Di**ni**ty; to any others, prophanation.

O, Give me the place alone,

We will hear this divinitie. Now fer, what is your text?

Ves. All sweet Laue.

O, A comfortable doctrine, and much may be sade
off. Where lies your Text?

Ves. In Offence before.

O, In his bosome: In what chapter of his bose-me?

Ves. To answer by the method, in the fift of his hart.

O, If I have read it: it is heretick. Have you no more
to say?

Ves. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ves. Have you any Commissi**on** from your Lord,
then to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text:
but we will draw the Curteyn, and shew you the picture.

Ves. Or, such a one I was this present: if not well
done?

Ves. Excellently done, if God did all.

O. 'Tis in graine fir, 'twill endure windes and weath-
er.

Ves. In beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruelest flie alive,
If you will leade these graces to the grave,
And leewe the world no copie.

O, If I, I will not be so harrm*ed*: I will give
our divers fudades of my beautie. It falbe lnemorated
and every particle and extename label'd to my will: As,
Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes,
with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & foorth.
Were you lent hither to praise me?

Ves. I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the duell, you are faire:
My Lord, and mither louces you: O such louse
Could be but uncompend'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pascal of beautie.

O, How does he love me?

Ves. With adorations, fentell teares,
With groanes that chamer loue, with fighes of fire.

O, For my Lord do know my mind, I cannot love him
Yet I supposeth him verustious, know him noble,
Of great estate, of frefhes and flanlefe youth.
In voyces well driu'd, free, learned, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; But yet I cannot love him:
He might have tooke his answer long ago.

Ves. If I did love you in your malles flame,
With such a fiffing, such a deadly life.
In your denail, I would finde no fence,
I would not understand it.

O, Why, what would you?

Ves. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my soles within the house,
Write loway Callons of commended loue,
And fing them lowed even in the dead of night:
Hallow you name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babbling Colisip of the aire,
Cry out Ouiwe. O you should not rest
Between the elements of syre, and earth,
But you should pittie me.

O, You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Ves. About my fortunes, yet my face is well:
I am a Gentleman.

O. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him fend no more,
Vilet(peekerchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains: spend this for mee.

Ves. I am not feeze push, Lady; keep your purses,
My Mafter, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall loue,
And let your fowreour like my masters be,
Plat'd in contempt: Farewill saye cruelte.

O. What is your Parentage?

About my fortunes, yet my face is well:
I am a Gentleman. I lie I wasorne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy lumer, achons, and spirit.
Do gule thee suee-fold blosom: not too soft: sof, sof,
Vilete the Mafter were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feel this youthes perfections
With an infallible, and lubele flesth
To creese in mine eye. Well, let it be.
What has, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Hearre Madam, at your fentence.

O. Run after that fame pecuflin Mefenger
The Countesse: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell them, Ile none of it.
Define him not to Blater with his Lord.
Not hold him up with hope, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile give him reason for: his the Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will,

O. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a fluater for my minde:

Exeunt.
Twelve Nights, or, What you will.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, now my flatter once darkly outes; the grandeur of my fate, make perhaps des- temer yours: therefore I shall care of your grace, that I may bear my ends alone. It were a bad recom- pence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whether you are bound.

Seb. No forth for: my determinate voyage is unne- cessarie, but: I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extorts from me, what I am willing to keep in: therefore I charges me in manners, the rather to express my self: you must know of me.

Ant. My name is Sebastian (which I call'd Otho).

Seb. I know you have heard. He left behind him, my self, and a child, both borne in an house: if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had too found. But you sir, al- ter'd that, for some hours before you cooke me from the breadth of the sea, was my self drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady fair, though it was said flee much refem- bled me, was yet of many accout beautifieable but though I could not with full enjoyable wonder our faire be- lieue that, yet thus faire I will boldly publish her, flee borne a minute that may not but call faire: since it dress'd too already in faire water, though I come to drawne 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 murder me for my love, let me be thine frend?

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, desist not. Fare you well at once, my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet to see the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, forever.

Ant. The gentlefame of all the gods go with thee: I have many enemies in Orsino's Court. Elfe would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee, so, That danger shall feede sport, and I will go.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Valon and Malvolio, at several doors.

Val. What news you can now, with the Countess Or- sino?

Mal. I can, now sir, on a moderate pace, I have some- thing but bitter.

Val. She returns this Ring to you (Sir) you might some times meet my pains, to have taken it away your- self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never to badlie to come againe in his affaires, vowe it is bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue is so.

Fin. She took the Ring of me, he none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you pleasantly throw it to her: and her will is, it should be to return'd: if it bee worst floo- ping, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that finds it.

Exit.

Fin. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side have not chang'd her:

Val. She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had left her tongue, For she did speake in starks distractedly.

She lusts me sure, the cunning of her passion
Inuities me in this chirishMelanges:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he fent her none;
I am the man, if he be so.

Poore Lady, she were better lose a dreame:
Dqifigue, I see thou art a wickedshell,
Wherein the pregnant enemie doth much,
How ealle it is, for the proper tale
In wonton wassen hearts to let their fortunes
Alas, O traitre is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And (poore monsiter) fond almah on him;
And the (mufflaken) stemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My face is desperer for my masters luste:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thristiflesstighes shal! poore Olivia breath?
O time, thou must entangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me e'mity.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Su Toly, and Su Andrew.

To. Approach Su Andrew: not to bee a bede after midnight, to bee up betimes, and Delicate jumper, thou know it.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to bee late, to bee up late.

To. A life conclusion: I hate it as an unskill'd Dame.

To bee up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early,
So that to go bed after midnight, is to goe to bed be- times. Does not our lives conflict of the four Ele- ments?

And. Faith so they say, but I think it rather conflicts of eating and drinking.

To. Tis not a scholler; let us therefore use and drink,

Marine I say, a floope of wine.

Enter Claudio.

And. Here comes the foolie with.

Col. How now my harts: Did you see this the Picture- of us two there?

To. Welcome selfe, now let's have a catch.

And. By your truth the foolie has an exult at breath. I had rather then forty fillings I had such a beauty, and so sweet a breath to bee, as the foolie has. Insuch thou wait in very gracious loolling last night, when thou spok't of

[The rest of the text is not legible.]
Twelve Night, or What you will.

Col. I do impetiously thy gratillity: for Malvolio's note is no Whip-rocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Merudons are no brothel-sells houles.

An. Excellent! Why is this the belly feeling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is fine pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a triflum of me too: if one knight gives a song would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

To. A love-song, a love-song.

An. 1. I care not for good life.

Clown flog.

O, My mistress where are you going? Of by and by, your true lover coming, that can sing both high and low, trip in rather prettily sweetly. Leave me in these mourning, every man must have done his hour.

An. Excellent good, raft.

To. Good, good.

Col. What is love, is not bereafter, ft ever marth, hath great-pretious laughter: it is a come, a skill-wiseful. In stay there is no pretius, ther come come fiddle and sweetens: what shall it will not endure.

An. A melodontous voice, as I am true knight.

To. A composition breath.

An. Very sweet, and composed faith.

To. To bear by the note, it is shick in composition. But shall we make the Willam dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the note-Oola in a Catch, that shall draw three foules out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

And. Youl love me, let's doue: I am dogge as a Catch.

Col. Bytylady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, Than Knaue.

Col. Held thy peace, than Knaue knight. I shall be constraintid not, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. It's not the thirt time I have oralloned one to call me knaue. Begin foolie: it begins, Held by peace.

Col. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.


Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catteraelling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd vp her Steward Malvolio, and bid him come you out of doors, not to trust me.

To. My Lady's a Cataraen, we are politicians, Malvolio a Peg-taraffe, and Three merry men be we. Am not I confardious? Am I not of her blood: tally vally. Lady, there dwells a man in Bablony, Lady Malvolio.

Col. Behere you, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dippd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the love of Good peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Col. My vallies are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Alehouse of my Ladies houle, that ye speake out your Cosiers Catches without any mitigation or remore of voice? Is there no repect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keep time fit in our Catches, Snecke vp. Mad. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though the harbors you as her kinman, she is nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selle and your midlemearors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farwell.

To. Farewell dese heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby, Col. His eyes do shew his days are almost done. Mad. It's even so?

To. But I will never dye.

Col. Sit Toby there you lye.

Mad. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Col. Shall you or do you.

Mar. O, o, no, no, you dare not.

To. Our Cunne, sir, ye: Art any more then a Steward? Doft thou think becaus thou art venzous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Col. Yerb by S.Aume, and Ginger still be hotte y' th mouth too.

Mar. To art th' right. One fire, rub your Chaime with crums. A hope of Wine Marne.

Mar. Multis Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contemns, you would not give means for this vacillu rule; the shall know of it by this hand.

Exit.

Mar. Go lively your ears.

An. Twice as good a deade as to drink when a mass a hugging, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo knight, ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile delier thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Mouiere Malvolio, let me alone with him: I'll do not gull him into an asword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have wiste e-nough to ly-straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Col. Possle, vs possle, vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Maria, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

An. O, if I thought that, I'd be a dogge like.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The diall a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Aife, that cons State without booke, and wister is by great swarts.

The bell periwaked of himselfe: for cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellences, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: on that wise in him, will my reunge finde no leuble cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obsfure Epiftles of love, wherein by the colours of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gare, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly perfonated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deceit.

An. I had a tune soe to.

To. He shall thynke by the Letters that thou wilt drop this
Twelve Night, or What you will.

that they come from my Niece, and that there's in love with him.

Mer. My purpose is indeed a base of that colour.

Ann. And your housekeeper would make me an Act.

Mer. Act, I doubt not.

O. It will be dangerous.

Mer. Sport to say: I warrant you: I know my Physick will work with him, I will plant you two, and let the Fool 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, Puckishnes.

Ann. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a bessy true breed, and one that adores me: what of this? Ann. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed tonight: Thou hadst need fend for more money.

Ann. If I cannot recover your Niece, I am a foul way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast 't not ith call me. Call To. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, I'll go burne five Sack, it's late too to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio and others.

Duke. Give me some Musik, now good morrow friends. Now good Cesar, but that piece of song, Tha'd and Anitack song we heard last night; Me thought it did relieve my passion much, More then light eyes, and recolleced terms Of these most banke and giddy-paced times. Come, but an e'ver.

Cur. He is not here (to please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Duke. What is it?

Cur. Feste the letter my Lord, a foole that the Ladie

Olivia's Father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while,

Musicke plays.

Comes bitter Boy, if ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:

For such as I am, all true Lovers are,

Vainfled and skittish in all motions else,

Sue in the constant image of the creature

That is belou'd. How doth thou like this tune?

Feste. It gives a very echo to the faire

Where love is thrown.

Duke. Thou dost speake matterly,

My life vp'nt, young though thou art, thinke eye

Hast Raed vp'none favour that it loues:

Hast it not boy?

Ann. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kinde of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Ann. She is not worth thee then, What yeares is she?

Duke. About your yeares my Lord.

Ann. Too old by so much: Let full the woman take

An elder then her selfe, fo weares the to him.

So owyes she leuell in her husbands heart:

For boy, however we do prattice our stories,

Our fancies are more giddie and voltime,

More longing, wasting, looser left and worse,

Then womens are.

Dis. I think it well my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,

Or thy affections cannot hold the bent:

For womens are as Roses, whole faire flower

Being once displaid, doth fall that were bowre.

Vio. And so they are: sals, that they are so:

To die, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Cleone.

Duke. O fellow come, the song we had last night:

Markes Cesar, it is old and plain;

The Spurers and the Knitters in the Sun,

And the tree maides that weaze their croud with bones,

Do we to chant it: it is fally fouth,

And dailies with the innocence of loue,

Like the old age.

Clu. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prether it singing.

Musicke.

Come away, come away death,

And in sad cyppresse let me be laid,

Fear away, fear away breath,

I am frozen by a faire cold maid.

My sin and of my face, all with Eu O prepare it.

My parts of death no one form did have in.

Not a flower, not a flower faireer

On my kisse, o, for shee be freame,

Not a friend, not a friend grese.

My poor easter, where my bones shall be thowne

A roome and thou and safer to some may where.

She at true lover neer find my grave, so weep there.

Duke. There's for thy paines.

Clu. No pains fin', I take pleasure in singing it.

Duke. The way I shall regaine.

Clu. Trustily, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leaves, to leave thee.

Clu. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doubter of changeable Taffety, for thy mind is a very Ophelia, I would him men of such constancie

put to Sea, that their busynesse might be every thing, and their intent erie where, for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Duke. Do let all the rett giue place; Once more Cesar.

Get thee to pond some loue to signe cruelize.

Tell her my foure, more noble then the world

Pries not quantitie of shrine lands,

The part that fortune hath beloow'd vp'her:

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of items

That naunce pranks a let in, aunite my soule.

Vio. Butt is she cannot love you sir,

You ne'er to be answer'd.

Clu. She may not but you must.

Say that same Lady, as perchapes there is,

Hath for your love as great a pangs of heart

As you have for mine; you cannot love her:

You tell her: Miss she then not be answer'd?

Duke. There is no womans sides
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Can bide the beastings of so strong a passion, As Jove doth give my heart: no woman's heart So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention, Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat, That sutter furies, clottemay, and revolt, But mine is all as hungry as the Sea, And can digest as much, make no comparison Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe Olilia.

Do. I but know.

Do. What do you think of me? Too well what love women to men may owe: In faith they are as true of heart, as we. My Father had a daughter lou'd a man As it might be perhaps, were I a woman I should your Lordship.

Do. And what's her name?

Do. A blanke my Lord: the nearer told her love, But let concealments like a worme in this stube Feede on her damake checke: the prud'd in thought, And with a green and yellow melancholly, She fate like Patience on a Monument, Smiling at gleece. Was not this love indeare? We men may say more, xware more, but indeed Our fiewers are more then will: for still we prove Much in our owne, but little in our lost.

Do. But did you ever love my lady?

Fls. I am all the daughters of a ye Father house, And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir. Shall I to this Lady?

Do. I that's the Theame, To her in halfe: give her this Jewell: say, My love can give no place, bide no deny.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir T. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay lorde: if I loose a cuppion of this sport, let me be hoold to dwell with Melancholly.

Sir T. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rigg'dly Rasally slippe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fls. I would exult man: you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baring here.

Sir T. To anger him well I have the Beare againe, and we will flie him blacke and blew, shal we not sir Andrew?

An. And we do not: it is piste of our livers.

Enter Maria.

Sir T. Here we comes the little villain: How now my Master of Indies?

Mar. Goest thou all three into the box tree: Malvolio's coming downe this walk, he has beene yonder the Sunne practising behaviour to his own shadow this halfe houre: obteine him for the love of Mockerie: for I know this Letter will make a contemplatist Ieot of him. Cloe in the name of fleshing, lyce plou there for heere comes the Trouw, that must be caught with tickling. Exit Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune: all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affe me, and I have heard her selfe come thus here, that shee be faine, it should bee one of my complexion. Besides she fies me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that follows her. What should I think on?

Te. Here's an outer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey.

Cocke of him, how he lets under his auncled planes.

And. Slight I could to bear the Rogue.

Te. Peace, peace.

Mid. To be Count Malvolio.

Ah Roofage.

An. Piffol him, piffol him.

Te. Peace, peace.

Mid. There's an example for thee: 'The Lady of the Strangles, married the yoman of the wardrobe, An. Fie on him Jerybel.

Fa. O peace, now he deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having beene three monthes married to her, fixing in my face,

Te. O the base -how to stir him in the eye.

Coff. Calling my Officers about me, my branch'd Veleter goation: shaming come from a day bedde, where I have left Of unt sleeping.

Te. Fuss and shammage.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mid. And then to late the humor of flase: and after a demure trouble of regard: telling them I know my place, as I would they doe theirs: to take for my kindness Toby.

To. Bibles and shakele.

Fa. O peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mid. Seuondt my people with an obedient flate, make out for him. I knowe the whole, and perance whole vndre my watch, to play o' my some rich Jewell: Toby approches: curtesy thereto me.

Te. Shall this fellow line?

Fls. Though our silence be drawne from vs with ears, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar finde with an austere regard of controul.

Te. And do's not Toby take you a blow of the lippes, then?

Mid. Saying, Come Toby, my Fortunes having expat en your Name I give me this prerogative of speech.

Te. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

Te. Out flab.

Fa. Nay patience, or we break the fiewers of our plot.

Mid. Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One fit Andrew.

An. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke seete the gin.

Te. Oh patience, and the spirit of humors intimate resding aoul to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's: and thus makes thee great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknowne before'd, this, and my good wife.

Her very Phraies: By your leave was. Soft, and the impreffure her Laurence, with which the vies to feele: to my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winses him, Llier and all.

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Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Mal. I know I love, but why, Lys do not meet, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter: No man must know, If this should be thee Malvolio?

To. Marry hang thee broke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but stile not like a Lord of knights: With bloodless stroke my heart doth gare, M.O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fl. A suftain riddle.

Ta. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M.O. A. I. doth fly my life. Nay but first let me fee, let me fee, let me fee.

Fab. What dith a pyton have the drift of him?

Ta. And with what sting the fallion check at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore: Why thee may command me? I feneher, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formall capacity. There is no obftruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall polition portend, if I could make that refemble something in me? Softly, M.O. A. I.

To OI, make vp that, he is now at a coldent.

Fab. Sawer will cry vpnt for all this, though it bee

arrest with a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvolio, why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not thy kake he would worke it out, the Cature is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no confonancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: A. should follow, but O. does.

Fa. And O shall end, I hope.

To. I, or lee cudgehill him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then E. comes behind.

Fa. I, and if you any eye behind you, your might see more distraction at your heels, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This similation is not the former: and yet to offend this little, it would how to me, for every one of these Letters at my name. So he here follows prufle: If thou fall into thy hand, rued: In my ftars I am about thee, but be not afraid of greatness: Some are become great, some are commited greatness, and some have greatness shuffling upon them. Thy fites open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and vouwe thy felfe to what thou art like to be: cull thee humble flowly, and appear freh. Be oppolite with a kinclm, fully with fervants: Let thy tongue hang arguments of flate; put thy felfe into the tricke of furguluation. Shee thus adverts thee, that figlest for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow flickings, and withd to fee thee ever crofte garther'd: I fay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou defirft to be fe: If not, let me fee thee a fte hold fhill, the fellow of fervants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell. Shee that would alter fervices with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champan diffours not more: This is open. I will bee proud, I will vade politique Authors, I will baffe Sir 7 day, I will walk off greffe acquaintance, I will bee point dire, the verie man. I do not now foule my felfe, to let imagination take me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow flickings of lace, thee did praise my legge being crofte-garther'd, and in this thefe manifests her felfe to my love, & with a kinde of impletion drives mee to thebe habits of her liking. I thank ye flares, I am happy: I will bee strange, fliour, in yellow flickings, and crofte Garther'd,

even with the twinstaffe of putting on. Ioue, and my flutes be praife. Here is yet a postscript. Than confent to what they are but know when I am. Affhan enteranf I my loue, let it appear in thy faming, thy fliles become thee well. Therefore in my presence iflume, decoy my fweetes, I prethee. Ioue I thank thee, I will flile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

Ext.

Fab. I will not give up my part of this sport for a penion of thoufands to be paid from the Soppy.

To. I could marry this wench for this device,

An. So could I too.

To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another left.

Enter Maria.

An. Not I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gulf car her.

Ta. Will thou ftet thy face oron my necke,

An. Or mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondflave?

An. thirst or Lecher?

Tab. Why, thoufalt put him in a fhacreas, that when the image of les leaves, he must run mad.

Fab. Nay but fay true, do it workes upon his?

To. Like Awa wife with a Midwife.

Fab. Now, if you will then fee the hunes of the part, mark his firt approach before my Lady: thee will come to her in yellow flickings, and is a colour the abbe ies, and crofte garther'd, a fhonion fife dicotet: and thee will limite upon her, which will now be so unfitude to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as there is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will fee it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tater, thou molt excellent douetl of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Im Alee freams.

Aius Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Verla and Cleave.

Vio. Save thee Friend and thy Musick doft thou live by thy Tabor?

Cl. No sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Cl. No fuch matter Sir, I do live by the Church: For, I do live at my house, and my house doueth fland by the Church.

Vio. So thou maifst say the Kings yses by a begger, it a begger dwell neer him: or the Church flands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor fland by the Church.

Cl. You have faid it: To fee this age: A fentence is but a ches'll glowe to a good wifte, how quickly the wrong fide may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that certeine: they that daily niciely with words, may quickly make them wanian.

Cl. I would therefore my fifer had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why no Sir?

Cl. Why fir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my fiffer wanian: But indeed, words are very Rafeals, fince bonds diigrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reafon man?
Twelveth Night, or, What you will.

Glo. Truth be it, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown to false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and cast'st for nothing.

Glo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, I would it would make you insensible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Glo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool's place, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pelicans are to Herons, the Husband is the bigger, and I am indeed no other fool, but his corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Glo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the Oise like the Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be merry, but the fool should be off, with your Master, as with my Master: I think I saw your wildudge there.

Vio. Nay, and thou pale face of mine, I saw no more with thee. Held there's expectant thee.

Glo. Now I see this next commodity of hayre, feed the beast.

Vio. By my troth, I tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Glo. Would not a piece of this hue beseem thee?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use. I would play Lord Pandarum of Phlego's in being a Gruffalo to this Topham.

Glo. I understand your face, as well beg'st.

Vio. The matter I hope is not great; being a beggar: Gruffalo was a beggar. My Lady is within. I will confer to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would be out of my walk. I might say Element, but the word is out of worne.

Glo. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well, creates a kind of wit: He must oblige their mood on whom he sits, the quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checks at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice, as full of labour as a Wife-ans Art: For folly that he wisely frowers, is fit;

Vio. But wifemans folly fakes, quite raine their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

Tob. Sanee you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. Dost you guard your Majesty.

Vio. Eat your solfe coffee surrene.

And. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

Tob. Will you encounter the house, my Niece is desir'd you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Niece sir, I mean she is the lift of my voyage.

Tob. Tattle your legs sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, than I understand what you mean by bidding me tattle my legs.

Tob. I meant to go sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplished Lady, the heavens raine Ol- dours on you,

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, taine odours, waz.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, but to your own

most pregnant and vouchsafed care.

And. Oudours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: He go't'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden door be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and meek humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cefaro is your servants name, faire Princess.

Ol. My servant sir? I was no more merry world, since lowly fegging was call'd complement:

Vio. Your servants servant, is your servant Madam.

Ol. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankets, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.

Vio. I bad you not speake againe of him; But you undertake another suit.

Ol. I had rather hear you, to sollict that,

Vio. Then Merise with the Ihearts.

Vio. Sir Toby Madam.

Ol. Give me leave, before you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did hear, A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my servante, and I farse me you:

Vio. You had hard confection must I fit,

Ol. To force that you in a manusfull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Vio. How you not set mine Honor at the flake,

And bost it with all thy muneled thought
That tyrannous heart can think; To one of your receivings
Enough is shewing, a Caprelle, nota boone,

Hides my heart: let me hear you speake.

Vio. I pitise you.

Ol. That's a degree to lowe.

Vio. No nor a grize: for it is a vulgar proofs
That verse of we petty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes in time to shine again,

Vio. O world, how apt the poore are to be pseud?

Ol. If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clar. I strive,

The clack se vpraises me with the walls of time:

Clar. Be not afraide good youth, I will not have you

Vio. And yet when wit and youth is come to hazro

Clar. Your wife is like to reape a proper man:

Ol. There lies your way, due Well,

Vio. Then Wellward how:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

Vio. You nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I praye tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you see.

Ol. If I think so, I think the fame of you.

Vio. Then you 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?

Ol. I with it might, for now I am your foole,

Ol. What a steal of some, looks beastly?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A marauris giifts fittens not felte more fame,

Then loue that would frame bid: Loues night is none.

Vio. Cefaro, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-noshed, honor, truth, and every thing,

Clar. Thou thes, that mags all thy pride,

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Not
Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, I'll not stay a last longer:—
To. Thy reason deere venom, gibe thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yeilde your reason, Sir Andrew.
And. Marry I saw your Neece do more favours to the Counts Servius-man, than euer the bellow'd upon mee:—
I ha'n't th' Orchard.
To. Did shee thee the while, old boy, tell me that.
And. As plaine as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
And. Slight; will you make an Acte o'ne.
Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oaths of judgemen, and reason.
To. And they have beene grand lute men, since before. Wash was a Saylor.
Fab. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your sight, oneely to exasperate you, to awake your dormant sauer, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your luter:—
You should then haue acceeted her, and with some excellent teets, first new from the nym, you should haue banded the youth into domberne:—this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulked; the double part of this encounter you let circumstances off, and you are now far into the North of my Lutes opinion, where you will hang like an yflake on a Duthenian beard, whilst you do redeem it, by some lamentable attempt, either of valour or policie.
And. And is the same way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate:—I had as lief be a Brownite, as a Politician.
To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it, and affure thy selfe, there is no loute. Broker in the world, can more praisable in masse commendation with woman; then report of valour.
Fab. There is no way but this Sir Andrew.

Act. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?
To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be craft and briefe: it is no matter how witty, so it bee eluquent, and full of invention:—caunt him with the licene of Juke:—if thou thoul't him some thiefe, it shall not bee amisse, and as ma-
y lyes, as will bee in thy thetre of paper, although the thetre were bigge enough for the bedde of Woot in Eng-

dland, let'em come downe, go about it. Let there bee gruelle en
ough in thy inke, though thou write with a Quace pen, no matter about it.
And. Where shall I finde you?
To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.
Exe Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir Toby.
To. I have bene deere to himl'd, some two thousand strong, or so.
Fab. We shall have a rare Letter from him; but you're not deliere't.
To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes flitte on the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and wame-ropes cannot hanle them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Lucer, as will clog the Foote of a fleete, lie ease the rest of his anatomy.
Fab. And his oppoist the youth beares in his visage no great prelidge of crueltie.

Enter Maria.

To. Look where the youngest Wrist of mine comes.

Mar. If you define the pleurer, and will laugh your felles into fitches, follow me yond gall Malvolio is turned Heathen, a verie Renegate; for there is no christian that meanes to be eased by beleuming nightly, can ease beleue fahc impossible palliges of grodnesse. Here's in yellow focking's.
To. And croffe garded'd? 
Mar. Moft villanously: like a Pedant that keeps a Schoole in 7th Church: I ha've dogg'd him like his murther
ers. He does obey every point of the Letter that I drop, to borry him:—He does fmile his face into more lynes, than is the new Mappr, with the augmentation of the Indies: you ha've not seen such a thing as this: I can hardly forbear hunting things at him, I know my Lady will strike him:—if since doe, he'tt'lime, and tak't for a great faviour.
To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Scene 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 chade you.

Ant. I could not thy becloude you: my desire
(More sharpe then fihes fide) did spurre me forth,
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawne one to a longere voyage)
But cal loure, what might behalfe thy seurial,
Being skilfull in thec places: which to a stranger,
Vastful, and unfumbered, often proue
Rough, and inospitabill. My willing loure,
The rather by these arguments of state
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde Antonio,
I can no other answers make, but thankes,
And thanking, and ever good-will,
Are stuffed off with fuch vicenat ping:
But were my worth, was my conchition.
You should judge better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this Towne?

Aue. To morrow Sir, both first go for your Lodging.

Sh. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you set fast our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City,

Aue. Would you'd pardon me: I see without danger walk the streets.
Once in a moonight gainst the Counts his galles,
I did some seruice, of such note indeedes.
That were there thene here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Sh. Belike you flew great number of his people.

Aue. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrill
Might well have given vs bloody argument:
It might have since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Transitnes sake
Moft of our City did. Only my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapt in this place
I shall pay dere.

Sh. Do not then walk too open.

Aue. It don't not fit me: holie Sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is bell to lodge: I will bespeak our dyete,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Sh. Why your purse?

Aue. Hapyly your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase: and your store
I thinkke is not for Idle Markets, Sir.

Sh. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour,

Aue. To th' Elephant.

Sh. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. That same after him, he gyues hee come:
How shall I feast him? What bellow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd
I speake too loud: Where's Malvolio, he is sad, and sill, and
And lusts you for a seruice with my fortunes,

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming Madame:
But in very strange manner, He is fare poffef Madam.'

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but blame your La
dyship were bell to have some gurte about you, if hee
come, for sure the man is taintid in his wits.

Ol. Of go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madamasse equall bee.
How now Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Withe thou art so set for thee upon a sad occasion,

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This doe make some obstruction in the blood:
This crostl, gurtering, but what of that?

If pleasse the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Please one, and pleasse all.

Mal. Why doest thou man?

Ol. What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my mindes, though yellow in my

Ol. If it come to his hands, and Commandes shal

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why doest thou fault so, and

Mar. How do you Malvolio?

Mal. As your request:


Ol. What appeare you with this ridiculous bold


Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse'twas well writ.

Ol. What meant thou by that Malvolio?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some acheue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

Ol. Hauest thou reffered thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow rock

Ol. Thy yellow rockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd?

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Goe thou, thou art mad, if thou deem't it to bee.

Ol. Am I mad?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruants skill.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madnesse,

Enter Serwants.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Ofyour's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he

Ol. Ile come to him.

Good Maru, let this fellow be look'd too.

Ser. Where's the Caffe Toby, lest some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neter me now: no words
then sir Toby to looke to me. This concerres direct
ly with the Letter, the tend's him on purpose, that I may
appear glibborne to him: for the incites me to that in
the Letter. Call'th humble thoungeth layne fire: be oppo
site with a Kiniman, furly with seruants, let thy tongue
langer with arguments of fatce, putty felle into the
tricke of singularitie: and conseqently lents downe the
manner how: as a lid face, a reuerend marriage, a flow
tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and to sooth,
I have lynde her, but it is heare doing, and loue make me
thankfull. And when I went oaw my, let this Fello
be look'd too: follow me Malvolio, nor after my
degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adhers together,
that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
obstacle, no incredulous or vnscife circumstance: What
Can be said? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me,
and the full prusef of my hopes. Well loe, not, is the door of this, and he is to be thanked.

Ser. Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Zz.
Twelfth Night, or, What You Will.

To. Which way is he in the name of faith? If all the duels of 11 shall be drawn in little, and Lego him safe, you'll see him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how it wish you sir? How it wish you man?

Mai. Go off, I vand you: let me enjoy my private.

Go off.

Mai. I pray, how hollow the fiend speaks within him: did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Fab. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you Malvolio? How it wish you with? What man, deifie the diuell; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mai. Do you know what you say?

Mar. Lay you, and you speak ill of the diuell, how it he taken at heart. Pray God he be not bewitched.

Fab. Carry his water to his wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I late. My Lady would not look him for more then ill.

Mai. How now mistress?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Preche bold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see you mora him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlesse, gently, gently; the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs.

To. Why how now my browcock how shal I check?

Mai. Sir.

To. I bid you come with me. What man, this not for gravity to play at cheresses, pitch with fishan. Hang him soul Coliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby got to him pray.

Mai. He's prayers Mine.

Mar. No I warrant you, will not he heart of godly

Mai. Go hang your felices all: you are yole shal lowe things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter.

Exit.

To. If possible?

Fa. If this were plaid up a stage now, I could condemme it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, let the deuice take syre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The housl be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, til our very pa sthyme yeed out of breath, prompt vs to have mercy on him: at what time, we will bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen, but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

As. Here be the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ht fo' sucy?

And. I, sir I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

As. What seeing them art, thou art but a journy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

As. I under not, nor adore not in thy wise why I doe call

that so, for I will hear thee no reason for's.

(Law

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of f

To. Toms commi to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight for the third kind: but thou shalt in thys sight, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very free, and to exceeding good sense, ledge.

To. I will way lay thee gentle home, where if we try chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thow kill me like a rogue and a villain.

Fa. Still you keep o the wind side of the Law: good.

Fab. Farrewell and, God have mercy upon us of our sould: I wot no more upon me; but hope be a better, and is looks in the self. Thy friend is so well affain, by our four severne, Andrew Ague cheke.

As. If this Letter moue him not, his legess cannot

Ile gie him.

Fa. You may have other occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew: correct me for at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Bayley: so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw, I ware he horribl for to come to poffe off, that a stinging tooth, with a faggging.

As. But where is old gentlewoman? the marke hath more approbation, then euer prose it felle would cause sucht him.

Away.

And. Nay let me alone for everesting.

Exit.

To. Now will I deliver his Letter: for the behauor of the young Gentleman, gies him out to be good capacity and breeding: his employment between his Lord and my Neece, concerns not lest. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a Cladpale.

Fab. But sir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; and say, and make honorable two suchy on't:

That there is something in me that reproues my fault: But such a headstrong paumt fault it is, that it but moves reproves.

Vio. With the same hauour that your passion beares, Goes on my Masters greefes.

As. Here, were the jewelv for me, is my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vexe you:

And I beseech you come againe to morrow

What shall you ask of me that Ile deny, That honour (fau'd) may I vpon asking giue.

You. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Fa. How with more honor may I giue him that,

Which I have giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Fa. Well,come againe to morrow: fare-thee-well,

A Friend like thee might beseech my foule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saueth.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

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V.i. And you fir.
Tu. That defence thou half, betake the too't: of what nature the wongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercession full of deplight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee as the Orchard end: dimonent thy tucke, be zare in the prepara, for thy affaylans is quight, skill, and deadly.

V.i. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

Tu. I will find it otherwise I assure you: the chace, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your oposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

V.i. I pray you sir what is he?
Tu. He is a knight dubb'd with whatth'd Rapier, and on the common report, but he is a dwarf in private brawl, foules and bodices: thab he divers dreee, and his intencion, at this present, is to reconcile that fistathome more, but by purg of death and sepulcher: Hob, noth: hoo's bound, quit'th.

V.i. I will retorne againe into the house, and desine to the intent of the Law. I am no fighter, I have heard sixe to twelve men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to take their vallor: belie this is a man of that quicke.

Tu. Some, this indignation desires it fell out of a very computer court, therefore get you hence, and gowe him his desire. Basse you shall not to the house, while you understand it with me, which with much force you might answer hym: the chace on, or steppe your sword flaste asked: for meddle you must that certain, or forstece to weare iron above you.

V.i. This is as vncial as itsranged. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what your offence to him is itis something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Tu. I will do so. Signior Fathan, play you this gentleman till my returne. Enter Toby.

V.i. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fath. I know the knight is inently against you, even to a moste arbitrament, but nothing of the circumstanee more.

V.i. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Toby. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his fama, as you are like to finde him in the prooff of his vallor. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloody, & fataloppoite that you could possibly have found in anse part of Illyria: will you walkes to himth, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

V.i. I shall bee much bound to you for't. I am one, that had rather goe with sir Priestell, then for knigthe: I care not who knowes to much of my mettle. Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

V.i. Why man bee a very dulle, I have not seen fash frago: I had a paffe with him, rapier, scabbed, and all: and he gives me the flacke in with such a mortal motion that it is incendable: and on the answer, he payes you as fully, as your feast his the ground they flay on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

Andrew. Box on't. He not meddle with him.

V.i. But he will now be pacified, Fathan can scarce hold him yender.

Andrew. Plague on it, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning off fence, I'd have seen him drownd ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter flip, and he gave him my horse, gray Capelle.

Toby. He make the motion: stand beere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of foules, marry I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Felton and Irland.

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have pervaded him the youths a dulle.

Felton. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & looks pale, as it beare were at his beedes.

Irland. There's no remedian sir, he will fight with you for's oath fake: mattie bee hath better behought him of his quarrell, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the soppersurance of his vowe, he protest's he will not you hurt.

V.i. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Felton. Give ground if you think him furious.

Toby. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors fake have one bowtie with you: he cannot by the Duello aude it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not you hurt. Come on, signior.

And. Pray God he kepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

V.i. I do assure you against my will.

Antonio. Pat vp your word: of this young Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me:

V.i. If you offend him. Troth he defies you.

Antonio. You sir? Why, what are you?

V.i. One fir, that for his loue doates yet do more.

Antonio. Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

V.i. Nay, if you be an undersker, I am for you.

Enter Fathan.

Fathan. O good sir Toby hold heere come the Officers: I'll be with you anon.

V.i. Pray sir put your sword vp if you please.

Antonio. Marry will I fir: and for that I promis'd you'll be as good as my word. He will beare you easily, and raises well.

Fathan. This is the man, do thy Office.

Fathan. O Antonio, I reliefe thee at the suit of Count Ofranc.

V.i. You do mistake me sir.

Fathan. No sir, no tot: I know your favour well: Though now you have no fea-ex on your head: Take him away, he knows I know him well.

V.i. I shall bee much bound to you for't. I am one, that had rather goe with sir Priestell, then for knigthe: I care not who knowes to much of my mettle.

Antonio. This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedie, I shall ansew it: What will you do: now my necessitie Makes me to sake you for my purifie. It greeves mee Much more, for what I cannot do for you: then what befits my self: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

Fathan. Come sir away.

Antonio. I will entreat of you some of that money.

V.i. What money sir?

For the most kindle you have thew'd me beere, And part beeing prompted by your present trouble, Out of my leisure and low abilitie, I lend you something: my haging is not much, He make duishion of my present with you: Hold, there saule my Cofer.

Antonio. Will you deny me now, itt possible that my defers to you Can lacke periwillion. Do not tempt my misery, Leal that it make me to vnound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindeneses

That
That I have done for you,
For I know of none,
Nor know I byoyce, or any feature;
I hate ingratitude in a man,
Then lying, varnished, babbling drunkennesse,
Or any raine of vice, whose true corruption
Inhabiteth our fraile blood.

An. Oh heavens themselves.


An. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
I fash'd d'one half out of the issues of death, (here,
Relate him with such faciulity of hour;
And in his image, which one thought did promise
Mort venerable worth, did I denounce.

1. Off. What that is to vs, the time goes by: Away.

An. But oh, how vile an idol proues this God:
Thou haft Stabian done good feature, fame,
In Nature, there's no blemish but the munde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the wrokinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beautes euil
Are empty trunke, ore-Bourn'd by the dextril.

1. Off. The man growes mad, away with him.

Come, come sir.

An. Leade me on.

Exit

Pia. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye
That he beloves himselfe, so do not I:
Prooue true imagинаtion, oh proue true,
That I decree brother, be now tame for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian: Well
whisperer are a couple or two of mofl finge lowes.

To. He nam'd Stabian I lay brother know
Yet living in my glasse: estuact, and so
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashon, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh oh proue,
That I could make any kind of woman fresh in love.

To. A very diuine motly boy, and more a coward
Then a hare, his diuinefshly appears, in leaving his friend
here in neccesity, and denying him: and for his coward-
ship ask Fabian,

Fab. A coward, a most deuout coward, religious in
it.

An. Shil he after him againe, and bestre him,

To. Do, cufie him soundly, but never draw thy word
And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's fee the cuern.

To. I dare lay my money, t'will be nothing yet.

Exeunt

**Alitus Quarvus, Scena prima.**

Enter Sebastian and Cleom.

Cleo. Will you make me beleue, that I am not sent for
you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Cleo. Well heeld our yuft: No, I do not know you,
or I am not sent to you by my lady, so bid you come
speake with her: not your name is not Master Cefano,
or this is not my wife nyther: Nothing that is fo,
so.

Seb. I priceth we thouilly yond where else, thou
knowst not me.

Cleo. Vente my folly: He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applis it to a fool. Venz my face
ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World all proue a
Cockney: I priceth now vangaid thy stranenges, and tell
me what will you to my lady? Shall I turn to hit that
thou art comparing?

Seb. I priceth foolish graces depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you vary longer, I shall glie worse
pains.

Cleo. By my troth thou haft an open hand:these Wise-
men that give foolens money, get themselves a good re-
port, after faireeenees yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ho, haste me you again: ther's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To. Hold fir, or Ile throw your daggar ore the house
Cla. This will I tell my lady strait, I would not be
in some of your costes for a pea.

To. Come on fir, said

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to work
with him: 'Ile haue a sachon of Baterry against him, if
there be any law in Illyria through I broke him first, yet
it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come in, I will let you go. Come my young
souldier put vp your yron: you are well dished. Come
on.

Seb. I will be fire from thee. What would thy now?
If thou dost try me further, do thy word.

To. What, when Nay then I must have an Orce or
two of this malert blood to my yow.

Enter Cleom.

O. Hold Toby, and only let a shot be don.

To. Madam.

O. Will I be ever true and truster of thee?

To. For the Mounthawe, and the baroushes Caw, are
where names were spoken dount of my life.

Be not offended, dear Cousine

Rudely by, one I prefery gentle friend,

Let thy love, and water, not thy passion faw,
And then will I, and will come
Again to priceth, Commit me to my house,
And yee the more how many force I play.

To. Ruffin hathe botched d vp, that thou thereby
Mayst haue at this: Thou finall not chuse but goe
Do not deme, beorthrew his foule for mee,

Hafted one more heart of more, in thee.

Seb. What selfish thought is this? How now the striene?
Or I am mad, or efliest this a dreame:
I et fancye till my yron in the steepes, if
It be this to streame, will let us sleepe.

O. Nay I come priceth, would thoud it be yeld by me

Seb. Madam, I will

O. I lay to, and be.

**Scene Seconda.**

Enter Maria and Cleom.

Mar. Nay, I priceth put on this gown, & this beard,
make me beleue thou art Sir Topp the Curete, do's
quickly. He call it Toby the whit.

Cleo. Well, let priceth on, and I will describ my folte
mrt, and I would were the left that ever appeare in
such

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in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to bee thought a good student; but to be dain an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as sone as you, to say, a careful man, & great scholar. The Companions enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue blest thee M. Parson.

Clow. Bene des fit Toby; for as the old hermit of Prage that newer saw pen and inke, very wittily said to a Nece of King Gorbold, ye shall bee without that is, is so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson, for what is that, but that? and this, but this? To. To him fit Toby.

Clow. Whatcha, I say, P'se in this prison.

To. The Knave correstes well; a good Knave.

Malvolio. Who calls there?

Clow. Sir Toby the Curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the Luminick.

Malvolio. Sir Toby, fit Toby, good fit Torpe goe to my Lady.


Malvolio. Sir Toby, neuer was man thus wronged, good fit Torpe do not think I am mad; they have layke me here in hidous darkkmfe.

Clow. Fye, thou ditionell fathm. I call thee by the most modest names, for I am one of these gentle men, that will vie the delte humile with curtesie: layt thou that buote is darke?

Malvolio. As hell fir Torpe

Clow. Why hath bay Windovers transfromed as bari-
coders, and the elecre flowers coward the South shore, as instrous as Ebomy: and yet complaine thou of ob-
fruction?

Malvolio. I am not mad fir Torpe, I say to you this buote is darke.

Malvolio. Madman shouerret; I say there is no darkkmfe but ignorance, in which thou art more puxel t then the Egyptians in their fogge.

Malvolio. I say this house is darke as Ignorance, though Ignorance were darke as hell; and I say there was neuer man thus abs'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the rest of if in any confound question.

Clow. What is the opinion of Pilagbaras concerning Wilden-fowles?

Malvolio. That the foule of our grandam, might happily inhabe a bird.

Clow. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Malvolio. I thinke nobly of the foule, and no way swopse his opinion.

Clow. Fare thee well remaine thou still in darkkmfe, thou shall hold the opinion of Pilagbaras, ere I allow of thy wits, and desire to kill a Woulcocke, left thou diff-

Malvolio. Sir Toby, fit Toby.

Clow. My most exquisite fir Toby.

Clow. Nay I am for all wasters.

Malvolio. Thou mightst have done this without thy berd and gouern, he fees thee not.

To. To him in those owrne voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would weere well cldde of this knaesery. If he may bee contenteably deforderd, I would he were, for I am now to farte in offence with my Neice, that I cannot pursue with any safety this spott the vpper-

Clow. Come by and by to my Chamber.

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Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the syre, that is the glorious Sunne, This peale theue gave me, I do feele't, and lect', And though us wonder that enwraps me thus,

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Enter Olion, and Proct.
Ol. Blame not this hate of mine: if you means well
Not go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Shut the full abundance of your faith,
That my most faithful, and too doubtfull feale
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whereas you willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep.
According to your wish, what do you say?
Ol. He follow this good man, and go with you,
And having weapon, euer will be true.
Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heantos so flinte,
That they may fairely note this aile of mine.

Enter Alexius. Scena Prima.

Enter Clewe, Curio, and Lords.
Lords. Belong you to the Lady Olion, friends.
Cle. I sir, we are some of her trappings.
Lords. I know thee well; how deest thou my good fellow?
Cle. Truly sir, the better for my soes, and the worse
for my friends.
Lords. In the contrary: the better for thy friends.
Cle. No sir, the worse.
Cle. How can that be?
Cle. Marry flyhery praise me, and make an afe of me,
now my soes tell me plainly, I am an Ass: so that by my
soes fit, I profit in the knowledge of my felie, and by my
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kike,
your foure negates make you two affirmates, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my soes.

Enter Ambrose and Officers.
Virs. Here comes the man, this did refuse mee.
Amb. That face of his do remember well,
yet when I saw it last, it was defaced
At his seat Volunt, in the innoke of watre.
A bastard Veer did be the Captaine of,
In th' illow caugh and buke unprisable,
With which such luff, allinfulle gulle he make,
With the most joyful bottle our Fizere,
That very easy, and the tongue of losse
Cade fame and honer on him: What's the matter?
Vir. The name of Ambrose
That tooke the Florin, and her fraught from Comdy,
And thereof that did the Tiger boord.
When your young Nephew Firme lost his legges;
Here in the streets, deterphate of shame and face,
Impro，在e bable did we apprehend him.
Fir. He did me Kindnesse fit, drew on my fde,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what twas, but distraction.
Vir. Notable Pyr tratah, thou fall-watter Therfe,
What foule bodinellfe brought thee to their merces,
Whom thou in tennes did bavele, and so decee
Hath made thine enemys?
Amb. Of Sins. Noble sir,
Be pleas't that I shoke off these names you give mee:
Ambrose neuer yet was Therfe, or Pyrata,
Though I confesse, on bafe and ground enough
Ofsin's ennemies. A witchcath drew me beate:
That most ingratulable boy there by your fde,
From the rude fess erag'd and foesmy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wrock paff hope he was:
His life I geve him, and did thereto add the
My loure without retention, or restraint,
And all his dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my fale (pure for his loure)
Into the danger of this adoeiro Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was best rides:
Where being apprehended, his fale cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face mee out of his acquaintance,
Twelse Night, or, What you will.

And grew a twenty yeares removed thing
While one would work, I spend me mine owne pure,
Which I had recommended to his wyf,
Not like an hour before.

Who can this be?

When came he to this Towne?

To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No more, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we kepe company.


deq. Where comes the Countesse, now heauen walks on earth:

But for shee fellow, fellow thy words are madneffe,
Three months this youth hath tended upon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seeme tendable?

Oefers, you do not keepe promise with me,

Vio. Madam.

dw. Gracious Olivia,


Cef. My Lord should speake, my dutie bitches me.

Of. If he ought to the old time my Lord,

It is as fast and fullome to mine ears

As howling after Mischief.

Dw. Still so cruel?

Of. Still so confant Lord.

Dw. What to percutentely if you vraynd Lady

To whole ingrate, and vnaipious Aunts

My foule the fastfull afftings have breath'd out

That eare detuution tender'd. What shall I do?

Of. Even what is plese my Lord, that shal be him

Dw. Why should I not, (and I the heart to do it)

Like to th Egyptian sheepe, at point of death

Kill what I love? (a saue seoulouse,

That sometime favours nobly) but hear me this:

Since you to non-regards call my faith,

And that I hardly know the instrument

That freezes me from my true place in your favours:

Love you the Marble-breasted Tritam full.

But this your Minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heauen I faweare, I render dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where hee once crowned in his masters soif.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are up in mischiefe;

He sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,

To light a Roman heart within a Doun.

Dw. And I most loquac, apt, and willinglie,

To do you reft, thousand deaths would dye,

Of. Where goes Cefare?

Dw. After him I louse,

More then I love these eyes, more then my life,

More by all more, then ere I shall louse wyfe.

If I do feigne, you wittnesses aboe

Punish my life, for tainting of my louse.

Oy. Aye me detected, how am I beguil'd?

Dw. Who does beguile you? who does you wrong?

QI. Hal thou forgeth thy selfe? is it so long?

Calloath the holy Father,

Dw. Come, away.

Of. Whether my Lord? Cefare, Husband, stay,

Dw. Husband?

Of. Husband, Can be that deny?

Dw. Her husband, sirrah?

Of. No my Lord, not I.

Of. Alas, is it the bafenelle of thy fear?

That makes thee this pleple thy propiety:

I care not Cefare, take thy fortunes vp,

Be that thou knowest thou art, and then thou art

As great as thou now art.

Enter Kraft.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence

Here to unfold, though hardly we intended

To kepe in darkness, what occasion now

Here, it's before all eyes: what then doth know

Dwell newly past, between this youth, and me.

Psst. A Contract of eternal band of love,

confirmed by mutual joynder of your hands,

Attented by the holy-clofe of hypsi,

Strengthened by anewhereing meet of your rings,

And all the Cerimony of his compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch I told me, toward my grace

I have trauell'd but two hours.

Dw. O thou diftinguishing Cub: what wilt thou be

When once hath'st a grizzle on thy face?

Will not olde thy craft to quickly grow,

This thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow:

Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feete,

Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.


Of. O do not fear,

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the louse of God a Surgeon, send one presently to see Toby.

QI. What to doe matter?

And. Has broke by head a croffe, and has given Sir Toby a bloody Coxscombe too: for the louse of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Of. Who has done this Sir Andew?

And. The Counsels Gentleman, one Cefare: we took him for a Coo, but he the verie dwelliond Acooa.

Dw. My Gentleman Cefare?

And. Odd's lifeings here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you: you drewe your sword upon me without cause,

But I befooke you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Claire.

And. If a bloody coxscombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you let nothing by a bloody Coxscombe.

Here comes Sir Toby haling, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinks, hee would have tuck'd you other gaters then he did.

Of. How now Gentleman? how lift with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's the end on't.

Soe, didst see Dixke Surgeon, for?

Oe. He dranke drinke for Toby in borne sone: his eyes were set at eight the morning.

To. Then see's a Rogue, and a paffy measure panym; I hate a drunken rogue.

Dw. Away with him? Who hath made this havoce with them?

And. He helpe you Sir Toby, because we'll be dreft together.

To. Will you helpe me Sir Toby, because we'll be dreft together.

Of. 0.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Get home to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Sib. Let me have a handkerchief to wipe my kin's face; But had it been the bosom of my blood, I must have done no less with wet and saltness. You throw a foreign regard upon me, and by that I do presume hath offended you. Pardon me (sweet one) even for the verses We made each other, but for sake of love.

Dra. One face, one voice, one hand, and two persons, A natural perspective, that is, and is not.
Sib. Antemus: O my deere Antemus, How much the hours stick'd, and tortur'd me, Since I have left thee?

Ant. Sebastian, see you?

Sib. Fear it thou mayest Antemus?

Ant. How can you make duetion of your selfe, An apple clef in two, is not nowe twaine Then these two creature, Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Sib. Do I find there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that Darcy in my nature Of heart, and every wrate. I had a fitter, Whose blindes waues and rages have deuoured. Of charity, what none are you to me?

What Courtezmen? What name? What Parentage?

Ol. O yes, the Sebastian wasst so fair, Such a Sebastian was my brothas to me.

So weet befamous to his wieky company, If prints at all these battles name and state, You come to fight vs.

Sib. A spirit I am indeed, But no such damme gruelly clad, Whose from the world I did pastepper:

Were you a woman, at the reft goe even, I shou'd my rest set fall upon your cleeke, And say, thrice welcome drewnot Fiea.

Fiea. My father had am所得 upon his brow.

Sib. And I ha't mine.

Fiea. And didst that day when Fiea from her birth Had numbred thirteen yeares.

Sib. Othen record is lovely in my soule, He caused in bleed his mortal aile,

That day that made my fitter thirteen yeares. Fiea. Unchown less to make vs happy both, But this my maladie standt styple:

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance, Of place, time, fortune, do here our sumpe That I am Fiea, which I must confede, He bring you to a Captaine in this Towne, Where eye my maiden weede by whole gentil helpe, I was prefered to serve this Noble Count.

All the occurence of my fortune since Hath bene betwene this Lady, and this Lord.

Sib. So camest our Lady, thou have bene mislooke But Nature to her bosse draw in that. You would have but conacted to a Maid, Nor are you therein (by my life) descends. You are not to do with a mind and man,

The best of our, right noble in his blood:

If this be so, as yet the giuft leames true, I shall have here in the mopypp nympwrke, Boy, though that tend'd me a thousand times, Thou shalt not find a woman like to me.

Fiea. And all those living, will I over fire, And all those freemans keepes as true in foule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire.

That fouers day from night.

Dra. Give me thy hand, And let me fee thee in thy women weeds, Ouy. The Captaine that did bring me hift on shore Hath my Maides garments: he is gone some Asien.

I am now in distance, at Maladous face,

A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall inlarge him; fetch Maladous letter, And yet alat, now I remember me, They say poore Gentleman, he's much disturb'd.

Enter Obadiah with a Letter, and tablet.

A moost extravingent frienie of mine owne From my remembrance, clearly benefitt his. How doth he live?

Ol. Truly Madam, he holds Salabed at the flower end as well, as men in his cafe may do; he shou'd here with letter to you, I should haue given you to day morning. But as a madman's Epilites are no Goepis, so it skillers not much, when they are deliverd.

Ol. 'Open,' and read it.

Ol. Looks then to be well edified, when the Fole delivers the Madam. By the Lord Madam.

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Ol. No Madam, I do but desire madnedes: and your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow it.

Ol. Prether readeth thy right wis.

Ol. So do I Madona: but to desire his right wis, to read this therefore, pretend my Princesse, and give care.

Ol. Read it in forth:

Fa. Read, by the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world I shall know it: Though you have put me into drunkenesse, and given your drunken Captaine rule over me, yet haue I the benefit of my soles as well as your Ladyship. I have your own letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, on you much shame: thank me as you please. Hence my dutefull viole, and peype our tings pry.

Ol. But do the worse.

Ol. 1. Maladous.

Ol. This does not much of thoruth.

Ol. See her deslines of biam, bring him hither:

My Lord, to please you, there things further thought on, To thankee me as well a fitter, as a wise. One day shall crowne this fellow, to please you," Here at my house, and at my proper c.

Ol. Madam, I am most apt embrace your offer: Your Matter quites you: and your letter doe him, So much against the meate of your sexes, So faire behtred by your gent and tender beholding, And since you call me Muller, for long:

Hence is my hand, you flit from this time bee you. Maffets Matris.

Ol. A fitter, you are the.

Enter Maladous.

Ol. Is this the Madam?

Ol. I any Lord, this name: How now Maladous?

Maladous, you have done me wrong,

Ol. No wrong.

Ol. Have I Almaine No.

What do you haue, pray, so very true that Letter. You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write down if you can, in your care.
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Of thy, 'tis not thy scale, not thy intention: You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me in the model of honor, Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, Bad me come smiling, and crofto-parted to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to browne: Upon for Toby, and the lighter people: And aye, this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark and, visited by the Priest, And made the most notorious gecke and gull, That ere intention plaid on? Tell me why? Of. Alas Miswice, this is not my writing, Though I confess much like the Character: But out of question, as Marcus hand, And now I do think me, it was false First told me thou wert mad; then can't it in smiling, And in such formes, which here were presuppos'd: Upon thee in the Letter: preserre be content, This produce hath most shrewdly past upon thee: But when we know the grounds, and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the Plantiff and the Judge Of thine own cause.

Pub. Good Madam heare me speake, And let no quarrell, nor no braise to come, Taint the condition of this present house, Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess my selfe, and Toby See this degree against Malvolio here, Upon some hubborne and vencourced parts We had concern'd against him. Maria write The Letter, as fit Toby great importance, In recompence whereof, he hath married her: How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd, May rather plucke on laughter then revenge, If that the inuites we fully weigh'd, That have on both sides part. Of. Alas poore Foole, how have they ballest'd thee? Cn. Why some are borne great, some achieve greatest, and some have greatestall throwne upon them. I was, one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir Topas fir, but that's all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remembre, Madam, why laugh you at thus a barren rascall, and you smile not he's gas'd: and thus the whirligigge of time, brings in his revengees.

Mad. He be revenge'd on the whole packes of you? Of. He hath borne most notoriously abus'd. Do. Pursee him, and entreate him to a peace: He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet, When that is knowne, and golden time conumets A solemn Combination shall be made Of our deere foules. Meanse time sweet fister, We will not part from him e. Cofana come (For so you shall be while you are a man) But when in other habities you are frne, 


FINIS.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Secuna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Arcite. Bohemus.

Arc. If you have chance (Camil's) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion (wherein your enemies are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have told) great difference between our Bohemia, and your Sosia. Cam. I think, this coming Summer, the King of Sosia means to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which he truly owes him.

Arc. Wherewith our Entertainments shall frame y'we will be justified in our Louise; for indeed--

Camil. Beseech you--

Arc. Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence--in so rare--I know not what to say--We will give you sleep and Drinckes, that your Sencers (un-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot praise vs, as little accuse vs.

Camil. You pay a great deal to deare, for what's given freely.

Arc. 'Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to vertance.

Camil. Sosia cannot fix his himselfe over-kind to Bohemia: They were stray'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted between them, then such an affection, which cannot false but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made separation of their Societies, their Encounters (though not Personall) have been Royally attenned with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, young Embassies, that they have been to be together, though absent; thouke hands, as over a Vaft; and embraced as it were from the ends of oppo'd Winds. The Leaues continue their Loues.

Arc. I think there is not in the World, either Malece or Matter, to alter it. You have an unsepakable comfort of your young Prince, Mantua: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Proutie, that euer came into my Note.

Camil. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desir'd yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arc. Would they else be content to die?

Camil. Yet if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arc. If the King had no Sonne, they would desir'd to live on Crutches, he had one;

The Shepherds Note since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, and yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt to And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I mutiply
With one we thank you, many thousands moe,
That goe before it.

Lou. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you pay. Pol. Sir, that's too morrow:
I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,
This is put forth too truly: Besides, I have fay'd
To type your Royaltie,
Lou. We are too young (Brothers) Then you can put vs to
Pol. No longer fay.
Lou. One Sene nighte longer.
Pol. Very looth, to morrow.
Lou. We'll part the time betweene s thenstand in that
It is a gainst-saying.
Pol. Prifie me not (Beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that may express, none it's World
So soon as yours could win me: to it should now,
Were there necesse in your request, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affairs
Doe eu'n drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my fay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

Lou. Tongue ty'd our Queene? speake you
Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, un til
You had drawne Oaches from him, not to shay you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaym'd, fay this to him,
He's best from his belt ward.

Lou. Well said, Hermone.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strongs
But let him say so, and let him goe;
But let him sware so, and he shall not fay
We'thawke him likewise with Diffayse.
Yet of your Royall preference, Ie advertise
The borrow of a Weke, When at Bohemia
You take my Lord, Ie give him my Command
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geft
Preff'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leantse,
I love thee not a letter o'dh Clock, behind

What
The Winters Tale.

What Lady is her Lord. You'll stay 
P. No, Madame.  
Her. Nay, but you will?  
P. I may not verely.  
Her. Verely?  
You put me off with 'linder Vowes: but I,  
Though you would seek 'vinside the Stars with Oaths,  
Should yet say, Tyrone going: Verely.  
You shall not goe: a Ladies Verely is  
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?  
Force me to keep you a Prisoner,  
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees  
When you depart, and taste your Thanks. How say you  
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dreed Verely,  
One of them you shall be.  
P. Your Guest then, Madame:  
To be your Prisoner, should impart offending;  
Which is for me, leafe eache to commit,  
Then you to punishe.  
Her. Not your Guoler then,  
But your kind Hollie. Come, Ile question you  
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:  
You were pretty Lordings then?  
P. We were (faires Queens)  
Two Ladies, that thought these were no more behind,  
But such a day to morrow, as to day,  
And to be Boy eternall.  
Her. Was not my Lord  
The verier Wog oth'two?  
P. We were as twen't Lambs, that did frisk ith' Sun,  
And blest the one as in others: 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 weakes Spirits ne'er were higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven  
Boldly, not guily; the Imposition clean'd,  
Hereinour ours.  
Her. By this we gather  
You have trips since.  
P. O my mort sacrific'd Lady,  
Temptations hate since then been borne to's: for  
In those enful'd day's days, was my Wife a Girle;  
Your precious felde had then not crost the eyes  
Of your Young Play, fellow.  
Her. Grace to boot;  
Of this make no conclusion, leaft you say  
Your Qnene and I are Deulls: yet goe on,  
Th' oiffences we have made you doe, wee'runeare,  
If you first fin'd with vs; and that with vs.  
Your contine yourews; and that you flip not  
With any, but with vs.  
Lor. Is he woon yet?  
Her. He'le more (my Lord).  
Lor. At my request he would not:  
Hermione (my dearest) thou never spakest  
A better purpose.  
Her. Neuer?  
Lor. Neuer, but once.  
What haste I wisce fai'd well? when was't before?  
I prethcele me: cram's with prayse, and make's  
As far as came'thing: Oone good deed, dying tongueuell,  
Slaughters a thousand, wearing upon that,  
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride:  
With one soft Kiss a thousand Furlongs, ere  
With Spur we hear an Ace. But to th' Coste:  

My last good deed, was to entice his Fry.  
What was my first, it is an elder Sitter,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Gracce,  
But onl before I spoke to th' purpose: when?  
Nay, let me hau't: I long.  
Lor. Why, that was when  
Three crabb'd Moths had fownd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:  
A clap thy felse, my Lone; then dieinth thou,  
I am yours for euer.  
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed,  
Why loo you now; I hate spoke to the purpose twice.  
The one, for euer eant a Royall Husband;  
Th'o'ther, for some while a Friend.  
Lor. Too hot, too hot:  
To mingle friendship faire, is mingling bloods,  
I haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces,  
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment  
May a free face put on: divices a Libertie  
From Heartinfe, from Bounte, ferile Bosome,  
And well becoming Agent; 'tmay'l graunt:  
But to be pading Palme, and pinching Fingers,  
As now they are, and making praed's Smiles  
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as were  
The Mort of th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment  
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browses, Marmillian,  
Art thou my Boy?  
Mam. I my good Lord.  
Lor. Tickts:  
Why that's my Bawcock; what's that smutch'd thy Nose?  
They fayt is a Coppy out of mine, Come Captaine,  
We shall be next; not near, but clearly, Captaine;  
And yet the Streere, the Heyker, and the Calfe,  
Are all call'd Next. Still Vingisinng  
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)  
Art thou my Calfe?  
Mam. Ye, if you will (my Lord,)  
Lor. Thou wantst a rough path, & the sheotes that I hau't  
To be full, like me; yet they lave we are  
Almost as like as Figges; Women sayt,  
(That will lay any thing:) But were they liffe  
As o're-dy Blacks; as Wind, as Waters: faile  
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that theft  
No borne 'twixt him and me; yet were it true,  
This my Bosome were like me. Come (for Page)  
Look oon thee with your Weenke eyes: sweet Villain,  
Molt dear', my Collap: Can thy Dam,may't be  
Affection thy Intention flabs the Center,  
Thou do'tt make possible things not so held,  
Communicet it with Dreams (how canst this be?)  
With what's skill'd: thou couthe art,  
And fellow it nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
Thou may't co-jyne with something, and thou do'ft,  
(And that beyond Commision) and I findst,  
(And that to the infheon of my Brains,  
And hardinhg of my Browses,)  
P. What means steals?  
Her. He something fearmes vested,  
P. How? my Lord?  
Lor. What cheere? how it's with you, beli Brother?  
Her. Thou lookst as if you held a Brow of much distastion  
Are you moud? (my Lord?)  
Lor. No, in good earnest.  
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?  
It's tenderness; and make it felse a Paftime  
To harder bosomnes? Looking on the Lynes
The Winters Tale.

Of my Boyes face, I thought I did recoyse
Twintye three years, and few my felle ym-breeching.
In my greene Veuer; my Dugger must end,
Leat it should beke it Murther, and so proue
(As Ornaments oit do't) too dangerous:
How like (we thought) I then was to this Kerneil,
This Squash; this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Eggges for Money?

Cam. No. leight.

Leo. You will why happy man be'st dole My Brother
Are you fond of your young Prince, as we
Done seeme to be of ours?

Leo. At home (Sir)

He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my favourit Friend, and then my Enemy;
My Paradise my Soullord; Savell-ynshall:
He makes a ludes day. short as heer,
And with his varying childdene, care in the
Thoughts,that would thick my blood.

Leo. So hinds this Squire

Off'd with me: We're too a well walkt (my Lord)
And leave you to your greater flegs. Howmore,
How thon loyit us, when our Brothers welcome,
Let us be sease to Scely, be cheape:
Next to thy felle, and my young Rouse, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Leo. If you would seke vs,
We see yours't Garden: shall attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispole—you will be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)

Leo. God too, god too.

How this holds up the Nebt the Byll to him?
And amkes her with the bullestone of a Wile
To be allowing Husband. Gone already,
Yen-chink, knee-deepere head and ears a forck'd one.
Go play (Boy): thy Mother playes, and take
You too in anrag'd a part, whole issue,
Will hole me to my Grace. Compons and Clamer
Will be my Knell, Go play (Boy): play, there have been
(Or I much deceaw'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now while I speak this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thanks she has been play'd in his absence,
And his Pard B'dil by his next Neibour (by
Sir Smitt, his Neibour) may there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gastes, and their Gastes open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all depaire
That have reuengt Wiles, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang them selfe.

It is a bassely Planet, which will finke
Where his predominant: & its powerfull: think it's:
From Eas, Wall, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Bely. Know'st,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and bagage: many thousand on's
Hau the Difafe, and feete's not. How now Boy?

Cam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why that's some comfort.

What? Come there.

Cam. You good Lord.

Leo. Go play (Mamillou) thou't an honest man.
Come, this great Sir will yet play longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you call out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?
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My Wife is flippier? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impendently negativo,
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, itserfes a Name
As rank as any Fiaa-Wench, that puts to
Before her teeth-blew: say, land unto.
Cam. I would not be a Tender-bye, to heare
My Souraigne Miltreffe clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: I threw my heart,
You never spake what did become you left
Then this; which to reiterate, were fin
As deepes as that, though true.
L.e. Is whispering nothing?
Is leasing Cheeks to Cheeks? Is beating Nozes?
Kissing with ins-fide Lip lipping the Carire
Of Laughter, with fight (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honest) torning foot to foot
Walking in corner? walking Clocks in swift?
Hours, Minutes? Neene, Mid-night? & all Eyes
Bind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would venite be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in'ts nothing,
The courting Skip is nothing, Bemina nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing buthe Nothing,
If this be nothing;
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diuers Opinnon, and becomes,
For 's most dangerous,
L.e. Say it be, its true,
Cam. No go, my Lord,
L.e. It is: youse yse, yse yse,
I say thou hast Comuli, and I bare thee,
Prone out a gentle Lute, and modell Slave,
Or else heaunter Temporizer, that
Can't with three eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my Wives Lutes
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Gaffe,
Cam. Who do's infect her e
L.e. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (Bemina,) who of
Hid Servants true about me that bare eyes
To see alike Names, as ther Profits,
(Thouch owe particuler Thrife,) they would do that
Which I found in more doing: and, I thou
His Cup-bearer, with me in most manner forme
Hau'ed Bended, and read to w'orld, who may it see
Plainly, as heaunets Earth and Eart heaunets Heaven.
How I am gild'd, might'le be spine a Cup,
To gie mine Enemy a falling Wanke:
Which Draught to me were cordiall,
Cam. Sit (my Lord)
I could do this, and that with no rash Poison,
But with a lingering Dram, that should not worke
Malciously like Poyson: But I cannot
Belieare this Cracke to be in my deed Millstreffe
(No murtherer being Honorabele)
I have lovd thee,
L.e. Make that thy question, and goe rote:
Do't think me I am fodyly, fo unentled,
To appoint my selfe in this vacation?
Silly the purrson and whetefell of my Sheanes
(Which to preferre, is Steppe, where being spotted,
In Gratells, Thumes, Mertails, Tayles of Waples)
Cost scandals, in the blood oft Prince, my Sonne,
(Whose I do think is mine, and louse as mine)

Without ripe moving to's? Would I doe this e
Could man so bleache?
Cam. I must beleue you(Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Bemina for't:
Provided, that when her's remov'd, your Highness
Will take againe, your Queene, as yours at first,
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for saving
The Inistre of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally to d'you yours.
Leo. Thou dost admire me,
Fuen so as I mine owne cause have set downe:
Ile gueue to his highnesse to her Honore,pone.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then, and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weare at Peas, keepe with Bemina,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beureridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haft the one halfe of my heart;
Do not, thou splitt that owne.
Cam. Ile do my Lord.
Leo. I am shewly, as thou haft advis'd me, Exa
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good Poxterus, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himse, will have
All that are his, forsoo. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had starck anonyted Kings,
And Bourifs'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Not Bramble, nor Stone, nor Parishment bears not one,
Let Villiant it felie forweare. I must
Pose the Courts to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a break-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes Bemina. Enter Poxterus
Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
My favor here begins to warpe, Nor speakes?
Good day Camuli.
Cam. Hayle moft Royall Sir,
Pol. What is the News vth Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some-Province, and a Region
Loud, as he hauers himselfe: even now I met him
With collumarie complement, where hee
Wafing his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me,and
So lemes me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How,dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare no
Be intelligent to me, 'tis therabouts:
For to your felle, what you dee know, you must,
And cannot say, you are not good. Good Camuli,
Your chang'd complaunces are to me a Mirror,
Which thewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alarum, finding
My felle thus alter'd with'
Cam. There is a sickfellae
Which puts none of vs in distermer, but
I cannot name the Drives, and it is caught
Out, that you are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not fighed like the Basiliqne.

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I have looked on thousands, who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so: Camille, As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto Clocke-like experienced, which no leafe adorns Our Censury, then our Parents Noble Names, In whose success we are gaz: I beseech you, If you know ought which doth becom my knowledge, Thereof to be inform'd, I implore you not In ignorant conceit.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sickenesse caught of me, and yet I well? I must be answer'd. Do it thou hear Camille, I conspire thee, by all the parts of man, Which I hope doth acknowledge, whereof the least Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare What incencitude thou dost thieve of harme Is creeping toward me, how faire off, how, Where which way to be prevented, if I be: If not, how beft to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you, Since I am charg'd to honor, and by him That I think Honorable: therefore mark my counsaille, Which must be en as swiftly followed, as I meant to vext it; or both your selife, and me, Cry lost, and for good night.

Pol. Oh, good Camille.

Cam. I am appointed him to murter you.

Pol. By whom? Camille?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes my with all confidenc he swears, As he had seen't, or borne an Instrument To vise you to, that you have touch'd his Queene Forsaken.

Pol. Oh then, my beft blood turne To an infected Gely, and my Name Be youk'd with his, that did betray the Beft: I cause then your fortune to be made, A fauour, that may strike the dullest Nothirth Where I strive, and my approcbe be dunt'd, Nay hated too, worse then the great Infection That were was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over By each particular here in Haven, and By all their influences, as you may as well Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moore, As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake The Fabric of his Folly, whose foundation If you'd upon his Faith, and will continue The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to Avoid what's geworne, then question how 'tis borne. If therefore you dare trust my homfe, That ly's enclos'd in this Trunke, which you Shall bear along unpaid, way to Night, Your Followers I will whisper to the Baisniffe, And will by twowe, and threeas, at severall Poffemese, Clear them of th' Cite: For my life, I lie put My fortunes to your furence (which we here By this discourse left) Be not unceraine, For by the honor of my Parents, I Have vset my Truth: which if you feke to prove, I dare not fland by; nor shall you be safer, Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth: Theiron his Execution sworn.

Pol. I do belewe thee:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand, Be Pilott to me, and thy place shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and My people did expect my hence departure Two dayes agoe. This Testament Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare, Must he great; and, as his Postion's mightie, Must he violent: and, as he do's cencernae, He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever Profest'd to him why his Revenges must In that he made more bitter. These once removes me: Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious Queene, part of his Theme, but nothing Of his illaine mitprision. Come Camille, I will respect thee as a Father, if Thou bearst my life off, hence: Let vaould. Cam. It is in mine authortiy to command The Keys of all the Potterne: Please your Highnesse To take the vigilant hour. Come Sir, away. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigem: Lords.

Herm. Take the Bay to you: he to troubles me, To past evading:

Lady. Come, (precious Lord) Shall I be your pitty-fellow?

Mum. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord) Mum. You are kille me hard, and speake to me, as if I were a Baby thil. I looke you better.

2. Lady. And why (my Lord) Mum. Not for becausc Your Browes are blacker (yet blacke-browes they say Become some Women bost, so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a Cenicircle, Or a hale-Moon, made with a Pen.)

3. Lady. Who taught this?

Mum. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now, What coler are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Stew. Nay, that's a mock: I have seene a Ladies Noce, That he's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harkye, the Queene (your Mother) sounds space: we shall Present our seruices to a fine new Prince One of these days, and then you'll wanton with vs, If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late Into a goodly Bucke (good time encounter her.) Her. What wildome flirs amongst you? Come Sir, now I am for you again: 'Pray you fis by vs, And tell a Tale.

Mum. Merry, or sad, this'll be.

Her. As merry as you will.

Mum. A sad Tale for winter:

I have one of Sprights, and Goddins.

Her. Let's hauetam (good Sir.)

Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best. To fright me with your Sprights you're powerefull at it.

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Mum. There
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Man. There was a man.


Man. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Cricket shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give me in mine ears,

Man. Was hee mee there? his Trame? Camilla
With him?

Her. Behind the stuff of Purses I met them, never
Saw I then scowe so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.

Lee. How bieft am I
In my last Content? in my true Opinion?
Allack, for better knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so bieft? There may be in the Cap
A Spider steep'd, and one uneasy drinker; depart,
And yet parteake no venome. (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one prevent
Thrabbour'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his fides
With violent Heres: I have drank, and hear the Spider.
Camilla was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrust'd: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was prest-employ'd by him:
He's discover'd my Device, and I
Remain a半岛 of Truth: yes, a very Trick
For them to play at well, how came the Posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lees prevaul'd, then so,
On your command,
Lee. I know's too well.

Give me the Pay, I am glad you did not nurse me:
Though he do's bear some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Lee. Beare the Briton shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that shee's big-wit, with 'twixt Pollowery.

Her. But I'll day he had not;
And lie be it worne you would beleue my saying,
How her you least to be and roward.

Lee. You (my Lord)

Looke on her, make her well - be but about
To say she is : goodly Lady, and
The suffice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty she's not honett. Honorable
Praye her but for this her without-dore-Forme, (Which on my faith defers a high speech) and strait
The Shag, the Humor, the Petty-brandes
That Calumnie doth well: Oh! am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare
Verse it selfe) shee Siruje, shee Humor and Ha's,
When you have daul shee's proudly, come betweene.
Ere you can say shee's honett: but be't knowne
(from him that he's most caule to greate it should be)
She's an Adultrefe.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenie'd Villaine in the World)
He was as muchmore Villaine: you (my Lord)
Done but mistake.

Lee. You haue mislooke (my Lady)

The answer for Learen': O thou gay Lord,
(Which I do not call a Creature of thy place.
Leaf a suberfine (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vse to all degrees,
And mannerly dulsingements let se,
Belwixt the Prince and Beggar? I have said
She's an Adultrefe, I haue said with whom:
More: there's a Traytor, and Camilla is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
Wh.: she should blame to know her selfe,
But with her moter, principal: that fhee's
A Bed-swarmer, even as bad as those.
That Vulgars giue bold't Tities; I, and priuy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)

Priuy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall maune with the knowledge,
That you thus haue publisht me? Genius my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Lee. No: I mifake

In those foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is too biger enough to bear
A Schoole-Boyer Top, An', wth her (to Prisone:
He who shall speake for her, is a faire. off guile,
But that he speaks,

Her. There's some ill Planet raigines:
I must be present, till the Heavens bowke
With an alge more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of whom vaine dew
Perchance sholl dry your pitters: but I haue
That honorable Gracie lodg'd here, which burns
With the most fauorable: keepe you (all (my Lords)
With thoughts to quaifiers, a you Charters
Shall be putt in your pouch. not. oth, & to
The Kings will be perform'd.

Lee. Shall be heard?

Her. Who is't that goeth with her before you Hlgine:
My Valence shall not come about her,
My Pight requires it. Doe not weep, (good Folkes)
There is no caule: when you shall know you Mithos
He's defend't Prisone, then abounds in Traces,
As I come out: this Austra I now goe on,
Is for my better eare. Advante (my Lord)

Lee. But to make you easy, now
I trust I shall: my Wmna come, you haue leuare.

Lee. Go, doe our budding: hence.

Lord. Behovle your Hlgine ab the Queene againe.

Auct. Be certaine what you do (Sir) lest your liufice
Prove vnfit, in the which these great ones liuer,
Your Selfe, your Queenes, your Sonne,

Lee. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do (Sir)
Please you accept it, that the Queene is ipolitice
I the eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane
In that, which you accufe her,

Auct. It is proue

She's other wife, lie keeps my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, lie goe in couplers with her:
Then when I feele, and see her, no farther truht but
For every ynt of Woman in the World,
Every day dram of Women eth isfall,
If she be.

Lee. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Auct. It is for you speake, not for our felues:
You are absurd, and by some patter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would
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I wouldLand-damne him: be the honor-f主持召开, I have three daughters: the eldest is eleventh; the second, and the third, nine: and some fine: If this prove true, they' ll play for's. By mine honor, I do not tell a false generation: they are co-hyres, and I did rather gild my fells, than they should be forced to use false attire.

Lea. Cede, no more:
You feint this buffone with a fence as cold As a dead-man's note: but I do, if so be, feel't. As you feel doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feel.

Act. I. If it be so,
We need no grace to burie honestly,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dignity each.

Lea. On this ground must more it would content me
To have your Honor see, then you first promised
To publish for your voice, you may not.

Lea. Why what need we
Commune with you of this? But rather follow
Our circular direction? Our prentense
Calls not your Complain, but our universal goodne,
Implements which, by you, you use, and flapped,
Or leaveing, or, in your skill, will not, will not
Refl iff th' sixth, like's: undermine your franchises,
We need no more of your advice: the matter
The loffle, the game, the ordnang on,
It all properly ours.

Act. And I will (my Liege)
You had only in your silent judgment tride it,
Without more overtures.

Lea. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant of age,
or thou art born a chaste: Camilla's flight
Added to their Faimonery
(Which was as grotto, as ever touch'd concoction,
That lack of flight onely, sought for approbation
But onely being, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) done upon this proceeding.
Yet for a greater confirmation
(For an Act of this importance, were
Mall sufficient to be wide) I have dispatch'd in part,
To search Diplot, to Apollo's Temples,
Cromer and Dyon, whom you know
Of the d-deficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual conscience had
Shall hop, or spurne me, Haue I done well?

Act. Well done (my Lord).

Lea. Though I am fatidrific, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet still the Oracle
Gue ret to the minutes of others; such as he
Whole ignorant credulity, will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free persou, feste should be confide,
Left that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Beliefe her to performe. Come follow us,
We are to speake in publique: for this buffone
Will raise vs all.

Act. To laughter, as it takest,
If the good truth, were knowne.

Enter Pausus, a sentenlos, Corner, Emilia,
Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him the knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doft thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Paus. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whose much I honour.

Paus. Pray you then,
Conducr me to the Queen.

Gas. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paus. Here is a do, to stockholm honorly & honour from
The sequel of gentle visitors, let lawfull prays
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?

Gas. So please you (Madam)
To put a part these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paus. - pray now calmer
With-draw your felves.
leo. And Madam,
Emilia be present at your Conference.

Paus. Well be it; for therer.

Hence such a case, to make no strain, no strain,
A pairis colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one to great, and to forlorn
May it be together: On her frights, and griefes
Of a counsellor Lady hath borne greater
She's, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paus. A hoy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
I wish, and like to see the Queen receivs
Much comfort not: Sues, my poor prisoner,
I am successe to you.

Paus. I dare bare a hoary
This dangerous, while Lunes with King, he knew them:
He must be told only, and that the office
 Becomes a woman best. He take's upon me,
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blander,
And return to my red hotel, Angier bee
The Tranquility more: pray you (Emilia)
Command my hell obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
The he's the King, and undertake to bee
Her Adoracion to her mouth. We do not know
How he may suffer at the sight of his Childe:
The silence of pure innocence
Perwardes, when speaking failes,
Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honor, and your goodnesse is so evident,
That your free viscking cannot misse
A thriving ylle: there is no lady living
So meere for this great errand; plead your Ladiship
To wit the next rooms, Ie presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammed of this designe,
But deait not tempt a minuter of honour
Leat she should be deny'd.

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Paul. I fel her (Emilia)
Paul. I fel that songe I have: If we flow from't
As boldness from my bosome, it's not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleft for it.

Ile to the Queene: please you come something nearer.

Gas. Madam, it's please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to refuse it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You neede not refuse it (fit)
This Childe was privyto the wombe, and is
By Law and Processe of great Nature, thence
Free d, and enfranchisd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trepoffe of the Queene.

Gas. I do beleue it.

Paul. Do not you feare: upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lenore, Seruants, Paulina, Antigone,
and Lords.

Len. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse
To bear the matter thus: meerre weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being a part of the cause.
She, the Adulteresse: for the harshest King
Is quite beyond mine Answer, out of the blanke
And leauel of my braine: plot-proofes but these,
I can haue to me: say that the were gone,
Guen to the fire, a motery of my rest.
Might come to me againe. Where there?

Ser. My Lord.

Len. How do the soye? o
Ser. He tooke good rest to night: his hou',
His fickness dissipate.

Len. To fee his Noblenesse,
Conceyving the dishonour of his Mother.
He straung declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fader'd, and fix'd the shame over in his felte
Throw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me soley: goe,
See how he farest: Fe, he, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenge that way
Recycle sponde: in him/himse all mightie,
And in his partie, his Alliance: Let him be,
Vainly a time may fare. For present vengeance
Take on it her: Camilla, and Feluzzo.
Laugh at me: make their palaine at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if it could reach them, nor
Shall Ite, with my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
For fear you his tyranous passion more (slave)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent sole,
More free, then he is latho.

Aun. That's enough.

Ser. Madam: he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That crepe like shadowes by him, and do sight
At each his nottefull heausing: such as you
Nourith the caufe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinally, as true;
(Howe'ne, as either) to purge him of that humer,
That pusses him from sleepe.

Len. Who toyse these, bees?

Paul. No toyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Cogitps for your Highness.

Len. How?

Away with that audacious Lady, Antigone,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew the would.

Aum. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Len. What? canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dissonesse he can: in this
(Vasile he take the course that you havo done)
Commit me, for commiting honor, truth it,
He shall not rule me:

Aum. La you now, you heare,
When the will take the raine, I let her run,
But there I'll tumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beleeve you heare me, who presse
My felve your loyal Servant, your Physician,
Your mott obedient Countains: yet that dare.
Lesse appear so, in consouling your Eulisses,
Then such as mostnnen yous. I tay, I come
From your good Queene.

Len. Good Queene? 

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I tay good Queene,
And would by command, make her good, were I
A man, the wort about you.

Len. I tay her that.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hond me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere tis, Commands it to your blessing.

Len. Our.

Paul. A mankeinde Witch? Hence wish her, out o'dore:
A most intelligenciung bawd.

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In to eniting me: and no leffe honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this would goes) to passe for honest.

Len. Traitors;

Will you not pull her out? Give her the Baffard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tys' denies of
By thy name Partes here. Take vp the Baffard,
Take t'vp, I say: gue nt to thy Creaste.

Paul. For ever

Vosuerable be thy hands, as thou
Take't vp the Princele, by that forceful bafence
Which he ha' is spent:

Len. He dared his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then't were past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

Len. A neft of Traitors.

Aum. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Not 1: nor any
But one that's heare: and that's himselfe: for he,
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The sacred Honor of himself, his Queens,
His hopefull Sonne, his Babes, betrays to Slaver,
Whose flag is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the caule now stands, it is a Curte
He cannot be compell'd too') once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oak, or Stone was found.

Act. A Callat

Of boundleffe tongue, who Late hath beat her Husband,
And now bysets me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the issue of Baltiene,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we ly thold Proverb to your charge,
So like you, in the worse, Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppys of the Father: (Eye, Note, like,)
The trick of 's Frowne, his Front-head, may the Valley,
The pretie d Humphreys of his Chin, and Cheeky, his Smiles: (The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nyle, Finger.)
And tho good Goddess of Nature, which hath made it
So like to him that got it, thou hast
The ordering of the Man too, amongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, left fire suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Act. A profyle Hugge:
And Losell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not lay her Tongue.

Act. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feste you'll leave your self:
Hardly one Subrach.

Act. One more take her hence.

Paul. A Milton worthy, and ventuall all
Can doe no more.

Act. Ile his theire burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Hereticke that makes the fire,
Not the which burnes but: He not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell age of your Queene
(Not able to produce more acculation
Then your owne wesse-hardly'd Fancy) something savors
Of Tyrannye, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, feandalous to the World.

Act. O your Alegance,
Out of the Chamber withers. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? the durft not call me fo,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not pull me, Ile be gone.
Look to your selfe (my Lord) isis yours. lose lend her
A better guarding Slay. What needs thine hands?
You that are thus to tender o're his Follies,
Will never doe him good, nor one of you,
So: Farewell, we are gone.

Act. Thou (Trevor) shall set on thy Wife to this.
My Child away with it: even thoughs hale
A heart to tendre o're it, take it hence,
And fee it instantly consume'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it ye straight:
Within the house bring me word 'tis done.
(And by good testimation) Ile feaze thy life,
With what thou did call thine: if thou relive,
And will encounter with my Wrath, say fo;
The Bafild-braynes with thine proper hands
Shall I doon out. Great the eft to the fire,
For thou fea't in thy Wife.

Act. I did not, Sir;
Thise Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me m't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guilty of her comming thither.

Act. You are jers all.

Lords. Behex your Highneffe, giue vs better credit:
We have always truly fea'd you, and behex.'
So to efteme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompece of our desire services
Paich, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being to horrible, to bloody, must
Lead on to some foule life. We all kneele.

Act. I am a Fisher for each Wind that blows:
Shall I lose on, to see this Baffard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it live.
It shall not neyerth. You Sir, come you bither:
You that haue been to tenderly efficious
With Lady; Mygeree, your Mid. wife there,
To faue this Baffard's life, for 'ts a Baffard,
So far as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To faue this Brass life?

Act. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abstinence may vndergo,
And Noblenesse imploqe: at least thus much;
He paune the little blood which I haue left,
To taut the Innocent: any thing possible.

Act. I shall be possible: Sware by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Act. I will (my Lord.)

Act. Mark, and performe it: for thou knowest the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy best; tongued Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioy thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, this thee carry
This female Baffard hence, and that thou bearst it
To some remote and desolate place, quire out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the climaete: as by strange fortune
It came to vs., do in libertie charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangeth to some place,
Where Chance may suru, or end it: take it vp.

Act. I sweare to doe that though a present death
Had bene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit inflruit the Kytes and Raves
To be thy Nurses. Wolvest and Bearers, they say,
(Calling their issuing genieffe aside) thee have done
Like offices of Putty. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed do's require: and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
(Poore Thing, condemned to tole.)

Act. No. Ile not reare
Another Tiffle.

Act. Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your Highneffe, Pleases.
From theo you fent to th'Oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dinn
Being well arruial'd from Delphos, are both landed.
Hading to th' Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speeche
Hath benee beyond accompl.

Act. Twenty three days
They have beene abent: tis good speeche: fore-tells
The great Apollo suddenly will haue
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The truth of this appear : Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Seizton;that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady : for as the hath
Been publicly accuss'd, so shal the hau
A suit and open Trial. While the lutes,
My heart will be a barthen to me. Leave me,
And thinke upon my bidding. Extenu.

Achis Tetirs. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cles. The Clyman's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Ferrile the life, the Temple much surpris
The common prayr it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
For soit it caught me, the Celestial Habits,
(Me thinkes I too shou'd reme them) and the reverence
Of the graue Wearies, O the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious solemn, and vn-earthly
It was'th'Otring?

Cles. But of all the best
And the rare-dravng voyce or'Oracle,
Ke to serous Thunders, so surpris my Spirit,
That I was nothing.

Dio. It is the safest of'th'journey
Proves st successfull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath bene to vs, rare, pleasant, speciale,
The time is worth the vie one.

Cles. Great sport
Turne all to the beest: thefe Proclamations,
So foring faults upon Hermone,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Butnaffle, when the Oracle
(Thus by Apros a great Dounte leald vp)
Shall the Contents discover, sometihing rare
Euen then will ruth to knowledge. Go e:th Horie;
And gracious be the fit.

Extenu.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leoncet, Lords, Officers : Hermone (as to her Truth) Ladies : Cleomenes, Dion.

Leo. This Seizton (so our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pathes g'thout our heart. The partie tryd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Or's too much below'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being synnonous, since we to open
Proceed in judicr which shall have due course,
Euen to the Guize for the Purgation : Produce the Plater.

Officr. It has Highste pleasure, that the Queene
Appears in person in the Court. Science.

Leo. Read the Indictmen.

Officer. Hermone, Queene to the worthy Leoncet, King
Of Sicilia, tis not here accused and arraigned of High Tre-
Atron, but committting Adultery with Policentus King of Bobomia,
and confuring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sou-
rainge Lord the King, by Royall Judgement: the presence whereof
being by circumstances partly laid open throug (Hermone) con-
tary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subiect doth com-
fail and aysa them for their better justices, to flye away by
Next.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be that
Which condutrieth my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, is shal scarce boot me
To say, Not guilitie: more Intregite
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be for receiued: But thus, if Powres Divine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
Falle Accusation bllhid, and Tyrannye
Trible at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom lest I will seeme to doe so) my p[l life
Hath bene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy: which is more
Then History can pature, though desir'd,
And play'd to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owne
A Mostie of the Throne : a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here planning
To pride and talk for Life, and Honor, and
Who please to come and beare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe, which I would spare for Honor,
'Tis a destruution from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conference (Sir) before Policentus
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How meant to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter for vescuant, I
Hence ityain't appeare thus; if one not beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enticing, hardened be the hearts
Of all this heare me, and my recreit of Kim
Cry fe your Grace.

Leo. I recd this yest,
That any of those boister Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to game-lay what they did,
Then to perform it shrift.

Her. That's true enough,
Though is a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mutille of,
Which comes to the name of Fruit, I must not
At all acknowledge. Leo Policentus
(With whom I am accused) does confesse
I boud myn, as he honor be required:
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to have done, I thoughte had been in me
Both Dishonourable, and Imgratitute
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke,
Even since it could speake, from an Infant, freely.
That it was yours. Now for Courtship,
I know not how it rafter, though it be diffid
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is that Camilla was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Witing no more then 1) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have venture me to doe in his absence.

Her. Sir.

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Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not;
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which I lay downe.

Lee. Your Actions are my Dreames,
You had a Baward by Palatines,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all thame,
(Those of your Fact are so) to all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than suaites, for as
Thy Brat hath beene call'd, like to it selfe,
No Father owning (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, thenn it) to thou
Shall feel our Jutices; in whol easefull passage,
Looke for no leefte then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats;
The Buggy which you would fright me with, I feele:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crownes and comfort of my Life(your Favor)
I doe give lost, for I doe feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My Legeon,
And first fruits of my body,from his pretence
I am bar'd, like one of Absence.
My third comfort
(Star'd melt vnkindly) is from my breake
(The innocent milke in it most innocent much)
H'lld out to murther. My selfe on every Poit
Proudly da Sumpet: With impudent hatred
The Child-bed pye ledge deny'd, which brings
To Worrigh of all Fruites. Lastly, burialled
Here to this place, thou'lt open aire, before
I have got strength of limb. Now(my Lege)
Tell me what blessings I have here alreadie,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed;
But yet heart this: mustake me not, no Life,
(I prize it not at all) but for mine Honor,
Which I would loose: if I shall be condemnd
You pursuance (all proofs strongling else)
But what your Lealousies awake? I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and non Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Lord. This your requet
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth
(And in Apollo's Name) him Oracell.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Triall: that he did but see
The flauntry of mine Misrerie; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge.

Off. You here Dar sexually upon this Sword of Jutice,
That you (Cicimner and Dorn) have
Been both as Deiplohs, and from thence have brought
This feald' vp Oracle, by the Hand dwelt'ed
Of great Apollo's Priest, and that since then,
You hence not dar'd to breake the holy Scale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cle. Dio. All this we fawre,
Lee. Breake vp the Seales, and read.

Off. Heraclius is chief, Polisien blemish'd, Camillo
a true Subiect, Leonis a trance Tyrant, but innocent Bake
truth's begotten, and the King had line without a Heir of that
which is left: he not found.

Lee. Now blest be the great Apollo.

Her. Praised.

Lee. Hith thou read truth?

Off. I (my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.

Lee. There is no truth at all in this Oracle.

The Seelions shall proceed: this is mere Falsehood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Lee. What is the blemish?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hasted to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with metre conceit, and fear
Of the Queens speed, is done.

Lee. How done?

Ser. 1s dead.

Lee. Apollo's angry, and the fewes themselfes
Do not flake at my maner. How now there?

Paul. This news is sent all to the Queen. Look downe
And see what Death is doing.

Lee. Take her hence:
Her heart is but once-dying'd: she will recover.
I have too much beleue'd mine own suppositions.
'If thee thou tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great prophane neffe gainst thine Oracle.
He reconcile me to the Queen,
Now wore my Queen, recall the good Camillo
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being transported by my Lealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to revenge'd choice
Camillo for the miniftr, to poysen
My friend Palatines; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My Swift command: though I wish Death, and with
Reward, did them tem and encourage him.
Not doing it, and being done: he most humane,
And fill'd with Honor to my Kingly Gueft
Vndiapd my praife, quit his fortunes here
(Which you doe appear) and to the hazard
Of all Inceanthies, him faire commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glad tries
Through my Ruft and how his Piety
Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while;
O eat my Lance, left my heart (cracking it)
Bake too.

Lord. What fit is this good Lady?

Paul. What studid torment? (Tyman)shaft for me?

What Wheelers Rocks Fires? What Flying boyling?
In Lords, or Oyle's? What old, or newer Torture
Mett no covert where every word defere
To tell of thy mofl worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Lealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boys, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O think what they have done,
And them reuse mad: ilke made for all
Thy by gone booles and outward sprouces of it.
That thou betrayedst Palatines, was nothing
(That did but flee them, of a Fool, inconstant, And
dammnable ingratefull): Not was much,
Thou would hawe prey'd on good Camillo's Honor,
To have him kill a King: poor Treipaffers,
More monstrous flaying by: whereas I reckon
The calling forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little: though a Decyll
Would hawe flied water out of fire, ere don't.
Nor is daredly luyd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honrable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) left the heart
That could conceiue a groffe and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not so,
Layd to thy answere: but the left: O Lords,
When I have said, try won the Queen, the Queen.
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The sweet & good creature's dead: & vengeance for's Not drop'd, I'll make yet.

Land. The higher powers forbid.

Per. If Jay's dead: I live we're. If word, nor oath,
Prevaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tinture, or luten in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, I here you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not reject these things, for they are heav'nt.
Then all thy woes can flurie: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, falling,
Upon a barren Mountain, and full Winter.
In forme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To look e'where they were.

Lys. Go on, go on!

Thou canst not speak too much, I have defend'd
All tongues to talk their buttct.

Lord. Say no more:
How e'er the buttetle goes, you have made fault
I hold thee of your speech.

Per. I am sorry for it;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Also, Iawhe thev'd much too much
The ranucle of a woman's is touch't
Ten Nable hear. What's good, and what's part help
Should be pa? prete: Do not recuse afflication
At my petition: beteche you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haste minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royal man, forsooth a foolish woman:
The loue I have your gerne (Lo, faults apte)
Ia speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ie not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who's lost too) take your patience to you,
And I lay nothing.

Lys. Thou didst speak but well,
When thou spoke on the truth; which I were much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prithee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and sonne,
One grace shall be for both: Upon them shall
The caufes of their death appeare (unto
Our shame perpetually) once a day. He say
The Chappell where they lie, and letters fierd there
Shall be my recreation. So long a Nature
Will hare up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to vie it. Come, and lead me
To their forrores.

Scene. Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Mercier, Babes, Sheepherd, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Dects of Zebeda.

Mar. 1 (my Lord) and fear
We have landed in this time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And shrowne vp's.

Ant. Their facc'd will be done: go get a-bound,
Looke to thy barke, he not be long before

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beth haste, and go not
To therewithall End: tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creures
Of prey, that kepe wpn's.

Ant. Go thou away,
Ille follow inintinty.

I have heard (but not believd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appe'd to me last night: for she was dreamt
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vesel of like forrow.

Thou woul'dst do any thing: in pure white Robes
Like very sanchry she did approach
My Cabine where I lay; thre bough before me,
And (gaping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two poures: the faire senc, soon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposiion)
Hath made thy perfon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Zebeda,
There weep, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loft for ever, Ferdita.

I prithee call't: For this vngentle buffete
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou art not fitt to do.
Thy Wife Innsana more: and with thines
So bekered into this horde.
Affliged I much, I aid in me collect my felie, and thought
This was yu', and no phlaue: Dreams, are tyues,
Yet for this once, yes superflitously,
I will be farr'd by this. I do believe
Iam now lost his death, and that
Apollo would (that being in leade the idle
Of King Pelham), should heere be loade
(Either for life, or death) upon the earth
Of tis night Father. Blindne's, spec'd thee well,
There ly, and there thy characters; then she,
Which much at Fortune please, booke, lov'd thee (pretty)
A little while there. The thowme begins poore wretch,
That thoy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To lolls, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart brieses: and must accurit an
To be beth emound to this. Farewell
The day troues more and more: thou'dt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I nevet saw
The heavens to dim, by day. A tuamour clamor
Well may I get a-bound: This is the Chace,
Here gone uner. Exact porperty by a Boots.
Shop. I would there were no age betwene one and
Three and twenty, or that yo' thould deep out the rech
For there is nothing (in the betwene) but getting
wences with childe, wronging the Ancenstry, filding,
fighting, hearke you now; would any but they boylin-
braines of ninecne, and twoe and twenty hunt this weath-
They have hear'd away: two of my beth Shep,es,
Which I fear'd in Walde will lome: and then the Mai-
ster if any where I have them, tis by the seasde, brou-
zing of luy. Good-lucke (and thbe thy will) what haue
we here? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne;
A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a veite pretie
one) sure some Scape: Though I am not bookish yet I
can
can reade Wating Gentleman in the scape: this has beene some fittre-workes, some Tunket-workes, some be- hinde-doore workes: they were warmer that got this, then the poore I hang here. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my fonne come: he hallow'd but even now.

Whoa-ho-ho.

Enter Cleone.

Cle. Hillo, lea.

Step. What art so neere? If thou'st fee a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what say'lt thou, man?

Cle. I haue seene two fittre fights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not so fasty is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the armament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Step. Why boy, how is it?

Cle. I would you did but see how it closes, how it straights, how it take vp the floor, that but to the point:
Cle. the most pittures cry of the poore soules. Sometimes to fee'em, and not to see'em: Now the Shippe bearing the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon twelowed with yeft and ytob, as you'd thurft a drug to a hog's head. And then for the Land-frense, to see how the Bear tore out his shoulder bone, how he close tore for helpe, and laid his name was Aryanag. A Nobleman:
But to make an end of the Shippe, to see how the Seá fittre-dragon do't; but suff, how the poore fittre's roared, and the Beast mock'd themand how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather.

Step. Name of mercy, when was the boy?

Cle. Now, now, I have not wunk'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Bear halle din'd on the Gentleman: he sat it now.

Step. Would I had bin by, to have help'd the olde man.

Cle. I would you had beene by the ship's side, to have help'd herethe your charity would have lacked footing.

Step. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee heere boy.

Cle. Now see, thy selfe: thou met't with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's fight for thee: Look e thee, a bearing-claith for a Squires child: look e thee here, take vp, take vp (Boy) open'st: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairene. This is some Changeling: open'st: what's within, boy?

Cle. You're a mad olde man: If the finnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to hooe. Golde, all gold.

Step. This is Fairey Gold boy, and will prove so: vp with'it, keep it close, home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so poyl requires nothing but feeciee. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Cle. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go first if the Bear bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Step. That's a good deed: thou mayst differ by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' fight of him.

Cleone. Marry will I: and you shall hepe to put him th' ground.

Step. Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't: 

Enter Time, the CRone.

Time. I that please home, tryall: both boy and tenor
Of good, and bad: that makes, and unmakest error,
Now take warning (in the name of Time)
I love my wings: Impute not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore fittreene yeares, and leave the growth vitruide
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To overseeth Law, and in one fittre home backe
To plant, and ore-wheel home Colume. Let me passe
The faine I am, ere augent: it Order was,
Or what is now record'd. I waite for
The times that brought them in, so shal I do
To th' first hell things now reigninge, and make slide
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now teaste to: your painesse this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing
As you had slept between: Lauretes leaung
Th'effects of his fond, foules, to greuine
That he thus, vp binfelte: I imaginee
(Gentle Sp. Cato), that know my be
In late Bohemia, and remember weell,
I mentioned a fenne ov' this Kings, which Flouresed
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of Peruia, now growinge in grace
Equall with wounding. What of her inuite
I left not prophesie: but let Times serew
Be knowene when its brought forth.
A shepheardes daughe,
And what to her aducyes, which followes after, (see
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If euere you have spent time worde, ere now:
Twere, yet that Time hisme selfe doth lay,
He wishes equall, you never may.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Toleration, and Camilla.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camilla) be no more impotaunt: tis a ficknellee denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fittenee yeares since I saw my Country: though I hate (for the most part) bin ayerd abroad, I de- sire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath fent for me, to whose feeling forrowes I might be some ally, or I wereone to think so) which is another spurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou loue me (Camilla) wipe not out the rest of thy fenes, by lesuing me now: the neede I have of thee, thine owne goodnisse hath made: better not to have had thee, then thirst to want thee, thou hauing made me Bistmfler, (which none (without thee) can suffici- ently manage) must either flay to execute them thy felle, or take away with thee the very fenes thou had done: which if I have not enough conformed (as too much I cannot) to bee more thynkefull to thee, shal bee my sti- dle, and my profit therein, the heaping frindhipples. Of that fable Country Sicilis, prether speake no more, whole very naming, punishes me with the remembrance

of
of that penitent (as thou callest him) and reconciled King
my brother, whose love of his most precious Queen &
Children, are even now to be a thorn lamented. Say to
me, when wi'll thou the Prince foreswore my son? Kings
are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, then
they are losing them when they have approved their
Virtues.

Com. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince: what
his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have
(misleadingly noted, he is of late much retired from
Court, and is less frequent to his Princecy exercises then
formerly he had appeared.

Pol. I have consulted so much (Camilla) and with
some care, to date, that I have eyes under my fencer,
which looks upon his remov'd face: from whom I have
this intelligence, that he is fallen from the house of a
moll homely shepherds; a man (they say) that from very
nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,
it goe into an only exkable citate.

Cam. I have heard (for) of such a man, who hath a
dughter of soft and wapen: 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
heed) the Angle that plucks out some thistle. Thou
shalt a company go to the places where we will (neat
apprize) what we are about some question with the shep-
herds. I count not this city, I think it not so easy to
get the name of my fowl yet in the fields: Poole be my
first station in this business, and lay aside the thoughts
of oth.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.


Scene Tertia.

Enter Anthony Envying,

When Daddles began to prate,
When he begg'd the Doxie once the date,
Tell me what comes in the fowls of yere,
For the blood ranks in my winters pale.

The white Rose bleeding on the hedge,
With she the snowy hedges, O how they flog,
Deth for my young goat's tooth in age,
For a part of Ais is a draft for a King.

The Larks that errat, Lyra clarnet,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Lay;
At the Summer arrow for me and my Aunt
While we are tumbling in the bay.

I have tried Prince Flore kill, and in my time were three
pale, but now I am out of toether.

"Again! I go mention for that (my deere)
the pale Mine fingers night:
And when I wander here and there
I then do most good.

If Timbers may have an view to live,
And dug in the Son wip Sumpet,
Then my account I will may go,
And in the Stoakes answer it.

Me Traffike is these: when the Kite builds, looke to
kill; Linnen. My Father mad'd me Antiochus, who be-
ing (as I am) lusted wunder Mercurie, was likewise a
 SKIPPER-up of reconsoled strikers: With Dye and drab,
I pitch'd this Capitation, and my Revene the sight fill,
Cheset, Gallows, and Knocks, are too powerfull on
the Highway. Beating and hanging are terris to mee.
For the little to come, I slippe out the thoughts of it.
A prize, a prize.

Enter Clarence.

Clo. Let me fee, every Latern-western todde, every
tod yeeldes pound and oddle flailing: fifteen hundred
shorne, what comes the would too?

Ant. If the sprinrage hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compaters. Let me fee,
what am I to buy for our Shepe-fearing-Fell? Three
pound of Sugar, three pound of Currance, Rice:
What will this feller of mine do with Rice? But my father hath
made her Miffis of the Feat, and for layer it on. She
hath made me four and twenty Note-gaye for the flower-
ners (three-man long-men, all, and very good one) but
they are most of them Manes and Bales; but one thun-
cient amongst them, and he brings Plaistes to home-piper,
I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pie, Mace;
Dates, none: that's out of my note. Nothing, but to
raise a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may heare a Tour
pound of Brynwyn, and as many of Reyne as can.

Ant. Oh, that ease I was borne.

Clo. I'll name of me.

Ant. Oh helpe me, helpe me: plucke but off their
raggles: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alas poor foule, thou hast need of many
flay to lay thee, rather then have thee off.

Ant. Oh fir, the lividion of all them offend me,
more then the skirrit I have receaved, which are nigher
ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poor man, a million of beating may con-
com't to a great matter.

Ant. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and
appeal came from me and ther detestable things pur-
ponent me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Ant. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garrulous
beas he left with thee. If this be a horseman Court, it
be haue veryy-very, Lend me thy hand, he helpe thee.
Come, lend me thy hand.

Ant. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poor foule.

Ant. Oh good sir, tenderly, good sir: I see (fit) my
shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now, Sir! will Sould?

Ant. Softly, deer sir, good sir, softly: you ha done
me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Ant. No good Souldsen, no I beleef you first have
a Kinnamon not past three quaters of a mile hence, unto
whome I was going: I left there houte mony, or some
thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kille
my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was thee that rob'd
you?

Ant. A fellow (fit) that I have kneowne to pone about
with Troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servent of the
Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Ven-
tues it was, but he was certesly Whipt out of the
Court.

...
The Winter's Tale.

Cle. His vices you would say: there's no virtue whip 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 beene since an Age-bearer, then a Process-bearer (a Bayliff) then her compact a Motion of the Prodigall some, and married a Tinker's wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lye; and (hauing flowne over many knauish profession) he feted only in Rogue: some call him Amniacus.

Cle. Our vpon him: Purg, for my life Prighe he hautes Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Ant. Very true sir: he is heere that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Cle. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, he'd haue runne.

Ant. I must confesse to you (Sir) I am no fighter: I am sallie of her that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Cle. How do you now?

Ant. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walk: I will even take my lease of you, & peace safety towards my Kinne.

Cle. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Ant. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Cle. Then (Sir) I will go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing.

Ant. Please you foretell Sir. Your pursel is not enough to purchase your Spices: let be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: I will not make this Chees bring out another, and the sheepe runne sheepe, let me be notold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Joy on, joy on, the fast passeth, And merry loves the Sriole: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad yres in a Mile.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Floricell, Perdita, Shepherd, Cleare, Felciano, Camillo, Mops, Dorcas, Servants, Amants.

Flor. Thery thy vinfulle weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flor.

Perd. Peering in April front: This thy sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the pitty God, And you the Queene on't.

Ford. Sir: my gracious Lord, To chide at your extremity, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them) your high selfe The gracious maide in this land, you have obfurd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide) Moit Godfesse like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts In every Meffe, hauie folly: and the Feeders Digge with a Custome, I should bluth To see you to attract'd: sworne I think, To shew my feele a glasse.

Fls. I bble the tyme: When my good Falcon, made her flight a croffe Thy Fathers ground

Perd. Now issue affoord you caushe: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneffe

Hath not beene vs'd to faere:) even now I tremble To think your Father, by some accident Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble, Ydely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I (inthe my borrowed Flannts) behold The sternesse of his presence?

Fl. Apprehend

Nothing but jolity: the Goddesse themselves (Humbling their Deities to love) have taken The shapes of Beasts upon them, Jupiter, Became a Bull: and belowe'd: the greene Neptune A Ram, and blessed: and the Fire-robb'd-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I seeme now. Their transformations, Were neuer for a pece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way to caue: since my defire Run not before mine honor: nor my Luifs Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th power of the King: One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur- Or I my life.

Fls. Thou dost'n Perdita,

With these fore'd thoughts, I prehiee dark nor The Mitch o'th Feall: Or I he by my (Sir) Or not my Father, for I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most confaine, Though deftey fay no. Be merre (Gentie) Strange each thoughts as thefe, with any thing That you beholle the white. Your guests are comming.

Lift up your countenance, as it was the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two haue sworn shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune, Stand you suspicius.

Fls. See, your Guests approach,

Address your feller to entreate them pribly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shop. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: upon This day, she was both Pantler, Builer, Cooke, Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: fer'd all, Would sing her song, and dance her tyme: now here At upper end o'th Table, now, t'h middle:

On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire With labour, and the thing shee tooke to quenchit She would to each one tip. You are retayed, As if you were a stuffed one: and not The Hoftelle of the meeting: Pray you bid These vknose friends to a welcome, for it is A way to make vs better Friends, more knowe

Come, quench your blufhers, and present your selfe That which you are, Mithirs o'th Feall. 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 shoul take on mee The Hoftellship o'th day: you're welcome Sir. Gince me thoese Flowre's there (Dorcas): Retourned Sirs, For you, there's Rofenmary, and Rue, theye keepe Seeming, and fauor all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.

B b
The Winters Tale.

Pur. Shepherdesse.
(Here one use your you wilt we at our ages
With flowers of Winter.)

Pur. Sir, the years growing ancient,
Not yet on sumners death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o’th season
Are our Carnations, and streak’d Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures balfards) of that kind,
Our ruffick Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pur. Wherefore (gentle Maidien)
Do you not plant?

Pur. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their piddensif figures
With great creation-Nature.

Pur. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that Mean, so over that Art,
(Which you say adds to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sex, to the wilder Stocke,
And make conception a barren of befer kind
By bad of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do’s mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Pur. So it is.

Pur. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly’vors,
And do not call them balflards.

Pur. Ide not put
The Dible in earth, to let one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would, with
This youth should say ‘twer well: and solely therefore
Before to breed by me. Here’s flowers for you:
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marissoneum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him niles, weeping: These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are givne
To men of middle age. Y’are very welcome.

Cam. I should love grasping, were I of your flocke’s,
And only hive by gazyn.

Pur. Out alas:
You’d be so lean, that blasts of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now they wind
I would I had some Flowers o’th Spring, that might
Recover your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That were upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden’s heads growing: O Prosperine,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) should’lt fall
From Drier Waggon: Difficult,
That come before the Swallow does, and take
The winds of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweetere then the lids of eames eyes,
Or Cythera’s breath) pale Prime-roller,
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Malady
Molt incident to Maidens) hold Ophris, and
The Crown imperial: Lillies of all kinds,
(Th’Flowers de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garland of, and my sweet friend,
To shew him of, and ore.

Fla. What like a Coward?

Cam. No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on:
Not like a Grasse: or not to be buried,
But quacke, and in mine arnes, Come take your flowers,
Me thinkes I play as I have feerne then do
In Whitin-Palfours: Sure this Robe of mine

Do’n’t change my disposition:

Fla. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
Tid haste you do it euer: When you sing,
Tid haste you buy, and fell so: so give Almes,
Pray fo: and for the ord’ring your Asfayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A dance with Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but: that: moue still, still fo:
And owne no other Function. Each you doing,
(So fingular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queenes.

Pur. O Delires.
Your praires are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which pepes freely through’s,
Do plainly give you out an untain’d Shepherd
With wilidome, I might feare (my Delire)
You wou’d me the false way.

Fla. I thinke you have
As little skill to seare, as I have parpeite
To put you to’t. But came, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Peridan) to Turtles paire
That never meanes to part.


Cam. This is the prettiest Low-borne Littell, that euer
Ran on the Greene-ford: Nothing the de’s, or itenes
But smacks of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood and lookes on’t: Good fool she is
The Queen of Cards and Creame.

Cam. Come on: firke vp.

Drewe. Myself must be your Missiris: marry Galick
To mend her killing with.

Chap. Now in good time.

Now a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a dance of Shepheardes and
Shepheardisses.

Pur. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Chap. They call him Darcius, and boast himselfe
To have a worthy Feedinge; but I have it
Upon his owne report, and I beleue it;
He looks like foute: he sayes he loves my daughter,
I thinke he doo: for never gent’l the Moonde
Upon the water, as hee flound and trades
As were my daughters eyes: and to be plain, I
think I there is not halfe a fliete to choce
Who loves another beft.

Fla. She dances feately.

Chap. So she doo’s any thing, though I report it
That should be fliete: If yong Darcius
Do light upon her, she’ll bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Cam. O Mafter: if you did but hear the Peller at the
door, you would never dance againe after a Macer
And Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: bee fongs
fellowes Tunes, taller then you’ll tell money: bee verses
that he had eaten balards, and all mens ears grew to
his Tunes.

Cia. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I loose a ballad bu: even too well, it be darkely master
merryly let downe: or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

[...]

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The Winters Tale.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sorts: No Mulliner can so fitt his customers with Glouces: he has the prettiest Louse-Songs for Maids, without bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burthens of Dido's and Eadgar's; Jumpe her, and thump her; and where some other mad mad Raffalull, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and break a fowle gap in the Matter, she makes the maid to answer. Whap, dese were harms good men: put's him off, fights him, with Whap, dese men no harme good men.

Ped. This is a brasse fellow.

Cle. Beleece me, thou saibest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any embraised Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours in Rainebow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in Athens, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th gross: Jackles, Cuddles, Cambickeys, Lownews: why he farms em over, as they were Gods, or Goddes: you might think a Smocke were a shee: Angell, lie so charmers to the fleeced-hand, and the works about the square on't.

Ped. Pre thee bring him in, and let him approach fing.

Ped. Forewarn him, that he vie no turquilles words in't tunes.

Cle. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then you'd thinkke (Sitter.)

Ped. I good brother, or go about to thinkke,

Enter Aurelius finging.

Lewes as whose as driven Swon, Cypryle blacke as ere was Cown, Glouces as sweetes at Damaorke Roryt, Atker as faces, and furrajes: Tage-bracelets, Necke laces Amber, Perfume for a Ladies Chambers, Golden Sashets, and Steamschoars.

For my Ladys, to give their door: Pins, and posying stakers of stede.

What Maids laken from throad to heole:

Come buy mye, come come buy mye,

Buy Ladys, or else your Lusto crye.

Cle. If I were not in Love with Cleopatra, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being embrac'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain Ribbons and Glouces.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd me more then that, or these be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: May he be paid so more, which will shame you to give him again.

Cle. Is there no manner left among maids? Will they wear their pleathers, where they should bear their faces? Is there no milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whild of these secrets, but you must be little-tasting, before all our guesse? For well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and no word more.

Mop. I have done: Come you promis'd me a saw dry-skye, and a piece of sweet Glouces.

Cle. Have I not told thee how I was corn'd by the way, and left all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozens abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Cle. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Cle. What haft heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very deFaulte tune, how a Winters wife was brought to bed of twenty money bagges at a burthen, and how she longd to case Adlers heads, and Tods carbeneud do.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Beflee me from marrying a Winter.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name too: one Mid. Tale.

Mop. And for eue six honest Wines, that were present.

Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray now you buy it.

Cle. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moc Ballads: We'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Pilgrim, that appeared upon the coast, on wensday the fourthof April, some thousand Sedum aboue water, & fung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Wman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for the would not exchange sixpence, for that wou'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you?

Aut. Five Jutiscuses hands at it, and witnesse more then my packe will hold.

Cle. Lay it by too, monether.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let shos be in more manye ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooning a man: there's a scene, &c.

Mop. We can both sing it, if thou it beares a part, thou shalt bear it, as it is three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month age.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know it my occupation: Haul at it with you:

Song: Out tyo beare, for I must goo.

Aut. Where is she, to goe you to knowe?

Mop. Or whether?

Dor. Or whether?

Mop. In come: thy self full well,

They to me bye factres tell.

Dor. They to me bye factres tell.

Mop. For the carriage of Curents, or Diell,

Dor. For the carriage of Curents, or Diell,

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou haft some of mine Love to be,

Mop. Thou haft some of mine Love to be.

Thou whether goes? Say whether?

Cle. We'll have this song out anon by our sculls: May Father, and the Gent, are in faile talk, & we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenchers lie buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice, follow me girles.

Aut. And you shall pay well for em.

Song. Why buy any Topy, or Love for your Topy?

My danny Duske, my dear a-

Any Silke, any Tred, any Topes for your head.

Of the want, and you: yours ware a-

Come to the Pedler, Money a wether,

That doth offer all men ware a-

Exit.

Servant. Mayster, there is these Carters, three Shep-

herds, three Near-herds, three Swine-herds shall have made.

B 9

them.
The Winters Tale.

themselves all men of haire, they call themselves Baltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gaily-maconsty of Gambles, because they are not in't: but they themselves are of s'minde (if it be not too rough for some, that know but little bowling) it will please plentifully.

_Step. Away: We're none o'these here has been too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you._

_Pet._ You wearie those that refresh you: pray let's see these foure-trees of Heartesmen.

_Sir._ One of these three, by their own report (Sir), hath danced before the King: and not the worst of the three, but jumpes whene foote and halfe by th' Squire.

_Step._ Leave your prating, since thos good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

_Sir._ Why, they stay as doore Sir.

_Step._ A Dance of twelve Swayres.

_Pet._ O father, you'll know more of that hereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them, he's simple, and tells much. How now (faire thepeared) your heart is full of someth'ing, that's to take your min'd from me: Sooth, when I was yong, and haunts me, as you do, I was wont to load my shoe with knaacks; I would have ranack't the Pedlers sliken Tasure, and haue power'd it to her acceptance: you have let him go, and nothing parted with him. If your Laie Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lacke of grace, or bounty, you were traitor For a reply at last, if you make a care Of hoppie holding her.

_Ha._ Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts the looks from me, are pack'd and lockt Yet he my heart, which I have gotten already, but not deliver'd. O hear me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme) Hath benefiome load'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As foft as Dones downe, and as white as it, Or Ethynhymstonth, or the fair'd know, that's bolsted By th' Northenhe blafs, twice o're.

_Pet._ What follows this?

How prettily th' young Swayne feemes to wasch The band, was faire before? I have put you out, But to your pretention: Let me heare, What you profite.

_Pet._ Do you be the wittyest fool's.

_Ha._ And as my neighbour too?

_Sir._ And he, and more Then he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all; That war' I crown'd the most Imperial Monarch There, I most worthy: were I the fayrer youth That ever made eye forevwr, had force and knowledge More then was ever man, I would not prize them Without her Loue: for her, they employ them all, Commed them, and commend them to her service, Or to their owne perdicion.

_Pet._ Fairly offer'd.

_Sir._ Thus there was a sound affection.

_Sir._ But my daughter, say you the like to him.

_Pet._ I can not speake'

So well, (nothing so well) no he, means better By th' patrion of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The purtie of this.

_Ship._ Take hands, a bargain; And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equal his.

_Pet._ O, that might bee

_The Virtue of your daugther: One being dead, I shall have more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come on, Contract vs for these Witnesse.

_Ship._ Come, your hand:

_Sir._ And daughter, yours.

_Pet._ Soft Swayne a while, befeoth you, Have you a father?

_Fio._ I have: but what of him?

_Pet._ Knowes he of this?

_Fio._ He neither doth, nor shall.

_Pet._ Me THINKES a father:

Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest

That beft becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapable Of reasonable affayes? Is he not stupid With Age, and alting Rheumas? Can he speake? heare? Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate? Lies he not bed-rid? And again, do's nothing But what he did, being childish?

_Fio._ No good Sir: He has his health, and ample strength indeed.

_Pet._ By my white beard, you offer him (if this be) a wrong

_Sir._ Something infallible: Real in my sonne Should choo[o] himselfe a wife, but as good reason The Father (all whole may is nothing else)

But faire potential should hold fortune Cautious In such a business.

_Fio._ I yield all this:

But for some other reasons (my gentle Sir)

Which 'tis not for you know, I not acquant

My Father of this bunneife.

_Pet._ Let him know't.

_Fio._ He shall not.

_Pet._ Then let him take it.

_Fio._ No, he must not.

_Step._ Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to give

At knowing of thy choice.

_Fio._ Come, come, he must not:

_Make our Contract._

_Pet._ Make your diuicide (young Sir)

Whom sonne I do not call: Thou art too base

To be acknowledge. Thou a Subjectes heire, That thus affacts a fishe-ripe-hooke? I thou, old Traiter, I amusty, that by hanging thee, I can but shorten thy life one week. And thou, freshe piece Of excellent Witches, whom of force must know

The royall Foule thou coop't with.

_Ship._ Oh my heart.

_Pet._ Ile haue thy beauty freschte with briers & made

More honnely then thy late. For thee (fond boy)

If my ever know thou dost but figh, That thou no more fliteß betwixt his knaacks (as never I meant thou shalt) well barre thee from successe, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kins, Farre then 'Demadwell off: (mark thou my words)

Follow vs to the Courts. Thou Châuel, for this time (Though full of our displeasure) yet we live thee From the dead blow of it. And you enamont.
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Worthy enough a heardman: yet him too,
That makest snuff-lethe (but for our honor therein)
Vexingly thee. If ever henceforth, thou
Taste not all Latchets, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will desist a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to.

Exit.

And here heere vudone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The felte, same sun, that shews upon his Court,
Hides not his vilage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alke. Whilt pleasest you (Sire) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you
Of your owne states take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, lie Queen is no midwife,
But milke my Eues, and w. e e p e.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.
Ship. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know: that which I know: O Sire
You have vudone a man of fourecore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dyde,
To yse closely by his honest bones: but now
Some Hengeman must put on my throade, and lay me
Where no Priest should v.ult: Out cursed wretch,
That know that this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vudone, vudone.
If I might dye within this house, I have lust'd
To dye when I desire.

Exit.

Fla. Why looke you fo vpon me?
I am but frie, not straitend, delaid,
But nothing aliend. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe: not following
My leaff vvnowingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers tamper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do grieve
You do not purpose to him): and as hardly
Will he endure your light, yet as yet I see;
Then till the fury of this Highnoffe fret
Come not before him.

Fla. I not purpose it:
I thinke Camilla.

Cam. Even he, my Lord,
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often fair? my dignity would sate
But till t'other knowes?

Fla. It cannot sate, but by
The violation of any faith, and then
Let Nature crath the fides o'th earth together,
And mate the seeds within. Lift vp thy looke:
From my sucception wipe me (Father) I
Am heere to my affection.

Cam. He saith it.
Fla. I am: and by my fance, if my Resoun
Will thereto be obedient: I have reason:
If not, my truces better pleas'd with madneffe,
Do but it welcome.

Cam. This is defeire (fr.)

Fla. So call it: but do's fulfill my vow:
I must myself break my promise. Camilla.
Not for Belamente, nor the prompt time may
Be there grace ned: for all the Sun fees, or
The close earth wondres, or the profound feas, hides
In unknowne fadomes, will I break my oath.
To this my face beloud: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever had my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall moue me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) call your good counfales
Upon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tag for the time to come. This you may know,
And to deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who here I cannot hold on fhere:
And most opportune to her need, I have
A Vessell tides fast by, but not prepared
For this designe. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were cashe for a advice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Fla. Harke Pericles,
He heare you by and by.

Cam. Here's a newcle, Sir,
Refused for right. Now were I happy
If his grting, I could fume to leave my tyme,
Save him from danger, do his love and honor,
Purchase the fight a game of thee Siciliana,
And that happy King, my Maller, whom
I do much shuff to see.

Fla. Now good Camilla,
I am to fraught with curious businesse, that
I loose our ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You have heard of my poor fentices, which loye
That I have borne your Father?

Fla. Very nobly
Have you defere d: it is my Fathers Mysick
To speake your deeds: not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neecest to him, which is
Your gracious fette; each are but my direcction,
If your more ponderous and tield project
Mayuffer alteration. On mine honor,
I point you where you shall have such receaving
As shall become your Highnese, where you may
Enjoy your Maller: from the whom, I see
There's no diuision how to bee made, but by
(As heavens foreordyn) your name. Marry her,
And with my bell endeavours, in your abilence,
Your discontenting Father, thine to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Fla. How Camilla
May this (almoost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you go?

Fla. Not any yet:
But as th'knowledge on accident is giulifie
To what we wildly do, to we profess
Our felves to be the flaves of chance, and flies:
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then lift to me:
This follow the right: make for Siciliana,
And there present your selfe, and your mysick Princeffe,
(For so I see the must be) care Leontues.
The Winters' Tale.

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Meplorer I see
Leaf me opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcome forth: she there Sonne forgive you
As I he Fathers; Perke the hands
Of your freth Princesse; and ore and diues him,
That I shall know her, and kindnesse: sh'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Father then Thought, or Time.
Fins. Worthy Camilla,
What colour for my Visitiation, shal I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comfortes, Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt us three, I write you downe,
The which shall pass out of every fitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bofome there,
And speake his very Heart.
Fins. I am bound to you:
There is some fappe in this.
Cam. A Courteo more proming,
Then a wild dedication of your fcelus
To wanth's Waters, and amid'sh Shores: mott 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
Does their biff office, if they can but stay you,
Where you be lost to be: beside you know,
Propertie's the very bond of Lawe,
Whole freth complexion, and whole heart together,
Afflication attert.
Fins. One of these is true
I think Athishion may subdue the Checke,
But not take in the Mind.
Cam. Yes? say you so?
There shall not, as your Fathers Honoue, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another luch.
Fins. My good Camilla,
She's as forward of her Breeding is,
She is not recee our Birth.
Cam. I cannot say, it's pretty
She lacks Instruction, for the seemes a Mistreffe
To moff that teach.
Fins. Your pardon Sir, for this.
I bluss you Thanks.
Fins. My prettie Perida,
But O, the Thones we stand upon. (Camilla)
Preferer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not famill'd like Becket's Sonnes,
Not shal appear in Scilla.
Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed: as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For inffance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.
Enter Antelo.
Ant. Ha, ha, what a Foolie Honesty is? and Trufh[his
Smowe brother] a very simple Gentleman. I have fold
all my Trompette, not a counter foe Stone, not a Ribbon,
Gifte, Pomander, Bowch, Table-booke, Ballad, Kniffe,
Tape, Cloue, Shoone, ey, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe
my Pack from falling: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a be-
nefit to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose
Purie was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
vie, I remembred. My Clowe (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the
Wrenches Song, that he would not firre his Pettys-toe,
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences flucke in
Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was fene-
leffe: I was nothing to gudle a God-piece of a Purie: I
would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lertargie, I pickd
and cut mot of their Feetfull Puries: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoob-bub against his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chowgnes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purie alone in the whole
Army.
Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means be there
So foome as you arrive, shall cleare that doult.
Fins. And those that you procure from King Eamett?
Cam. Shall latttise your Father.
Fins. Happy be you,
That all you speake, shewes faire.
Cam. Who haue we here?
We'll make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may gine vs side.
Ant. They have one, here heard me new; why lingyng-
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shal't thou tow? for ease not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.
Ant. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.
Cam. Why he to ill here. some body will state that
from thee: yet for the outside of thy poueresse, we must
make an exchange: therefore diffire the instantly (thou
must think there's a necessitie in) and change Gaunnts
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worst, yet hold there, there's home boot.
Ant. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: I know ye well
enough.
Cam. Nay prehce dispetsch: the Gentleman is half
fled alread.
Ant. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I fainell the trick on't)
Fins. I heartt, I prehce.
Ant. Indeed I have had Eamett, but I cannot with
contenance take it.
Cam. Vincible, voluptible.
Fortunate M. Restle (let my prophecie
Come home to ye, you must return your false
Into some Courtes: take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it of your Browzze, muffle your face,
D immense you, and (as you can) distilken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-board
Get vndelect'y'd
Fins. I fee the Play go lytes,
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remedie;
Have you done thiere?
Fins. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.
Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come, Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
Ant. Adieu, Sir.
Fins. O Perida: what have we twaine forgot?
Pray you a word.  
Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King  
Of this escape, and whether they are bound;  
Wherin my hope is, I shall so pre tunnel,  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall re-view Scalp; for whole flight,  
I have a Woman Longing  
Fos. Fortune speed vs:  
Thus we let on (Casimil) to th' Sea-side.  
Cam. The twifler speed, the better.  
Exit.  
Aue. I understand the bastinelle, I hear it; to have an  
open ears, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for  
a Cut-purse; a good Nofe is requisite also, to smell out  
workes for other Scence. I see this is the time that  
this man doth thrust. What an exchange had this been,  
without a boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?  
Sure the Gods do this zeere common at vs, and we may  
do any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about  
a piece of Inquisition (fleeting away from his Father, with  
his Cloak at his heels); if I thought it were a piece of ho-  
nestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not doe: I  
held it the more hazardous to conceale it; and therein am  
I content to my Profession.  
Exit Cluon and Sheppard.  
Aise, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euer  
Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Jessin, Hanging, yeelds  
a carefull man worke.  
Cluon. See, see, what a man you are now? there is no  
other way, but to tell the King thee a Changeling, and  
one of your feths and blood.  
Shop. Nay, but hear me.  
Cluon. Nay; but hear me.  
Shop. Goe too then.  
Cluon. The being one of your feths and blood, your  
feth and blood he's not offended the King, and so your  
feth and blood is not to be punishd by him. Show those  
things you found about her (those secret things, all but  
what the he's with her) This being done, let the Law goe  
whistle: I warrant you.  
Shop. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his  
Sonnet prants too; who, I may say, is no honest man,  
neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me  
the Kings Brother in Law.  
Cluon. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you  
could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene  
the dearest, by I know how much an ounce.  
Aue. Very wifely (Puppisies).  
Shop. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this  
Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.  
Aue. I know not what impediment this Complaint  
may be to the flight of my Master.  
Cluon. Pray heartily be at it, Palace.  
Aue. Though I am not naturally honof, I am so some-  
times by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-  
ments. How now (Kuifiques) whither are you bound?  
Shop. To th' Palace (and it is like your Worship.)  
Aue. Your Affairs there? what with whom? the  
Condition of that Farthell? the piece of your dwelling?  
your names? your ages? of what housing, breeding, and  
young things that is fittning to be knowne, discouer?  
Cluon. We are but plaine fellows, Sir.  
Aue. A Ly; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me have  
one Ly to the way: it becomes none but trade-men, and they of  
ten give vs (Soldiers) the Ly; but wee pay them for it  
with ramped Coyne, not flabbining Steels, therefore they  
do not give vs the Ly.  

Cluon. Your Worship had like to have given vs one, if  
you had not taken your fettle with the manner.  
Shop. Are you a Courtier, and like you Sir?  
Aue. Whether it be like me, or no; I am a Courtier. Seek  
thou not the eyes of the Court, in theire enfolding of Haste  
not my gate in it, the measure of the Court! Receivest nor  
your Nofe Court:Odour from me? Refleet I not on thy  
Bafenelle, Court:Contempt? Think it thou, for that I  
innsinate, at toaze from thee thy Bafenelle, I am therefore  
foe no Courtiers? I am Courtier Cap-a-pie; and one that  
will eryher push-on, or pluck-back, thy Bafenelle there:  
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.  
Shop. My Bafenelle, Sir, is to the King.  
Aue. What Advocate ha't thou to him?  
Shop. I know not (and I like you.)  
Cluon. Advocate the Courts-word for a Pleesante; say  
you have none.  
Shop. None, Sir; I have no Pleszant Cock nor, Hen.  
Aue. How blefled are we, that are not fimple men?  
Yet Nature might have made me as thefe are,  
Therefore I will not disайте.  
Cluon. This cannot be but a great Courtiers.  
Shop. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not  
handomyly.  
Aue. He seems to be the more Noble, in being fants-  
ifically: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking  
on's Teeth.  
Aue. The Farthell there! What's itth Farthell?  
Wherefore that Box?  
Shop. Sir, there lies fuch Secrets in this Farthell and  
Box, which none must know but the King, and which bee  
thall know within this hour, if I may come to an speech  
of him.  
Aue. Age, shoult lothe your labour.  
Shop. Why Sir?  
Aue. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone abroad  
in a new Ship to purge Melancholy, and assure himselfe: for  
if thou bee not capable of things serious, thou must know  
the King is full of griefe.  
Cluon. So'tis said (Sir) about his Sonne, that should  
have married a Shephards Daughter.  
Aue. If that Sheppard be not in hand:aff, let him  
flyes the Curles he shal haue, the Tortures he shall felle,  
bewill the break of Man, the heart of Monifer.  
Cluon. Thinks you fo, Sir?  
Aue. Not bee alone shalluffer what Wit can make  
beautie, and Vengeance bitter, but those that are Jearrane  
to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come under  
the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is  
necessary. An old Shepe-whilling Rogue, a Ram-tender,  
do offer to haue his Daughter come into graces some  
fa' bee shall be fould: but that death is too soft for him  
(say):) Draw out your Thorne into a Sheep-Coat: al deaths  
are too few, the fпарpest too easie.  
Cluon. He's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)  
and like you, Sir.  
Aue. He's ha's a Sonne; who shall be fyled alone, then  
myoued oure with Honey, let on the head of a Wipes  
Neß, then fland till he be three quarters and a dram deads  
then recoverd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot  
Infusion; then saw as he is (and in the hot effe Day Prognos-  
tification proclaym) shall be fes again a Brick-wall,  
the Sonne looking with a South-waye eye vp'n him  
where bee he to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.)  
But what talk we of these Tratorly-Rats, whose mis-  
series are to be smill'd at, their offences being to espial?  

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Tell me (for you seem to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, he bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, wheret'ip in your behalfe; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is man shall doe it.

Clow. He seemes to be of great authority: doe with him, give him Gold, and though Authorite be a flabborne Beare, yet here is often led by the Nose with Gold: throw the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more ado. Remember fion'd, and say'd alio.

Aur. And pleases you (Sir) to undersake the Businette for vs, here is that Gold I have: I like it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aur. After I have done what I promised?

Slop. I Sir.

Aur. Well, give me the Moitte: Are you a partie in this Businette?

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my cafe be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd of it.

Aur. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shephards Sonne: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange lights: he must know't in none of your Daughter, nor my Siffer: were once eile, Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Businette is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aur. I will trust you. Walk before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will looke on the Hedges, and follow you.

Clow. We are blest, in this man: as I may say, even blest'd.

Slop. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was provided to doe vs good.

Aur. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: fire drops Bootis in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; who knows how that may turne backe to my advancement?) I will bring these two Mosley's, these blind-ones, aboard him, if I think'st it fit to flatter them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Regul, for being so farre officious, for I am prooue against that Title, and what name else belongs to's: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exit.

Aen Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leonatus, Cleomner, Dion, Paulina, Servants: Horatio, Perdita.

Cleon. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trepas: At the last Done, as the Heavens have done; forget your eull, With them, forgive your felle.

Leon. Whiles I remember Her, and her Verses, I cannot forget

My reflections in them, and do still think of The wrong; I did my felle: which was too much, That Heire-liefe in it made my Kingedome, and Deftry'd the sweet 8 Companion, that ere no: Bred his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord): If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or to the All that are, rooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; the you kill'd, Would be vpnappar'd.

Leo. I think so, Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did fo: but thou thinkst me Sorely, to say I did: it is a bitter Story, tho' thou art as I in my Thought. Now, good sow, Say so but feldone.

Cleon. Not at all, good Lady: You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd You handsomely better.

Paul. And you are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not fo, You put not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraine Name: Consider little, When Daughters, by his Highness force of all, May drop upon his Kingedome, and dispose Incertane lookoutes on. What were more holy, Then to retire the former Queene is well? What holyer, then for Royalties repayre, For present comfort, and for future good, To blew the Bed of Matralie againe With a sweet Fellow to t?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone;) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purpous: For he's not, the Demi Apothe said: Tis not the terror of his Oracle, That King Leonatus shall not have an Heire, Till his lost Child be found out: Which, that it shall, Is all a monstrous to our humane reason, As my Augury to break his Graue, And come againe to me, who, on my life, Did penile with the Inster. In your counsell, My Lord shold to the Heavens be contrary, Opposite against their wills, Care not for ifire, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander Left his to th' Worthie: fo his Sucerior Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, Who haft the memorie of Hermione I know in honor: O, that ever I Had squared me to thy counsell: then, even now, I might have look'd upon my Queens full eyes, Have taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them

More rich, for what they yielded, Leo. Thou speakest th' truth: No more such Woes, therefore no Wife; one woorse, And better vs, would make her Sanded Spuit And poffess her Corpse, And on this Stage (Where we Offendours now appear) Souls-wrest, And begin, why to use?

Paul. Had the fuch power, She had tuft such cause.

Leon. She had, and would incenste To murther her I married.

Foot. 1

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Paul. I should so:
Were’t the Ghost that walk’d, I’d bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in’t,
You chose her: then I’d bestride, that even your eyes
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow’d,
Should be, Remember mine.

Lec. Scarcely, Starres,
And all eyes smile, dead coales: fear thou no Wives
He haue no Wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear,
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Lec. Never (Paulina) to be blest by my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lord, beare witness to his Oath.

Cite. You tempt him ghostmuth.

Paul. Violate another,
As like Hermione, as is her Pfiture,
Affront his eye.

Cite. Good Madam, I haue done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No need then, but you must see the Office.
To chuse you: Queene: the shall not be so young
As was your former, but the shall be such
As (walk’d your self) Queene Ghost it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Lec. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your self Queene’s againe in breath:
Neuer till then,

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that gives us himselfe Prince Florizell,
Some of Peculier, with his Prince; the
That eare I haue yet beheld), deferes aecefe.
To your high preence.

Lec. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greenedesse: his approch
(Sho out of circumsance, and (addresse) tells vs.
This not a Visitation frand, but forc’d
By need, and accident. What Taryne?

Ser. But few,
And the rest but mean.

Lec. His Princezelle (say you) with him?

Ser. 1: the most pertece pleace of Earth, I thinke,
That eare the Sonne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every preset time doth boaft is felfe
Ahose a better, more my thy Grace
Give way to what’s eene now. Sir, you selfe
Haue said, and write fo; but your writing now
Is not to eare then Theame: she haue not beene,
Nor was not to be equal’d, thus your Verie
Flow’d with her Beautie once; th’threelly ebb’d,
To say you haue eene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I have almoat forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when the ha’s obstray’d your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would the begin a Sed, might quench the zeal
Of all Professors else: make Prateleys
Of who the but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will low hezeht she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Man that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Lec. Go Clemmrous,
Your selfe (afflicted with your honor’d Friends).

Bring them to our embracement, Still tis strange,
He thus should fleue upon vs;
Paul. Had our Prince
(Tewell of Children) see this hourse, he had pay’d:
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betwene their births.

Lec. Prebiche no more; cose thou knoweth
He dyeth to againe, and his my selfe:
When I shall feele this Gentlemen, thy speeches,
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Valfurnish me of Reafon. They are come,

Enter Florizell, Ferdinand, Cleomenes, and others.

Your Mother was most true, Wedlock, Prince,
For the did print your Royall Father off,
Concerning you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fates image is so hie in you,
(He a very yeare) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By w’hall perform’d before. Most dearly welcome,
And you faire Prince, and your Grace; oh, alas,
I loft a couple, that twice Heaven and Earth
Might thus have flood, beggeteing wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe; and then I loft
\(All mine owne Folly\) the Societe,
Amittie too of your brave Father whom
(Though lasting Miserie) I deftere my life
Once more to looke on him.

He. By his command
I hae here teach’d Sceul, and from him
Gave you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can (end his pleasure) and but ballowe
(Which waits upon wome times) with something (else’d
His with’d Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, twaste your Throne and his,
Measur’d, to looke upon you; whom he loves
(He had me say to) more then all the Sceptrers,
And those that bear eare, hum.

Lec. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done there, sitter
Afreth within me: and these thy offices
(Sorely kind) act as interpreters
Of my behind-hand blackneffe. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th’Earth, and hath he too
Expos’d this Paragon to th’yearesfull visage
(At least vengent) of the dreamfull Neptune,
To mear a man, not worth her paine; much leafe,
The dauntresse of her perfession?

He. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia,
Where the Wiltik Sandal,
That Noble honore Lord, is feard, and lou’d?

Lec. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclamy’d his prasing with her; thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue crost’d,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highness: My bel I Taine
I hae from your Garden Storeys durn’d:
Who for Thesalia bend, to dignifie
Not only my successe in Libia (Sir)
But my arrest, and my Wifes, in lateste
Here, where we are.

Lec. The bleffed Gods
Purge all Inficction from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Clymace here: you hae a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whole perdon

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(For which, the Heauton (taking angry note)
Haus left me insensible: and your Father's blest'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?
Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moit Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofs so strong, Please you (great Sir)
Emilia greets you from humblest, by me.
Defers you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitary, and Dutie both call'd off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hope, and with
A Shepheard's Daughter.


Lord. Here, in your Cotte: I now came from him.

I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My muse, and my Message. To your Court
While he was haiming (in the Chi't, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this innocent Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flav. Camilla's hand I'd me;
Whole honor, and whole honettie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay's fo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who is Camilla?

Lord. Camilla (Sir) I speake with him: who now
Ha's thele poor men in question. Neuer law
Wretches to soke: they kneel, they kiffe the Earth,
Forswear themselvses as others as they spake;
Zophoba flaps his ears, and threats them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poor Father:
The Heauen fer Spyres upon vs, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flav. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I fee) will kiffe the Valleys first:
The oddes for high and low a alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is thus the Daughter of a King?

Flav. Sir, is
When once fite is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I fee) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Moilt farty) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as farty,
Your Choyse is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flav. Deere, looke vp:

Though Fortune,visible an Enemy,
Should chafe vs, with your Father: powre no ioe
Hath she to change our Lovers. Defers you (Sir)
Remember, since you won't go more to Time
Then I doe now; with thought of such Affection,
Step forth mine Aducate: as your reques,
My Father will grant precious things,as Trifles,
Leo. Would he doe is, I'd beg your precious Miftries,
Which he coms but a Trifle.

Perd. Sir (my Lette)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

For your Quene dy'd, she was more worth such gaze,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Looks I make. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd: I will to your Father.
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friends to them, and you: Upon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antiochus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Befeech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Fattel, heard
the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it:
Whereupon (after a little amazedneffe) we were all
commanded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) I
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken discoverie of the Buffinette;
but the chances I perceived in the King and Camilla,
were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd aloof, with fin-
ring on one another, to tear the Cates of their Eyes,
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very
gestures: they look'd as they had heard of a World
randoon, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of Won-
der appeared in them: but the wife beholdeur, that know
no more but feeling, could not say, if't were importance
loyn, or Sorrow; but in the extremety of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes Revells.

Gent. 2. Nothing, but Bon-fores the Oracle is full d,
The Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder
is broke out in this house, that Bell-d-makers cannot
be able to expresse it, Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulyne's Steward, he can deliver
you more. How goes it now (Sir: This Newes (which is
so call'd true) is so like an Old Tale, that the worst of it is
in strong suspicion: He's the King found his Heire.

Gent. 1. Moit true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you're told
there, is such vertue in the proues. The Metre of Quene Harmsone;
her Lewel aboute the Neck of it:
The Letters of Aungelme found with it, which they know
to be his Character: the Majestie of the Creature,
resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobinette,
which Nature shews about her Breeding, and many oth-
er Evidences, proclaime her, with all ceramety, to be the
Kings Daughter. Did you fee the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you left a Sight which was to be
seen, cannot bee spokenn of. There might you haue be-
held one Ioy crowne another, so in such manner, that
it leem'd not sorrow wert to take lease of them; for that
Joy wanted in reares There was calling vp of Eyes, hold-
ing vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distrarction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor.
Our King being ready to lease out of himself, for joy of his long Daughter; so as that joy were now become a Loafe, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then takes Helenas heart, then embraces her Sonne-in-Law: then came worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which hands by, like a weather-bent Conduit, of many Kings Regnions.) I never heard of such another Encount, which takes Report to follow it, and ynde description to do it.

Gen. 1. What, pray you, became of Aurgorum, that carried hence the Child? 

Gen. 2. Like an old Tale full, which will have sooner to rehearse, through Credit be asleep, and not an care of; yet he was come to pieces with a Beast: This smoothes the Shepheard Sonne; who he's not only his Innocence (which seems much) to inflite him, but a Hand-ketch of and Kings of all that Paulina knows.

Gen. 3. What became of his beste, his and his Followers? 

Gen. 4. Wreckt the same infant of their Mistruser death, and in the view of the Shepheard: to that all the Instruments which clyed to expel the Child, are even then the Child when it was found. But of the Noble Combat, that twist Joy and Sorowe was fought in Paulina. Then had a Eye declin'd for the confidence of her Husband, another esuested, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: she lift the Prince from the Earth, and so looch her in embrasing, as if they would put her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of Loosings.
The Winter Tale

It's not wise to keep:
You have your home
And I have my own.

You have your home,
And I have my own.

We choose with caution:
But we don't choose:
Hit the (Kingdom) of your heart
Till the (Kingdom) of your heart.

Dr. Leat, O. Leat, O. Leat.

We choose with caution:
But we don't choose:
Hit the (Kingdom) of your heart
Till the (Kingdom) of your heart.

Dr. Leat, O. Leat, O. Leat.

We choose with caution:
But we don't choose:
Hit the (Kingdom) of your heart
Till the (Kingdom) of your heart.

Dr. Leat, O. Leat, O. Leat.
The Winters Tale.

Parlour to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Muse (that's ne'er to be found again)
Lament, till I am loth.

Les, O peace Paulina:
Thou shalt find a husband take by my context,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betwixt me's by Vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) paid many
A pray'r upon her grace. Je ne seke faire
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband, Come Camilla,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and here suffic'd
By Vs, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betwixt your holy lookes
My ill supposition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne wrou the King, whom heaven's directing
Is truth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leytherly
Each one demand, and anwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were difficile'd: Hithily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

L E s o t e r, King of Sicilia.
M a u m a s s o u, young Prince of Sicilia.
C a r s e I n s o u, Lord of Sicilia.
D i o n.
H e r m o n e, Queene to L e s o t e r.
C e r d i n, Daughter to L e s o t e r and H e r m o n e.
A n g e l o, wife to A n t i g u a n s.
E m i l i a, a Lady.
P e l e x e n e, King of Bohemia.
F l o r e d e l, Prince of Bohemia.
O l d S h e p h e a d, reputed Father of Perdita.
C l e m o n t, his Sonn.
A n t e l o c e u s, a Trogue.
A r c h i d a m u s, a Lord of Bohemia.
O t h e r L o r d s, and G e n t l e m e n, and S e r v a n t s.
S h e p h e a d s, and S h e p h e a d s l e f t.

F I N I S.
The life and death of King John.

Aditus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queen Eliza, Filzard, Iohn, and Sir Edmund. Wherein Complay the Misfortunes of France.

King Iohn. Didst thou hear, what would France with me? Chas. Thus (after greeting) pitches the King of France.

In my behalme to the Daيت, The undivided Majesty of England here.

Chas. A Strange beginning of a troubled Majesty.

K. Iohn. Silence (good mother) heart the Embassage.

Chas. Philip of France, might and true benel蕾 Of thy deceased brother, Geoffrey sonne, Arthur Plantagenet, latee most lawfull chaine To the true land, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Fellers, Arma, Torquay, Mine,

Defend thee to dye side the sword,

With thy brave all principel these feamall titles,

And put the same into yang Arthurs hand,

The Naymow, and right royall Soueraigne.

K. Iohn. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chas. The proud conteste of fierce and bloody warre,

To enfringe there rights, to forcibly witheld,

K. Iohn. Here issue we war for war, & blood for blood;

Contro儿ments for conquerors to answer France.

Chas. Then take my Kings de3ance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Embassage.

K. Iohn. Bear me to him, and to depart in peace,

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For sate thou shall report, I will be there:

The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence the thou the trumpeter of our vs, th

And fullen prege of your owne desay

An honourable conduct let him have,

Pembroke looke too's, farewell Chariotian.

Less Chat and Temp.

K. Iohn. What now my sonne, how haste you here told

How that ambitious Conellence would not cease

Till till he had kindled France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her sonne.

This might have beene preueen, and made whole

With very eafe arguments of force,

Which now the masmage of two kimages must

With fearfull bloody ille arbitrate.

K. Iohn. Our strong opposition, and our right for vs.

Ed. Your strong per6elisht much more then your right,

Or els it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your case,

With what but heaven, and you, and I, shall here.

Enter a Bishop.

Edw. Mr. Lin. Here is the strangest controversy Came from the Country to be judged by you,

That I heard. We shall produce the men.

K. Iohn. Let them approach.

Our lieges and our Prorates shall pay

This exposittion: Whap men are you?


Philip. Your faithful subject, a gentleman,

Boris in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne

As I sayd, to Robert Familebridge,

A Souldier by the Honor-giving hand.

Of lord how Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What are thou?

Robert. The son and heere to that same Familebridge,

K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the beyce?

You came out of one mother then it seems.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,

That is well knowne, and as I think one father;

But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,

I put you to be heauen, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

I. Out on thee rude man, & soft damme thy mother,

And wound her honor with this disidence.

Pil. I Madam? No, I have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

Wh. which she can procure, a pops me out,

At least from faire hundred pound a yeere:

He men guard my mothers honor, and my land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow, why being young born

Does he lay blame to thine inheritance?

That I know not why, except to get the land:

But once he flended me with battauly:

But where I he as true beget or no,

That shall I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well beget by my Iarge

(Eare fall the bones that took the pains for me)

Compare our faces, and be judge your selue.

If fold Sir Robert did beget vs both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

Old Sir Robert Father, on my knee

I guehe heauen thanks! I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap has his heaven lent vs here?

Edw. He ha3 a trick of Coriolanus I. E.

The accent of his tongue affeceth him:

Do you not read some tokens of his sonne

In the large composition of this man?

K. Iohn.
The life and death of King John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect. Richard: sir, spake,
What doth move you to call mine, or thine, land.
Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With half a face that would he have all my lands?
A half-faced, good lord, the more I see of him,
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father, Lord,
Your brother did employ my father much
Per. Well, if by this you cannot get your land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd your mother.
Rob. And once dispatched him in an Embassie
To Geoffrey, there without me might be keep'd.
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meantime time found'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuatle, I frame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of East and West
Betweene my father, and my mother day
As I have heard my father speake himselfe.

K. John. Sirs, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wise did after wedlock become him:
And if the eld play failure, the fault was hers,
Which faults lyes on the hazards of all husbands.
That marry wises: tell me, how my brother
Who as you say, takeo pains to get this fortune,
Had of your father claim'd this fortune for:
And were, he came into the world
Full fourteenere weke before the course of time:
Then good my Ledge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

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The life and death of King John.

Scena Secunda.

Enter before: Angus; Philip, King of France; Lewis; Dom- phu, Austria, Confiance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angus well met braue Anfrias,
Arthur that great fores-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Wars in Palestine,
By this braue Duke came early to his grave;
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours by, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the viration
Of thy unnatural Viole, English King,
Embrace him, lose him, give him welcome hether.

Arthur. Good shall forgive you Cordialles death
The rather, that you gie your off-spring life,
Shadowing their right Under your wings of ware,
I give you welcome with a powerfull hand,
But with a heare full ofremainder love.
Welcome before the gates of Angus Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Arthur. Vpon thy chekke lay this zelous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne.
Tell Angus, and the right thys heart in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced thone,
Waste spurrens backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Inderers,
Even till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwark, stile secure,
And confident from forraine purposes,
Even till that vmsit corner of the west
Sallute thee for her King, till then faire bye
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Cordialles. O take thy mothers thanks, a widows thanks,
Till thy strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your loue.

Angus. The peace of heaven in thys lay his swords
In such a luft and charitable warre.

King. Well, thene to worke our Cannon shall be sent
Against the bowes of this refitting townes,
Call for our cheefe men of discipline,
To call the plants of beft advantiges:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wars to the market-place in French mens blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Left vndares you flame your swords with blood,
My Lord Chastillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood;
That hot rathhale to indirecly flame.

Enter Chastillon.

King. A wonder Ladylo upon thy with
Our Meffenger Chastillon in arm'd,
What England sies, say freely gentle Lords:
We coldly pause for thee, Chastillon speake,

Chastillon. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:
England in patience of your iuff demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the dauerie wimmes
Who.
The life and death of King John.

Whole leisure I have naught, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soon as e'er:
His marches are expeditious to this wise,
As little strong, his Soldiers considerable:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Act farring him to blood and blys.
With her her Niece, the Lady Blanche of Spaines,
With them a Bastard of the Kings decease,
And all th' unwielded honors of the Land,
Rich, inconsiderate, fury voluntary,
With Ladies faces, and force Dragon spurenes.
Hauce fold their fortunes at their native home,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In briefe, a braver clowde of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English issues have wait on,
Did neuer floate upon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and feaste in Chirchitendome;
The interruption of their churchfull drums
Cuts of more circumstance, they are at hand,
By armed beaus.

To parli or to fight, therefore prepare.

Kyn. How much unkno'd, for this expedition.

Answ. By much more unexpected, by to much
We must awake in due course for defence,
For courage mounted with occasion.
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanche, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France is peace permitt,
Our laft and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleed France, and peace attend to heaven.
Whilest We Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their prouerd contente that bears his peace to heaven.
From. Peace be to England, if that were true.
From England to France, there to live in peace.
England we loue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armes here we meet:
This teylofe of ours shoulde be a worlde of thine;
But thou from foreign ageard art to erre,
That thou haue vsuer-wrought his lawfull King.
Cut off the sequence of polity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne;
Looke here upon thy brother Geffery face.
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little shiffrad doth containe that large,
Which died in Geffery: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this briefe into as huge a volume:
That Geffery was thy elder brother borne,
And this his fone, England was Geffery right,
And this is Geffery in the name of God;
How comes it then that thou art calld a King,
When lining blood doth in these temples best
Which owre the crowne, that thou ore-masters self?

K. John. For any whom haft thou this great commissiornt
To draw my answers from thy Articles;
For that imperiall lidge that flie good thoughts
In any besit of strong authentique,
To looke into the Blots and Blaines of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
His forces orr, that I can trustly essay,
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I must to challege it.

From. Except it is to bear vVasting downe.

Queen. Who is it thou dost call vVusband France?

Consp. Let me make answer: thy vVumplung forcce.

Queen. Out insolent thy blaffard shall be King;
That thou must be a Queen, and cheake the world.

Consp. My bed was euer to thy fome so true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy.
Liker in feature to his father Geffery,
Then thou and John, in maneres being as like,
As vaine to water, or deuell to his daunce.
My boy a blaffard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true beget;
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. There is a good mother boy, that blotts thy ta-

Consp. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Answ. Peace.

Bail. Hears the Cryer.

Answ. What doth the deall last thou? (ther
One that will play the deall fitt with you,
And a may catch your heed and you alone:
You are the Hace of whom the Proverb goes
Whoe vloke plucks dead Lyons by the breach;
He imVOKE your skin-coat and I catch you right.
Sit to looke too't, faith I will, yfaith.

Blain. O well did he become that I yons rode,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bail. It lies as lightly on the back of him
As a great Alidae shower upon an Alie.
But Alie, he take that twitche from you backe,
O racy on that shall make your shoulder cracke.

Answ. What cracker is this same that deales our case
With this abundance of supenious breath?

King. Lewis, determine what we shall doe frant.


King. John, this is the very fume of all;

England and Ireland, Augier, Tarame, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claim of thee:
Wilt thou renigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life a fone: I doe declare France,
Arthur of Bretaine, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my desire thou li gie thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can war;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Consp. Dece child, goe to thy grandame child,

Queen. Come to thy grandame child and groome thy selfe
Gius ye pleasant perry, and a pege,
There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were loved in my grace,
I am not worth this couple thate's made for me. (weepes)

Qu. Aye. His mother thames him for a poore boy her

Consp. Now flame upon you where the does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers thames
Drawes those heauen-moueing perles fide his poor eter,
Which heauens shall take in nature of a fee;
In with the Chipell breadth heauen shall be bright'd
To doe him justice, and resteigne on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous flanderer of heauen and earth.

Consp. Thou monstrous leurer of heauen and earth,

Cail not me flanderer, thou and thine vVurpe
The Dominations Royalties, and rights
Of this opprived boy, this thy elderti fome once,
Infortunat in nothing but in thee:

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The life and death of King John.

The canons are visited in this poor childe,
The canons of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from the same concluding trouble.

John: Bedlam has done it,

Can: I have but this to say,

That he is not only plagued for his sin,
But God hath made his famine and her plague;
On this removed ill, pleased for her,
And with her plague his famine: his injury
Her injury the blade to her famine,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que: Thou wast of no code, I can produce
A will, that barres the title of thy fomme.

Can: I who doubts that, a will: a wicked will,

A woman's will, a cankred Grandam's will:
Fra: Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill befittes this patience to cry synne
To make ill usage to childe,
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walls.
These men of Angiers, let us hear them speake,
Whole title they admit, Arrive or John.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the wall.

Cit: Who is it that hath wond'rd to the walls?

Fra: This France, for England.

John: England for it is false:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,
Fra: You loving men of Angiers, Arrive subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John: For our advantage, therefore hear us stift:
These flaggs of France that are advanced here,
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Hau'e hither march'd to your endasment:
The Canons hau'e their bowells full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spitt forth
Their iron indignation against your walls:
All preparation for a bloody edge
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort yours Citizens ears, your winking gates:
And for our approche, those sleeping horses,
That as a wafe doth girdle you about
By the composition of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocks made
For bloody power to ruff ypon your peace.

But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Hau'e brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To faue voluptuously your Citizens threatened checker:
Behold the French arm'd and duchiasfe a parle,
And now instead of bulletas wrapp in your waile,
To make a quicker fire in your waile,
They choose but certain words, folded vp in smoke,
To make a faithfull creek in your eare,
Which truth accordingly knod Citizen:
And let us in your waile, whose labour'd spirits
Forsoe afield in this action of swift speedes,
Crues hath image within your citie waile.

France: When I haue hau'e, make answer to vs both.

John: In this night hand, whose weakness
Is most unspeakable: why art thou thus
Of him it holds, Standar yong Frenche.
Sorne to the elder brother of this man,

And King are him, and all that he enjoys:
For this downe-tricked equity, we read
In warlike march, these greene before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable seals,
In the tertie of this oppressed childe,
Religiously procked.
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose former eye fastened on the bleeding ground:
Many a widower hath ground his boughs,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victor with pale lips and eye
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphant displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine, Britanne King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.

E. Her. Renounce you men of Angiers, your town, 
King John, your king and英格兰, doth approach, 
Commander of this hot malicious day;
Their Armours that march'd hence to filter bright,
Hither return all gifts with Frenchmen's blood:
That flesh no plume in any English Creft,
That is removed by a shaft of France.
Our colours do returne in these fame hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth:
And like a sadiy troope of Huntlemen come
Our left Englishe, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying Daughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and gue the Vixious war.

Hawk. Herald, from off our towres we might behold
From fist to fist, the on-set and retrecy;
Of both your Armies, whole equality
By our belf eyes cannot be compass'd.

Blows
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answerd
Strength matchs with strength, and power confronted

Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One mult grado greatest. While they weigh so even,
We bold our Towne for neither yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at general hault.

Iohn. France, haft thou yet more blood to call awa?
Say, that the current of our right come on,
Whole passage vest with thy impediment,
Shall leave his nature channel, and one-fell
With comine distort'd euen thy confining shores,
Vineff thou let his filter Water, keep:
A peacefull progress on the Ocean.

Pro. England thou hast not issu'd one drop of blood
In this hot trile's more than we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweate
This sways the earth the Climater over-looket,
Before we will lay downe our sull-borne Armes,
Wee past thee downe, 'gusth whom these Armest wee
Or add a royal number to the dead:
(see).

Graffing the scroule that els of this warres laffe,
With laughter coupled to the name of kings.

Raff. Hasta Myself: how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chap's with fleec.
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his pongs,
And now he faules, moving the fleth of men
In vnderstanding differences of kings.
Why bland these royall fronts amaz'd thus:
Cry loudest to kings, backe to the thinned field
You captall Armes, fierce kindled spight.
Then let confusion of one pace conform
The others peace till, dhlaven, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whose perty do the Townemen yet admit?


Iohn. The king of England, when we know the king.
Fra. Know him in vs, that here behold his right.

Iohn. In vs, that are our owne great Deputies,
And haste profound of our Parion here,
Lord of our presence Angiert, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till he be undoubd, we do locke
Our former scuple in our strong bar'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntil our feares refol'd
Be by our owne kind, surg'd, and depo'd.

Raff. By heauen, these frowles of Angiers frow you
And fland securly on their battelmems, 
Kings
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your indufluous Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall preences be rule by me,
Do like the Munities of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both con yielded
Your flarpett Deeds of malice on this Towne.

By Faft and Wei Iet France and England mount.
Their batering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their foul-fearing clamours have brand'd downe
The limite rikes of this conumerous City,
I play incessantly on these Iades,
Even till vnfenced deolotion
Leave them as naked as the vulgar syre:
That done, deflect your vised strengths,
And par your mingled colours once again,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment Fortune shall first call
Out of one side her happy Motion,
To whom in usours the shall gue the day,
And kiffe him with a glorious visage:
How like yow this while could thou thy States,
Smackest not forsetting of the policie.

Iohn. Now by the sky that boughs aboute our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight what shall be king of it?

Raff. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peecull Towne:
Turne thou the most of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these faire Walke,
And when that we have drif them to the ground,
Why then drif each other, and fell-smell,
Make worpe upon our felures, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be so: fly, where will you suffit?

Iohn. We from the Wei will fend deffusion
Into this Cities before.

Raff. I from the North.

Fra. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raise their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Raff. O prudent discipline! From North to South!
Audia and France shoot in each others mouth.
He threeth them to: Come, away away.

Iohn. Heare ye great kings, yonclafe awhile to sey
And I shall fly you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this City without broke, or wound,
Refute those breasting liues to dye in beds,
That here come facirices for the field.

Perouse not, but heare me mightye Kings.

Iohn. Speake on with thame we are best to hear.

Fra. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanche
Is seer to England, looife upon thee yeeres
Of Lawfull the Dolphin, and that loouly maid.
Hisflisc loue should go in queeff of beautee,
The life and death of King John

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As the beauteous, education, blood,
Hides heaume when I come to the Prince of the world.
I say, what honest boy? look in the Ladies face,
Lad, I say Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
As the shadow of my felle form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your fonne,
Becomes a fonne and makes your fonne a shadow.
I do protest I never loved my fife
Till now, infixed I behold my title,
Drawne in the flattening table of her eye.

Is it not a wonder, is it not a wonder, is it not a wonder,
This is the table of her eye, her face.

Hang in the frowning winkle of her brow,
And quaff'd in her heart, her doth eipie
Humbled honest youth, this is the new name,
I say, this is the table of her eye, her face.

Or I do protest I never loved my title,
Till now, infixed I behold my title,
Drawn in the flattening table of her eye.

Is it not a wonder, is it not a wonder, is it not a wonder,
This is the table of her eye, her face.

Hang in the frowning winkle of her brow,
And quaff'd in her heart, her doth eipie
Humbled honest youth, this is the new name,
I say, this is the table of her eye, her face.

Is it not a wonder, is it not a wonder, is it not a wonder,
This is the table of her eye, her face.
The life and death of King John.

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her prepare
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not full up the assurance of her will)
Yet in some measure epistles to her,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as with as much suffer:
Te to this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

Ant. Mid ward, mad kings, mad composition:
John to step Aristotile the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose whole armance Conscience buckled on,
Whom scale and charite brought to the field,
As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the ear,
With that same purpose-changer, that flye duel,
That Broke, that still breaks the pace of youth,
That daily breaks, he that wanes of all,
O wing, of beggers, old men, young men, maidens,
Who hauing no extemnn thing to loose,
But the world Maid, cheas the poorest Made of that.
That smooth-satd Gentleman, tickling commodore,
Commodure, the byss of all things,
The world, who of it selfe is pseyd well,
Made to run euon, upon euon ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing eye,
This fwaye of motion, that con commodre,
Makes it take his head from all and every,
From all direction, purpose, countin motion.
And this lame byys, this Commodore.
This Bawd, this Broker, this slae-charging-vvord,
Clap on the outer edge eye of idle faire,
Hath drawne him from his owne danger'd syd,
From a refoul'd and honourable way,
To a snot base and vile-concluded peace.
And why ryle I on this Commodore?
But for because he hath not woued my ye-
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his face Angels would failet my faine,
But for my hand, as unstrempred ye.
Like a poore begger, taileth on the lond.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will tale,
And faie there is no fain but to be rich,
And being rich, my venture then shall be,
To faie there is no vice, but beggerie.
Since Kings lusts bee facts upon commodre,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false bled royal soul.
Gone to be friends?
Shall crow use, Blanche, and Blanch's borth Provinces?
Is't not so, thou half mispikes, misheard?
Be well aduitd, tell one thy sale againe.
It cannot be, thou hast doo'd but for to go.
I trust I may true gait thee, let thy word
To be the raid breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not beleue thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thus shall be punisht for thus frightening me,
For I am tiche, and capable of offears,
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of errors,
A widdow, husbands, fidbedo to fears,
A woman naturally borne to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but lie.
With my trust spirits, I cannot take a true,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doth thou mean by flaking of thy head?
Why doth thou looke so sadly on my face?
What means that hand upon that breath of thine?
Why holds thine eie on that lamentable howne,
Like a proud man gaping on his bountous?
Bel be the said signes comfort of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I beleue you thinke them false,
That youe cause to proue my saying true.
Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleue this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, howe to make me dye.
And let beleefe, and life encounter fo,
A doth the fune of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and dye.
Is any Blanch's O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Helfl be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight,
This newses hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harne have I good Lady done,
Entripeke the harne, that is by others done?
Coe. Which harne without it settle to heynous,
As a make me mistell all that speakest of it.
Con. I do beleeech you Madam be content,
Coe. If thou that bold me be content, went sir
gyly, and lang-arde to thy Mothers wante,
Full of replying blous, and fighulate flames,
Lost, los'd, cross'd, crooked, waist, profoud,
Pack'd with toute Mole, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loose thee no, not thou
Become a gentle birth, nor defence a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Name, and Fortune sooyd to make thee great.
Of Nature's guits, than myself with Lillies bouct,
And with the faire-blone Rofe.
But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, changd, and worene from thee,
Shal alterate hourly with thine Vvitle John,
And with her golden hand hath plucks on France,
Trotted downe faire repleth of Soueraignty,
And made his Maitre the bawd to theirs.
I, since it is a Bawd to Fortune, and king John,
That flumpets Fortune, that vlupets John:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forworne?
Envoyen him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alon, which I alone
An bound to vnder- bear.
Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.
Con. Thou saith, thou shalt, I will not goe with thee,
I will infringe my forrowes to bee proud,
For griefes is proud, and makes his owner spoole.
To me and to the stale of my great griefe,
Let kings assemble, for my griefe is so great,
That no suppoter but the hige firmes earth
Can hold it vp: here I and forrowes it.
Here is my Thronse, bid kings come bow to it.
The life and death of King John

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Enter King John, France, Delphine, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Aspasia, Aeneas, Jerome, John, Percival, Turne, the King of France, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Earl of Salisbury.

Fra. This true (fai re daughter) and that blessed day, Enter in France shall be kept; ten times.
To solemnize this day the glorious sonne,
Slay a man in Paris, and set fire to Bayonne,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager ceddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never lie; it is, but a holy day.
Conf. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day decreed? what hath been done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high sides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather tune this day out of the week,
This day of flame, oppression, perjury,
Or if it must stand still, let wares with child
Play that their burdens may not fall this day;
Left that their hopes prodigiously be croft:
But (on this day) let Seamen fear no wrack,
No bargains breake that are not this day made;
This day all things be gun, come to ill end,
Yes, such as fell to follow hollow flood change.
Fra. By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Have I not sworn to you my Master?
Conf. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Repolishing Master, which being touch'd and tye,
Now in her beauty, appears the Bayonne,
You came in Armes to full mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The graphical vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in aminte, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:
Armes, stirs, and heauen, against thee perjur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauen)
Let not the bowers of this vngodly day
Were out the dates in Peace; but ere Summer,
Set armed discord twist these perjur'd Kings,
Heave me, Oh, heave me.
Asp. I say Confesse, peace.
Conf. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O Lyneges, O Anvsia, thou doth shame
That bloody spoyle; thou slay, thou wretch, y coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villaine,
Thou euer strong upon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that doth never fight
But when her humorous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art perjur'd too,
And soothly it's greene face.
What a foolishly that,
A ramping fool, to brag, and flatter, and fawre,
Upon my partie; thou cold blooded blade,
Hai that thou not spake like thunder on my side?
Beene I wornce my Souldier, bid me accend
Upon thy harassing, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou warest a Lynge hid, deceit for thine,
And hang a Calore skin on thir receife limbs.
Asp. O that a man should speake these words to me.
Phl. And hang a Calose-skin on thofe recefect limbs
John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.
Entr. Percival,
Fra. Here cometh the holy Legate of the Pope.
Pan. Halfe you unsainted deputys of beaunt:
To thee King John my holy errand is:
Percival, of faire Madame Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So willyly doft ofte and dost abuse,
Keep Stephen Langton chief of Arbisshop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our forefaid holy Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.
John. What earthis name to Interrogatories
Canst thou bring the breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinal) decide a name
So fight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anwer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall ye se or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are fopreame hand,
So under him that great supremacy
Where doe regne, we will none uphold
Without thistallance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all reserued set apart
To him and his vassals authority.
Fra. Brother of England, you shall know this.
John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led to groffely by this medleng Priest,
Dressing the curfe that money may buy out,
And by the meed of the same by force, duft,
Purchose corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that face let pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and at the rest to groffely led,
This liging witchcraft with rewome cherish,
Yet I done, thine done me oppose
Against the Pope, and count my friends foes.
Pund. Then by the lawfull power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cuft and excommunicate,
And blesed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegence to anheretique,
And meritorous shall that hand be call'd,
Camoused and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret courfe
Thy hatefull life.
Con. O lawfull let it be
That I brave toome with Remo to curse a while,
Good Father; Cardinal, cry thou Amen.
To my keene course; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong;
Law cannot give my childe his kingdom heere;
For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law;
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pund. Philip of France, on peril of a curfe,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-bishop,
And raise the power of France, upon his head,
Valefie he doe subumit himselfe to Remo.
Ent. Lookst thou pale France? do not let go thy hand.
Com. Look to that Deuill, let that France repent.
And by diversing hands hell lose a sole.

And hang a Calue-skin on his recraving limbs.

Becausse,

Baff. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. Philip, what faith thou to the Cardinall?

Fra. What should I say but as the Cardinall?

Delph. Bethink you father, for the difference

In purchase of a heauty curse from Rome,

Or the right losse of England, for a friend:

Forgo the easier.

Bla. That is the curse of Rome.

Fra. O Love, bland fae, the delvall tempes thee here

In likenesse of a new untrimm'd Bride.

Bla. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Can. Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which onely lusts but by the death of faith,

That need, must needs intercome the principle,

That faith would live againe by death of need.

O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,

Keep me my need and faith is trodden downe.

John. The King is mused, and answers not to this.

Can. O be remov'd from him, and answere well.

Doe to kure Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Baff. Hang nothing but a Calue skin most sweet lour.

Fra. I am perplexed, and know now what to say.

Paus. What canst thou say, but what pleaseth thee more?

If thou stand commucate, and curst?

Good reverend father, make mention yours,

And tell me how you would bestow your selfe.

This royall band and mine are newly knit,

And the conclusion of our inward soules.

Married in league, coupled, and kindled together

With all religious strength of sacred vowes,

The latest breath that gaur the found of words

Vere deepes -sworne faith, peace, amity, true loute

Betweene our kindgomes and our royall felues,

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could waft our hands.

To clasp this royall bargaine vp of peace,

Heauen knowing they were besetted, and over-floud

With slaughter's pencill, where renuing did paint

The fearfull difference of incendi ed kings:

And shall these hands so lately purd of blood?

So newly lyed in loute so strong in both,

Vynpok this feytre, and this enemie retrecide?

Play faith and looche with faith, to left with heauen,

Make such woonstall children of one felues

As now againe to fetch our palme from palme:

Vere sworne faith, loute, and on the marriage bed

Ol timning peace to march a bloody install,

And make a synp on the gentle brow

Of true frencie? O holy Sir

My reverend father, let it be no;

Out of your grace, deuite, ordainne, impose

Some genttle order, and then we shall be blest

To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pau. All forrne is formelee, Order orderteile,

Ouer whether what is opposite to Englands lawe,

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breath her curse,

A mothers curse, on her revolting fonde:

France, thou maist hold a feipent by the tongue,

A cled Lion by the mortall paw,

A flying Tyger faster by the touch,

The crosse on the place that hand which thou doft hold.

Fra. I may dis-loyne my hand, but not my faith.

Pau. So mak't thou faith an enemy to faith,

And like a ciuill waft feteth oath to oath,

Yer tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,

That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What finces thou sworl, is sworne against thy selfe,

And may not be performed by thy selfe.

For which that thou hast sworne to doe amisse,

It is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tendes to ill,

The truth is the done not doing it.

The better A of purposes miskeene,

Is to mistake again, though indirects,

Yet indirection thereby growes direc,

And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire

Within the forched veins of one new bunt:

It is religion that doth make vowes kept,

But thou hast sworne against religion:

By what thou sweast against the thing thou sweast it,

And mak't an oath the fuerite for thy truth,

A graunt an oath the truth, thou art enure

To sweate, sweares onely not to be forsworne,

Elle what a mooste should it be to swear?

But thou dost sweate, onely to be forsworne,

And most forsworne, to kepe what thou dost sweate,

Therefore thy later vowes, against thy self,

Is my felle rebellion to thy felse;

A more better. Godd preserve father, make mention yours,

And tell me how you would bestow your selfe.

This royall band and mine are newly knit,

And the conclusion of our inward soules.

Married in league, coupled, and kindled together

With all religious strength of sacred vowes,

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A cled Lion by the mortall paw,
The life and death of King John.

The sun's o'ercast with blood: faire day adieu,
Which is the tide that I must go withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirle a undert, and dizenme mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
Vace, I needs must pray that thou maist losse.
Father, I may not with the fortunate thine:
Grandam, I will not with thy wishes tyme:
Who-er wins on that side it all I lose:
Affired loffe, before the march he beapd:
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blas. There where my fortune lies, there my life dies.
John. Coffer, goe draw our puissance together,
France, I am burn vp with inflaming wrath:
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can alloy, nothing but blood,
The blood and dearest valued blood of France.
Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Loke to thy selfe, thou art in seapie.
John. No more then he that threates. To Armes let's hie.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Allarum: Excursus: Enter Bagard with Austria's head.

Bag. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some evry Destill homers in the skie,
And pou's downe mischieft. Austrias head lye there,
Exeunt John, Arthur, Hubert.
While Philip breathes.
John. Hubert, keep this boy: Philip make vp,
My Mother is asfayl'd in our Tent,
And tane I fear.
Bag. My Lord I refaced her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, fear ye not;
But on my Liege, for very little panes
Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Allarum, excursus, Retreat. Enter John, Eleazer, Arthur, Bagard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall he be: your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded: Cofen, Joone not fast,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Vackle will
As decent be to shewe, as thy father was.
Arch. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
John. Cofen away for England, haste before,
And ere our comming feu thou make the bags
Of hoarding Abbes, imprisonment angels
Set at libertie: the fat ribes of peace
Muit by the hungry now be fed upon:
Welcome Companions in this seare force.
Bag. Bell, Boot, & Castel shall not drive me back,
When gold and spices backe me to come on,
I leave your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If every remember to be holy.)
For ye shall fare lightly: to I kniue your hand.
Exeunt: Farewell gentle Cofen.

Ele. Come hether little kitn tearkes, a wonder.
John, Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee muche: within this wall of flesh
There is a foule countesse thee her Crediter,
And with aduance money to pay thy lose:
And my good friend, thy vountuous earc,
Lies in this boosome, deereely cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heaven Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.
John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so much.
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good,
I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
The sunnes is in the heares, and the proud tyme,
Attendeth with the pleasures of the world,
It is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To give me audience: If the mid-might bell
Dad with his yron tongue, and broungh mouth
Sound on into the drawswaie race of night:
If this fame were a Church yard where we stand,
And thou professed with a thousand worlds:
Or if that farly spirit melancholy
Had bak't thy blood, and made it heavy, thickes,
Which eell runses tickling vp and downe the veins,
Making that idle laughter keepes men's eye's,
And thraine their cleeke to idle merriment.

A passon hatefull to my paynents:
Or if that thou couldst fee me without eye's,
Hearre me without thine earres, and make reply
With out a tongue, Ving conceit alone,
Without eye's, ears, and harmsfull found of words:
Then, in deliglash of brooked waterfull day,
I would into thy boosome pourre my thoughts:
Put [sh] I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my truch I thine thou looke me wel.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vnderake,
Though that my death were adumt to my AB,
By cause I would doe it.

John. Doest not thou know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert thou know the thine eye
On your young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wherefoere this font of mine doth tred,
He he before me didt thou vnderstand me?
I thou art buskeper.

Hub. And Ile keepe him fo,
That he shall not offend your Maiestie.

John. Desist.

Hub. My Lord.


Hub. He shall not live.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee.
Well, Ie not say what I intend for thee:
Remember Madam, Fare you well.
Ill send those powers o'therto your Maiestie,
Ele. My blushing goe with thee.

John. For England Cofen, goe.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you.
With all true delight: On toward Cathier, loo.

Exeunt.

Scene.
Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Delphos, Pandalphus, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armada of confus’d sail
Is scattered and disjoyn’d from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

And shoud England into England gone,

One-bearing interruption spight of France?

Del. What he hath won, that hath he forfete:
So hot a speed, with such seduce dispos’d,
Such tempest order in so fierce a cause,
Don’t want my heart, who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred affection like to this?

Fra. Well could I bear that England had this prize,
So we could finde some pattern of our frame:

I prehie Lady gowe away with me.

Com. Log now now, the issue of your peace,

I prehie Lady gowe away with me.

And I will kiss the detestable base,
And put my eye-balls in thy vioyant brows,
And ring those fingers with thy houyhowl worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fullsome fume,
And be a Courtier Monster like thy selfs;

Come, gron on me, and I will think you small, I,
And buflle thee as thy wife: Misereons Love,
O come to me.

Fra. Of late affliction, peace.

Com. Noo, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I take the word.

And rowse from sleep that fell Anatomy
Which cannot hear a Ladys feeble voyce,
Which forms an moderne Invocation.

Fra. Lady, you pett Historie, and not sorrow

Com. Thou hastely to bete me so,
I am not mad: this hare I scarce mine,
My name is Constance, I was Conffeygers wife,
Young, Archer is my sonne, and he is lost.

I am not mad, I would to Heaven I were,
For then to soule I should forget my felse:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?

Prest one Philosophy to make me mad,
And thus shall be Canoniz’d (Cardinal.)
For, being not mad, but sensible of griefe,
My reasonable part produces reason.

How I may be deliuer’d of these woes,
And teach mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,
Or madly thinke a babie of cloysters were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plagys of each calamity.

Del. Bidde vp thit sole: O what love I note
In the faire multitude of those faire hairs;
Where but by chance salier drop hush faire,
Even to that drop ten thousand witty [(word missing)]
Doe griefe themselues in factable griefe,
Like true, utterable, faithfull lounes,
Sticking together in calamity.

Com. To England, if you will.

Fra. Bidde vp your haires.

Com. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?

I lay them from their bonds, and cede aloud,
O, that thee handes could so redeeme my sonne,
As they have grant these hayres their liberte;
But now I entice at their liberte,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

Com. Give mee a Verse of griefe, as of your child.

Con. Griefe fills the roomes vp of my silent childe:
Lost in his bed, walke vp and downe with me,
Put on his pretty looks, repeat his words,
Remember me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffed out his vacant stomachs with his forme;
Then have I reason to be heede of griefe.

Fare you eu: bid you such a loffe as I,
I could give better comfort then you doe,
I will not keepe this forme upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte.

Com. My lord, my boy or Archer, my faire tonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Fra. I fear some out-rage, and I follow her. Ext.

Del. There is nothing in this world can make me joy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowsie man,

And butter flame hath spoyle’d the sweet words taffe,
That ye yields nought but flame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the cuting of a strong diface,
Even in the interval of repair and health,
The fit is stronger: Eulax that take issue
On their departure, most of all these eulax;
What hate you loy by losing of this day?

Del. All daies of glory, joy, and happine.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.

Com. No, no: when Fortune meent me mall good,
She lookes upon them with a threatening eye.

Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath loy
In this which he accounts so cleartly wonne.
The life and death of King John.

Auctus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Hubert and Exemnonces.

Hub. Haste me thefe Icon hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I take my foot
Upon the bottom of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which thou shalt finde with me
Fall to the chare: be heedfuil; hence and watch.

Exem. The thane your warrant shall be sent out the deed.

Hub. Unlinearly scruples cares nor to looke too.
Yong Lad come forth; I have to lay with you.

Enter Exemnonces.

Arc. Good morrow Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arc. As little Prince, having to great a Tale
To be more Prince, as may be you are fad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merecke.

Arc. My tinc on me:

Me thinks no body should be fed but I.
Yet I remember, when I was in trage, young Grenada would be fed as ought
Only for wantonembe: by my Christefordome,
So I were out of prion, and kept Speche,
I shoulbe as marry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My Vockle practises mere harme to me:
He is afraid of me, and at him;
Is it my fault, that I was Guestes fomme?
No in deuice as not: and I would to heaven
I were your fomme, to you I would loue me Hubert:

"Hub. "If I talke to him, with his inwarde pradme
He well, with his meare, with his newes;
Therefore I will be fadine, and diplome;

Arc. Are y. a litle Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Otherwise I would you were a little lycke,
That I might al alight and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more then you do me,

Hub. His was not the postition of my boforme,
Reade better young Acher:
How now foolish theme?
I many dropping to stary out of doobre.
I shall be breache, letal resolution drop
Out of mine ayes, in tender wamanfeth creases.
Can you not trade it? is it not faire went?

Arc. Too tully Hubert, for to tolute eft,
Muff you with liest Irons, burnte out both mine ayes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I mutt.

Arc. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arc. Have you the heart? when your head did but-

I knet my hand kercher about your browes
(The beft I had, a Princelle woth unto me)
And I did never ask yit you aigne:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the hour,
Still and annon cheed it the beautie time,
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greffe?
Or what good losse may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans losse would have eyen mill,
And otre haue spake a lowing word to you;
But you, at your lice lenesse had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my losse was crafie lose,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
The life and death of King John.

14.

I heave be pleased that you must vie me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eye?
Thee is that never did, nor never shall
So much as owne on you.

Hub. I have swore to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it selfe, though heare red hot,
Approaching neede plaister to be smolde, a deller,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, confound away in ruft,
But for containing fire to harne mine eye.

Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleed him: no tongue but Hubert.


Ar. O frame me Hubert, fate me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and binde him here.

Ar. Alas, what neede you be so baultrous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand fast still:
For heaven take Hubert let me not be bound:
Nay beare me Hubert, drue these men away,
And I will fix as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not flire, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angrily:
Thrust through these men away, and life forgive you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him,

Esge. I am well pleased to be from such a dealer,

Ar. Alas. I then shoule chide away my friend,
He hath a serene looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compisition may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe,

Ar. Is there no relese?

Hub. O heauen: then there yere but a madman in yours,
A graine, a durt, got, a wandering baire,
Any annoyance in that precious lenie:
Then feeling what small things are bolesome there,
Your wide infest molt needs seeme horable.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your young

Hub., Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Molt needs want pleasing for a pane of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes, O space mine eyes,
Though to no vie, but full to looke on you.

Loe, by my touch, the Instrument is cold,

And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being creaste for comfort, to be woud
In undefended extremes: See eff your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,
And flame do repentant shes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can cause it Boy,

Ar. And if you do, you but make it blufh,
And glow with flame of your proceedings, Hubert.

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vie to do me wrong,
Deny their office: solty you do lacke
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking yet.

Hub. Well, see to liue! I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vackle esews,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpofe, Boy,
With this fame very Iron, to bones them out.

Ar. O now you looke like Hubert. All this while
You were digged.

Hub. Peace no more. Aidey,
Your Vackle mutt net know but you are dead.
Hee takeled his dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleepe doublet, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend them.

Ar. O heaven! I thank you Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go clofeely in with mee,
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Forces.

John. Here is once againe we sit: once againe trauaill'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chaffe full eyes.

Pen. This once again (but that you Highnes please)
Was once superfuous: you were Crowned before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluckt off:
The faith of men, were taunt with renale,
Freshest expetation troubled not the Land
With any long'd for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be poffed with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rarch before;
To guide refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
To throw a Pernic on the Violet,
To Imbrach the yce, or add another brow
Into the Rain-bow; or with Taper-light
To seake the besuteous eye of heauen to grace,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excessive.

Pen. But that your Royall pleasure must be done
This last, is as an ancient tale now told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being veped at a time vnfeasible.

Sal. In this the Amiuke, and well noted face
Of plain old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a chlorid windes into a tale,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Statties, and frights consideration:

Made found opinion cick, and truth suspected;
For putting on so new a fasion'd robe.

Pen. When Workmen strive to do better then we,
They do confound their skill in courseouture,
And oftimes excusing of a fault,
Dost make the fault the worse by the excuse.
As patches set upon a little breach,
Differend 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 breache'd our Counsell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-bear it, and we see all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doe make a stand, at what your Highness will.

John.
Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have poifft to you, and thmk them strong.
And more, more strong, then letter is my feare
I fhall induce you: Meantime, but ask,
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well you perccnte, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you your requets.

Fem. Then I, as onely am the tongue of thefe
To find the purpofes of all their hearts,
Both for my felf, and them: but chaire of all
Your loyalty: for the which, my felfe and them
Bind their bent studies, heartily requeft
The prefentment of Arthur, whole refraining
Doth make the murmurings lips of difcontent
To breake into this dangerous argument,
If what in reft you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which (as they fay) attend
The fifteps of wrong, fhould move you to mew vp
Your tender kinde, and to choose his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercice,
That the times enemy may not have this
To grace occafions: let us be our fate,
That you have bid we take his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further vide,
Then, whereupon our waste on you depending,
Counts it your welfare he take his libertie.

Enter John.

John. Le: if he be I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what news with you?

Fem. This is the man fhould do the bloody deed
He fhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
That image of a wicked heinous fault
Lusts in my eye: that eafe alpht offus,
Do fhow the mood of a much troubled brefh,
And I do fearfully defiere to know,
What we fhall wilke to the hand a charfe to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Between his pale and his confience,
Like Hercules' tempeft, and his thunder:
His passion is fome, it needs must breake.

Fem. And when it breakes, I fear it will infife dience
The foule corruption of a fweet child's death.

John. We cannot hold mortallines from hand.
Good Lords, although my wish to gite, is long,
The fære which you demandt is gone, and dead.
Heretoforth Arthur is decaft to death.

Sal. Indeed we fear this fickness was past euer.
Fem. Indeed we fhould have no reare his death he was,
Before the childbeffe felle he was flique:
This muft be answered either here, or henced.

John. Why do you bend fith felonie brawes on me?
Think you I bear the Sifters of deftiny?
Hate I commandement on the pufle of life?

Sal. It is appa rent finte-play, and its fame
That Greatnesh should fo go: offely offer it;
So thine is your gene, and fo fairewell.

John. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ie go with thee,
And finte the inheritance of this poore child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow the bleed of all this Ie,
Three fote of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This muft not be thus borne, this wil breake out
To all our owsome, and as lond I doubt.

Sal. They burn in indignation: I ferent: Enter Mes.

No certaine life attined by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I have eene inhabite in thees cheeks;
So foule a fkie, clerces notwithout a frome,
Pour downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England, neuer fuch a powre
For any forraine preparation,
Was leaued in the body of a land.
The Copie of thy fpreade is leau'd by them:
For when you fould be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arruid.

John. On where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it fplet? Where is my Mothers care?
That fuch an Army could be drawne in France,
And the not hearde of?

Mes. My Ligege, her ear
Is flopt with doft the firit of Aprill die
Your noble mother; and as I here, my Lord,
The Lady Confinace in a frenzie die
Three days before: but this from Rumors tongue
Ideally locat: of rare, or falf I know not.

John. With hold thy fpeed, dreadful Occation:
O make a league with me, till I have pleaf'd
My unforrowrful Princes. What Mother dead?
Ht widly then walks myElaffe in France?
With whom could came thofe powres of France,
Let them the truth full out are landed here?

Enter Valets. Drufhe.

John. I fould have fmet among the Clergy men,
The tumnes have collected shall express:
But as I trauald bethrough thee land,
I finde the people strongly fantasied,
Poffift with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Nor knowing what they receave, but full of feare.
And here a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he tafj, in rude harfs founding rumers,
That are the next Attention day at noon.
Your Hignesses fhould deliver ye our Crowne.

John. Thou admirable Dreamer, wherefore didst thou go?
Pet. Fore knowing that the truth will fall out of
John. Hubert, trow with him: imprize him,
And on that day at noon, where he fayes
I fhall yeeld up my Crowne, let him be hang'd
Delene him to faffy, and returne
For I mm in thee. O my gentle Colen,
Hast it thou the newes abroad, who are arruid?

Del. The French (my Lord) men mouths are full of it.
Bredes I meet Lord Bigar, and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new enkindl'd fire,
And others more, going to feke the geace
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your

John. Gentle kniffing, go (suglication)
And thrust thyself into thofe Companies,
The Life and death of King John.

I have a way to winne their loves againe:
Bring them before me.
(Night)

Took. I will seek them out.

John. Nay, but make haste: the better haste before.
O, let me have as many enemies,
When aduerse fortified my Townes
With dreadful pomp of flight and sound.
Be Mercure, set feathers to thy heales,
And flye (like th'owle) from them, to me againe.

Lilly. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
Exit John. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.

Go after him: for he perhaps shall need
Some Messengers between me, and the Peers,
And be thou hee.

Aesop. With all my heart, my Liege.

John. My mother deat.

Harb. My Lord, they say true Moones were seene to
Four times fixt, and the fit did white about
Do prophesie upon itdangerously:
Yong. Arion's death was common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the crete.
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearer with
Whilffe he that heares, makes fearfull scream
With wrinkled browes, with heads, with rolling eyes.

I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
Whilffe his iron did on the Anneille coole,

With open mouth (allowing a Taylour newes,
Who with his Sheerees, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on Rippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely chaff upon coory feet,
Told of a many thousand wathke French,
That were embattell, and rank'd in line.
Another leane, vnwaith'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arion's death.

Why seek'st thou to poisseffe with these fears?
Why virgell thou to ons young Arion's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty curfe
To with him dead, but thou hast done to kill him.

John. No such (my Lord): why didst thou provoke me?

John. It is the coarse of Kings, to be attended
By lyes, that take their honors for a warrant,
To brake within the bloody issue of life,
And on the working of Authoritie
To understand a Law: to know the meaning
Of dangerous Misdemeanor, when procurement is knowne
More spawn humor, then aduoc's refresh:

Harb. Here is your hand and Scale for what I did.

John. Oh, when the first accoemt twists heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Scale
Witnese against me damnation,
How at the night of meane to do ill deeds,
Make deeds till done? Had I not shewen thee,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of flame,
This master had not come into my minde.
But taking none of thy abhor'd Alper,
Finding thee fit for bloody williamette.
Apt, liabe to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arions death:
And thou, to be redressed as a King,
Made it no confidence to destroy a Prince.

John. My Lord,

John. Ha! They do, but shaketh thy head, or made a pause
When I spake hastily, what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in express words:
Deeper shade had struck me duode, made me break off,
And th'other thy fears, might have wrought thy fears in me.
But, thou didst understand me by my figures,
And didst in figures againe parley with mine,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart content,
And consequently, thy rude hand to afe.

The deeds, which both our tongues hold wide to name.
Out of my sights, and never see me more.

My Nobles leave me, and my State is brained,
Euen at my gates, with rakes of forsairne powres.
Now, on the body of this feathely Land,
This kingdom, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hoffuslim, and simall tumultuousness.
Betweene my conficiency, and my Conins death.

John. Arme you against your other enemies:
Be make a peace between your foule, and you.

Yong. Arion is alive: this hand of mine
Is armed; and armed, an innocent hand,
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this before, never entered yet;
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have flamed Nature in your former,
Which howsoever rude extenuating,
Is yet the corner of a fayre minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent child.

John. Doth Arion have? I half thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their menided rage,
And make them come to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule imaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, and were not: but so my Cloths being.
The angry Lords, with all expedient half,
I comour thee but slowly: run more fast.

Exeunt.

Scene Twenty.

Enter Arion on the walls.

Ar. The Wallis high, and yet will I leape downe.

Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyse semblance hath disguis'd me quite,
I am afraide, and yet I'll venture in,
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; and dye, and fray.
Oh me, my Vn glitches spirits is in the bones,
Heauen take my foule, and England keep my bones.

Enter Pembrooke, Salisbury & Bayn.

Sal. I ords, I will meet him at S. Edmondsbury,
Is it our fate, and we must embrace
de Gentle offer of the petifull time.

Pem. Who brought the Letter from the Cardinall?

Sal. The Counte Montmore, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Delphines loose,
Is much more generall, then the latter lines import.

End.
The life and death of King John.

Hob. Stand back! Lord Salisbury, stand back! I say!
By heaven, I think my sword is sharper than yours.
I would not have you (Lord) forget your self;
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I by making of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Grace, and Nobility.

Big. Out doth ill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?
Hob. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murderer.
Hob. Do not prove me so.
Yet I avouch, yezi, and so speaks fals.
Not truly speaks: who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut hand to pieces.
Sal. Keep the peace, I say.
Hob. Stand by, or I shall gait you Fulwoodbridge.
Sal. Thou wast better goad the stately Salisbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or flire my face,
Or teach thy haffe to lend to me thame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put the sword by,
Or lie to free you, and your close-friend,
That you shall think the stately is come from hell.

Big. Where wilt thou do this?

Second a Valentine, and a Mattie-tetter.
Hob. Lord Treasurer, I an once.

Ag. What shall this Prince?
Hob. 'Tis not an hour forc'd left him well:
Imouth'd him, I loath'd him, and will wepe.
My date of life, for his face loses life.

Sal. Trust not to those cunning warters of his eyes,
For villane is not without such aume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it refine
Like Rulers of remorfe and innocencie.
Away with him, all you whole foules abhorre
The vileness, you say it worse-hous'd,
For I am flied with this smell of fame.

Big. Away, toward There, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tell the king, he may inquire vo out Ex. Lords.

But here's a good world, know you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach of mercy,
(If thou didst that deed at death) art ye damn'd & burnt.
Hob. Do but heare me sir.

Big. Ha! I tell thee what.
Thou didst at blacke, say nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deep & dam'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so great a friend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child,
Hob. Upon my soule.

Big. If thou didst but confest
To this most cruel Act: do but dispair.
And if thou want it Coal, the indurled thine
Then ever Spider trivelled from her webb;
Will swear to strange thee: A ruff will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowze thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to fille such a villainous vp.

Big. If I am not, conceit, or fame of none,
Be guilty of the heaping that twice breath
Which was emboundd in this bramstous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me.
I let him well.

Big. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I amaz'd me thinkes, and looke my way
Among the thorns, and dangers of this world.

How
The life and death of King John.

How came you then take all England vp,
From forth this housecall of dead Royalle?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven : and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' eeeth
The eu'n-owed interell of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pick bone of Maitely,
Doth dogge the warre bristle his angry creft,
And finneth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now,Powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line : and vall confusion waits
As doth a Reuen on a sicke-faine beast,
The imminent decay of wretched Rome.
Now happy he, whose clacke and center can
Hold out this temptell, Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
A thousand businesse are briefe in hand,
And heauen it chelle doth frome upon the Lanth. 

Altus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I ye clad vp into your land
The Circle of my glory,
Pand. Take againe,
From this my hand as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatness and authoritie.
John. Now keep your holy word, goe meet the French,
And from his holineffe we all your power
To stop their marches 'tis what we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countess doe revolt;
Our people quarrel with theire noble.
Sweating Allegiance, and the loose of soule
To stronger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of misempred humor,
Refts by you onely to be qualified,
Then paule not: for the present time's foike,
That preuiu medeance must be ministerd,
Or overthrow incrced estes.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempell vp,
Vpon your rubbous, vivge of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle counselle,
My tongue shall bath againe this flame of warre,
And make faire weacher in your bluring land:
On this Afcension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ference to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes.

K. John. Is this Afcension day did not the Prophete
Say, that before Afcension day at noones,
My Crowne I shoulde guse off? even so I have:
I did inope it should be on consarrant,
But freau'n be think'd it is but voluntary.

Enter Bayard.

Bay. All Kent I yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Caffie: London hath received
Like a kindt Hoft, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer servitue to your enemy:
And wide ammattment hurries vp and downe
The little number of your desueful friends.
John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong Arthur was slaine?

Bay. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Cocket, where the lowell of life
By some damnd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
John. That villainous Huberto told me he did do.
Bay. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great as 2D, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad diffcult,
Gouerne the motion of a kingly eye:
Be firminng as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatener, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horros: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spiritt of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of warre
While he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnoffe and upspring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forsage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dore,
And grapple with hee he come foroye.
John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismis the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bay. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send fayes-play-orders, and make conrapidns,
Infamation, pa sie, and bose truce
To Armes Inuadue? Shall a bravelle boy,
A cocked-diken wanton brace our fields,
And leth his spirit in a ware-like foyle,
Mocking the one with colours idily fered,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Lige to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let at leaste be said
They law we had a purpose of defence.

John. Hau ye then the ordnynge of this prefent time.

Bay. As ye therewith, and couragie: yet know
Our Partie may yet meet a powerfue foe.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salabour, Melenoe, Prunbrok, Bette, Soconder.

Dol. My Lord Melenoe, let this be coppied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the prefident to thole Lords againe,
That haung our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, persuing of the same
May now wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firm, and insomable.
Sal. Upon our fides it never shall be broken,
And Noble Dolphin albeides we sweare.
A voluntary zeal, and an eu'ning Faith.
To your Proceedings: ye beleue me Prince,
I am not fled that such a fore of Time
Should seek a platter by contenements returns;
And heal the weroorser Canker in one wound,
The life and death of King John.

I am too high-borne to be proportioned
To be a secondary as controller,
Of full! the feating-man, and instrument
To any Sovereign State throughout the world,
Your breath first kindled the dead coals of warres,
Between this Chaftiz'd kingdom and my Jefte,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now it's fare too huge to be blowne out
With that fame weak wind, which enviok'd it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interefl to this Land,
Yea, through this enterprise into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me Iohn hath made
His peace with Rome: what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After ye Arthur, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd: neft I backe,
Because Iohn hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's flate? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men purrised? What munition left
To under-prop this Action? I's not I
That unders-goer this charge? Who else but I,
And suchas to my claimare liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warret
Have I not heard thee Ilanders fleuer out
Cine le Roy, as if I have dismantled Townes?
Have I not issued the belt Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, paid for a Crowne?
And shall I now give oere the yeelded Sea?
No no, on my loule it neuer shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Del. This is not the time when I will not resume
Till my attempt to much be gloriied,
As to my ample hope was promis'd,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And could'the fiery spirits from the world
To out Jolke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Furie in the swer of danger, and of death:
What lofty Trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bardolf.

Daf. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Milane, from the King
I come to leare how you have deal'd for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dafhine is too willifull oppofite
And will not temporize with my treatises:
He hailely fays, he shall not lay downes his Armes.
Daf. By all the blood that ever flary breath'd,
The youth faies well. Now hear our Englijh King,
For this he Royaltie doth speake in me:
He is prepare'd, and reafon to be shoule,
This spinif, and vannamerly approache,
This hartned'd Maske, and vndufh'd Reuel,
This vn-heard favonreffe and boyfie Troopes,
The King doth fmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarffh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strengthe, euen of your dore,
To gadgel you, and make you take the hache,
To duellike Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowh in litter of your Rable planks,
To lye like pawness, lock'd in chifts and trunkes,
To hug with ftwine, to fekeft sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and flake,
Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,  
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman,  
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here, 
That in your Chambers gave you chatlent?  
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Arms,  
And like an Eagle, o'er his sivery towers,  
To soffe annoyance that comes near his Neft;  
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuols,  
you bloody Nero's, rippyn vp the wrome  
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:  
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vis'g'd Maidens,  
Like Amazons, come tripping after drummes:  
Their thimbles into armed Gaudets change,  
Their Needl's o Lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.  

_Del._ There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,  
We grant thou canst out-fool vs: Far thee well,  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabler.  

_Por._ Gue me leave to speake.  

_Baff._ No, I will speake.  

_Del._ We will attend to neyer:  
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of ware  
Pleade for our interest, and our being here.  

_Raft._ Indeeede your drumms being beaten, will cry out;  
And to shalle you, being beaten: Do but flat  
An echo with the clamer of thy drumme,  
And even as hand, a drumme is a crosse brand,  
That shalle reverberate all, as lowd as the sound  
But sound another, and another shall  
(As lowd as the same) rattle the Welkins ear,  
And mocke the deepe mouthed Thunder: for at hand  
(Not tuneing the thing I cayte here,  
When he hath wa'd rather for spoore, then neede)  

_It_  
_It is worth tending this fire-head this_  
_A bare-clo'd_ don't_ who_ office is this day  
To feast upon these islands of the french.  

_Del._ Strike vp our drummes, to faze this danger out.  

_Baff._ And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do doubt, 

_Excurs._

_Scena Tertia._

_Abturcts._ Enter John and Hubert.

_John._ How goes the day with v? oh tell us Hubert.  

_Hub._ Badly I fesse; how fares your Maiestie?  

_John._ This Feaute, that hath troubled me so long,  

Ey es bare on me: oh, my heart is sick.  

_Enter a Message._

_Msf._ My Lord: your valiant kinsman Faulbridge,  
_Desires your Maiestie to leave the field,  

And lend him word by me, which way you go.  

_John._ Tell him toward Swinford, to the Abbey there.  

_Msf._ Be of good comfort: for the great supply,  

That was expected by the Dophlin here,  

Are wrack'd at three nights ago on Goodwin lands.  

This newses was brought to Eadox but even now,  

The French fight toldly, and require their victors.  

_John._ Ay me, me this tyrant Feauer burns me vp,  

And will not let me welcome this good newses,  

Yet on toward Swinfield: to my Littore Straight,  

V. eadelve pa-tiffishome, and I am sate.  

_Excurs._

_Scena Quarta._

_Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Siege._

_Sal._ I did not thinke the King to flo'd with friends.  

_Pow._ Vp once again: at spirit in the French,  

If they miscarry we miscarry too.  

_Sal._ That misbegotten distill Falconbridge,  

In spite of sight, alone upholdes the day.  

_Pow._ They say King John fore fell, bath left the field.  

_Enter Melam wounded._

_Mel._ Lead me to the Results of England heere,  

_Sal._ When we were happy, we had other names.  

_Pow._ Ite to the Count Melam.  

_Sal._ Wounded to death.  

_Mel._ Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,  

Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,  

And welcome home again discarde faith,  

Seek out King John, and fall before his frete:  

For if the French be Lords of this lound day,  

He meanes to recompence the paints you take,  

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he iowne,  

And I with him, and many more with mee,  

Vpon the Altar at S. Edwenebry,  

Even on that Altar, where we favore to you  

Deere Aymes, and everlasting lour.  

_Sal._ May this be possible? May this be true?  

_Mel._ Hau is not haueous death within my view,  

Retaining but a quantitie of life,  

Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe  

Refulgent from his figure gann't the fire?  

What in the world should make me now decease,  

Since I must see all of us decease?  

Why shold I then be false, since it is true  

That I must dye here, and inuence, by Truth?  

I say again, if Lows do own the day,  

He is forworne, ifere these eyes of yours  

Behold another day breaken in the East:  

But even this night whilste hiske contagious breath  

Already smokes about the burning Creit  

Of the old, feeble, and day-weared Sunne,  

Even this slaugeth, you breathing fiall expire,  

Payinge the fine of rated Treachery,  

Even with a treacherous fire of all your lives:  

If Lows, by your assisance win the day,  

Commande me to save Hubert, with your King:  

The loose of him, and this respet besides  

(For that my Grandifte was an Englishman)  

Awakes my Contincte to control all this.  

In heu wherefore, I pray you beene me hence  

From forth the noise and rumour of the Fields,  

Where I may thynke the remanent of my thoughts  

In peace: and part this bodie and my soule  

With contemplation, and devout desires.  

_Sal._ We do beleue thee, and beshrew my soule,  

But I do lave the fauour, and the forme  

Of this most faire occasion, by the which  

We will extend the steps of dimmed flight,  

And like a based and retirid flood,  

Leaving our ranknesse and irregulare course,  

Stoope lowe within thole boundes we have ore-look'd,  

And calmyne run on in obedience  

Even to our Ocean, to our great King John.  

My armed shal gue thee helpes to beset thee 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 haples newnshe, that intent old rights.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and ha Trame.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (by thought) was lost to see;
But had, and made the Westerne Wakens blush,
When English meurshbackward their own ground
In faint Retire: Oh braely came we off,
When with a volley of our accedelll shott,
After such bloody toole, we bid good night,
And wond of our tatt'ring colours closely up,
Left in the field; and almos Sirs of it.

Enter a Mafffiers.

Meff. Wo is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Here: what news?

Meff. The Count Melosus is slain: The English Lords
By his prevarcation, are againe false off,
And your supply, which you have well for long,
Are cast away, and funke on Coward's fans.

Dol. All sole, freel dwell newes, Befrew thy vly
I do not think to be so fad to night
(Bar): As this has made me. Who was he that said
King Who did die an hour or two before
The Humbles night did part our wanes powers?

Meff. Who else (poxe it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keep good quarter & good care to night,
The day shall not be set fo lone as I,
To try the late adventure of to morrow.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bard and Huber, jointly.

Hub. Where are we? Speak ho, speake quickly, or I shooe.

Bad. A Friend, What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bad. Whether dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaire,
As well as thou of mine?”

Hub. Huber, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well beleeve
Thou art my friend, that know"n't my songs so well:
Who art thou?

Bad. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be friend to me so much, as so thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenet:

Hub. Vixende remembrance: thou, & endless night,
Have done me thame: Braise Soldier, parson noe,
That any scent breaking from thy tongue,
Should feze the true acquaintance of stame:

Bad. Come, come, fans compleatment, What comes abroad?

Hub. Why here we walke, I in the black brow of night,
To finde you out.

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Biget.

Bru. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which sone suppos the soules fraile dwelling house)
Dost by the idle Commentia that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnes yet doth speak, & holds belefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would alway the burning qualitie
Of that fell poisen which afflicteth him.

Bru. Let him be brought into the Orchasad here
Doth he full rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; even now he sung.

Bru. Oh vanity of sickness; fierce extremities
In these continuance, will not feele themselves.
Death hath the privie part of life,
Leaves them invisible, and his feige is now
Against the wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasie,
Which in their strength, and preffe to that last hold,
Countess and themselves.

Hub. Lest the great Cyrus of this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunte a dooleful hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of brailey sings
His fole and body to their luffing rest.

Bru. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme upon that iniquity
Which he hath left to chapelle, and to razo.

John brought me.

John. I marry, now my soule hath elbow room,
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bolesome; (1)
That all my bowles crumble vp to dust;
I am a stifled forme drawne with a sop
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I stintake vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiestie?

Jobb. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, call off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To throuth his icy fingers in my paw;
Nor let my kingdomes Rivers take their course:
Through my land'd bolesome: nor intersect the North
To make his bleake winds kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I require cold comfort: and you are so straight
And ingratitude, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some ventue in my teares,
That might receive you.

Jobb. The talk in them is hot,
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a gend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepentable commeaded blood.

Enter Balf and Jobb.

Balf. Oh, I am falled with my violent motion
And spence of speede, to see your Maiestie.

Jobb. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eyes:
The tackling of my heart, is crack'd and burn't,
And all the throwes where with my life should fail,
Are turned to one thred, one little bare:
My heart hath one poor string to fly it by,
Which holds but till thy news be vtered,
And then all this thou feelst, is but a cold,
And module of confounded royalty.

Balf. The Dolphin is preparing waters-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him,
For in a night the belte parts of my powre,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the weather all unwarie,
Deuoured by the unexpted flood.

Sal. You breake these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Lorde, my Lorde: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even fo must I run on, and even fo flop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Balf. Are thou gone so I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge;
And theony foule shall wait on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath breed thy fateful still.

Now, dost thou Stare, that now in thy right spheres,
Where be thy poweres? Show now your wandred fauors,
And instantly returne with me againe.

To pulfe destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weeke doore of our faining Land:
Straight let vs feake, or straight we shall be fought,
The Dolphin rises at our verie heele.

Sal. It feemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose prifently to lease this warre.

Balf. He will the rather doe it, when he sees
Our felues well line'd to oure defence.

Sal. Nay, tis in manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispach'd
To the seas fide, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your felle, my felle, and other Lords,
If you thinkeme more, this afternoone will post
To confummate this buisinesse happily.

Balf. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpar'd,
Shallwaie vpon your Fathers funearall.

Hen. At Woriter muft his boide be inter'd,
For folke will it.

Balf. That is, the death being then,
And happily may your sweet felle put on
The linell flate, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all libosion on my knee,
I do beseech the faithfull fervantes
And true cittydrons euerlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To reft without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I hate a kindle foule, that would giue thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Balf. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull war,
Since it hath breene before hand with our greefe,
This England never did, nor neuer shal
Lye at the proud fote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it felle.
Now, thefe her Princes are come home againe,
Through the three corners of the world in Azure,
And we shall b Socke them: Naught fball make vs rue,
If England to it felle, do reft but true.

Ende.
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:
If he appeal
to the law
himself in matter of law,
I am dire friend to his
right, and will stand by him.

John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Half thou according to thy oath and
Brought this worthy Henry Herford thy bold son:
Here to make good my jealous cause appeal,
With the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gower, I have my liege.

King: Tell me moreover, hast thou found him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthyly as a good subject should
On some knowledge ground of treason in him.
Gower: As near as I could find him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seem in him,
Ayon'd at your Highness, no inconstant malice.

King: Then call them to your presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our felies will hear
This matter, and the accused, freely speak:
High stomack'd are they both, and full of me,
In rage, deafe as the sea, batde as fire.

Enter Blushingbrook and Mowbray.

Bul: Many years of happy days befell
My gracious Sovereigne, my most loving Liege,

Mow: Each day full better others happiness,
Vntil the heavens ensuing earths good hap,
Add to an immortal title to your Crown.

King: We thank you both; yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appease each other of high treason.
Coo'd in Herford, who doth thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Bul: First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a Giblile love,

Mow: Tendering the precious fatten of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellation to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soule answer it in heauen.

Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant,
Too good to be foes, and too bad to love,
Since the more faire and chrifall is the sky,
The vglier seeme the clouds that at it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrage the boke,
With a foule Traitors name fluthe I thy throte,
And with (to please my Sovereigne) ere i moue
What my tong (speaks) my right drawn (sword) my poure

Mow: Let not my cold words hence accuse my self.
Tit not the trial of a Womans warre,
The bitter (launamour of two eager tongues),
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.
Yet can I not of such same patience boast,
As to be brest, and nought at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your Highness burden mee,
From guing reines and purruses to my free spech,
Which elle would poft, vntil it had return'd
These resumes of treaison, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods Royalty,
And let him be no Kinman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I fast at him,
Call him a floudorous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would slw him odde,
And meere him, were I tufe to rumte aoute,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alper.
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durft set his foot,
Menace time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my ypper most falsely doth he lie.

Bul: Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strengt,
As to take vp mine Honors passe, then shooe.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elle,
Will I make good against thee arm to arm,
What I have spoken, or thou canst doubt.

Mow: I take it vp, and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
He answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chastours deliger of knayghtly trial:
And when I mount, alme may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or villously fight.

King: What doth our Cofin lay to Mowbryes charge?
It must be great that can inhernse us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul: Looks what I said, my lie shall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath receiued eights thousand Nobles,
The life and death of Richard the Second.

In name of lendings for your Highness's Soldiers, To which he hath detail'd for lawful employment, Like a false Traitor, and injurious Villain. Besides I say, and will in battle prove, Or beare, or elsewhereto the fairest Verge That euer was foreseen by English eyes, That all the Treasons for these eighteen yeeres Complotted, and contriv'd in this Land, Fetch'd from false Murther, their final end, and spieing, Further I say, and the whole will maintain Vpon his bad life, to make all this good. That he did plot the Duke of Glosters death, Suggest his loostringe becoming aduertises, And consequently, like a Traitor Coward, Slu'd out his innocent soule through flrenses of blood; Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cities, (Even from the crooked enuered of the earth) To me for suste, and rough chastisement: And by the glorious worth of my defense, This arm shall do it, or this life be spent. 

King. How high a pitch his resolution soare: Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this? 

Most. Oh let my Sovereine turne away his face, And bid his execs a little while be deale, Till I have tould this flander of his blood, How God, and good men, hare to soule a lye. 

King. Murder, impertinent as our eyes and ears, Were be my brother, say our kingdom here, As he is but my fathers brothers name; Now be my keepers awe, I make a vow, Such neighbour. nearest to our sacred blood, Should notad prindil me, nor partizall The vnflings in femeello of my vnright soule. He is our subject (Murther) to set them, Free speech, and lence the. And to thje allow. 

Thee, dispect, do not grieve, as low as to thy heart, Through the false patige of thy throat; thou lye:st: Three parts of our except I had for Calice. Disturb I too his Highness scaffold; The other part preserv'd by content, but that my Sovereigne life was in my debt, Upon remembrance of a lere Accomplices, Since last I went to France to fench his Queen, Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death, I flew him not but, (to mine owne disgrav) Neglected my jasmine duty in that cafe: For you my noble Lord of Lancaster, The honourable Father to my fee, Once I did lay an ambush for you, life, 

A trepisse that shal see my greutest soule. But cle the fird seal in the Satinent, I did neffine it, and crazily begg'd You, Governor, and I hope I had it, This is my fault: as for the rett appeal'd, It shalflance the rancour of a Villaine, A recicide, and must degenerate Traitor, Which in my selde boldly will defend. 

Vpon this over-weaning Traitor's fote, To prove my selfe a Ioyall Gentleman, Even in the blood blood chamber'd in his bofon. 

In hell wherefoer, most hearty I pray Your Highnesse to affigne our Trial day. 

King. Wrath-kindred Gentlemen be sull'd by me: 

Let purge this choler without letting blood: Thus we prescrib, though no Phylition, 

Depe malle makes too deeper incision. Forget, for sune, conclude, and breaspe. Our fathers day. This is no time to bleed. Good Vincet, let this end where it begins, We'll calme the Duke of Norfolk: you, your fon. 

Game. To be a make peace shall become my age. 

Throw downe my fume) the Duke of Norfolkes gage. 

King. And Norfolk, throw downe bloods. 

Game. Whereafter you will Obey commends, 

Qviette, for the Ioldred in the agen. 

King. Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is no boote. 

Now. My selfe I throw(dread Souvenege)at thy foot. My life is now thall command, but not my honor, The one my dutie owes, but my faire name. Despit of death, that lines upon my grave To daire diffumours vie, thou shalt not haste. I am disgrac'd, impriased, and bafeled there. 

Pierce to the foule with flanders venem'd spear: The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood Which beath'd this poysfon. 

King. Rage must be withfoold: 

Glouce my gage: Lyons make Leopards sake. 

Mars, Yes, but not change his sporte, but the my game, And I forgive my game. My deere, deere Lord; The perfict treure against times afford Is spottes protection: that away, 

Men are but gilded lone, or painted clay. A Jewell in a ten times bard w't Chfell, In a hold faire, in a loyal brell. 

Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one: Take Honor from me, and my life is done. Then (deere my Ieigne) mine Honor let me trie, In that I live; and for that will I die. 

King. Cousin, throw downe your gages, Do you begin? 

Eul. Oh hereon defend my soule from such foule sin, Shall I frame Creft-faine in my fathers sight, Or with pale beggar-facje impriase my hight But before this out-cad'd disfard Ely me young, Shall we and done honor with such ferble wrong? Or found far be farce: a reci, shall be treat The fufuo matter of recanting fcare, And spire it bleeding in his high disgrace, Where frame doth harbour, even in Membr-major face. 

Eul. 

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command, Which once we cannot do to make you friends, Be redee, (as your limes shall answer.) At Courtrice, vspon S. Lambers day: There shalfl your words and Iances subtrate The swelling difference of your traid brest: Since we cannot atone you, you shall fee Juste designe the Victious Chusilise. 

Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes, Be redee to direct the home Alarums, 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Game, and Discharge of Glosters, 

Game. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood, Doth more solerence me than your exclamases, 

To thee against the Butchers of his life. 

But
Some of the bravest of the bravest,
And those who fought and fell before the storm,
And those who fought and fell to defend their home.
They were the heroes of the hour, and they will never be forgot.

Some of the bravest of the bravest,
And those who fought and fell before the storm,
And those who fought and fell to defend their home.
They were the heroes of the hour, and they will never be forgot.

And so it was, and so it will always be,
For those who fought and fell before the storm,
And those who fought and fell to defend their home.
They were the heroes of the hour, and they will never be forgot.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Then let me take a ceremonious leave
And loosing farewell of our feould friends.

Mar. The Appellants in all duty greet your Highness,
And crave to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

Boh. We will defend, and hold him in our arms.
Colum. of Herford, as thy cause is just.

So be thy fortune in this Royal fight:

For ever, my blood, which I to day thou givest,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee death.

Bal. Oh let no noble eye prophane a tear
For me, I'll be gone with Menstrous speare.
As confident, as is the Falcon's flight.

Against a bird, do I with Menstrous fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Colonel) Lord Aumerle.
Not fickle, although I have to do with death,
But lulling, yong, and cheerily drawing breath.
Loc. as at English Feasts, so I retire.

The damniest left, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Where youthful spirit is regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift me vp
To reach at victory about my head.
Addo prove unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleafings flest my Lance point,
That it may enter Menstrous waxen Coate.
And furnish new the name of Teyne a Gentle,
Even in the fullly hauour of his forme.

Gone. His cause in thy good cause, make the propitious
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly thundered,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Case.
Of thy amaz'd perricious enemy.

Rome. vp thy youthful blood, be valiant and list.

Bal. Mine ignorie, and S. Gorges to thine.

Now. How euer hean or Fortune call my lot,
There lusts, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne,
A loyal, mild, and upright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captive with a freer heart,
Coff his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vintcoun'd enhuochment,
More then my dancing sole doth celebrate
This Feat of Bastell, with mine Adverarie.
Moff mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the with of happy years.
As gentle, and as second, as to sell,
Go I to fight Truth, hath a quiet brev.

Keh. Farewell, my Lord, fiercely I epy
Venir with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Receive thy Laurence, and heaunly defend thy right.

Bal. Strong as a towere in hope, I cry Amen.

Now. Go heare this Lance to Thomas D., of Norfolk.
Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby.

Stands here for God, his Soveraigne, and himselfe,
On paire to be found false, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Menstre.
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to fet forwards to the fight.

3. Her. Here stands the Menstre Duke of Norfolk
On paire to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby.
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him disloyal:
Cautiously, and with a free defame.

Attending but the signall to begin.

A charge sounded

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and MA时任 Combatant
Stay, the King bath thrown his Wadder downe.

Reck. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spears.
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukees what we decre.
A long Flourish.

Draw neere and lift

What with our Counsell we haue done.
For that our kingdoms earth should not be foyled
With that deer blood which it hath sufferd,
And for our eyes doth the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plowndg'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which fo rou'd vp with boyfrous untend d druncknes.
With harth refounding Trump pet dreaddly bray,
And grasing thocke of wrathfull yeares Armes.
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindred blood.
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreest our faire dominions,
But trade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bal. Your will be done. Thus must my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Reck. Norfolk: For thee remaines a beaunter dome,
Which I will some woulvingenfull pressure,
The five flow hours flail all our determinat
The datelesse hunt of thy deare eade:
The hopefull word, or Neuer to returne,
Breath 1 against thee, euen pane of life.

Now. A lie I seaccoke, my mett searaigne Lirg,
And all voloch d from our Hight'se mouth
A deere meate, not to deare a manne,
As to be stil forth in the common yste.
Have I deferred at your Highness hands,
The Language I have sowed these forty years
(My nature English, now I must aye,
And now my tongues wist saume no more,
Then an withinge Eyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a caming Instrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmo,
Within my mouth, you have engag'd my tongue,
Doubly perculish with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, ynterest, barren ignorance,
Is made my Governer to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurfie,
Too farre in yeectes to be a pappull now:
Whereby I intende then, but speechfulle death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing ration breath?

Reck. It boost thee not to be compasionate,
After our sentence, plainings costs too late.

Now. Then thus I turne me from my countre light
To dwell in solenne shades of endless night,

Roc. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banished hands;
Sware by the dute that you owe to heav'n.
Our part therein we banish with your resolves.
To keepe the Oath that we administre:
You swear full (that helps you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others love in banishment,
Nor euer looke upon each others face.
The life and death of Richard the second.

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the durance of his sulphur kine.
With thanks, my Countriemen, my loving friends,
As were our England in my absence
And he our suburbs next degree in hope.
Oh, well, he is gone, & with him go those thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stood out in Ireland,
Expedient means must be made by my Liege
Yet further legacie, yeed them further means.
For their advantage, and your Highness sake.
Rc. We will our felte in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Cout,
And liberall Large, are gone somewhat light,
We are inform'd to fame our royal Realme,
The Restorer when of Ball furnish
For our safetie in hand is if come those
Our Subsistences at home shall haue Blanke-charcers:
Whilest, when they shaff know what men are stich,
They shall subserve them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.
Exit Suffolk.

But, what news? 
Bu. Old John of Gaunt is verie sick my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and left pote halfe head
To return your Majesty to visit him.
Tie. Where lies he? 
Bu. At Ely house.
Rc. Now put it (heaven) in his Physicians minds,
To helpe him to his grace immediately:
The lining of his coffers shaff make Coates
To decke our fodder for their thirsty warfare.
Come Gentlemen, it's all go with him:
Pray beacons we may make, and come too late. Exit.

Athis Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sick, with Turke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last.
In whome counsel to his willful youth?
Tie. You not your life, nor trust not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his care.
Gau. Oh bus (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepi harmony:
Where words are fearfull, they are sedome spott in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath words in paine.
He that no more must say, is liltrd more,
Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glory,
More are mens ends markt, then their lives before.
The feloing Sun, and Mustike is the clode
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.
Wist in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my last counsell would not braise,
My deaths had last, may yet wante his care.
Ter. No, it is long with other flatterings found
As praises of his state: then there are found
Lavishous Meaters, to whose vices found
The open eye of youth doth always liven,
Report of blessings in proud Italy,
Whose manners fill our tongue with Nation
Laments after base imitation.
Where doth the worldl thrive forth a vauant,
So it be new, there's no respect beauteful,
That is not quickly bus'd into his ears;
That all too late comes counsell to be bled,
Where doth ourmutiny with wise regards.
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
This breath thoulackt, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Me thinke I am a Prophet new inquir'd,
And thus aspiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Pytes cannot last,
For violent fires some burnt out the fuelists,
Small flowers last long, but sodaine flowers are short,
He tyres before, that purrs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light wondry, infinite cornset, 
Confuming meanes some preyers upon it selfe.
This royal Throne of Kings, this t'cepted life,
This earth of Majesty, this state of Mars,
This other Eden, denny paradis,
This Fosteller built by Nature let her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of war:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the fillet fixe,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or a Moate defensive to a house,
Against the envy of lese happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the fillet fixe,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or a Moate defensive to a house,
Against the envy of lese happier Lands,
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This precious stone, set in the fillet fixe,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or a Moate defensive to a house,
Against the envy of lese happier Lands,
The life and death of Richard the second.

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaw. No, no, men living flatter those that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter if me.

Gaw. Oh no, thou eyell, though little ficker be.

Ric. I am in health, I breathe, I feel thee ill.

Gaw. Now he that made me, knowes I feel thee ill.

Ill in my felle to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

Thy death-bed is no lighter then the Land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation fir, And thou canst not wait like as thou saist, Committ'd annoy'd body to the core

Of that Pitysiasm, that first wounded thee,

A thousand fathers stirr'd within thy Crownne.

Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head, And yet incaged so small a Vige,

The waife is no white lighter then thy Land;

Oh had thy Grand vite with a Prophet's eye,

Scene Buck, in tonnes fonne should destroy thy fones,

From both thy right he would have laid thy stane,

Depoing thee before thou were pofted,

With a swifter flight then thy owne dispence.

Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world,

It was a flame to set his Land by lesse:

But for thy would enquaing but this Land,

is it not more then flame, to flame it to?

Landlord of England thou, and not King;

Thy fire of Law, is basaide to the law.

And—

Ric. And thou, a base, kee loane-watred foute,

Prefuming on an Apye Knowledge,

Dart with thy frenzied admomation

Mee pale out checke, alighting the Royall Blood

With fury, from the Tron of expirance.

Now by my Sear's right Royal Mascell,

We're thou not brother to great Edwards fonne,

This tongue he runs toosoundly in thy head,

should run thy head by thy ytterest shoulders.

Gaw. Oh pardon me not, my brothers Edwards fonne,

For that I was thy Father Edwards fonne;

That blood all ady, (like the Pellican)

Though that rap't out, a drunkenly caro'd all.

My b other Gloucester, plant wef meaning foule

( Whom time be fell in leaues more then happy fouses)

May be a preift, or, and winneffe good,

That thou respect it not spilling Edwards blood:

Jovne with the prefeet f. kneelle that I have,

And thy yekindnesse be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too long wither'd flower,

I use in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee;

These words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave,

Loue they to live, that loue and honor have.

Ric. And let them dye, that age and fullens have,

For both hath tow, and both become the grave.

Tor. I do beforch your Mascell impue his words

To wayward fickliness, and age in him:

He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere

As Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

Ric. Right, you say true, as Herfords love, so his,

As theirs, to mine; and all as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Ner. My Liege, olde Gemm commends him to your Majestie.
The life and death of Richard the second.

What will enflame hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad counsels may be underfooted,
That their events can never fall out good.

Roh. Go further to the Exile of Wildfire, freight,
Bid him repair to yon sky bound,
To see this busibliss; to more now next.
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our kins.
Our Vicr Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is stull, and always loud vs well.
Come on our Queue, to marrow mutt we part,
Be merry, for out time of flay is short.

Vict. Most Hooly, and Ref.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Roh. And huing tee, for now his sonne is Duke.

Nor. Barely in title, noe in teemnew.

Roh. Richly in both, if sufferd she her right.

Nor. My heart is great; but it mutt break with silence,
Er't be disturbed'th with a liberal tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'speake more.
That speakes thy words again to do thee bane.
Nor. Tends that thou speake to th'ill of Hereford,
If't be so, out with a boldly man.
Quicke is mine ease to heart of good towards him.

Nor. No good at all that I can for do, him.
Voleffe you call it good to pitie him,
Bereit and gelled of his patronie.

Nor. Now aften heauen, 'ts flame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal Prince, and many mee
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himselfe, but bely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Mostly in haste giuen any of vs ill,
That will the King most sorely profike,
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Nor. The Commons he hath it with generous taxes
And quite left their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite left their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devisid,
As blankest benuisences, and I woot not what:
But what o Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd the bathnot.
But bely yeelded under comprisement,
That which his Antecedors acher'd with blowses:
More hath beene in peace, then they in warres.

Nor. The Earl of Wildfire hath the reallie in Farme.

Will. The Kings grow ne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and disproval hangeth over him.

Roh. He hath not monie for these fifth waeres:
(His benethous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinman, m'th degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearfull full taxe of fongs,
Yet leene no matter to adorn the thorne:
We see the wande fit for our nation,
And yet we like not, but severely persif.

Roh. We see it ever wrath that we must suffer,
And rasetyed is the danger now.

Nor. Not to: turn through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay let us thare thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Nor. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy felte, and speaking fo,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be hold.

Nor. Then thus: I issue from Portice blond
A Bay in Britaine, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Ronald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Here,
Hys brother Archibishop, Lieu of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ranfle,
Sir John Nortorne, Sir Roberts Warren and Francis Quaker.

If these will furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With all thee tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making farther with all due experience,
And make their passage by our Northeme shore:
Perhaps they had ex post this, but that they flay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.

If then we shall make off our flouth speake.
Impe out our drooping Countrie broken wong,
Redeeme from brooking paine the blemish'd Crown,

Nor. To horse, to horse, vrgge doubts to them your fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will be there.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Quene, lady, and Zaggis.

Quene. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sad,
You promised were you parted with the King.
To lay aside false haiming teasurefle,
And entertaine a cheersfull disposition.

Quene. To please the King, I did to please my selfe
I not do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome you
Psueit as greese,
Sure bolding farewell to the taste of vs.

Zaggis. At my sweet Richard; yet agoe I thinke,
Some unborne forrow, pipe of fortunes wonie
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, as something it greets,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Zaggis. Each fulfalis of a greese hath twentye shadoes
Which thews like greese it selfe, but is not so:
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objectes,
Like perspiciuies, which rightly gazed up
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd away,
Dulling self forme: for your sweet Maiestie
Looking away upon your Lords departurre,
Finaly fipes of greeses, more then himselfe to waste,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thire-gracious Quenee,
More then your Lords departurre weep not,more's not
Or if in be, 'is with false forrowes eit,
(seeing)
Which for truths true, weere things imaginary.

Quene. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Pertwades me it is otherwise. how can t be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shirinke.

Zaggis. 'Tis nothing but connect (my gracious Lady.)

Quene.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Enter Gren. 

Gren. Heauen spue your Maiestie, and wel met Gentle.

I hope the King is not yet thence for Ireland. (men.)

Que. Wy hopple thou so? Is better hope he is for his deligines craze half, his half good hope, 

Then where doth thou hope he is not thine? 

Gren. That he be hope, might haue retur'd his power, and druen into dispaire an enemies hope, 

Would thongly hath set foot in this Land. 

The banditd Panders speakes himselfe, 

And with wy-lited Armes is safe at ord.

At Kneve's ing. 

Que. Now God in heaven forbid. 

Gr. O Madam, this too true: and that is worse, 

The L.Northumberland, his yong sonne Henrie Verce, 

The Lords of Rag, Rockucy, and Whally. 

With all their powerful friends are flied to him. 

Que. Why haue you yet prescied M. Northumberland? 

And the rest of the remond fashion, Tristors. 

Gr. We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worchester 

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his Stewardship, 

And all the headfull Remants flied with him to Bulwallbrook. 

Que. So Grenue, thou art at the midwife of my worst, 

And Inlinerbred my fastrowes dismall blye: 

Now hath my foule brought forth her prodigie, 

And a gaping new deliverd mother, 

Hau eare to see, honow to sorrow'd. 

Buld. Epidemic to Madam. 

Que. Who shal hinder me? 

I will dispaine, and be at enemie 

With overzening hope he is a Flatterer, 

A Pasrice, a keeper backe of death, 

Who greatly would diffuse the kind of life, 

Which taketh hope, longer in extremity. 

Enter York. 

Gr. Here cometh the Duke of Yorke. 

Que. With figures of warre about his aged necke, 

Old full of carefull businesse are his lookes: 

Voice for heauens sake speake confortable words: 

For Comfort in heauen, and we are on the earth, 

Where nothing lines but crosses, care and greefe; 

Your husband he is gone to faie farre off, 

Whilst others come to make him losse at home; 

Here am I left to vnder-prop his Land, 

Who weare with age, cannot support my felse: 

Now comes the ficske bouse that his feret made, 

Now shal he try his friends that flattered him. 

Enter a servante. 

Sir. My Lord, your founse was gone before I came. 

He was: why to go all which way it will. 

The Nablers they are Red, the Commons they are cold, 

And will I fear revolt on Herfords side. 

Sit, get thee to Plathee to my sister Jouller, 

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound, 

Hold, take my King. 

Sir. My Lord, I had forgot. 

To tell your Lordship, to day I cam by, and call'd there, 

But I shal greeue you to report the refel. 

Que. What's that? 

Sir. An hour before I came, the Duchesse did. 

Que. Hearse for his mercy, what a tide of woes 

Come ruifling on this wofull Land at once? 

I know not what to do: I would to heauen 

(Bo my wife, this doth once prouackd to it) 

The King had cut off my head with my brothers. 

What, are there positts dispatchs for Ireland? 

How shall we do for money for these warres? 

Come filter (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me. 

Go fellow, get thee home, pounde some Cartes, 

And bring away the Armour that is there. 

Gentlemen, will you mutter men? 

If I know how, or which way so order these affaires 

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, 

Neuer beleue me. Both am my kin. 

Thone is my Soueraine, whom both my oath 

And dutie bids defend: all other amase 

Is my kinman, whom the King hath wrong'd, 

Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right. 

Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen, 

He dispole of you. Gentlemen, go mutter up your men, 

And meet me presently at Barkley Caffile. 

I shou'd to Paffy too: but time will not permitt, 

All is vveen, and every thing is left at fin and feoff. 

Exit Bul. 

The while his faire for newes to go to Ireland, 

But none retournes: For vs to leue power 

Proportionable to the enemy, is all impossible. 

Gr. Denke once moresette to the King in loue, 

I certe it is late of those late but the King. 

1st. And that's the waering Commons for their lounge 

I leas in their purties, and who to emplys them, 

Ly to machis all their lands with deadly eace. 

Bul. Wheren the king fland's generally condemn'd 

I judgment lyce them, then so do we, 

Because we have bene euer mere the King. 

Gr. Well, I will for refuge staight to Bankoll Caffile, 

The Earle of Wiltshire is already there. 

Bul. Thither will I with you, for little office. 

Will the haertfull Commons performe for vs, 

Except like Current, to reserve all in peaces. 

Will you go along with vs? 

Sir. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie 

Farewell, it hearts presiges bene vaue, 

We three here part, that neuer shall meete againe. 

Sir. That's as Yorke thinks to beaste back Bulwallbrook. 

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the task he undertakes 

Is memrung lands, and drinking Oceans drie, 

Where one on his side fights thousand will flye. 

Bul. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever. 

Well, we may meete againe. 

Bag. I fear me neuer. 

Exit.
Making the harte way sweet and delectable:
But I bethink me, what a weare way
From Rauenburgh to Coitshold will be found,
In Yorkes and Slaughly wanting your company,
Which I profess hath very much beguil
The tediousneffe, and proceede of my traveell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present bennefit that I poffeile;
And hope to joy, is little lefle in joy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this the weaire Lords
Shall make their way evene short, as men hath done,
By fight of what I have, your Noble Company.

Ball. Of much leffe value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here? 

Enter H. Percy.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my Brother Warshefer: Whence forever.

Harry, how fares your Vnkle? 

Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to haué learnt'd
his health of you.

North. Why, is it not with the Queene?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath not lookt the Court,
But sent his State of Office, and dietes
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was so resoluted, when we bethake together.

Percy. Because your Lordship was a proclaimed traitor.

But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenburgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hertford,
And lent mee over by Barkley, to discourse
What power the Duke of Yorke had leaved there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenburgh.

North. Have you for gotten the Duke of Hertford? Boy: 

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgotten
Which mee I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm.
To more approved seruice, and defect.

Ball. I thanke thee gentle Percy, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembering my good Friends:
And as my Fortunates with thy Love,
It shall be thy true Louers remembrance,
My heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus faires it.

North. How farre is it to Barkley? and what furre
Kepes good old Twyke there, with his Men of Warre?

Percy. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Man'd with those hundred men, as I have heard,
And in are the Lords of Twyke, Barkley, and Seymer,
Next elie of Name, and noble Univers.

Enter Raff and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Raffes and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haate.

Ball. Welcome my Lords, I wot your lose pursues
A bannish Treasur: all my Treasure
It yet but violeant thankes, a much more enrich'd,
Shall be your loste, and labours remembrance.

Raff. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord,
Whose, and farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Ball. Evermore thankes, th' Exchequer of the poor,
Which till my infante-fortunate comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bosom: but who comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of Barkley, as I speake.

Ball. My Lord of Hereford, my Messege is to you

Ball. My Lord, my Answer is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seeke that: Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to saught you say.

Ball. Misseake me not, my Lord, it's not my meaning
To raise one Title of your House out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abient time,
And fight our Natime Peace with felte-borned Armes.

Enter Twyke.

Ball. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnkle,

Twyke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy kney,
Whole dutie is deceivable, and false.

Ball. My gracious Vnkle.

Twyke. Tuttut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnkle me,
I amno Trasitory Vnkle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, as bug, prophan.
Why have thees banished, and forbidden Legges,
Dar One to touch a Duff of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why, why are they des'd to watch
So many miles upon her gracefull Bofome,
Fronting her pale-faced Villagers with Warre,
And alfteration of distressed Armes?
Com fit thou because thy anointed King is hauéd
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behi(,d,
And in my well Bofome lyes his power,
Were it not but now the Lord of such bash youth,
As when brave Gower, thy Father, and my olde
Recus'd the Black Prince, that young, fater of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thousand Freash:
Oh, how quicly should this Armes of mine,
Now Passion to the P line, shall be the,
And mingleth correction to thy Faults.

Ball. My gracious Vnkle, let me know thy Faults,
On what Conceition finds it, and wherein?

Twyke. Even in Condition of the worst degree,
In gross Rebellion, and detreted Treasion:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here are come
Before ther spiration of thy time,
In brausing Armes aginst thy Sovereigne.

Ball. As it was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And Noble Vnkle, I defraye thy Grace
Lookke on my Wrones with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old Gower alive. Oh hon thy Father,
Will you permit, that I shall flande condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes restitute, and given away
To vpstart Vnshriots: Wherefore was I banish'd
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a hune, AsUARIO, my Noble Kinsman,
Had you not dierd, he benne thus trod downe,
He should have found his Vnkle Gauer a Father,
To rule his Wongs, and chafe them to the bay.
I am demyde to see my Lusieres here,
And yet my Letters Patents true me leane:
My Fathers goods are all dist-syned, and fold,
Theire, and all, are all anm. He employd.

What

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What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

I. And there it stands; its Grace upon to do him right,
Bute, Baffal men by his endowments are made great.

To him, My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of your Coven Wrongs,
And Labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind, to come in brazen Arms,
Be his own Caesar, and cut out his way,
To find our Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abstain in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath to some his coming in
But for his own, and for the right of the State,
We all have strumply come to give him aid,
And let him know, that here's no signs that Oath
Took. Well, well, I see the issue of the Armes,
I cannot meet it, must needs continue,
Because my power is weak, and all left:
But if I could, by that man's gage me life,
I would attach you, and make you foole
Vinto the Souveraine Mercy of the King,
But if I cannot, be it known to you,
I doe remain as Neuter. So far as you well,
Vuelve ye please to enter in the Castle,
And there repent you for this Night.

I. An offer Vuckle, that wee will accept:
But wee must own your Grace to see with us,
To Bruff Cattle, which they lay is held
By Base, Rogue, and their Complices,
The Carters of the Commonwealth,
Which I have feare to weed, and plucke away.

North. It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll pause,
For I am loth to break our Countrys Lawes:

Not Friends, nor Foars, to me welcome you are,
Things past ete, are now with me past cape. Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have fayd ten dayes,
And hardly keep our Countrymen together,
And yet we have noe tidings from the King.
Therefore we will dispersie our tules: farewel.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou traitre Welchman,
The King reporteth all his confidence intieth.
Capt. Then thoughts the King is dead, we shall not say;
The Bay-trees in our Country are all with'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of Heaven;
The pale-fae'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And lean-ea'd Prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich meniooke, fed, and Ruffian dance and traps,
The one in here, to looke what they enjoy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre;
These signes fore-run the death of Kings,
Farewel, our Countrymen are gone and fled;
As well affraid Richard their King is dead. Exit.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heavenly mind,
I fee thy glory, like a shining State,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament;
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Well,
Worming Stomachs to come, Woe, and Vertue:
Thy Friends are fled to wait upon thy Foes,
And crostely to thy good, all Fortune goes. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullochbrook, Tyrke, Northumberland,
Keff, Forbes, Willingham, with Togges
and Greene Priesters.

Bull. Bring forth these men:

Twelwe and Greene; I will not vex your foules,
(Since prefently your foules must part your bodies)
With to much urging your perronious heats.
For ten o'clock a Cause; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some routes of your deaths.
You have: "led a Prince, a Roayl all Kings
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unholy, and disfigurat'd cleane;
You have in manner with your wantfull hours
Made a Ducate between his Queene and him,
Broke the posseccion of a Roayl Bed,
And shal'd the beauty of the late Queene Chechets.
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foule 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 interprete me,
I shall interpret my selfe under your misters,
And fight my haughty breath in foraine Clouds,
Setting the latter bed of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seperates,
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and tell'd my Forre iff Woodes,
From mine owne C Windows to me my Houle Coat.
Raze dou't my Imple Cleazing me no signe,
Sawe mens opinions, and my blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman,
Thus, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuer'd over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bull. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
Then Bullochbrook to England,
Greene, My comfort is, that Heaven will take our foules,
And plauge Inland with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd
Vuckle, ye lay the Queene is at your Houle,
For Heaven I doe surely let her be estatet,
Tell her I tend to her by my kind commendations.
Take special care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

Keff. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your own, to her at large.

Bull. Thanks gentle Vuckle, come Lords away,
To fight with Greene, and his Complices
A while to worke, and after holiday.

Exit.

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The life and death of Richard the second.

Scene Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Castles.

Enter Richard, Anarchie Castle, and Soldiers.

Rich. Back roughly Castle call you those Set Lack! Ay, my Lord; how breaks your Grace the ayre? After your late tolling on the breaking Seas? Bee. needs must like it well; I wepe for joy To find open my King'some once again, Dear Earth, I do false thee with my hand, Though Reb's wounded thee with thine Harles hooves: As a long parted Mother with her Child, Plays feebly with her teares, and finishes in meeting, So weeping, mounting, grieves it thee my Earth, And doth thee favor with my Royal bands. Feud not thy Soueraigns for thy gentle earth, Nor with thy Sweeter, comfort thy raunous fence: But let thy Spiders, that stick vp thy Venome, And house-gated Foulde live in thee way, Doing annoyance to the greedy Enemies, Which with vigning feet doe traverse thee. Yield yingling Nettles to some Enemies; And when they run by thy bosom pluck a Flower, Guard it prettice with a lurking Adder, Whole double tongue may with a mortal touch Throw death upon thy Soueraigns Enemies. Mock not thy fencerell Conuntration, Lords; This Earth full have a feeling, and these Stones Proud armed Soldiers, are thy Nature King Shall fallter under foule Rebellions Arms.

Cen. Fear not, my Lord, that Power, which make me King
Hath power to keepe thee King, in sight of all.

Aen. Heameans, my Lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilest Balingbrook through our securite,
Growes strong and great, in Alliances and friends. Rich. Dishonourable Cousin, know well thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid,
Behind the Globes, that lights the lowest World,
Then Theeues and Robbers range abroad without,
In Musters and in Our-rage bloody here;
But when from under this Terrestrall Ball
Heires the proud tops of the Eaflene Paines,
And darts his Lightning through that guilty shell,
Then Musters, Treason, and detested terrors
(The Clinks of Night being plucks from off their backs)
Stand bare and ask'd, trembling at themselves,
So when this Theatricals Traytor Balingbrook,
Who all this while hath resell in the Night,
Shall see's rising in our Thronble Earth,
His Treason will lie blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But falsely-affrighted, tremble at his name.
Not all the Water in the rough sall Sea
Can wash the Ballne from an anoyed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depole
The Dequate elected by the Lord;
For every man that Balingbrook had pref't,
To hit them on, such as are our Golden Crowne.
Heares for his Richard hath in heauenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how fare off yses your Power? Sal. Nor neree, nor farther off, my gracious Lord, Then this weake arms; discomfort guides my tongue, And bids me speake of nothing but despair:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord) Hath clouded all thy happy days on Earth: Our at last were Yverred, but Time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To day to day, till apple day too late
Overhears thy foes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State,
For all the Vellachers seeing thou was went dead,
Are gone to Balingbrook, dipnset, and fled.
Aen. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?
Rich. But now the blood of ten thousand men
Diu triumph in my face, and thy eyes stred,
A with so much blood another come up, and
Hence I mark that looke to me, and dead:
All Skales that were to be late, flye from my side,
For Time hath fet a blinder upon my pride.

Aen. Confort my Liege, remember who yors.
Rich. Thy justice, my lord, I am not King:
Anke thou to Commande my owne dooke keep:
Is not the Kings Name to the thousand N\r
Aen. goe my Name: a promis sahes that
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Yet I am a match of a King, are we not bight?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vindle York,
Hath Power enough to true our turn,
But we must content ourseuves.

Serge. More leasde and in Happine, because my Liege,
Then can my meanes also despise deliverum
Rich. Mine is not open, and my heart prepared:
The worke was doubly holy, terror enfold
Say, Is my Kingsdom list by why say my Care:
And what little, it be not of Care.
Stare for, my Lady, to be of a great use
Greater be the list but liet: If her teere God,
We'll feed thee, a race or be his Follow, for:
Rede, and. besides that we cannot mend,
They hooke lesse, and lesse is lesse wores:
Say War, Defolation, Ruine, Loffe, Decay,
The worfe is Death, and Death will haue his Day.

Serge. Glad am I that yout Highnesse to smend
To beare the things of Calamite.
Like an invincible behalfe bearly,
Whereas As the Sillene Stare, do show their Shores,
As if the World were shipt to researe
Say swell, shunt it, from God, calls the Rige
Of Envy, or, correcting you terrestrial Land
Who, strong and for the best, and etures harder then Sterle:
What is it the termes in terrieth the Seale
Against the seach, and loves with W. men Voyes, Voyes, straitly, as bigens, and claps their tenetal points
In the twelfe fold, against the Crowne
The very Secound-hent tend to rend their Bews
Of doublest or, th'greatness of my State
Yo, what do you, man, go out of the earth,
Against thy Sars at both wyng and all rebell,
And all goest worse than th'ouer power retell.
Rich. Too well too well, too well it is too feell.
What is the field of W. where the座?:
What is become of J? where is Greece:

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The life and death of Richard the second.

To change Blowses with thee: for our day of Dooluce:
This aeg fit of feare so ut-blowne,
An ente raskle is to winne our owne.
Say Scrope, wherebye our Vickle with his Power?
Speak a heartly man, though he looks be lowe.

Scrope. Men judge by the complexion of the Sike
The flure and inclination of the day:
So may by my dill and besquie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a slender Tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the word, that must be spoken.
Your Vickle Yorks is joined with Ewengrope,
And all your Northern Cattle yielded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Fation.

Rich. Thou hast said enough,
Be thow the Cousin, which doth lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to defende:
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heaven he hate him everlastingly,
That burns me off so far anymore.
Goe to Fine Cattle, there die away;
A King, Wes flace, flall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I hate, dishonour, and let goe
to eare the Land, that hath lone hope to grow,
For I have none, Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsale is but vain.

Am. My Lorde, one work.
Rich. He doth me double wrong,
That wounds me with th' flatteres of his tongue,
Dicharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's Night, to Plawngrope faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Ewengrope, York, Northumberland, Attendents.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we leame
The Welchmen are dispersd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some fewe private friends, vpon this Coast.

North. The Newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard not tare for his Head.
York. It would becomer the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard, slack the beaten day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistaketh: onely to be briefe,
Left I this Title out,
York. The time hath beene,
Would you have bene to briefe with him, he would
Have bene to briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking to the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vickle) farther then you should.
York. Take not (good Cousin) farther the then you should.
Lest you mistake the Heavenes are ove your head.

Bull. I know it (Vickle) and opposit not my life
Against their will, but who comes here?

Enter Percey.

Welcome Harry: what will this not Cattle yedd?

Per. The Cattle royally is maint busy Lord,
Against thy entrance,

Bull. Roy.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Ball. Royally! Why, it contains no King? Per. Yes (my good Lord) It doth contain a King: King Richard eyes, Within the limits of your Lance and Stone, And with him, the Lord. Anemere, Lord Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a Clergy man Of holy reverence; who, I cannot leave. North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle. Ball. Noble Lord, You go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle, Through Bressan Trumper find the break of Parle Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver: Henry 

Henry Bellingbrooke upon his knees doth kisse King Richard's hand, and feedes allegiance And true faith of heart to his Royal Perform hither come Even at his feet, to lay his Armes and Power, Provided, that my Bannishment repeal'd, And Lauds refor'd againe, be freely granted; If not, I lie with advantage of my Power, And lay the Summers daff with flowers of Blood, Ray'd from the wounds of laughter d'Englifhmen; The which, and from the mind of Bellingbrooke It is, such Crimson Tempeft should bedrench The frech greenes Lap of faire King Richard's Land, My Rooping dutie tenderly I will fiew. 

Goe finifie as much, while here we march Upon the Graffie Carpet of this Plain: Let's march without the sight of the Counting Drum, That from this Callies attack'd Battelments Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd, Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meet With no illtke terror then the Elements Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoke At meeting tees the cloudy Charters of Heaven; Be he the fire, he be the yeilding Water, The Rage be his, while on the Earth I taine My Waters on the Earth, and not on him, March on, and mark King Richard how he lookes, Pariue without, and adjoynf without: then a Flowerly. Enter on the West, Richard, Carlisle, Anemere, Scroop, Salisbury. 

See, fee, King Richard doth himselfe appeare As doth the blushing discontented Sunne, From out the fierie Portal of the Exit, When he perceiveth the mutiny Cloudes are bent To diurne his glory, and to finde the tract Of his bright passage to the Ceramic. 

Terk. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye (As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth Controlling Majestie: Black, black, for woe, That any harme should staine to faire a fiew. 

Rich. We are amazed, and thus long we hauen to watch the fairefull bending of thy lone, Because we thought our fellie thy lawful King: And if we be, how dare thy ions fortes Pay to thier awfull duty to our presence? If be not, fiew vs the Hand of God, That hath disposed vs from our Stewardhip, For well we know the Hand of Blood and Bone Can griepe the faceted Handle of our Scepter, Vnleffe he doe prophane, feale, or violpe. And though you think, that all, as you have done, Have torned their Souls, by turning them from vs, And we are barren, and bereft of Friends: Yet now, my Master, God omnipotent, Is bringing in his Clouds, on our behalf, 

Armies of Pelfiience, and they shall strike Your Children yet vnborne, and unbegot, That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head, And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne. Tell Bellingbrooke, for yond me thinks he is, That every Bride he makes vpon my Land, Is dangerous Trefason: He is come to ope The purple Testament of bleeding Wares; But ere the Crowne he lookes for, line in peace, Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes Shall ilil become the flower of Englands face, Change the complexion of her Majtis Peace To Scarlet Indigation, and bedew Her Pasfors Graffe with faithfull English Blood. 

North. The King of Heavens forbid our Lord the King Should fow with chial and vacuill Armes Be vno'd upon: Thye thrice-noble Counsellor, Harry Bellingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand, And by the Honorable Tombe he fowres, That fands upon your Royall Gravities Bones, And by the Royalties of both your Bleeds, (Currents that spring from one most gracious Head) And by the buried Hand of Warlike Crowne, And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe, Comprising all that may be fwoone, or lad, His comming hither hath no further Scope, Than for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge Infrastatement immediate on his knes: 

Whiche by Royall purse graunted over, His glittring Armes he well communed to Ruff, His balied Steedes to Stable: and his heart To tastfull furce of your Miftire: This fowres he as he is a Prince, inルー, 

And I as a Gentleman, I creat him, Rich. Northumberland, lay thvs: The King returns, His Noble Counsilrs right welcome holte, 

And all the number of his fiate demands Shall be accomplifh'd without contradiction, With all the gracious vrence thou haue, Speak to his gentle leasing kind comments, We doe debate our life(Counsill) y e we not, To looke to poverty, and to the miftire? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send Deliance to the Traytor, and to die? 

Amy. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words, Till some friend, and Friends, and friends then helpeful Swords. 

Rich. Oli God, Oli God God that exer this tongue of mine, That layd the Sentence, me dead Commitme On youd prov'd man, I take it out, againe With words of loues: Oh that we were as great As my Irie, or feller then my Name, Or that I could forget what I haue borne, Or not remember what I must be now: 

Swell'd thus prou'd heart! Ie gue thee scope to beat, Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me. 

Amy. Northumberland comes backe from Bellingbrooke. 

Rich. What must the King doe nowmust he submit The King shall doe it: Must he depo't 

The King shall be contented: Must he looke The Name of King o' Gods Name let goe: Ie gue my jewels for a feft of Beales, My gorgeous Palace,for a Hermitage, My gay Apparel,for an Almes-mans Crowne, My fig of Goblets,for a Difi of Wood, My Scepter,for a Palaters walking Staue,
Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Que. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To draw away the heavy thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee le play at Bowles.
Que. Twill make me thinkke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes agaist the Lyas.
La. Madame, we le Dance.
Que. My Legges can keep no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Grieue.
Therefore no Dancing (Grieue) some other sport.
La. Madame, we le tell Tales.
Que. Of Sorrow, or of Grieue?
La. Of eather, Madame.
Que. Of Neather, Grieue.
For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remembre me the more of S. row.
Or of Grieue, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeale,
And what I want, it booles not to complain.
La. Madame, I lie fying.
Que. This well that thou hast caufe.
But thou shoulde I please me better, would it tis to weep.
La. I could weep, Madame, would it doe you good.
Que. And I could finge, would weeping doe you good,
And never borrow any Tare of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here comes the Gardners,
Let's lep into the shadow of their Trees.
My wretched hew, into a Rowe of Punnors,
They le talk of State for every one doth to,
Against a Change: Wee is fore-runne with Woe,
Gard. Goce bade thou yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vrituly Children, make their Sye
Scape with oppreccion of their prodigall weight:
Grieue some appoortance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and lek an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That looke too loxifile in our Common-wealth.
All must be even, in our Government.
You thus implo'y'd, will goe root away
The noyseome Weeded, that without profite fuke
The Soyleis festillate from wholsome flowers.
Sir. Why should we, in the compass of a Pale,
Keep Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing us in a Modell our frame Effect?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weeds, her fairest Flowers choseth vp,
Her Fruit-trees all spoup'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knos disorder'd, and her wholesome Heasbres
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafes.
The Weeds that his broad-spreadinge Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Ballinbrook:
I name the Earl of Wiltshire, Byllby, Greene.

Ser. What,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Ser. What a thou dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bulgingborough hath seiz'd the wafeful King.
Oh, what pity it is, that he had not so trim'd
As I dress his Land, as we this Garden, at time of year,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leav'd being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With two which riches it confounded itself?
Had he done so, to great and good men,
They might have hold'd to brace, and to tale
Their fruiter of dainty. Super-famous branches
We lap away, that bearing boughs may live
Had he done so, kindles had bed wine the Crowne,
Which waist and tulke hours, hath quite throw down.
Ser. What think you the King shall be depos'd?
Gard. Deprey be he is already, and depos'd?
'Tis doubted be he, and letters came last night
To a dear Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke cydng.
Oh! Oh! I am perf't to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adam, kinnefelf, bet to dress this Garden
How dares thy hast rush tongue found this vaplesing
What ear? what Serpent hath suggetted thee, (newes)
To make a second fall of curled man?
Why don't thou say, King Richard depos'd,
Dar't thou, thou foolish best thing then earth,
Duine his downfall, say, where, and how
Can't thou by this all cydng's? Speak thou wretch
Gard. Pardon me Mada n. Little say brave
To breathe these newes; yet what I say's true
King Richard, he is in the mightly hold
Of fall my brother, their Fortunes both are weight'd
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but huncelle,
And some few Vauties, that make him light:
But in the Balance of great Bulisinghroke,
Beside huncelle, are all the English Priests,
And with that odds he weighes King Richard downe.
Post to to London, and ye'll finde so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.
Ser. Noble insufficence, that is in light of foot,
Dost not thy Embassage bring me to?
And am I halfe that knows it? Oh thou think it
To cause me, that I may long keep
Thee throw in my breath. Come Ladies gone,
To meet thee at London King in woe.
What was I borne to, that I did stoke,
Should grace the Tymble of great Bulisinghroke.
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe.
I would the Plant thou grasst it may never grow. Exit.
G Poor Queene, In that thy State might no worth be,
I would my skill were faher'd to thy care
Here did the drop a teare, here in this place
He set a Bank of Riew, showre Hebe of Graces
Rue, eu'n for ruth, here forry shall be scene,
In the remembrance of a Wreeping Queene. Exit.

Athus Quiautus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bulisinghroke, Amnerle, Northbrook and henece. Fists Water, Surrey Cartile, Abbas of Waltham. Henricad, Officers, and beggar.

Bulisinghroke. Call forth Bagon.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

How fondly doth thou pour forth sorrow here?
If thou canst, o, canst, o, canst breathe, or live,
I charge thee, most unruly, to let me be.
I charge thee, with the love and pain of life,
And the remembrance of thy former love,
And the remembrance of thy latter love.

The blood of English shall annn the ground,
And future Ages groan for his faults.

Peace shall give thee peace with Thanes and barons,
And in this State of Peace, noblest Wives
Shall name with King, and Kindred with Kindred profound.

Disorder, Horror, Fear, and Mourn
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be void
The field of Graces and dead mens Sighs.

Oh, if ye dare the House, against this House
It will the world and twa affright.
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.

Robert Morton, to sot it be not so,
Leixl Childs Childs Children cry against you, Wot.

North. Well Clues on and say it, and for your pains,
Of Cassall Taxton we arejnt you here,
Mr. Lord of Welfordyn, be as you please,
To keep men safely till his day of Tisally.

Wit please you Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

To the, Fetch without Richard, that in common view
He my reverend: for we shall proceed
With our Inquisition.

And I will be his Counsel, Ext.

St. Lords, you that are here are under Arrêt,
Presure your Squires for your Days of Answer.
Little are we beadding to your Love,
And little look for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Lord.

Ach, why am I sent for to a King?
Before I have spoke off the Real thoughts
With which I regard, I hardly yet have learnt
To subdue matter bow, and bend my Knee.
Your Junior have a seat.
To this submission, Yet I well remember
The powers of these men were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So I did do to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God trust the King, although I be not here;
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think me mee.
To one what recre, and I sent for through.
Tooke to the, hart, or that those owne good will,
Wish twyre? Mathe de make thee offers?
The Reputation of thy State and Crowne
To Richard Standing in the Crowne.

Rich, Give me the Crowne. Here Cousin, seize I Crowne:
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on this side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The empties euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downside, and full of Water:
That Bucket downside, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griues, whil you mount upon high.

But, I thought you had been willing to resign.

Rich, My Crowne I am, but still my Griues are mine.
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griues; still am I King of tho.

Bird. Part of your Cares you give mee with your Crowne.

Rich, Your Cares for vp, do not plack my Cares down.
My Care, is off my Care, by old Care done.
Your Care is gate of Care, by new Care wonne.

The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they fly.

Bull, Are you contented to resign the Crowne?

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The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Rich. I pr'yse; for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no more, for I resign me to thee.
Now, make me how I will discourse my felle.
I sue this beautifull Weight from off my Head,
And this Vvieldie Sceptre from my Hand.
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Tears I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I gine away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue I bite my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath I release all furious Oathes;
All my Maide and Soveraigne I doe forswear:
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgave;
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie;
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keep all Vowes unbroke made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing friend,
And thou with all pleas'd, that half all archived
Long may th'o' but live in Richards State to fit,
And done by Richard in an Earthtie Pit.
God fue King Henry, ye King'd richard eyes,
And lend him many yeares of Sunne-flame days.
What time remains?
North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusatious, and these generous Citizens,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Professe of this Land:
That by confounding them, the Scales of men
May decease, that you are worthyly appoin'd.
Rich. Must I doe so? and must I tranell out
My weas'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland.
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee in faire a tribute,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou finde one heinous Article,
Contaying the defooping of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Maik'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Book of Health.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke upon me,
Wilt thou that my brethren, breath doth quell my selfe,
Though some of you, with Pilate, with your hands,
Shewing an outward pitie: yet you Pilates,
Have here deliver'd me to thy lowre Croffe,
And Water cannot wash away thy name.
North. My Lord dispatch, reade of these Articles.
Rich. Me eyes are full of Tears, I cannot see:
And yet fall: Water blindez them no so much,
But they can see a sort of Trystones here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes upon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traitor with the rest:
For I have gien here my Soules content,
Vnder the pompos Body of a King;
Made Glorie baie; a Souveraigne, a Slave;
Proud Maiestie, a Subject; State, a Peasant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-infamul man;
No, no, no Lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name, vs given me at the Font,
But this usurp: slack the beastie day,
That I have worn 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 Splendour.
To make my felle away, water-drops,
Good King, great King, and yet most greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mortal hither straignt,
That it may show me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.
Thall. Go eome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.
North. Read o'te this Paper, while y's Glasse doth come.
Rich. Friend, shou't torment me, ere I come to Hell.
But Vige it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.
Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I read enough,
When I doe see the very Book indeed,
Where all my finest are writ, and traced by my selfe.
Enter one with a Glasse.
Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow strokee
So many Blowses upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh comforting Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this the Face, the Face
That every day, under his Haufe-bend Roole.
Did kepe ten thouand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders wink &
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many toayles,
That was at last outsoiled by Butchery?
A brittle Glory shineath in this Face,
As battle is the Glory, the Face.
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiners,
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
Hast thou gon my Sorrow hast destroy'd my Face.
North. The Shadow of thy Sorrow hast destroy'd me,
The shadow of your Face.
Rich. Say' that again.
The shadow of my Sorrow, ha, let's fer,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lies all within,
And those externals are, and those with few,
Are merely shadowes, to the vidtene Griefe,
That twells with silence in the toture of Soule.
There lyes the subsidence: and I thinke the King
For thy great bountie, that not only pufh'd me
Mecarie to wayle, but teach'd me the way
How to lament the cause. I begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obain it?
Rich. Name it, faire Cousin,
Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King.
For when I was a King, my flattesters
Were then but fluent, but not now a subject,
I have a King here to my flattester,
Being so great, I have no neede to begge.
Rich. And shall I haue?
Rich. Thou shalt.
Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Rich. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights.
Rich. Go eome of you, conveye him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: comayry. Comayres are you all,
That thus simbly by a true Kings fall.
Fortun on Wednesday next, we freely set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selves.
Exeunt.
Rich. A wofull Pageant home we here beheld.
Curt. The Vowes to come, the Children yet unborne,
Shall feel this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.
When you holy Conge-men, in these no Plott
To rid the Realm of this pestilious Boole.
Rich. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not only take the Sacramento,
To bury mine intent, but also to effect.

What
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

What ever I shall happen to devise,
Lye your Brows are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares,
Come home with me to Supper, & lay a Plot
Shall these vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen, and Ladye.
Q. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Caesar ill-secured Tower:
To whose swift Bosome, my condemn'd Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prew'd Balingsbrooke.
Here let vs refleth this rebellious Earth
Have any setting for his true Kings Queen.
Enter Richard and Gerard.
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My faire Riche wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pitie may dis loue to dwewe.
And with him slee against wea true-love Tresrs.
Although the Modell where old Troy did fland,
Thou Mappe'st: Honor, thou King Richard Tombe,
And not King Richard: thou must beares thou inne,
Why shou'd hars-favor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houe Guett.
Rch. I soyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so;
To make my end too sdden: learrn good Soulle,
To thinke out fromer State a happe Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworn Brothe (sweet) 
To grie Nehiffice; and hee and I
Will keep a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Clofiyther thee in some Religious House:
Our holy lusts mounn a new Worlds Crown:
Which our prophan houses here haue stricken downe.
Q. What is my Richard both in shape and munde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Balingsbrooke
Depo'd thine Intellett? hast he beene in thry Heart?
The Lyon dying, thirtheth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To bee o-re-power'd: and wilt thou, Pritty PILI.
Take thy Correction mildly, kiffe the Roode,
And fawne on Rage with bafe Hamilitie,
Which are a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?
Rch. A King of Beasts indeed: if seght but Beasts,
I hau'd beene full a happy King of M.
Good(frome time Queen) prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dea'd, and that sheere thou tak't
As from my Death-bed, my left lning leave,
In Winters tedious Nights fixt by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wastfull Ages, long agoe beride:
And ere thou big good-night, to quiet their grieffe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And tend the hearers weeping to their Bed:
For why the fencelle Beodes will sympathize
The hearse accent of thy moaning Tongue
And in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will now me in a, some case-black,
For the deposeing of a rightfull King.
Enter Northumberland.
North. My Lord, the mind of Balingsbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, nor into the Tower.
And Madame, there is order to be for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France,
Rch. Northumberland, thou Ladder where onall
The mounting Ballingsbrooke ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More then it were foule time, gathering head,
Shall break up some Corporation like a thynke,
Thought he dundre the Realme, and gue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shal thynke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant rightfull Kings, with you know agnese,
Being nee to little vyg d another way.
To pluck him headlong from the viupted Throne.
The Lorde of wicked friends commeets to Feate;
That Feare, to Haste; and Hate comes one, at both,
To worthye Danger, and detestour Death,
North. My guilt be on my Head, and there aend:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthis.
Rch. Doubly docto'd (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then both me and my married Wife.
Let me vs kiffe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not for, with a Kiffe twas made.
Part vs, Northumberland: I, towards the North,
Where (thue) my Cold and Sockett partes the Clyme:
My Queene to t Aonce: from whence, let forth in pomp:e
She sue adorn'd hitherlike as sweet May;
Sent back like Hallowes, a shore of it day.
Q. And must we be duidit? must we part?
Rch. I, hand from hand (my Lour) and heart fro heart.
Q. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.
North. That were done, Lour, but with Polity,
Q. Then whister he goe, thinner let me goe.
Rch So two together weeping make one Woe.
Weep thou for me in France; if it were here.
Better farre i, then nere, be nere the nere.
Goe, count thy Way with Night, I mine with Gramees.
Q. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.
Rch. Twice for one flep ile groane | Way being short,
And preece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in woing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Groffe:
One Kiffe Ball flot our mouthes, and dumbe by part;
Thus gue I mine, and thus rise I thy heart.
Q. Give me mine owne against, were no good part,
To take on me to keeo, and kill thy heart.
So now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groane.
Rch. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieue; the rest, let Sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Turky, and his Dacocke.

Dowk. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the flyes off,
Or were two Confins coming into London.
Turky. Where did I leue?
Dowk. At that fat hoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mif-gouveird hands, from Windows tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard head.

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Turky. Then
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Turke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bullyingbroke, Mount'd upon a hot and fierie Steed, Which his aspiring Riders seem'd to know, With flow, but stately pace, kept on his course: While all tongues cri'd, God save thee Bullyingbroke. You would have thought the very windows ipoke, So many grety lookes of longing and old, Through Calumets dart'd their desiring eyes Upon his visage: and that all the walle, With painted Imagery had fixt at once, I then preferre thee, welcom Bullyingbroke. Whil's he, from one side to the other turning, Bare-headed, lower then his proud steeds necke, Befare them thus: I thank you Cound'tmen: And such full doing, thus he past along, Dutch. Alas poors Richard, where rides he the whilfe? Turke. As in a Theate, the eyes of men After a well graed: After leaves the Stage, Are idly bent on him that enters next, Thinking his pratle to be tedious: Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did frowle on Richard no man cri'd, God save him: Nojoyfull tougue gau.HorizontalAlignment home, But durt was throwne upon his Sacred head, Which with such gentle sorrow he hone off, His face full combating with teares and furies (The badges of his griefe and patience) That had not God (for some strong purpos) feel'd The hearts of men, they must perfurce have melted, And Barbarisme it selfe have pitt'd him. But heaven hath a hand in these events, To whose high will we bound our calme content, To Bullyingbroke, are we sworne Subjectes now, Whose State, and Honor, I for ayre allow. Enter 8. Amneris. 8. Amneris. Dut. Here comes my fonc8 Amneris. Tur. Amneris. That was, But that is lost, for being Richards Friend. And Madam, you must call him Rutland now: I am in Parliament pledge for his truth, And liftening feale to the new-made King. Dut. Wel-on my fonc8 who are the Vitaeus now, That draw the green lap of the new come Spring: 8. Amneris. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care nor God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one. Turke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time Least you be crept before you come to prime. What news from Oxford? Hold those Ruf's & Triumphs? 8. Amneris. For ought I know my Lord, they do. Turke. You shall be there I know. 8. Amneris. If God present not, I purpose fo. Tur. What State is that that hangs without thy bosom? Yes, look it thou take? Let me see the Writing. 8. Amneris. My Lord, 'tis nothing. Turke. No matter then who les it, I shall be satisfie, let me see the Writing. 8. Amneris. I do befoche your Grace to pardon me, It is a matter of small conque, Which for some reasons I would not haue seen. Turke. Which for some reasons fyr, I means to see I feare, I feare. Dut. What should you feare? 'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into For gay apparel against the Triumph. Turke. Bound to himself? What doth he with a Bond That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole. Boy, let me see the Writing. 8. Amneris. I do befoche you pardon me, I may not shew it. Tur. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. Surprise st Trefion, foule Trefion, Villaine, Traitor, Slace. Dut. What's the matter, my Lord? Turke. Hoo, who's within there? Saddle my horse. Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here? Dut. Why, what's this my Lord? Turke. Give me your boots, I say: Saddle my horse: Now by my Honor, my life, my troth, I will approach the Villaine. Dut. What's the matter? Turke. Be the forth Woman. Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne? 8. Amneris. Good Mother be content, it is no more Then my proe when must answer. Dut. Thy life answer? Enter 9. Sermon with Boots. Tur. Bring me my Boots, I will unto the King. Dut. Strike him 8. Amneris. Poor boy, sat amaz'd. Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight, 8. Amneris. Give my Boots, I say. Dut. Why York, what wilt thou do? Will thou not hide the Trefialfe of thine owne? Have we more Sonne? Or are we like to have? Is not my reading date drunken up with time? And wilt thou procure my faire Sonne from mine Age, And rob me of a happy Mothers name? Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne? Tur. Thou fond mad woman: Wilt thou concieve this darke Conspiracy? A dozen of them here have taue the Sacrament, And interchangably set downe their hands To kill the King at Oxford. Dut. He shall be none: We'll make theat where then what is that to him? Tur. Away fond woman: were bee twentys many my Son, I would approach him. Dut. Hadst thou grous'd for him as I have done, Thou wouldst be more pitiful: But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect That I have beene dillay'd to thy bed, And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne: Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not 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 love him. Turke. Make way, vounly Woman. Exit 8. Amneris. Mount thee upon his horse, Spurre poft, and get before him to the King, And begge thy paught, ere he do accuell thee, He not be long behind; though I be old, I doubt not butts ride as fast as Yorke And never will frame vp from the ground, Till Bullyingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away be gone. Exit Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullyingbroke, Perdis, and other Lords. 8. Amneris. Can no man tell of mychrift Sonne? 'Tis full three moneths since I did see him last. If any plague hang over vs, 'tis he, I would to heauen my Lords he might be found: Enquire as I would, mongst the Tourners there: For

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Richard the Second.

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As thistledown Sones, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mite honor lives, when his dishonor dies,
Or my faiul'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'd me in his life, giving him birth,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutchess unnot.

Duc. What bo'st (my Liege)? feart heauten take let me

But. What thrall-vo'd Suppliant,makes this eager cry?

Duc. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King)! I

Speak with me, putty me, open the dome,
A stranger boy, that never begg'd before.

But. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.

My dangerous Cousin, lay your Mother in,
I know how's come, to pray for your foule sin.

Tark. If thou do pardon, whooever pray,
More times for this forgiended, prosper now.
This felter'd joyent cut off, the reit teists found,
This let alone, will all the reit confound.

Dutchess unnot.

Duc. O, King, believe not this hard-hearted man,
Lour, loving so, fain to fell, by other can.

Tor. Time franks'te woman, what dold I make here,
Shall thy old jugges, once more a Traitor see?

But. Sweet Yorke be patient,heare me gentle Liege.

But. Rife vp good Aunt.

Duc. Not yet, I thee beleache,
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And neiter lee day, that the happy fees,
Till thou gite you, till thou bid me joy.

By pat loudly Rutland, my trembling Boy.

Aunt. Visto my mothers prays, I bend my knee,

Tark. Against them both,my true jaynts bented be.

Duc. Pleade he in earnest in his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prays are in jet:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our bace.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denyed,
We pray with heart, and foule, and all beide:
His weary jaynts would gladly tye, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
Hapayrers are full of false hypocritie,
Ours of true acal, and deep integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his,then let them have
That mercy, which true prizes ought to have.

But. Good Aunt Band vp.

Duc. Nay, do not say (sand vp;

But Pardon first, and afterwards Band vp.
And if I were thy Nurtir,thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach,
I never longed 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 Kings mouth's so meet.

Tark. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon me myy.

Duc. Doth thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftey?
Ab my fav'rite husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That let's the word is life,against the word.

Speake Pardon,as vis cursat in our Land,
The chopping French we do not understend.
Thine eye begins to speake, let thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear,
That behing how our plaints and prayers do peaces,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to releaste.

But. Good Aunt, Band vp.

Duc. I do not fete to Band,
Pardon is all the suite I have in hand.

As thistledown Sones, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mite honor lives, when his dishonor dies,
Or my faiul'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'd me in his life, giving him birth,
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Hapayrers are full of false hypocritie,
Ours of true acal, and deep integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his,then let them have
That mercy, which true prizes ought to have.

But. Good Aunt Band vp.

Duc. Nay, do not say (sand vp;

But Pardon first, and afterwards Band vp.
And if I were thy Nurtir,thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach,
I never longed 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 Kings mouth's so meet.

Tark. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon me myy.

Duc. Doth thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftey?
Ab my fav'rite husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That let's the word is life,against the word.

Speake Pardon,as vis cursat in our Land,
The chopping French we do not understend.
Thine eye begins to speake, let thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear,
That behing how our plaints and prayers do peaces,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to releaste.

But. Good Aunt, Band vp.

Duc. I do not fete to Band,
Pardon is all the suite I have in hand.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Bud. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dor. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I fickle for fear: Speak it again,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon swain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bud. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dor. A God on earth thou art,

But, for my trusty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted throng

Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heels:
Good Vuckle helpe to order several powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are;
They shall not live within this world I swear,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.

Vuckle farewell, and Coffin editor
Your mother well hath prais'd, and prone you true.

Dor. Come my old Ion, I pray heauen make thee new.

Enter Exten and Sermons.

But. Didst thou nor marke the King what words he spake?

Hath no friend will bid me of this living feare?

Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Have I no Friend(youth he:) he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wrinkly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pointers: Come, let's go:
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Poe.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have bin studding, how to compare
This Prizon where I lie, unto the World:
And for becaufe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe;
I cannot do it: yet I haue learn'd
My Braine, Ie proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of full breeding Thoughts;
And thesee thoughts, people this little World
In harsnes, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contenued. The better fort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do fet the Faith it selfe
Against the Faiths; thus: Come little ones: and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thred the patterne of a Needles eye.

Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders, how these vaine weake nails
May teaste a pailleage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prision wailes:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.

Thoughts tending to Contem, flatter themselves,
That they are not the filth of fortunes foules,
Nor shall not be the last. Like filly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse their shame
That many hauie, and others mutt fit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne mishapens on the backe
Of such as haue before indued the like,
Thus play I in one Prifon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treacon makes me with my selfe a Beggers,
And to I am. Then cryinge penurie,
Perfwades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I King'd againe and by and by,
Thinke that I am not King'd by Bullying brooks,
And straie am nothing. But what ere I am,
Musick
Nor I pomany man, but that man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, still hee be eas'd
With being nothing. Musick do I hear?
Ha, ha keepe time: How lowre sweet Musick is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musickke of mens lives:
And heere haue I the daintiness of care,
To heare time brooke in a disordred thing:
But for the Consord of my State and Time,
Had not an ease to heare my true Time broke.
I wafted Time, and now doth Time waffe me:
For now hath Time made me his numbering clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iate,
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereby no flames, like a Drafls point,
I pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.

Now sit, the ground that tells what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Treases, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Hourers, and Times: but my Time
Runs passing on, in Bullying brooks proud boy,
While I stand fowling here, his tace on'th Clocke,
This Musickke made me, let it found no more,
For though it hauce holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it feares, it will make wise men mad:
Yet blesting on his heart that gives it me;
For'tis a figne of love, and love to Richard,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Grosse.

Grosse. Haie Royal Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peer, The chesall of vs, is ten greater doe dere.

What art thou? And how dost thou thinke?
Where no man euer comes, but that fist dogge
That brings me food, to make musitfanse lie?

Grosse. I was a poor Grosse in of thy Stable (King)
When thou wert King: who travelling towards Yorke,
With much ado, at length have gotten lease
To loose vs my (fortunes Royal) matters face:
O how is yerd't my heart, when I beheld
In Londens streets, that Coronation day,
When Bullying brooks rode on Roane Barbary,
That horfe, that thou so often haft befrid,
That horfe, that so carefly hauie dreft.

Rich. Hade he on Barbary? Tell me gentile Friend,
How went he under him?

Grosse. So prouedly, as if he had disdained the ground.

Rich. So proudy, that Bullying brooks was on his backe;
That I aile hath rate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proude with clapping him.
Would he be not humble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did disprise his backe?

Forgivenesse hore: Wily do I tale on thee,
Since thou cread to be so'd by man
Was't borne to bare? I was not made a hore,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

And yet I bear a burden like an Ape,  
Sper-gall'd, and tyed by bearing Slinging-horse.  
Enter Kipper and a Darnel.  

Kip. Full work, giving place, haste from his master's stay.  
Rgh. If thou comest one, ye shall none away.  
Gaw. What may my tongue do; hear what my heart shall say?  
Gay. Exit.

Kip. My Lord, will ye please you to fall on?  
Rgh. Take of King's first, as thou wentest to do.  
Kip. My Lord I dare not; Sir Peter of Exton,  
Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.  
Rgh. The devil take Hearne of Lichfield, and thee;  
Patience is flate, and I am weary of it.  

By how now? what means Death in this rude strain?  
Villain, thine owne hand needs thy deaths instrument,  
Go thou and fill another room with hell.  

Exit King's man durne.  
That hand shall burne a mort-quenching fire,  
That flгарges thus my person, Exton, thy fierce hand,  
Hath with the Kings blood, flared the Kings own hand.  
Mount, mount my loue, thy lease is vp so high,  
While thy grote flesh falls downward to the ground.  
Exton. As full of Vault, as of Royall blood,  
Both base I quit: Oh would the deed were done.  
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,  
Says, that this deed is chronicle d in hell.  
This deed doth King to the living King beare,  
Take hence the rent, and give them burnell hire.  
Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Flower. Enter Bulling-brooks, York, with other Lords of attendants.  
Sed. King's Vakle Yorkes, the lastest news we heare,  
Is that the Rebels have conjuind with fire  
Our Towne of Gresters in Gloucester shire,  
But whether they be tane or flaine, we heare not:  
Enter Northumberland.  
Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?  
Nor. First to thy Sacred State, with all happiness:  
The next newes is, I trust to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.  
The manner of their taking may appeare  
At large discoursed in this paper here.  

But we thank thee gentle Percy for thy pains,  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.  
Enter Percivall.

Fire. My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,  
The heads of Prince, and Sir Burrowe Serly,  
Two of the dangeus unconforted Traitors,  
That fought at Cavendish, thy due owrthrow.  
But, thy pains Ecellimeters shall not be forgott.  
Right Noble is thy merit, will I wott.  
Enter Percy and Carrilse.

Per. The grand Consiprator, Abbast of Wemindster.  
With cling of Confession, and grosse Malversation,  
Hath yielded vp his body to the grace:  
But here he is Carrilse, liuing to abide  
Thy Kingly doome, and torthence of his pride.  

But. Carrilse, this is thy doome:  
Choose out some secret place, some most secret room  
More then thou mayst, with and with thy thy life:  
So as thou liuffd in peace, thy free from strife:  
For though mine enemy. thou halt ete beene,  
High spakers of Honor in thee have I gene.  
Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Even. Great King, with this Coffin I present  
The buried arcane. Herein all bestisstie lies  
The mightiast of thy greest enemies  
Richard o'Buttscaux, by me hither brought.  

But. Even. I thank thee not, for thou hast brought  
Aedcall of Slaughter, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.  

Ia. From my owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.  

But. They love not payson, that do payson needs,  
Nor do I thee: thou art good, I commended with him dead,  
Thate the Murtherer, lose him murthered.  
The guilt of confinence take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour.  
With Care go wander through the shade of night,  
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.  
Lords, I present my soule is full of woe,  
That blood should runke me, to make me grow.  
Cone mourne with me, for that I do lament,  
And put on fallen Blacks incintements:  
I make a voyage to the holy-land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March fast after, grace my mourning heste,  
In weeping after this viintime Beere.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Aditus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with others.

King.

O shaken as we are, so was with care.
Fand we a time for frighted Peace to past,
And breath our wounded spirits of new broils
So to be commended in Straights about remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daub her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruite her Flowers with the Armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Those oppossed eyes,
Which like the Meters of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substance breed,
D dally meete in the insubine shocke;
And furious close of civil Batterie,
Shall now in mutual well-becoming ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppo'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Matter. Therefore friends,
As lasse as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
With viole Souldier now under whose blest Cross
We are imprisond and engag'd to fight.
Forth with a power of English shall we leue,
Whose arms were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chase thefe Pagans in their holy Fields,
Ouer whose Aces walk'd those blest feere
Which fourteene hundred years ago were mad
For our advantage on the better Cross.
But thus our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleth his to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Conin Welferland,
What yeerent right our Countell did decree,
In forwarding this instant expedition.

Hoor. My Lord, this is the case in question,
And many of the Change set downe.
But yeerent right, when all was set there came
A Priest from Wales laden with heavy News;
Whole world was, That the Noble Mariner
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregulair and wilds Encoaver,
Was by the rude hands of that Wilifman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such mislife,
Such braly, shamefull transitorie act
By those Wilifmen done, as may not be
(Without much blame) re-told or spoken of.
King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broil,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

Hoor. This marcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Fare more venuous and vwelcomme News
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-troode day, the gallant Hauke there,
Young Harre Percy, and brant Archboulk,
That enter valiant and approv'd Scot,
At Holmecluer meet, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shipe of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heare
And pride of their contention, did take houfe,
Vercertaine of the floure any way,
King. Here is a daere and true industrous friend,
Sir Walter Blant, view lighted from his Horfe,
Srnd't with the variation of each foyle,
Becas that Holmecluer, and this seat of ours:
And he that brought vs smooth and welcome News.
The Earle of Douglas is discomfie,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twentie Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter fee
On Holmecluer Plains. Of Prisoners, Harre Percy took
Mordake Earle of Erie, and eleue some
To beare the heath, and the Earle of Aber
Of Ancy, Argus, and Montauk.
And is not this an honourable foyle?
A gallant praze! Ha Cofin, is it nor? In saith it is.

Weft. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Thames of Humors songe;
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant.
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride
Whilfe by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryset and Dilhonor flame the bow
Of my yong Harre. O that it could be proud,
That some Night-tripping-Frierie, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothec, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plastagens: 
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then would I have his Harry, and he must
But let him from my thoughts. What think you Coze
Of this young Perces pride? The Prompters
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own vie be keepers, and send me word
I shall have none but Madrid's Earl of Ffay.

This is his Vandelless teaching. This is Wencester
Malicious to you in all Aspects:
Which make, him proue himselfe, and brace vp
The cruel of Youth zeal'd, your Diginy.

But I have lent for to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold
At Windsor, and to informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be victor.

Wffl. I will my Lige.  

Snena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Poets.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?
Prince. Thou art to fat-witted with drinking of olde
Sacke, and vermiilion there after Supper, and sleeping
Upon Benches in the enocho, that thou hast forgotten
to demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know.
What a dwell hath thou to do with the time of the day?
vnlefe hours in these cups of Sacke, and minutes Cepons,
and clockes the tongues of Briddles, and dialls the signes
of Leaping-houses, and the bledfed Bone himselfe a faire
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffa. I see no reason,
why thou shouldest be for superfous, to demand the
time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that
take Purfes go by the Moone and feuen Strares, and not
by Politicke, that is the standing Knight to fare.
And thy prsyte sweet Wegg, when thou art King, as God faie
the Grace, Maitely I shoulde say, for Grace thou woulde
have none.

Prin. What now? none?
Fal. No, not so much will serue to be Prologue to
an Egge and Barres.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.
Fal. Marry then, sweet Wegg, when thou art King,
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd
Theeues of the Days beneate. Let vs be Canberra Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade; Moone of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being
gouerned as the Sea, by our noble and chaft miifts the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we feele.

Prin. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too: for the
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebe and
flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the
Moone; and soe prore. Now a Purse of Gold most refin-
lutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most difficutly
spent on Tuesday morning: got with swearing, Lay by:
and spent with crying. Bring in now, in as low an ebe
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by as high a flow
as the ridge of the wallowes.

Fal. Then by'r true Lad, and is not my H. A. T. of
the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As the hony, my old Lad of the Castle, and is
not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of his:?
Fal. How now, how now my Waggie? What in thy
quips and thy quiddities? What a plague has I done
with a Buffe Jerkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe have I to do with my Ho-
flefe of the Tauerne?
Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to reckoning many
a time and off.

Prin. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?
Fal. No, I lie, give thee thy dow, thou hast paid al there.

Prin. Yes and elsewhere, Is faie as my Conow would
stretch, and where it would not, I have vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yes, and I vs'd it, that were it appearant, that thou art
Here apparent. But I praty sweet Wegg, shall there be
Gallows standing in England when thou art King, and resolvet thou
of the curte of old Father Anacke the Law? Doe not thou
when thou art a King hang a Theeple.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? Orate! I be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou woldst felle already. I meane, thou shalt
have the hanging of the Iheres, and so become a rare
Hangman.

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some fort it jumps with
my humour, as well as waring in the Court, I can tell
you.

Prin. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yes, for obtaining of suits, where the Hang-
man hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Yon, or a Lovers Lure.

Fal. Yes, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Baggire.

Prin. What say I thou to a Farse, or the Melancholy
of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury smiles, and art in-
deed the most comparitive ascallisweet yong Prince.
But Hal, I prsyte troublesome I more with vanity, I wold
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names
were to be borrowed: an old Lord of the Court related me
the other day in the street about ye purfe; but I marke'd
him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely. But I regarded
him not, and yet he talk'd wisely: on I in the street too.

Fal. Thou didst well for no man regards it.

Prin. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indee-
dee able to corrupt a Saint. Then haft done much harme
unto me Hal, and forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee
Hal, I knew nothing, and now I am of a man old speake
truly better then one of the wicked. I must give ac-
quire this life, and I will give it over: and I do not, I am a
Villaine, Ile be Jann'd for never a Kings sonne in Chris-
tendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a puse to mortow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile take one: and I do not,
call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. Like a good amendment of life in thee: From
Praying, to Purde-taung.

Fal. Why, Hal, is my Vocation Hal? Is no Fin for a
man to labour in his Vocation.

Prin. Now shall we know if Gads hille hase let a
Watch. Of, if men were to be fixed by metit, what hole
in Hell were hee enough for him? This is the most omni-
potent Villaine, that ever creved, Stando, a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Lad,

Foot.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I. i. 124—1. iii. 22

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The First Part of Henry the Fourth.

No: on the barren Mountains will he any more:
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom him resolv'd Mortimer.

But, recus'd Mortimer,
He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,
But by the chance of Warre so prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Thos' mosthould Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Stewart's lige desire,
Iningle Opposition hand to hand,
He did complet the bell part of his hour
In changyng hardnester with great Gileon; for
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of swift Sirens Flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looker's
Ran fearfully in the trembling Reeds,
And his eign-head not in the hollow bane,
Blood-blamed with their Valiant Combatants.
Never did safe and rotten Policy
Colour her working, with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly,
The time let him not be dangrist with Reule.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him;
He never did encounter with Grendr:
I tell thee, he du'd as well have met the duell alone,
As Owen Grendr for an enemy,
As, then not all the Brit Syrah, herefoorth
Let men heare you speake of Mortimer,
Send me your Priotions with the speecl lume.
Or you shall hear in such a kinde tromme
As will displeasy ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We licent your departure with your fonne.
Send vs your Priotions, or you'll hear of it.
End King.

But, and the duell come and rose for them
I will not fend them. I will after stratger
And tell them so: for I will save my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What, sitting with chollerly & paufe awhile,
Hear comme your Vinkle.
Lune Worfec.

But. Speak of Mortimer
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my foule
Want mercy, if I do not soyne with him,
In his behalle, Ile empty all theire Veines,
And flie my strees blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer
As hight as Aye, as this Ethanffulp King,
As this Ingrate and Caanked Bulleybrooke.

But. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
War. Who ifroke this hearte vp after I was gone?

But. He will [forsooth] issue all your Priotions
And when I wou'd the ransome once again
Of your Wates Brothe, then his cheele look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

War. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in so God pargon) did let forth
Upon his Irish Expedition
From whence he intercepted, did return
To be depo't, and shortly mutter'd.

Nor. And lo all these desig'ns, in his wold wide mouth
Lisie teasalde, and only spoken of,

I. iii. 23—154
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The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

[Text continues with historical narrative and dialogue, discussing events, characters, and their actions in the context of the play Henry IV, Part 1.]

I. iii. 155—280
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

And then the power of Scotland, and of York To joyn with Mortimer, his. W. W.: And so they shal. H. Infaith it is exceedingly well spred. F. W.: And 'tis no little reason thes vs spred. To sue our heads, or raising of a Head: For, beare our felues as euen as we can. The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt, And thinke, we thinke our felues unfolkisd, Till he hath found a time to pay us home, And fee already, how he doth beginne To make us stranger to his looks of love. H. He, he does, he does; we'll be reneg'd on him. W. W.: Cousin, farewell. No further go in this, Then I by Letters shal direct your course When time is ripe, which will be most forlornly Ile fleale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer, Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once, As I willisation, ill haply meete, To bear our fortunes in our owne strong arms, Which now we hold at much uncertainity. W. W.: Farewell good Brother, we shall thrieue, I trust. H. Vailce, adieu: O let the houres be short, Till fields, and blowes, and groves, applaude our sport exer.

Atius Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lantern in his hand. 1. Car. Heigh, ho, an' be not forye by the day, Ile be hang'd. Charles wasse is over the new Chamny, and yet our hoope not packt. What Officer? Off. Anon anon. 1. Car. I prethee Tom, beste Cute Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrong in the withers, put of all traff. Enter another Carrier. 2. Car. Peake and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the nexte to give poore Iades the Bootes: This hoope is turned vpooe downe since Reuus the Officer dyed. 1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him. 2. Car. I think this is the most villainous hoope in all London rode for Fles: I am flung like a Trench; 1. Car. Like a Trench? There is seer a King in Cherbenome, could be better bit, then I have beene since the first Cocke. 2. Car. Why, you will allow us no'r a Jourden, and then weake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-ley breeds Fles like a Leach. 3. Car. What Officer, come away, and be hang'd come away. 4. Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razors of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-cross. 1. Car. The Turkies in my Panerrie are quite started. What Officer? A plague on thee, haist thou never an eye in thy head? Can't thou see? And were not as good a deed as drink, to break the peace of thee. I am a very Vila- laine. Come and be hang'd, haist no fault in thee? Enter Gadd-hill. 2. Car. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clacke? Car. I thinke it be two a clacke. 4. Car. I prethee lead me thyn Lanthorne to see my Gela-

ling in the stable. 1. Car. Nay sof I praye ye, I know a trick worth two of that. 2. Car. I prethee lend me thine. 3. Car. When, canst tell? I lend me thy Lanthorne (quoth a) marry I see thee hang'd first. 4. Car. Sirs Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London? 5. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neibour (Mugges), we'll call vp the Gentleman, they will along with company, for they have great charge. 

Enter Chamberlain. 2. Car. What is, Chamberlain? Chess. At hand quoth Pick-pulse. Gadd. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlain: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-fes, then ging dirchion, doth from labourest. Thou layt at the plot. Chess. Good morrow Master Gadd-hill, it holds currant that you tellled yesterday. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in God: I heard not tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a knave of Auditor, one that hath abundance of plot, (and God knows what) they do al ready, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently. 4. Car. Sirs, if they meete not with S.Nicholas Clarks, hee goeth there neke. 5. Car. If I knewe not of it, I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know the worthip full S.Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. Gadd. What talketh thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat paye of Gallows. For, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'lt he's no Scouring. But, there are other Troias that I dreame not of, the which (for plot sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their wine Credit sake, make all Whole. I am saied with no Foot-land, Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny thinkers, none of that mad Multachio-purple- ted Plotmakers, but with Nobility, and I exquisitive, Bourgomeutes, and great Onerys, such as tan hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then praye: and yet Iye, they pray continually unto their Saint the Commonwealth, or rather, not to pray on her, but pray on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Boot. Chess. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes Will she hold out water in foule way? Gadd. She will, she will: I suppose liquor'd, her. We rest as in a Cattle-cooke: we have the receit of Fern-seede, we walke insipible. Chess. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernfied, for your walking in-

ivisible. Gadd. Give me thy hand. Thou shal have a share in our purpose, As I am a raman. Chess. Nay, rather let mee have it, as you are a falle Thieves. Gadd. Goeto: Home is a common name to all men. Bid the Officer bring the Gedling out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddie Knaue.
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Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Prince. Come shelter, shelter, I have remov'd Falstaff Horse, and he feels it a good Velvet.

Peto. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Prince, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.


Falstaff. What Poynes, Hal?

Peto. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill; he go seek him.

Falstaff. I am sure to rob in that Thisbe company: that Falstaff hath remov'd my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trall the bawdy toy, and drink further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I escape hanging for killing that Rogue, I have forsworne his company howre any time this two and twenty years; and yet I am bewitch'd with the Rogues company. If the Falstaff have not given me medicines to make me loose him, he hang'd, I could not be else: I have drunke Medicines. Poynes, Hal, a Plague upon you both. Bardolph, Peter: He stone me ere I rob a foote further. And we were not as good a sneke as to drink, to turne True-man, and to leave the Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of yuemc ground, is thereof & ten miles afoot with me: and the foamy-hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theseus cannot be true one to another. Whose a plague light upon you all, Gine my Horse you Rogues: give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prince. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine care close to the ground, and lift if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Falstaff. Have you say Learner to lift me vp again being downe? I do not, more owne flesh so far about, for all the coin can thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meanes ye to call me thus?

Prince. Thou art thou art not colceth thou art not colceth. Falstaff. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good King's force.

Peto. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Offerer?

Falstaff. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heare-apparant Garters: If I be tace, I leach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poiyton: when a left is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gad's hill.

Gad. Stand.

Falstaff. So do I against my will.

Peto. O'tis our Setter, I know his royce:

Bardolph, what news?

Bar. Cafe ye, cafe ye, on with your Vizards, there's many of the King's comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falstaff. You hee you rogue, is going to the Kings Taurern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Peto. I say hang'd.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Fotheum, alias; reading a Letter.

Fotheum. But for none come part of my Lord, I could use well conted to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.

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He could be contented: Why is he not disdainful of the house he bears our house. He swears in this, he loues his owne Barne better than he loues our house. Let me see more near. The purgaty you undertake is dangerous. Whoeuer you dare to take a salad, to sleep, to drinke: but I tell you (my lord) foole out of this Nettie, Danger: we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purgaty you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have also: However, the Time is left unfortuned, and your whole life both, for the counterpoise of so great an Opposiion.

Say you to, say you to: I say unto you agayne, you are a followes cowardly Hende, and you Lyce. What a laches-braineth is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and confiant: A good Plot: good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a foolishly-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commend the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raffell, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vockle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Tyrke, and Owne Glendower? Is there not before, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to morrow in a fortyn, by the nineth of the next Month? and are they not some of them felt forward already? What a Paganicall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall feel now in very scarette of Faire and Cold heart, will bee to the Kings, and lay open all our proceedings. OI could deade my self, and goe to buffets, for missing such a druff of kinde Milk with to honourable an Ason. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will let towards to night.

Enter the Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours. O. My good Lord, why are you thus at onse? For what offence have I this morning bin A basli'd woman from my Harriet bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is it that takes from thee Thy pluck of pleasure, and thy golden freedom? Why doft thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And start so often when thou flit it alone? Why haft thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks? And guen my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thine eye-doubling, and ciff melancholy? In my faint-colbers. I by thee hast watcht, And heard thee murmur tates of Irene Waters; Speake tresses of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou haft talk'd 'O Sallier, and Retire; Trenches, Trenches, Of Parnades, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Battales, of Canon, Colittin. Of Prisoners ranomone, and of Soulidiers flaine, And all the current of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within the hart beene fo at Warre, And thus haft so behida thee in thy sleep, Thou beh of wathe blood upon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-diffurbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have apred, Such as we see when men refrain their breath On some great indaine haft, What of portents are thefe? Some heene butinsethe bath my Lord in hand, And I must know: elite be louses not.

Hot. What rog a is Clainnt with the Packet gone? Ser. He is my Lord, an house agone.

Hot. Hath Blumer brought thole hoftes fo the Sheriff?
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they cry him, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. Tell the Ned, thou haft loth much honor, that thou went not with us in this action: but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pentwist of Sugar, clap even now into my hand by an under Skirtier, one that never spake other English in his life, then EightIslings and two pence, and, You are welcome: with this little addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Point of Baffard in the Horse Manne, or fo. But Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I pray thee do thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my merry Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do now leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon:step aside, and lie down there a President.

Enter Francis.

Franc. Thou art perfect.

Enter Drawer.

Fras. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomegranet, Raffi.

Prin. Come hither Francis.

From. My Lord.

Prin. How long haft thou to serue, Francis?

From. Forsooth five yeares, and as much asto...

From. Francis.

Fras. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Five yeares: Bis lady a long Leafe for the clin-king of Pewter. But Francis, darst thou be fo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indurene, & thew it a faire pairte of heales, and run from it?

From. O Lord sir, Ibe it sworne upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

From. Francis.

Prin. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, Francis?

From. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I was line.

From. Francis.

Fras. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but barke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, twas a pennyworth, was’t not?

From. O Lord sir, I would it had beene two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

From. Francis.

Fras. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis! No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thunders, or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

From. My Lord.


From. O Lord sir, who do you mean?

Prin. Why then your browne Baffard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doublet will failye. In Barbary, fit it cannot come to fo much.

From. What sir?

From. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, doth thou hear them call? Here they both call him, the Drawer bands, amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Unkner.

Unk. What, stand it thou full, and hear it such a cal-

ling? Look to the Gauthe within: My Lord, olde Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

Enter Unkner.

Prin. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, Falstaff and the rest of the Therie, are at the door, shall we be merry?

Prin. As merry as Cricketts my Lad. But harkye yee, What cunning match haue you made with this leff of the Drawer? Come, what’s the slue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have flour’d them.

Fras. Humours, since the old days of Goodman Adam, to the pulpit age of this present twelve a clock at midnight, What’s a clocke Francis?

Fras. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow shoule have fewer words then a Parrot, and yet the same of a Woman. His in-

fancy wax’t flutes and down-flutes, his eloquence the par-

cell of a reckoning. I am not yet of I recet mind, the Hor-

speer of the North, he that kills me some five or four

dozen of Scots as a Breakfast, washes his hands, and

tapes to his wife; & then upon this quiet life, I want worke, O my sweet Harry layes thee, how many haft thou killel to day? Give me my Boane horie a drench (layes he) and answeres, some fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle, I prithe call in Falstaff, Ile play Percy, and that damme! Brawn shall play Dyme Mortimer his wife, Run, layes the drum-

kett, Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaff.

Pain. Welcome Iacke, where haft thou been?

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, Ile swerne neither lackes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a Cop of Sacke, Rogge. Is there no Verte extant?

Pain. Didst thou not euer see Titan kisse a diff of Butter, pittfull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here is a Lima in this Sacke tootethere is nothing but Sallure to be found in Vollanous man yet, a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sacke with’t. A villanous Coward, go thy waies old Jacke, die when thou wilt; if manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a flotten Herring; there liues not three good men hang’d in England, & one of them is fat, and twores old, God helpe the while, a sad world! I say, I would I were a Wessey, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say full.

Pain. How now Wootsacke, what manner you?

Fal. A kings Sonnter If I do not beare thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Sub-

jects stove there like a Rocke of Wilde-geese, He never weare haire on his face more. You Prince of Wales?

Pain. Why you horson round man? what’s the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Paines there? 

Pain. Ye fach punch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! Ile see thee damn’d ere I call the Coward: but I would give a thounsand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are frighted enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe : Call you that
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that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Jacob, I am a Rogue if I drink to day.

Fad. All's one for that. 

He drinks.

A Plague of all Cowards full say L.

Prince. What's the matter? Here be foure of vs, have in a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fad. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred upon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fad. I am a Rogue, I were not at halle Sword with a dozen of them two hou. es together. I have talked by miracle. I am eight times thrice through the Doublet, fowre through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hickets like a Hand, or I can shew. I can deal better since I was a man: all would not doe. A Plague of all Cowards: let them speak; if they speake more of lesse then truth, they are villains, and the lonnes of darkneffe.

Prince. Speake first, how was it?

Cad. We were not foure to one dozen.

Fad. Sixteenth, at least, my Lord.

Cad. And bound them.

Pet. No, no, they were not bound.

Fad. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Hebrew Jew, and we were throng, some five or foure fift men set upon vs.

Fad. Any oumbound the reft, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Fad. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fift of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie upon poore olde Jack, then am I no two-leg'd Creature.

Pom. Pray Heaven, you have not mutchered some of them.

Fad. Nay, that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lyse, in my face, call me Horfe; thou knowed my olde word: here I say, and thus I bore my points; four Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Pom. What, some thou say'dt but two, even now.

Fad. Fourc Hal, I told thee foure.

Pom. 1, I'll be faid foure.

Fad. These foures 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. Seene? why were there but foure, even now.

Fad. In Buckrom.

Pom. I foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Fad. Seene, by thefe Hills, for I am a Villaine elfe.

Pom. Prether let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fad. Doth thou hear me, Hal?

Pom. Land marke thee too, Jack.

Fad. Doe fo, for it is worth the lifting too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Pom. So, two more alreadie.

Fad. Their Points being broken.

Pom. Downe fell his Horfe.

Fad. Begun to give me ground: but I followed me
clofe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, feven of the euen I pay'd.

Pom. O monftrous! euen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Fad. But as the Deuil would haue it, three me: be
gotten Knaves, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Pom. These eyes are like the Father that beggs them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-braun'd Guts, thou Knotty-pared Foole, thou Horfon ob-
licen geffe Tallow Catch.

Fad. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Pom. Why, how could it thou know thefe men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou couldest not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reasons: what yee say to this?

Pom. Curse your reason Jack, your reason.

Fad. What, your compulsion? No, I were at the Scrat-pado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not telle you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion?

Pom. He be no longer guilte of this finne, this fan
game Coward, this Bil-pretier, this Hard-breaker, this huge Hille of Flins.

Fad. Away you; aspiring, you Elle-skin, you dried Next tongue, Bull'se-pell, you focke fish: O for breath to voter, What is like thee? Thou Tailors yard, thou fleafeth you Bow-carle; why flie vanishing tuck.

Pom. Well, breathe a while, and then to again: and when thou haft sty'd thy felfe in bafe comparisons, hear me speake but thus.

Pom. Make facke.

Pom. We two, faue you foure fet on foure and bound them, and were Matters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shal put you downe. Then did we two, fet on you foure, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and haue: ye, and can fwayne it in the Houfe. And falfly, ye cursed your Guts away as nimly, with as quike dextrous, and roared for mercy, and full ranne and roared, as euer I heard Bull-Calle. What a Saeur are thou, to hacke thy sword as thou haft done, and thes thy

Pom. What? what doest thou. What that flaming hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Pom. Come, let's beare Jacke: What tricke hast thou now?

Fad. I know ye as well as be that made ye. Why heare ye my Matters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparent? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Horner: but beware Influid, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Influid is a great matter. I was a Coward on Influid: I shall think the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: f. for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hoffe, flap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Thicks of Fellowship come to you. W. what shall we beare? Shall we haue a Play exemplary.

Pom. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running
away.

Fad. A no more of that, Hal, and thou loue me,

Enter Hoffe.

Hof. My Lord, the Prince?

Pom.
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Prun. How now, my Lady the Hoitelfe, what sayst thou to me?

Hoitelfe. Marry, my Lord; there is a Noble man of the Court at whose door would speak with you; he sayer, he, comes from your Father.

Prun. Give him as much as will make him a Rosayl man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Hoitelfe. What manner of man is he?

Prun. A Rosayl man, I say.

Hoitelfe. What doth he desire out of my Bed at Midnight?

Prun. Shall I give him his answer?

Prun. I prethee do not.

Hoitelfe. Faith, and hee send him packing.

Eust. Now Sirs: you ought not; so did you.

Prun. So did you Bardol? you are Lyons too, you rame away upon midnight: you will not touch the true Prince; no, no.

Bard. Faith, I sware when I faw other rume.

Prun. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Fellow after Sword for baccet?

Prun. Why, he backs it with his Dagger, and said, he would forsake truth out of England: but hee would make you beleue it was done in fault, and peradventure do to thee the like.

Bard. Yes: and to tickle our Noises with Speare-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to blubber our garments with blood, as it was the blood of true myne. I did that not this seven yeares before, I blushe to hear his monstrous devices.

Prun. O Villaine, thou slooff a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeares ago, and went with that manner, and earne since thou hast blusht extempore; thou hadst fire and danger, and thy fide, and yet ran wast away; what infinit hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you fee these Mercets? do you behold these Exhalations?

Prun. I doe.

Bard. What think ye they porrend?

Prun. Hot Lues, and cold Purles.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prun. No, if rightly taken, Halte.

Enter Fellow.

Here comes leane Jockey, here comes bare-bone.
How now my sweet Creature of Boppehit, how long is't agone, Jockey, since thou wast thine owne Knee?

Fellow. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeares (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talest in the Wafle, I could haue swept to any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of fighting and grasse, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad; here was Sir John Bady from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same and fellow of the North, Percy; and wee of Wales, that gave a s'macome the Sallipado, and made Lawer for Cuckold, and swore the Deuil his true Leige-man upon the Croffe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague calle you him?

Prun. O Gommer.

Fellow. Owns, Owes, the same, and his Sonne in Law (Almouner, and old Nortumberland) and the Spightely Son of Secus, Drumt, that runs a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicularly.

Prun. Hee that rides at high speeed, and with a Pittell
Hand: Sparrow Frying.

Stiff. You have hit it.
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many in our Land, by the Name of Pisch, hath Pisch (as in
ancient Writers do report) doth defile, do doth the com-
pany thou keepest: for Harry, now I do not speake to
thee in Drinke, nor in Pleasure, but in Pas-
sion; not in Words only, but in Works also: and yet
there is a veretuous man, whom I have often noted in
this company, but I know not his Name.

Fast. What manner of man, and it like your Ma-
ister?

Fast. A goodly portly man ysathe, and a corpulent,
of a cheerefull Lookse, a pleasant Eyes, and a molle
moule Larrialse, and as I thinke, is age some five, or bythly
inclining to three score, and now I remember meet his
Name is Falstaff: if that man should be longely quen,
her deceives mee, for Harry, I see Vernetz his Lookes.
If then the Tree may be knowen by the Fruit, as the Fruit
by the Tree, then perhapse I speake it, there is Vernetz
in that Falstaff: I man keepe with, the rant banish. And
tell me how, thou name this Varet, tell mee, where hast
thou beene this moneth?

Prince. Do thou speake like a King? do thou stand
for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Fast. Depose me: if thou das it halfe so gracely, so
matericularly, both in word and manner, hang me vp by the
heels for a Rabbin-Flycer, or a Paturrs Hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am fet.


Prince. Now Harry, whence comes you?


Prince. The complaints I hereof, are pitious.

Fast. Ysathe, my Lord, they are faire: Nay, Ile talle
ye for a young Prince.

Prince. Swearest thou, swaroguious Boy? henceforth
nere looke on mee: thou art violently carrie away from
Grasse: there is a Deuel haunted there, in the likeness of a
fat old man; a Tune of Man is thy Company. Why
dost thou commerere with that Trankle of Humors, that
Boulting-Hutch of Beaslineffe, that twolne Pareell of
Dropetse, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that frost Cloke-
bagge of Guss, that rosted Maving Tree Oxse with the
Pudding in his Belly, that rearsett Vice, that gray Im-
quippe, thea other Ruffian, that his eyesth, whereso-
in is be good, but to talle Sacke, and drinke it? wheres
nest cleanly and clearly, but to carre a Capone, and eat it: where-
Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Gratiese, but in Vill-
isme? wherein Villainous, but in all things? wherein wor-
thy but in nothing?

Fast. I would your Grace would take mee with you:
whom mensesse your Grace?

Prince. That vuantious abominable misleader of
Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Satater.

Fast. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou das it.

Fast. But to say, I know more harne in him then in
my felle, were to say more then I know. That her eie
(she more the pistre) his white hayres doe wittisse it:
but that hee is (fauling his reverence) a Whore-ma-
fter, that I eternly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault,
Heaven helpe the Wicked: if hee be elde and merry, be a
faine, then many an olde Haffe that I know, is damn'd:
if to be fat, be to be bazed, then Pharoah leane Kine are
to be loue? No, my good Lord, banish. Pria, banish
Bardolph, banish Pantoise: but for sweete Jack Falstaffe,
kinde Jack Falstaffe, true Jack Falstaffe, valiant Jack Fal-
staffe, and therefore more valuable, being as hee is olde Jack
Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harrys companie, banish
not him thy Harrys companie, banish plumpes Jacke, and
banish all the World.

Prince. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe, with a most
most monitory Watch, is at the door.

Fast. Oure ROgues play out the Playe, I have much
to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hafelle.

Hafelle. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fast. Heigh, heigh, the Deuell rides upon a Fiddle-
tucke; what the matter?

Hafelle. The Sheriffe and all the Watch are at the
doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let
them in?

Fast. Do thou heare Haf, neuer call a true piece of
Gold a Counterfeite; thou art effenently made, without
something in it.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without in-
flint.

Fast. I deny thy Countesse: if you will deny the
Sheriffe, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Car
as well as another man, a plaune on my bringyn vp: I
hope I shall be soone be struggle with a Halter, as an-
other.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinds the Arres, the reft
walk vp abone. Now my Matters, for a true Face and
good Conference.

Fast. Both which I haue had: but their date is out,
and therefore Ile hide me.

Exit.

Prince. Call in the Sheriffe.

Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sheriffe, what is you will with
mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath
followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord,
a groffe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe affur you, is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time haue imploide hym:
And Sheriffe, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinnertime,
Send him to anwere thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:
And to let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Hauing in this Roberrie lost three hundred Markes.

Prince. He may be so: if he haue robb'd thefe men,
He shall bee answerable: and to farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Inde, my Lord, I thinke it is twa Clockes.

Exit.

Prince. This only Raflall is knowne as well as Poules;
see he call him forth.

Pria. Falstaffe! I felt allepe behinde the Arres, and
sworne like a Horse.

Prince. Hate, how hard he fatcheth breath: search his
Pockets.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Halforse, Warforse, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glandower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parts sincere,
And our induc'tion full of prosperous hope.

Halforse. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glandower,
Will you fit downe?

And Vickle Warforse; I plague upon it,
I have forgot the Mappe.

Gland. No, here is it:
Six Cousin Percy, fit good Cousin Halforse:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
His Cheekes look pale, and with a rising ligh,
He withtheth you in Heauen.

Halforse. And you in Heell, as oft as he heareth Owen Glandower speake of you.

Gland. I cannot blame him: At my Natu'rate,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Creffles: and at my Birth,
The flame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Halforse. Why so it would have done at the same season,
If your Mother Cat had but kisst him, though your lisse had never beene borne.

Gland. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Halforse. And I say the Earth was not of my mind,
If you toppse as hearing you, it shooke.

Gland. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Halforse. Oh, then the Earth shooke
to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your Natu'rate.

Distrest Nature of clements breaks forth
In strange eruptions: and the teeming Earth
Is like a mitten of Colluck pinchit and red,
By the imprisoning of vurly Winde
Within her Womb; which for enlargement banishing,
Shakes the old Bedlam Earth, and tomblies downe

Steeples, and music-grown Toweres. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this disfavour,
In passion shooke.

Gland. Cousin: of many men
I do not bear these Creffings: Give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates came from the Mountaines and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fieldes:
These signes have made me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Luing-dop 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 Woman Sonne,
Can tracle in the dewsous wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Halforse. I think there's no man speaks better Wales:
He to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Gland. I can call Spirits from the vaitse Depe.

Halforse. Why so I can, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Gland. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Devil.

Halforse. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to frame the Devil,
By telling truthe. Tell truthe, and blame the Devil.

If thou hast power to sytte him, bring him hither,
And to the stone, I have power to blame him hence.
Oh, woe in store, tell truthe, and frame the Devil.

Gland. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Gland. Three times hath Henry Oldbridge made head
Against my Power: those from the Banks of Wye,
And mantle-bottom'd searet, I hate him
Bottetl home, and Wether-bottomed backe,
Halforse. Have without Boreys,
And unstable Weather too,
How shall ye Agnes in the Deuis name?

Gland. Come, here's the Mappe:
Shall wee disquite our right,
According to our three-fold order taue?

Gland. The Art in Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equall:
England, from Trent, and Searene: kibbero,
And South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Searene shore,
And all the terre: Land within that bound,
To Glandower.

Halforse. And dear Cousin, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our induc'tion Trustyce are drawne:
Which being seal'd, entreats changeably,
(A Busynesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,
And your good Lord of Worcetere, will set forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed vs at Shewsbury.

My Father Glandower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his helpes thefe fourteen daies.
Within that space, you may have drawne together
Your Tenant, Friends, and neigbouring Genteels.

Gland. A shorter time shall tend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduit shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must resile, and take no lease,
For there will be a Wall of Water flied,

Vpon
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth. 61

Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

To my hart methinks my Mary, North from Burton Hill.

In quaticke equal not one of yours.

I say, so this Rutte conveys the breaking in,

And cuts me from the bed of all my Land.

A huge halle Moore, a monstrous Cande out,

He haue the Carrant in this place dash'd up,

And here the finyng and Silver Trent shall runne,

In a new Channell, fairer and roundly.

It shall not wisse with such a deepen mirth,

To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.

Glad. Not wisse'ththili, it must, you see it needes.

Mort. But make how he besters his course.

And runnes me vp, with like advantage on the other side,

Gelding the oppossed Continents much,

As on the other side it takes from you.

Wore. Yes, but a little Chaste will trench him here,

And on this North side wonne this Cape of Land.

And then he runnes righte and even.

Hest. He know it, a little Charge will dace it in.

Glad. Hee not hur offader d.

Hest. Will not you?

Glad. No, nor you fall not.

Hest. Who shall layme may?

Glad. Why, this will I.

Hest. Let me not understand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glad. I say speake English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was tray'd vp in the English Court;

Where, being but young, I framed to the Hope,

Many an English Dutte, louely well,

And gave the Tongue a helpeful Ornament;

A Vertue that was never defete in you.

Hest. Marty, and I am glad of it with all my heart,

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry new,

Then one of those fame Meeter Ballad-mongers:

I had rather heare a Bezen Candlestick torn'd,

Or a dry Wheete grace on the Axe-tree,

And that would let my teeth nothing an edge,

Nothing so much as mincing Poetess;

'Tis like the force gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glad. Come, you shall have Trent to-day.

Hest. Tode not care: I lie give three so much Land.

To any well-defearing friend;

But in the way of Bargaine make ye me,

I coule on the ninth part of a hayre,

Are the Indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glad. The Moore thines fairest.

You may away by Night:

He haste the Winter, and whilst,

Breake with your Wives of your departures shamas,

I shall afraid and Daughter will come madly.

So much the better on her Mortimer.

[Exeunt.]

Mort. Pie, Coulla, Percy, how you greefe my Father.

Hest. I cannot change, sometyme she sings she,

With telling one of the Moldwarp and the Ame,

Of the Dreamer Marlo, and his Prophete:

And of a Dragon, and a slime-effe Fish,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a mortal Raunen,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of scimitre-skelde Stuffe.

As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,

He held me left Night, at last, nine heere.

In recking vp the severall Deuils Names,

That were his Lecqueyes.

I cry'd him, and well, goe too,

But mark him not a word.

He was as robus, As a byred Horse, a stately Wife,

Wrothe then a smokie House, I had rather be

With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill faire,

Then feele on Cates, and have him talks to me,

In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,

Exceding of all read, and profest,

In strange Concealements:

Vahant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,

As to bountifull, as Mynes of India.

Shall I tell you, Cousin,

He holds your temper in a high respect;

And cures himselfe, even of his natural scope,

When you doe crofe his humor: faith he does,

I warrant you, that man is not alow,

Might to have temptes him, as you have done,

Without the taste of danger, and reproues:

But doe not vie it, lest he can ext ye.

Mort. In faith, Lord, you are too wilfull blame,

And once your consuming bitter, haste done enough,

To put him quite besides his patience.

You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault;

Though sometimes at first Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,

And that the dearest grace it renders you,

Yet sometimes it doth prefere harfse Roie,

Defect of Manners, want of Government,

Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Dildaine:

The leal of which, haunting a Nobleman,

Lusting men hearts, and leaves behind a styne,

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.

Hest. Well. I am schoold:

Good-manners be your speede;

Here come your Wier, and let vs take our leave.

Enter Glaunders, with the Ladys.

Mort. This is the deadly frighth, that angeres me,

My Wife can speake no English, I no Welch.

Glaundry, my Daughter weareth, shee'pere part with you,

Shee'pere a Souderior too, shee'pere to the Warrers.

Mort. Good Father tell her, shee and my Aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your Conduitle speedily.

Glaunders speakes to her in Welch, and she an-

swers him in the same.

Glaundry. Shee is desperate here:

A penroule selfe-will'd Faustory,

One that no persuauion can this sound trauel.

The Lady speakes in Welch.

Mort. I understand the Lady, that pretty Welch

Which thou poppe'st down from these welling Heavenes,

I am too perfect in: and but for these,

In such a parley should I answer thee,

The Lady speakes in Welch.

Mort. I understand thy Kisser, and thou mindes,

And that's a feeling disposition;

But I will not be a Tuant, Lour,

Till I have learned thy Language, for thy tongue

Makes
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Makest Welch as Soon as Ditties highly pens'd,
Song by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowres,
With waiting Draughton to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, sir, by thee, then will the same madde

Little

The Lady shakes against to Welsh.

Mrs. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glend. She bids you,

On the wanton Ruflies lay thy downe,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And the will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye, fids Crowne the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heurisfie:
Making such difference betweene Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betweene Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harms T'enne
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mrs. With all my heart I se, and hear her sing:
But of time will our Bookes, I think, be drawne.

Glend. Doctor,

And those Mufians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: fit, and attend.

Herff. Come Kari, thou art perfectly in eying downe:
Come, quicker, quicker, that I may lay my Head in thy Lape.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goofe.

The Musick playes.

Herff. Now I perceive the Deuill understands Welsh,
And 's no marvel he be so humorous:
By lady hee's a good Mufian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musickall,
For you are altogether governed by humoras:
Eye still ye Thee, and hear the Lady sing in Welsh.

Herff. I had rather hear (Lady) my Brach howse in Irish.

Lady. Would it haue thy Head broken?

Herff. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Herff. Neyer, sir, a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Herff. To the Wych of Ladys Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Herff. Peace, these sing.

Hear the Lady sing a r Switch Song.

Herff. Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not in this good fook.

Herff. Not yours, in good fook?

You swears like a Court-tauners Wife:
Not you, in good fook; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall send me; and, as sure as day
And giue such Sacreces for thy Oaches,
As if thou never walkt to further then Famebury.
Swears me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in fook,
And such profest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Voles-Guardes, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing:

Lady. I will not sing.

Herff. I'm in the next way to turne Taylor, or be Res-
treescatcher: and the Indemnities be drawn, tie away

within these two howres: and so come on, when yee
will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mariner, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Perry is on fire to goe.

By this our Bookes is drawne: we'll be but (fai),
And then to Herffe immediately.

Mrs. With all my heart.

Scene Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give vs leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be serene at hand,
For wee shall presently have neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing frencse I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'll breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dont in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleeme, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengance, and the Rod of Heaven
To punishe my Miftreadings. Tell me elie,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such base passions, rude factio,
As thou art matcht withall, and greetted too,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princeely heate?

Prince. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quell all offences with as clear conscience,
As well as I am doubtfull I can purge
My fells of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extasation let me begge,
As in reproves of many Talts deceit'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatnesse needs must haue,
By finding Pick-thackers, and base Ne'er-remouers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulce wondred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submissio.

King. Heaven pardon thee:

Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thys afection, which doe bolds a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy affections.
Thy place in Counsell thou art ruddy look'd,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd by,
And ar almost an alien to the harts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every man
Prophecly doth fore-think the fall.
Had I in loue of my prespective brent,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company,
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Hast full kept loyal to profication,
And left me in repulsive banishment,
A fellow of no markes, not likely hooded.
By being feldome seene, I could not lye,
But like a Comer, I was wonder'd at.

III. i. 208—III. ii. 47

382
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprizes,
Discovered great Douglas, as he once was,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep Review vp,
And make the peace and safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Arch-bishop Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Caputlate against us, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which are my neere? and dearst Enemies?
Though that are like enough, through rash Fear,
Late Inclination, and the Faste of Speliers,
To fight against me yeuds: Percy say,
To dogge his heres, and curse at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Does not think so, you shall not finde it so:
And heauen forges them, that they have much way d
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeem all this on Percys head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment of Blood,
And flaine my fawons: in a bloody Makers:
Which waft away, shall fowe my name with it,
And that shall be the day, when ere it lightes,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant Henry, this ill-prayed Knight,
And your thoughts of Henry chance to meet:
For every Honor not sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My Names redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Inginitnes:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on me behalfe;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every Glory vp,
Yet, even the flegheft worship of his time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:
The which, if I performe, and doe suruive,
I doe beseech your Majestie, my false
The long-grownes Wounds of my Intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcel of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:
Thou shall have Charge, and foureaigne trauft herein.

Enter Blans.

How now good Blans? thy Lookes are full of Speed.
Blans. So hath the Business that I come to speake of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearless Head they are,
(18 Promises he kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Welfintherd set forth to day:
With him my sonne, Lord fabe of Lancastre,
For this aduenture is five dayes old.
On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward:
This Thursday, wer our fables will march.
Our meeting is bridgeneth: and Harry, you shall match

Through
64. The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Through Gloucestershire: by which account, Our Bunfinesse valued some twelve dyes hence, Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete, Our Hands are full of Bunfinesse: let us away, Advantage feedes him far, while men delay. 

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not faire away viley, since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why my skiny hangs about me like an oldie Ladies Loose Gowne? I am withered like an oldie Apple Tree. Well, ite repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shalbe out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of. I am a Pepper- Cone, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church: Company, villous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bardolph. Sir John, you are so frettfull, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman neede to be vertuous enough, scarce little, did not about four times a week, went to a bawdy-house about once in a quarter of an hour, payd Money that I borrowed, three or four times; listed well, and in good company: and now I base out of all order, out of compasse.

Bardolph. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you most needs be out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe thou amend my Face, and I amend thy Life: Thou art out, Admiral, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poore, but this in the Noife of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampes.

Bardolph. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, lie be woorne: I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths Head, or a Moraquine Boot. I never see thy Face, but I thinke upon Hell fire, and swete that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way givne to vertue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By thy Face: But thou art altogether given over; and west indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vster Darke-neffe. When thou raisest up Gait-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not think that thou hadst bene an Iovis Fatnum, or a Ball of Wild fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perrepetual Triumph, an ever-lastinge Bone-fire-light: thou hast gave me a thousand Markes in Linnen and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betweene Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drank me, would have bought my Lights as good cheaper, as the destre Chandlers in Europe. I have maintaied that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thinline yeares, Reason reward me toit.

Bardolph. I would my Face were in your Belly, Falstaff. So should I bee sure to bee heart-burn'd. 

Enter Holett.

How now, Distre Partie the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Falt. There's no more faith in thee then a fit de Prune; nor more truth in thee, than in a drawne Fox; and for Womanhood, Man-man may be the Deputies wife of the Ward, so that ye nothing go.

Falt. Say, what things? what things?

Falt. What things: why a thing to thank beason on.

Falt. I am no thing to thank beason on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest man's wife; and letting thy Kindness slide, thou art a humor to call me so.

Falt. Settingly woman-hood slide, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Falt. Say, what beast, thou knowest thou?


Prin. An Otter, sir John? Why an Otter?

Falt. Why? She's neither fish nor fowl; a man knows not where to have her.

Falt. Thou art wold to make thy spouse; thou or ane man knows not where to have me, thou knowest thou.

Princl. I thou by true Holifife, and he flanders thee most grossly.

Falt. So he doth, my Lord, and saye this other day, You oght to have a thousand pound.

Princ. But an, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falt. A thousand pound Holifife? A Million. Thy love is worth a Million; thou owest me thy love.

Falt. Nay, my Lord, I say, if you lack, and fear hee would engulge thee.

Falt. Did I, Roundy?

Ear. Indeed Sir John, you saye so.

Falt. Yes, if the fast my Rug was Capper.

Prin. I say to Capper. Don't tell me good as thee as thy word now?

Falt. Why Holife thou knowest, at thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roasting of the Lyons Whelpes.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Falt. The King himselfe is as bee feared as the Lyon: Do'th think not bee fear thee, as I fee the Father thy Father? if do, let me give thee a bate.

Princ. O, if it should, how would thy spices fall about thy knees. But first: There's no roome for Fine, Truth, not honetly, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd up with Suttes and Midrife. Charge an honeft Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horion impudent imbodk Kecall, if there were an thing in thy Pocket but Tuerene Reckings, Memm-breand of Bardie-houses, and one poor prey-worth of Sugar-candee to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other intruments but the, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand toit, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Falt. Do'th thou heare Holife? Thou knowest, in the state of Trowency, Adams fell: and what should poore Jacke Falliffe do, in the days of Villany? Thou feest, I have more fleth then another man, and therefore more traitly. You conteille then you pick my Pocket?

Prin. It appears so by the Story.

Falt. Holifife, I forgive thee: Go make ready Breakfast, loose thy Husband, Looke to thy Servantes, and cherish thy Gueffe: Thou shalt find me treacle to any honeft reason: Thou feest, I am pacified full. Nay, I preache be gone.

Exit Holifife.

Post. O my sweet Bebee: I must fill be good Angel to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

Falt. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do anything.

Falt. Rob thee the Exchequer the last thing thou doft, and do as thou wish'd hands too.

Prin. Do my Lord.

Post. I have procured thee a Charge of Fout.

Falt. I would it had ben of Horse. Where shall I find one that can make well? O, for a fine thiss of two and twenty, or thereabout. I am hoyously unpround. Wel God he thankd for thee Rebells, they offend none but the Verous: I laud them. I prize them.

Post. Roundly.

Post. My Lord.

Post. Go beare this Letter to Lord John of Lancaster To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Welfterland, Go Sir to to baise for thou, and I, Have three miles to ride yet ere dinner time, Late, merce, me to morrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone. There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Money and Orders for their Furniture. The land is burning, Perse Hands on, and either they, or we must lower ye. E. Trium_VC

Falt. Rare word! brave world. Holifife my breakfast, come: Oh, I could with this Tuerene were my drumme.

Excus annex.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harry Leigowur, Warreifler, and Douglas.

Post. W'll said, my Noble Scout; if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a Souliour of this feaston stampes, Should go fo general curry through the world. By heauen I cannot flatter; I defiere The Tongues of the Worshers, But a Braver place In my hearte, those too man then your Selfe. Nay, jake me to my word: appare me Lord, Dow. Thou art the King of Hapner: No man to potent breathe vp on the ground, But I will beare him.

Enter a MFenger.

Post. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there? I can but thank you, MFe. Their Letters come from your Father. Post. Letters from him? Why comes he not himselfe? MFe. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greuous sick. Post. How! has he the leasure to be fiche now! In such a sullying time? Who leads his power? Vnder whose Government come they slay? fa

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III. iii. 126—IV. i. 19
These lines are from the First Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act IV, Scene 3. They are an extended passage with various themes and characters mentioned, including the King, the Duke of York, a Mad-Cap Prince, the Queen, and others. The text describes a scene where the King is described as being unwell, with the Duke of York worried about his long absence, and the Mad-Cap Prince being mentioned. The passage is filled with dramatic language and historical allusions.
Scene Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a bottle of sack, our soldiers shall march through westmoreland to Sutton-cop-hill to-night. 

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain? 

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out. 

Bard. This bottle makes an Angel. 

Falstaff. And if it do, take it for thy labour: and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the Conyague, did my Lieutenant Pen meet me at the Townes end. 

Bard. I will Captaine: fairwell. 

Falstaff. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a favour-Gunter: I have mis-used the Kings Prest a damnable, I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preff me none but good Husbands, you cunning, cunning me out consolled Butcherers, such as had been asked twice on the flanes: such a Commoditie of warme floras, as had as heate the Deuill, as a Drumme: such as fear the report of a Culuer, worse then a druck-Fool, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preff me none but such Toffes and Butter, with their Bellies no bigger then their pinnes heads, and they have brought out their feruices: and now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corpo-gals, Lieutenant, Gentlemens of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lascars in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sors; and such, as indeed were never soldiers, but dis-carded un-net Seuringmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers, resold Toffers and Offlers, Trade-faine, the Carters of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancients; and such haste I to fill up the roomes of them that have bought our their feruices; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty topper'd Prodigals lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draff and Horses. A mail fellow mete me on the way, and told me, I had unloast all the Gibbes, and preff the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such star-knights. 

I namely not march through Countray with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tuck together, and throwne over the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeves: and the Shirt, to say the truth, holes from my Hoft of S. Albones, or the Red-Nepe Tune-keeper of Dauntry. But that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on every Hedge. 

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmoreland. 

Prince. How now bloune Jack? how now Quit? 

Falstaff. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill don't thou in Westmoreland? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I trye mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at Shrewsbury. 

Welf. Faith, Sir John, it's more then time that there were, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King I can tell you, lookses for you: all we must away all to Night.

Scene Tertia.


Hotspur. We'll fight with him to Night. 

Worc. It may not be. 

Dougl. You give him then advantage. 

Vern. Not a whit. 

Hotspur. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply? 

Vern. So doe we. 

Hotspur. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull. 

Worc. Good Cousin be aduell, stirre not to night. 

Vern. Do not, my Lord. 

Dougl. You do not confounde well: 

You lepole it out of fear and cold heart. 

Vern. Doe me no flander, prounoun by my Life, and I dare well maintain it with my Life, if well-repected honor bid me on, I hold as little confounde with weake fear, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives, Let it be even to morrow in the Battell, Which of us fears. 

Dougl. Yeap, or to night. 

Vern. Content. 

Hotspur. To night, say I. 

Vern. Come, come, it may not be. 

I wonder much, being are of such great leading as you are: 

That you fore, see nor what impediments 

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse 

Of my Cousin Vernon are not yet come vp, 

Your Vnckle Worcester Horse came but to day, 

And now their pride and metall is asleep, 

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, 

That nor a Horse be halfe the halfe of himselfe. 

Hotspur. So are the Horse of the Enemye 

In general journey bated, and brought low: 

The better part of ours are full of reit.

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When he was personal in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tur, I came not to hear this.
Humph. Then to the point.
In short time after, late deman’d the King,
Soone after that, depriv’d him of his Life;
And in the necke of that, caus’d the whole State,
To make that worse, suffer’d his Kinsman Marchel,
Who is, if every Owner were plac’d,
Indeed his King, to be engag’d in Wales,
There, without Ranke, to bee forsett’d,
Dilig’d me in my happie Victories,
Sought to inrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnkle from the Counsellor-Board,
In rage diiss’d my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath,committ’d Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, doute vs to tke out
This Head of Gestesy; and withall, to trie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indiret, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?
Humph. Not so, Sir Walter,
We’re with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there he impaw’d
Somefuture for a safe retourne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnkle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue,
Humph. And’t may be, so wee shall.

Scene Quarto.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Macheu.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Macheu,bear this sealed Briefe
With wrg’d haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cauion Scraps, and all the rest
To whom they are direct’d,
If you know how much they doe import,
You would make haste,
Sir Macheu. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor,
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir Macheu, a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayd Power,
Meteth with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Macheu,
What with the flicke of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the first proportion
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not, ouer-rul’d by Proprietie,
I fear the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an infant tryall with the King,
Sir Macheu. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Macheu. But there is Mordake Ferret, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcutter,
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 Stafford, Sir Walter Blount, and Falstaff.

King. How bloody the Sunne begins to peere Above your busie hill: the day lookes pale At his decline.

Prim. The Southernne wind Doth play the Trumpet to their purposes, And by his hollow Whistling in the Lucerne, Forstels a Tempest, and a blustering day.

King. Then with the Inferns let it sympathize, For nothing can foreeme those that win.

Enter Warrcester. The Trumpet soundeth.

King. How now my Lord of Wolfit, it is not well That you and I should meet upon such feare, As now we meet. You have desired our tryst, And made us doff our eare Rebels of Peace, To crush our ould limbs in vengeant Sledge: this is not well, my Lord, this is not well. What say you to it? Will you againe wankit This churchk knot of all abdomen Warre? And mose in that obedient Obe against, Where you did give a faire and natural light, And be a meaning to all Mens, A prodigie of Peace, and a Portent Of breacfed Mischeafe, to the unborne Times.

War. Hearse me, my Liege: For mine owne part, I could be well content To entertaine the Lager-end of my life With quiet hours: For I do protest, I have not fought the day of this dislik.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then? Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prim. Peace, Chewett, peace.

War. It pleasa'd your Maiesty, to turne your lockes Of Favour, from my Selfe, and all our House; And yet I must remember you my Lord, We were the first, and desreet of your Friends.

For you, my Staffe of Office did I breake In Richard's time, and posset day and night To meete you on the way, and kille your hand, When yet you were in place, and in account Nothing to strong and fortunate, as I; It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne, That brought you home; and boldly did out-dare The danger of the tune. You swore to vs, And you did sweare that Oath to Doncaster, That you did nothing of purpose against the State, Nor claim your further, then your new-faine right, The fear of Gaunt, Duke done of Lancaster, To this, we bare our side: But in absent space, It ranld downe Fortune blowing on your head, And such a Bond of Greatnes fell upon you, What with our help, what with the absent King, What with the minsters of wrenton time, The fervent Influctures that you had borne, And the constant Wikes that held the King So long in the unlucky Irish Warres, That all in England did repute him dead: And from this warme of wise advantages, You took occasion to be quickly woed, To gripe the generall way into your hand, I forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster, And being fed by vs, you'd vs to.

As that vengeant gull the Cackowes Bird, Withdrew the Sparrow, did opprest out Neith, Grew by your feeding, to so great a bulke, That euen your love did not come more your right For feece of twofoldning: But with nimble wing We were inter'd for ceritie fiske, to flye Out of your sight, and save this present Head, Whereby we stand oppressed by such meane As you your selfe, have forst against your selfe, By vankin winge, dangerous countenance, And violation of all flesh and tooth Sworne to vs in yonger enterprise.

Km. These things indeede you have articulacd, Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, and in Churches, To face the Garment of Rebellion With some fine colours, that may please the eye Offickle Changelings, and poore Discontiners, Which rape, and rub the Elbow at the nevers Of hirly burly Innovation: And never yet did fiction want Such water-colours, to impaint his cause: Nor moody Beggars, flaring for a time Of pell-mell hussack, and confusion.

Prim. In both our Armies, there is many a foule Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, If once they inter their trist. Tell your Nephew, The Prince of Wales doth joync with all the world In praise of Henry Percy. By my Hopes, This present enterprise flat off his head, I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman, More aultine, valiant, or more valiant yong, More daring, or more bold, is now alive, To grace this latter Age with Noble creeds, For my part, I may speake to my Shame, I have a Traunt becke to Chalure, And so I heare, he doth account me too: Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty, I am content that he shall take the oddes Of his great name and estimation, And will, so faue the blood on either side, Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

Km. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venture ther, Albeit, considerations infinite.

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Do make against it: No good Wastler, no; We love our people well; even those we lose That are milled upon your Counsellors part: And will they take the offer of our Grace: Both he, and they all you; yea, every man Shall be my Friend against, and Ile be his, So tell your Cousin, and bring me word, What he will do. But if he will need, Rebuke and threat correction waiite on us, And they shall do their Office. So bee gone, We will not now be troubled with reply, We offer faire, take it advisedly.

Exit WORCESTER.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life, The Douglas and the Haftburie both together, Are confedant against the world in Armes, King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge, For on their answer will we set on them, And God befriend us, as our cause is just.

Exeunt PRINCE and FALSTAFF.

Edw. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell, And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Edw. Hal, it would be bed time Hal, and all well, Prin. Why, thou owt'hit heaven that friendship.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee to forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter. Honour prickes me on. But how if Honour prickes me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour yet, or too a legge? No: or an arm: No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No: Honour hath no skill in Surgeition, then? No. What is Honour? A word, What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning, Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednesday. Dath he finde it No: Dath he sees me? No. Is it indescribly pleasant, to the dead. But wil it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meere Scuttlebun, and no more a cattie of none.

Enter WORCESTER, and Sir Richard VARNON.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard, The liberal kind offer of the King: Sir, I was beth he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone, It is not possible, it cannot be, The King would keep his word in louing vs, He will lufte? vs still, and finde a good To punish this offence to others faults: Supposition, all our lusts, shall be flucce full of eyes: For treason is but trusted like the Foxe, Who re're so came, so cheep, and lock'd vp, Will have a wide tricke of his Ancestors: Look he how he can, or sad or merely, Interpretation will misquote our looks, And we shall seeme like Oxen at a stall, The better chrishile, till the nearer death. My Nephewes treasurers may well forgive, It hath the exuic of youth, and herte of blood.

And an adopted name of Priuledge, A haire-brandt Haftburie, governed by a Spleene, All his offencers lye upon my head, And on his Fathers. We did traine him on, And his corruption being sane from vs, We at the Spring of all, shall pay for all: Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know In any case, the offer of the King.

Fir. Deliver what you will, if yet 'tis so. Here comes your Cousin.

Exit Haftburie.

Het. My Vnkle is returnd, Deliver vp my Lord of Westmerland.

Vnkl. Vnkle, what newes? Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Het. Lord Douglas: Go you and tell him for.

Dou. Marry and shall, and very willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Het. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Het. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Het. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thare, By now forseeing that he forswore, He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge With haughtie arms, this hatefull name in vs.

Exit Douglas.

Het. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henrys teeth:

And Westmerland that was engag'd did bear it, Which cannot chooie but bring him quickly on.

Het. The Prince of Wales seld forth before the king, And Nephew, challenge you to finge's fight.

Het. O, would the quarrel lay vp our heads, And that no man might draw short breadth to day, But I and Harry Mowmouth. Tell me, tell mee, How thew'd you this Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Het. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life Did hear a Challenge vrg'd more modestly, Vnkle a Brother shold a Brother dare To gentle exercise, and proofs of Armes. He gue you all the Duties of a Man, Triumph'd vp your praiscs with a Princeely tongue, Spoke your deferings like a Chronicle, Making you ever better then his praisce, By full disputing pracie, val'vd with you: And which became him like a Prince indeed, He made a blushing caill of himselfe, And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace, As if he maifled there a double Spiriit Of teaching, and of learning infantly:

There did he praise. But let me tell the World, If he out-lute the enimie of this day, England did neuer owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his Wontoncheffe.

Het. Cousin, I thinkke you art enanoned On his Pollies: I neuer did I heare Of any Prince so wilde at Liberaty: But he be as he well, yet once ere night, I will imbrace him with a Souldiers armes, That he shall shirke under my curisse.

Arme, armes with speed, And Fellow's,Soldiers, Friends, Better consider what you have to do, That 1 that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Canst lift thy blood vp with perturbation.

Enter a Messanger.

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hai. I cannot reade them now.

O gentlemen, the time is short;
To spend that shortly safelie, were too long,
If life did ride vp on a Dians point,
Still ending at the arriual of an hour,
And if we late, we late to treade on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Confidences, the Armes is faire,
When the unact for bearing them is luft.

Enter another Messanger.

Mess. My Lord prepare, the King comes on space.

Hai. I thank you, that he cuts me from my tale.

For I preffe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his bell. And here I draw a Sword,
Whose worthie temper I intend to flame
With the bell blood that I can mee weare wthall,
In the aduenture of this perculous day.

Now Eperance Percy, and set on:
Sound all the lusty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Mutique, let vs all embrace;
For heaven to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second tyme to doe such a curtissie.

They embrace, the Trumpet sound, the King entereth
With his power, alarum on the battell. I enter
Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blas. What is thy name, that in battel thus I crosstall me?

What honor dost thou seeke upon my head?

Dou. Now then my name is Douglas,
And I do haue tyme to doe it in the battell place.

Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blas. They tell thee true.

Dou. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath boughth
Thy likenesse: for inlaid of thee King Henry,
This Sword hath enterd him, so shall it thee,  
Villifie thou yeald thee a Prisoner.

Blas. I was not borne to yeald, thou haughtie Scot,  
And thou shalt finde a King that will yeald:

Lord Stafford's death.

Fihg. Blas in the same chamber entertainns.

Hai. O Douglas, hast thou tought at Holmeland thus
I stongly hast triumphed o're a Scot.

Dou. All's done, all's won, here breathes lies the king.

Hai. Where?

Dou. Here.

Hai. This Douglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blas,
Semblable famifull'd like the King himselfe,
Dou. Alas foolie; go with thy foolie whether it goeth,
A borrowd Tithe haue thou boughth too deere.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wentt a King?

Hai. The King hath many marchings in his Coats.

Dou. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Till I meet the king.

Hai. Vp, and away,

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day. Exeunt
Alarum, and enter Falstaff and Lukas.

Fal. Though I could fesse that farre at London, I fear the shot here: here's no doing, but upon the pace.

Soft who are you? Sir Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and on heavy too: phean keeps Lead out of me, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of

Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150, left alie, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Princes.

Prin. What, stand'th thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman likes flanne and thistle
Under the houses of vanuing enemies,
Whole deaths are unsueng p. Prethy lend me thy sword.
Fal. O Hai, I prethie give me leave to breath awhile:
Takeke Gregory heater did such deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I haue made Percy, haue made him fast.

Prin. He is indeed: and lying to kill thee:  
I prethie lend me thy sword,

Fal. Nay Hai, if Percy bee alie, thou gottst not my Sword; but take my Pittoil if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Cafe?

Fal. Hai, it is: There's that will Sacke a City.

Prin. What, is it a time to left and daily now. Exit. I  
I bewrce is at him.

Fal. If Percy bee alie, lie pierce him: if he do come in my way., to: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such ginning honour as Sir Walter hath: I give thee life, which I can  

Do: if not, honour comes valuok'd for, and then's an end.

Scena Tertia.

Alarum excursus, enter the King the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmonler.

King. I prethie Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedst too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you wish him.

P. Joh. Not, I, my Lord, vnleffe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Majestie make vp,
Let your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do:

My Lord of Westmonland leade him to his Tent.

Wee. Come my Lord, leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord! I do not need your helpe;
And heues forbid a small scratch should draine
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where blind Nobility lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in muslakes.

Wel. We breathe too long. Come euidin Westmonland,
Our duty this way lies, for heuens sake come.

Prin. By heauen thou haft deccided me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I,old thee as a Brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I now him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lusier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an engeonne Warrior.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Another King? They grow like Hydes heades;
I am the Douglas, faut of Walter Blunt,
That wrease those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitst the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: who Douglas greuets at hart

So
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King, I have two Boyes
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily,
I will affray thee so defend thy selfe.

Dess. I see thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infall thou hearst thee like a King:
But mine I am more than art, whose thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight, like the King in danger,
Enter Prince.

Prim. Hold vp they head vile Scour, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp against the Spirits
Of vaillant Steffy Stafford,Blunt, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatenst thee,
Who neuer promisst, but he means to pay.

They fight,Douglas fight.

Cheere my Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gaimby hath for succour sent,
And so hast Clifford, Ile to Clifford straight.

K. St. Why was't to fight? why make much of me?
Thou hast redeemt of thy self opinion,
And shew'd thou shouldst make some tender of my life
In this faire resoult thou hast brought to mee.

Prim. O heaven, they did mee much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The infalling hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pooyous Potion in the world,
And faud't the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifford, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gaimby.Exit Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I did that, thou art: Harry Mowbray.
Prim. Thou speakest not as I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prim. Why then I see a very vaillant rebel of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not Percy,
To shewe with me glory any more:
Two Starres kepe not their motion in our Sphere,
Not can one England brooke a double trigone,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Not shal it be Harry, for the honor is come
To end the one of vs, and world to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prim. He make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the bussing Honors on thy Creat,
Ile drop, to make an Earl for my head.

Hot. I canno longer brooke thy Vanities.

K. Make vp to Clifford, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gaimby.Exit Enter Hotspur.

Hot. Well said Hot, so is Hal. Nay you shal finde no
Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fight with Raffe, who falls down
as he were dead. The Prince killeth Pecru.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd one of my youth:
I better brooke the loffe of bruttle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me.
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought'st thou of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that is the Surveye of the world,
Must have a stop, O, I could Prophezie:
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy thou art dust
And food for—

Prim. For Wormes, bratce Percy Farewell great heart:
Ill-won'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunked.
When that this bodie did contain a spirits,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
I now two pieces of the rife Earth
Is none enough. 'This Earth that bears the dead;
Beares not alius to flous a Gentleman.
If thou wert tenible of curteisie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my favour hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, Ie thankne my selfe
For doing these fairey Rites of Tenderness.
Aide, and take thy pratis with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy feere with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy Ephist.".
What! Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poore Jack, farewell:
I could haue better fare'd a better man,
O, I should have a heuly mische of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity,
Death hath not shrucke for ten Dicre to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd I will thee see and by,
Thinn then, in blood by Noble Percys eye.

Exit. Enter Percy and John of York.

Prim. Come Brother John, fall bravely thou shalt flie
thy Morden sworde.

John. But soft, who are we here?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prim. I did, I saw him dead,
Brave steed and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fancy that plays upon our eye-fight?
I prethee speake, we will not trau'st our eyes
Without our care. Thou art not what thou seem'st.
Fad. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man:
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Loke: There is Percy,
your Father will do me any Honors, for not let him kill the next: Plymouthswall. I loue to be either Ealle or Duke, I can assure you.


Fad. Did'tho? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I grante you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rode both at an instant, and fought a long houre by shearmouth clocke. If he my beleeue,
so tis not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the finne upon their owne heads. He take't on my death:
I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-lime, and would deny it, I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e'er I heard.
Prim. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother John.
Come bring your laggage. Noble on your backe.
For my part, I may do thee grace,
He gild'd with the happiast tarmes I have.

A Retreat is founded.
The Trumpeters sound. Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheft of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead.

Exit. Exit. Up follow as they say, for Reward.

The Trumpet. Do you hearward him. If I do grow great again,
He grow best. For the purfe, and issue Sacke, and line
clearly, as a Nobleman should do.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpet. Where.
Enter the King. Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earl of Westmead, with Worcester &
Dooms Princes?

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spriñted Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and amends of Love to all of you?
And would you take our offers contrary?
Malice the tenor of thy Risaans stuff?
Three Knights upon our party flaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Hid beene thicke this hour,
In like a Christian childe had it truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

War. What have done, my lieut'rye vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Singe note to be anoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vermont too:
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

Exit Worcester and Vermont.

How goes the Field?

Dooms. The Noble Scott Lord Douglas, when lie law
The fortune of the day, quite tum'd from him,
The Noble Percy flaine, and all his men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was to bound.

That the pursuers took him. At my Tent
The Doome is, and I beleeve your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Proe. Then Brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honorable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, rationelie and free:
His Valour shewes upon our Creels to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remaunders, that we divide our Power.
You Sonne Iohn, and my Councill Westmead.
Towards Yorks you shall send you with your deceitfull speed
To meet Northburn betwixt the and the Prelate Spruce.
Who as we hear, are busie in Armes.

My Selfe, and you Sonne Henry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendener, and the Earl of March,
Rebellion in this Land shall loose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Battelie to fature is done,
Let vs not leaste till all our owne be wonne.

Exit.

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 Rummor.

Pron your Eares: For which of you will stop The vent of Hearing, when loud Rummor speaks? I, from the Orient, to the dropping West (Making the wande my Poet's-horse) still unfold The Aës commenced on this Ball of Earth, Upon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride, The which, in every Language, I pronounce, Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports: I speak of Peace, while count Emmirite (Under the imit of Safety) wounds the World: And who but Rummor, who but only! Make fearfull Murers, and prepar'd Defence, Whil'st the bigge yere, twolne with some other griefes, Is thought with childle, by the Herre Tyrant, Warre, And no such matter? Rummor, is a Pipe Blowne by Spurns. Telouges, Comectures; And of so cacule, and so place a Stop, That the blunt Moneter, with enounced heads, The fell discordant, wauering Multitudes, Can play upon it. But what needeth I thus My well-knowne Body so Anathamize Among my houpld? Why is Rummor here? I run before King Harriers Glory, Who in the goodlie field by Shrewsbury Hath besten downe young Harriour, and his Troopers, Quenching the same of bold Rummor, Even with the Rebels blood. But what meaneth I To speake so true at stift? My Office is To noge abroad, that Harry Mortimer Doth the Wraht of Noble Harriour Swinge And that the King, before the Douglas Rage, Stood dr this Annointed head, as low as death. This haste I rammow'd through the peaseant Towes, Betweene the Royal Field of Shrewsbury, And this Warre-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone, Where Heherwrre Father, old Northumberland, Lyes crafte fike. The Poets come syring on, And not a man of them bring other newes. They haste learnt of me. From Rummor Tongues, They bring smooth-Comforts-falls, worse then True-wrongts.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolph, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate here:he? Whereis the Earl?  
Port. What shall I say you are?  
Earl. Tell thou the Earl  
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.  
Port. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,  
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,  
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earl.  
Nor. What newes Lord Bardolph? Eu'ry minute now Should be the Father of some Stragern;  
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse  
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,  
And beats downe all before him.  
L.Bar. Noble Earl,  
1 bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.  
Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L.Bar. As good as heauen can wish:  
The King is almost wounded to the death:  
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,  
Prince Harriour blau безопас rights: and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Yong Prince John,  
And wellmet, and Stafford, red the Field.  
And Harriour Mortimer's Braine (the Hulke Sit John)  
Is prizoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,  
(As fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)  
Came not, till now, to dignifie th5e Times  
Since Caius Fortunates.  
Nor. How is this desird?  
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?  
L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence, A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these newes for true,  
Nor. Heere comes my Seruante Tranier, whom I sent  
Tuesday laft, to listen after Newses.  
Enter Tranier.

L.Bar. My Lord, I over-rode him on the Way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More then he (is) justly retaine from me.  
Nor. Now Tranier, what good tidings comes fro you?  
Tran.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Yoursli is too true, your Fears too certaine.

North. Yes for all this, say not that Perci is dead.

Tis a strange Confession in thin Eye:

Thou thinkest thy head, and hold it is Fear, or Sinne,

To speake a truth. If he be true, say so:

The Tongue offends not, that reports his death;

And he doth time that doth belye the dead:

Not he, which fayes the dead is not alive,

Yet the full binger of our welcome Newes

Hath but a looking Office: and his Tongue,

Sounds ear after as a fuller Bell

Remembered, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot think (my Lord) your son is dead.

M ore, I am forry, I should force you to beleev

That which I would to heauen, I had not fenc.

But thine mine eyes, saw him in bloody trayle

Rendring void quittance (wearsied, and our-breath/)

To Herey Mowth, whose (twist wrath blew downe the

Nature the daunted Perci to the earth, from

whence (with life,) he never more sprang vp;

In few; his death (whole spirit went a fire,

Euen to the dailest Pezant in his Campe)

Being branched once, rooke fire and burnt away

From the bell temper d Courage in his Troopers.

For from his Mettle, was his Party stead'd;

Which once, in him abased, all the rest

Turn'd out themselves, like dill and heavy Lead:

And at the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,

Vpon enforcement, flies with grestest speede,

So did our Men, heavy in Lead and loffe,

Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,

That Arrows fled not swifter toward their syme,

Then did our Soldiers (savouring at their safety)

Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Wroceffer

Too soonce to the prifoner: and that furious Scoet,

(Th' bloody Dorsaun) whole well-labouring万分

Had three times flaine that appearance of the King,

Gan vaille his flomacky, and did grace the frame

Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,

Stumbling in Fear, was tooke. The fume of all,

Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out

A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,

Vnder the Conslent of yong Lancaster

And Wetherland. Thus is the News at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to moune.

In Poyfon, there is Physicke: and this newes

(Hauling bene well) that would have made me sicke,

Being sicke, haue in some measure made me well.

And as the Wretch, whose Faces-weakened Lote,

Like stronglheifes Hindes, buckle vnder life,

Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a hice

Out of his keepers arms: Euen so, my Limbes

(Weakned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,

Are threatned themselfes. Hence therefore thou esto chicke,

A fractlie Cautler now, with lyes of Steele

Must goe this hand, and hence thou sickly Qofois,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

Which Princes, shefli'd with Conquest, sime to bitt.

Now bide my Browet with from -and approach

The raggett hour, that Time and Spight dare bring

To frone upon the towns and humberend,

Let Hauen kiffe Earth: now let not Naturez hand

Keep the wide Flood confind: Let Order dye,

And let the wold no longer be a stage

To feede Contention in a lording Age:

But let one point of the First-borne Caine

Reign.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Dangers in all before us, that each heart being set
On bloody Fortunes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead. (Honor.)

L.B.Er. Sweet Ease, duce nor wisdom from your

Nor. The lies of all your loving Complices
Leave on your health, the which if you gave o’t
To stormy Factions, must perforce decay.
You call the means of Wart (my Noble Lord)
And fum’d the scomps of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your pruriuntize,
That in the vole of blowets, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk’d o’t perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o’re:
You were afraid his Health was capable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang’d,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restrain
The flute-born Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprise bring forth,
More than that Being, which was like to be?
L.B.Er. We all that are engaged to this loffe,
Know that we ventur’d on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one;
And yet we ventur’d for the gaine promis’d,
Caught on the tender hope of likely perill fard’d,
And since we are o’er-see, venure again.
Come, we will all put forth Body, and Goods,
Nor. Tho more than time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I hear for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gent’st Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With all appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety binds his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had only but the Corps,
But shadowes, and the Thieves of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And did they fight with quarrelles, contrain’d
As men drinkie Potions; that their Weapons only
Scend’d on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fish are in a Pond, But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Support’d sincerer, and holy in his Thoughtes:
He’s follow’d both with Body, and with Mind:
And doth enlarge his Riding, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scrap’d from Pomfret Stonsoles,
Deriv’d from heauen, his Quartell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestrade a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, under great Bulling Brookes,
And more, and more, doth Bocks to follow him.
North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greene had wip’d it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell every man
The apsett way for safety, and revenge:
Get Polts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Never to few, nor never yet more need.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what sates the Doft to my water?
Pag. He said fit, the water it selfe was a good healthy
water but for the party that ow’d it, he might have
more diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
invent, or is innuend on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the caule that wit is in other men. Do I heere
walkes before thee, like a Sow, that hath o’erthim’d all
her Letters, nor more. If the Prince put thare into my Ser-
vice — any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I
have no judgement. Thou horon Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be wore in my cap, then to wait at my heels. I
was never man’d with an Agot till now: but I will fete
thyne other in Gold, nor Siluer, but in wilde apperell,
and lend you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The
Lumneal (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
fledg’d, I will sooner have a beard grown in the Palme
of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will
not fitle to fay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may
finneth it when he will, it is not shiate amife yet: he may
kepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never
earne six pence out of its and Yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ manuer from his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keep his owne Grace, but he is almoost out of
mine, I can affirme. What said M. Dambledsen, about
the Satten for my short Cloak, and Slops?

Pag. He said in ye, you should procure him better Affu-
ance, then Barlowe: he would not take his Bond & yours,
his life & the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damned like the Glutton, may his
Tounge be hotter, a horizon Anchoyte: a Rasely year-
forfouth-knave, to rase a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand upon Security. The horizon smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keys at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
net Taking-vp, then they must stand upon Security:
I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth,
as to offer it stoppe with Security. I lock’d hee should haue
sent me two and twenty yarde of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
lightness of his Wife thines through it, and yet cannot
be fete, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where’s Bardaffe?

Pag. He’s gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Pauls, and hee’ll buy mee a horse
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Streetes,
I were Marsn’d, Hor’d, and Winn’d.

Enter Chiefes Infrance, and Servants.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for strikinge him, about Bardaffe.

Fal. Wait Cloie, I willnot see him.

Ch. If. What’s he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaff, and he pleases your Lordship.

If. He that was in question for the Robbery
Ser. He my Lord, but he hath done good service
to Shrewsby: and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord John of Lancastier.

If. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deaf.

If. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir John.

Fal. What’s your knave and beg? Is there not warres
there? or the Host your company? Doth not the Black jacobites Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

on any side but one, it is worse blame to beggars, then to be on the worst side, weren't worse than the name of Rebelltion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You shall make me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldier-like advice, I had eyed in my throat, if I had had so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-like advice, and give me leisure to tell you, you eye in your throat, if you say I any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leisure to tell me so. Why a side to me that which grows to me? If thou get any issue of me, hang me: if thou taketh leave, thou wilt better be hang'd. You Hunt-counter, hence! Auncle.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Inf. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord, I, me your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad; I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth), yet have some in sack of age the some relics of the taintence of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a regard care of your health.

Inf. Sir John, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbur. 

Fal. But please your Lordship, I hear this Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Inf. I take not of his Maiestie: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is faint into this same whoman of Apoisses.

(You.

Inf. Well, he meaned me, I pray let me speake with you.

Fal. This Apoisses is a (I a) know man of Letziage, a sleeping of the blinds, a hotfull Tinsling.

Inf. What tell you me of? I be it as it is.

Fal. It hath or small from much more: from study and imprudence of the braine, I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of deaftness.

Inf. I think you are taken in the disease: For you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather then please you it is the disease of not Liking, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withal.

Inf. To punny you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears, & I care not if be your Physician. I am a poore as left, my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may perswade the Pasion of impriomtion to me, in respect of Pousserie: but how I should see your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple it selfe.

Inf. I fear for you, (where there were matter against you for your life,) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was therado adjured by my learned Conoscent, in the lawes of this Land-ferice, I did not come.

Inf. Wele the truth is (Sir John) you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in his belt, canot live in leafe.

Inf. Your Meanes is very flender, and your wall great.

Fal. I would rather were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Inf. You have misled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me. I am to the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge. 

Inf. Well, I am loth to gall a new head wound your dainfe feet at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights expost on Gads-dall. You may thanke the quiet time, for your quiet re-pathing that Action.

Fal. My Lord.

(Wele.

Inf. But since all is well, keep it for: wake not a sleeping.

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smel a Fox.

Inf. What you are as a candle, the better part burns out

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; 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 hold have his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauity, grauity, grauity.

Inf. You follow the yong Prince up and down, like his child Angel.

Inf. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angelis is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me out, weighings: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is to little regard in these Cofler mongers, that true valor is tumed Dear-heard, Pregnancy is made a Tisfer, and hath his quick wit waided in guing Recknings: all the other gifts appertynant to man (as the maige of one, as Age, shapes them) are not wrooth a Grostberry. That you are old, creatore not the capacities of vs that are young: you measure the heat of our Li ters, with the bitteres of your palls: & we that are in the wourd of your age, I must confess, are gagges too.

Inf. Do you let down your name the Crowne of yong, that are written downe out of all the Charracters of age? Have you not a modest eye? a day handes yellow: cheackers a white beard, a drooping legg a inching belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and every part you blasted with Antiquity? and will you call your felle yong? Fly, fly, Sir John.

Fal. My 1nd, I was borne with a white head, & somthing a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollow, and fluing of Anthemes. To approye a yong youth farther, I will not the truth is. I am only old in judgement and understanding: and he that will eaper with me for a thousand Masks, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gue it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checks him for it, and the yong Lion reents: Mary not in thees and packe-cloath, but in new Sille, and old Sackes.

Inf. Well, heauen fend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen fend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Inf. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Har ry, I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancsater, against the Archibishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank you your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiffe my Lady Pece, at home) hatch out Armies in not in a hot day: for if I take but two hirths out with me, and I meant not to sweate extraordinary, if it be a hot day, if I brandish anything but my Bottle, I might never spit white again: There is not a daungerous Action can perme out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Inf. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen bleffe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound, to fumich me forth?

Inf. Not a penny, not a penny you are too intempent to verse crostes. Fare you well. Command mee to my Cofin Welsummer.

Fal. If I do distil me with a three-man-Bettle. A man can no more separate Age and Consorte of cole, then he can part yong limbes and tuckery: that the G sort galles the
Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Montague, and Lord Bardoif.

Archb. That have you heard our causes, & know our means:
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what lay you to it?

Marl. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Meas) we should advance our forces
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Upon the Power and puissance of the King.

Haf. Our present Musters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, line largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose boome burns
With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The quession then (Lord Hastings) tending thus
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold vp head, without Northumberland:

Haf. With him we may.

L. Bar. In truthe, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My judgements, is, we should not step too farre
Till we had his Assisstance by the hand.

For in a True man to bloody face'd, as this,
Comitiate, Expectation, and Surmifie
Of Appear, uncertain should not be admitted,
As. Tin veru true Lord Bardoif, for indeed
It was young Hastings cause, at Shrewsburie.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who liv'd himselfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Suppyly,
Platttng his selfe with Proiect of a power,
Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Haf. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt,
To lay downe like-hoodys, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Inded the inmost adimn: cause on foot,
Lies fo in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see that peering buds, which to prove fruites,
Hope giuen not so much warrant, as Diffaire
That Frosts will bte them. When we meanto to build,
We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out weigthes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a new the Modell
In fewer effectes; Or at least, defect
To builde at all? Much more, in this great workes,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp? Should we surcey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Content upon apure Foundation:
Questions Surveyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Workes to vndergoe,
To weighe against his Opponter Or else,
We forthe in Paper, and in Figures,
Ving the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that draws the Modell of a house
Beyond his power to builde it; who(halfe through)
Giues ane, and leaves his part-created Cast
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And waits for cuthlis Winters sprynge.

Haf. Great that our hopes yet likely of faire byrth
Should be full-borne: and that we now possesse
The vsmost man of expectation:
I think we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?
Haf. To vs no more: may not so much Lord Bardoif,
For his dilusions (as the Times do bruit)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against Cindemper. Perforce a third
Mull take vp vs: So is the enemie King
In three diuided: and his Coffers found
With hollow Poutry and Emptineffe.

L. Bar. That he should draw his feuerall strenghts togethre
And come against us in full puissance
Need not be dreed.

Haf. The should do so,
He lesues his backe vnam'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Haf. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harris Munmouth.
But who is substituted against the French,
I have no certaine notice.

Arch. Let us on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is fikke of their owne Choice,
Their outre-greedie loue hath furtesed:
An habituation giddy, and enure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Did thou beaste heauen with blasing Balting brooks,
Before he was, what thou wou'd hast him be?
And being now straggled in thine owne desires,
Thou (bratily Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou prouoch't thy selfe to cast him vp.
Sofo, (thou common Dogge) didst thou disorge
Thy gluton-boseome of the Royall Richard,
And now thou wou'dst eat thy dead woun vp,
And howl to finde it. What truth is in these Times?
Thy, that when Richard liv'd, would have him dye,
Are now become enimour'd on his grace.
Thou that threw't dust upon thy goodly head
When through proud London he came haigng on,
After th' admired heales of Danishmen,
Crft now, O Earth, yield vs that King againe,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

And take this (O thoughts of men accurate) fell and to come, jenerate things against our King: Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on? Hail. We are thus in haste, and Time bids, be gone.

Adar Secundus, Secna Primia.

Enter Hales with two Officers, Fawcet, and Saved. Hales. M. Faw, have you entered the Action? Faw. It is entered.

Hales. What's your Yeoman? Is it a lewy yeoman? Will he stand to it? Faw. Nath, where's Savo?

Hales. 1, good M. Saved. Saved. Heere, heere.

Faw. Saved. We must Arrest Sir John Falstaff. Hales. I good M. Saved, I have entered him, and all.

It may chance odds come's way, then, will he stand? Hales. Alas the day, take heed of him: he fable me in might, and well, and that most heartily; he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foyle like any dunc, he will parte neither man, woman, nor child.

Faw. If I can cloe with him, I care not for his thrall. Hales. No, nor I neither. He be at your elbow.

Faw. If I butt him amuse, come or within my Vise.

Hales. I am done with his going: I warrant he is an infinitude thing upon my score. Good M. Saved, hold him (for good M. Saved) let him not fear, he comes continually to Py-Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a rattle, and he is inclined to slimer to the Lubber head in Lombard street, to M. Smoove, the Silkman I pray, since my Exon is enter'd, and my Cafe to openly known the world, let him be brought into his answer: A too: Made is a long one, for a poor lone woman to brave: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin fable:'d off, from this day to that day, that it is a blame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an Alfe and a Beast, to bereave every Knave wrong.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph. Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malines-Nose Bardolph with him. Do your Officers, do your Offices, M. Saved, & M. Saved, do me, do me, do your Offices.

Faw. How now! whole Madam's dead? what is the matter?

Faw. Sir John, I arrest you, at the suit of Miss, Quickly.

Faw. Away Varies, draw Bardolph: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Hales. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee there. With thou wilt throw harsly bravely rogue, Murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou honey-seed Rogue, thou art a honeyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.


Faw. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoo, hoo, Good my Lord be good to mee, I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. If. How now Sir John, What are you bruising here? Dost this become your place, your time, and business? You should have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang it upon him?

Hales. Oh my well worn pillow Lord, and please your Grace, I am a poor widdow of Easlehay, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. If. For what summe?

Hales. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is but all I have, he hath eaten me out of houte and hones. he hath pur all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some out at once, or I will ride thee to Nights, like the Mare.

Faw. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch. If. How comes this, Sir John? fy, what a man of good temper would endure this rempke of exclamation; Are you no shan't to in some course Widdowe do to rough a course, to come by her own?

Faw. What is the grasse summe that I owe thee?

Hales. Marry (if thou went't an honest man) why self, and the money too, Tar-dull swear to meet upon a paretell gift Golfer, sitting in my Dophia-chambres at the round table, by a sea side fire on Wednesday in Whitsun week, where the Princes kept the head for liking him to a houing man of Windsor. Thou didst swear to me then (as I was washing, the wound) to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Cant'st deny it? Did not good Demoiselles then the Bitches we come in, and alai goffe? Shall I comming in to borrow a mickle of Vinegar: telling vs, he had a good diet of Prawnes whereby: I shott before to eat sweete, whereby I told thee they were all fair a generis wound. And didst not thou (when the was done downe by a mickle) define me to be no more familiar with such pource people, living, that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst not kee me, and bid mee kisse thee now? I past thee now to thy book-ox, deny it thou canst?

Faw. My Lord, this is a poor mad issue, and the fayes vp, & downe the town, that her elder Lord is like you. She has but good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath distrai-

Ch. If. She does not.

Faw. To this my Lord, this is a poor mad issue, and the fayes vp, & downe the town, that her elder Lord is like you. She has but good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath distrai-

Ch. If. She does not.

Faw. To this my Lord, this is a poor mad issue, and the fayes vp, & downe the town, that her elder Lord is like you. She has but good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath distrai-

Ch. If. She does not.

Faw. To this my Lord, this is a poor mad issue, and the fayes vp, & downe the town, that her elder Lord is like you. She has but good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath distrai-

Ch. If. She does not.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. Gallopes, gallops, is the only drinking: and for thy valets a pretty light Draberry, or the Sense of the Prodigal, or the Germane hunting in Waterworks, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapiliteries. Let us be tenne bound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Where in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hes. Pitcher (Sir John) let it be but twenty Nobles, I leath to pawn my Plate, in good earnest.

Fal. Let it alone, He make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hes. Well, you shall have it although I pawn my Gowne. (Hope you come to Supper. You'll pay me altogether?)

Fal. Will I live! Go with her, with her: hooke-on.

Hes. Will you have Doll Trea (bears) meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Inf. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the newes? (my good Lord?)

Ch. Inf. Where lay the King last night?

Msf. At Basinghloe my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Inf. Come all his Forces backe?

Msf. No: Eight hundred Foot, for hundred Horse.

Argall's up to my Lord of Lancaster, against Northumberland, and the Archibald.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. Inf. You shall hear Letters of me presently. Come go along with me, good M. Gran.

Hes. My Lord.

Ch. Inf. What's the matter?

Fal. Mister Gran, shall I entreate you with me to dinner?

Gran. I must wash upon my good Lord heere.

I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Inf. Sir John, you losst heere too long being you are to take Soldier's vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Mister Gran? Ch. Inf. What toothfull Mister taught you these maners, Sir John?

Fal. Mister Gran, if they become me not, he was a Fool that taught them me. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord)'s tap for tap, and so faire and.

Ch. Inf. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Prince, Bardolph, and age.

Prin. Trustme, I am exceeding weary.

Pom. 'tis come to that I had thought weartines durft no longer attacking one of so high blood.

Fous. It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildly in me, to defer Mr. Beere?

Pom. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely fluided.

As to remember so weake a Composition.

Prin. Beileke then, my Appetite was not Princely good: (or too much) I do not remember the poore Creatures, Small Beere. But indeede there humle confederations make me out of love with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many pair of Silk stockings? haste (Vizze their, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones?) Or to beare the Incurriency of thy flirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for we. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebb of Linnen with thee, when thou keptst not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have not made a shift to eate wp thy Holland.

Pom. How it is follows, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talk to idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying to fickle, as yours?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Princes.?

Pom. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall be to amongst writers of no higher breeding than thee.

You. Go to: I find the pouch of your one thing, that you tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be told now my Father is &c: albeit I could tell thee (at one it pirates me for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be told, and had marvelled too.

Pom. Very hardly upon such a fablest.

Prin. Thou saist me to fare in the Dinet Bookes, as thou, and Falsfaffe, for obsidurance and persellence. Let the end thy the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is fickle and keeping fuch wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all atten- tion of sorrow.

Pom. The reason?

Prin. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Pom. I would think thee most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a bleffed Fellow, to think as every man thinkes: newer a man thought in the world, keeps the Ride-way better then thine every man would think of me an Hypocrizt in- deede. And what accurst thy most worthful thought to think so?

Pom. Why, because you haue beene so lrowed, and so much ingranted to Falsfaffe.

Prin. And so theere.

Pom. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne ears: the worth 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 conffeste I cannot help. Lookke, lookke, here comes Bardolph.

Prin. And the Boy that I gave Falsfaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fret villain have not trans- form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolph.

Rae. Sawe your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolph.

Pom. Come you permission Affe, you haughtfull Foole, must yee be blushing? When eere thoo yee are now? What a Madded Mon at Aines are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle pos Mirade-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattier, and I could descry no part of his face from the window.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

window: at last I spy’d his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petiscots, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you bason upright Rabbert, away.

Page. Away you rascally Aleheave, dreamer, away.

Prin. Intruder! Boy; what dreamer, Boy!

Page. Marry (my Lord), a Delhi dream’d, the was deliver’d of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Priest. A Crowne-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Page. That this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankeres: Well, there is far pence to preven there.

Bar. If you do not make him be hang’d among you, the gallows shall be wrong’d.

Prin. And how dusch the Master, Barleth?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Grace comming to Towne. This is a Letter for you.

Page. Delin’d with good respect: And how douch the Marlerslem, your Master?

Bar. In bodily health Sir.

Page. Marry, the immortal part needs a Physician: but that moves not him: though that bee sceler, it doth not.

Prin. I do allow this Wton to bee as familiar with mee, as my dogge; and he holds his place, for iske you he writes.

(Exit Letter. John Falstaffe Enter.)(Every man must know that, as of bee hath beth, so to name himselfe.

Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they never prick their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings blood spile. How comes that (says he) that takes upon him not to concernte: the answer is as ready as a borrower-
cap. I am the Kings-prore Cofin,Sir.

Prin. Nay, they will be kill to vs, but they will forch it from Sapport. But to the Letter: — Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Towne of the King, sercof his Father, Harry

prince of Warre, greeing.

Page. Why this is a Certificat.

Prin. Peace.

I will not Tại of the honourable Romanes in brentie.

Page. Sure be mesurs brentie in breath: short-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pontiz, for his mistisfe the Faunors so much, that he knows them are to marry his Sister Nell. Re-

pect at idle times as them Moffit, and ye. Sophorns.

Toome by you and me, which is as much as to say, as then visit him, I accate Falstaffe with my Familiers:

John with my Brothers and Sisters: Sir

John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will fleape this Letter in Sack, and make him ease it.

Page. That’s to make him sure twenty of his Words.

But whoe doth me neceth Nee! Muff I marry your Sister?

Dow. May the Wench have no worde Fortune. But I never saide to.

Page. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wife, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: is your Master home in London?

Bar. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where supps he? Dasth the old Sure, feede in the old Franken?

Bar. At the old place my Lord, in East-chespe.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephefthwhite, Lord, at the old Churche.

Prin. Supy any women with him?
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Marke, and Gisfe, Coppy, and Booke.
That fathion'd others. And him, O wondrous him,
O Miracle of Man! Him did you lease
(Second to none) vn-leased by you,
To looke uppon the hideose God of Warre,
In dis-advantage, to shote a field,
Where nothing but the found of Hastings Name
Did feeone defeate: for you left him.
Neuer, O neuer do his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precite 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 Hastings Necke)
Have talke of c: Mammals: Grace.

North. Behiew thy heart.
(Faire Daughter) you do draw my Spirts from me,
With new l meantimeing ancient Oust-fights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will fecke me in another place,
And finde me worse provided.

Eve. O Bye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the named Common,
Hau of their Puissance made a little tafe.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then joynce you with them, like a Libe of Steele,
To make strength stronger. East for all our horse,
Fitt let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was to sufferd: so came I Widow:
And neuer shall have length of Life enough,
To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowe, as high as Heauen,
For Recordeation to my Noble Husband.

North, Come, come, goe in with me'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, I will'p onto his heitght,
That makes a full-band, running neyth way,
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will refine for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craze my company.

Enter two Drawers.


2. Drawer. Thou say'th true: the Prince once set a Dish of Applejohns before him, and told him there were five more Sir John; and putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my lease of these fine drite, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heat: but hee hath forgot that.

1. Drawer. Why then course, and set them downes; and see if thou canst finde our Swelke Noble; Misfit Tyrant; wherewith hee shal have some Musique.

2. Drawer. Sh>cra, heere will be, Prince, and Master Point, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. Drawer. Then there will be old Vis.: it will be an excellent draftsm.

2. Drawer. Ife se if I can finde out Sneeke. ~Ext.

Enter Hooaff, and Dol.

Hooft. Sweet-heart, I thinke now you are in an excellent good temperatilie; your Pulidge bestes as extraordinary, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roie: But you have drinke to much Canaries, and that's a maruellous fetchinge Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Henm.
Hooft. Why that was well paid: A good heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur fell in Court. (empike the Jordan)
and was a worthy King: How now Misfit Dol? I
Hooft. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-footh.
Fal. So will she Seft: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

Dol. You muddie Rafeall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Rafeall, Misfit Dol.
Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Coke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Venure, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chayre, and our Jewels.

Fal. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Orches: For to brasse brasse, is to come brakings off: you know, to come off the Beache, with his Pikes brasse brasse, and to Surgeon brasse brasse; to ventour upon the chud-d Cubs, brasse brasse.

Hooft. Why this is the oyle fashio: you two never meete, but you fall to some discorde: you are both (in good rath) as Rheumatike as two dried Toftes, you cannot one beare with another Conveniencies. What the good-yeare? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Veffell; as they say, the empest Veffell.

Dol. Can a weake empike Veffell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venure, of Burden-Stuffe in him: you have not seene a Hulkie better Ruff in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee.

Jack. Thou are going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Pelled is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggaring Rafeall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in Englands.

Hooft. If hee swaggar, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbours, lie no Swaggers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very bell: that the doore, there comes no Swaggers here: I have not lid all this while, to have swaggar now: that the doore, I pray you.

Fal. Do't thou heare, Hooaff?

Hooft. Pray you pacificate your selfe (Sir John) there comes no Swaggers here.

Fal. Don't.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Falstaff. Do' you hear, sir? it is mine Ancient.

Hast. Tilly-sally! (Sir John) never tell me, your ancient Swaggert comes not in my dores. I was before Master Th'beck the Depute, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe than Wednesday last: Neighbour Buckly (fares here, Master Donath, our Minister, was by then.) Neighbour Buckly (fares here) receiue those that are Cuill: for (faith hie) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: (for faises hie) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Guells you recieve: Receiue (fares hie) no fowagerring Companions. There comes none here. You would biee le to hear what hee hie. No, hee no Swaggerters.

Falstaff. Hee's no Swaggerters (Holleffe.) same Chester, hie: you may brooke him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hie will not swaggere: with Barbara Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of rellinement. Call him up (Drauger.)

Hast. Chester, call you him? I will bare no honest man my house, nor no Chester: but I doe not loue (swaggere:) I am the worse when one fayres, swaggere: Feele Maffers, how I shakke: looke you, I warrant you.

Dor. So you doe, Holleffe.

Falstaff. Doe I? yes, in very truth doe I, if it were an Alpen Leafe; I should not abide Swaggerters.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Sau ye, sir, Sir John.

Falstaff. Welcome Ancient Pistol. Here (Pistol) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke do you discharge upon mine Hollaffe.

Pistol. I will discharge upon her (Sir John) with two Bullets.

Falstaff. She is Pistoll-profe (Sir) you shall hardly off-end her.

Hast. Come, Hee drinke no Prooofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (Mistris Dorothy) I will charge you.

Dor. Charge me? I know you (complaine Companie) what? you poore, base, rascal, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you moultie Roguery: away, I am meat for your Maffes.

Falstaff. I know you, Mistris Dorothy.

Dor. Away you Cicci-purie Raffall, you filthy Bug, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knive on your moultie Chappes, if you play the false Coute with me. Away you Botte-Ale Raffall, you Basket-Hite flale Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulde? much.

Falstaff. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Falstaff. No good Captaine Pistoll: not heere, sweete Captaine.

Dor. Captaine? thou abominable damn'd Chester, art thou not shamed to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trachon you out, for tak- ing their Names upon you, before you have eare'd them. You a Captaine? you fliee, for what? for reathing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bindy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee lurks upon moultie fowd'd-Prunns, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villains will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captains had neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falstaff. Heare thee bother, Mistris Del.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I could tare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Falstaff. Pray thee goe downe.

Dor. Hee leather dam'd frift: to Pint's dam'd Lake, to the Infernal Drinks, where Erebos and Torments vile also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: have weet not Here? here?

Falstaff. Good Captaine Pistoll be quiet, it is very late: I belewe you now, aggrauare your Choler.

Pist. Their be good Humors indeede. Shall Pach-Hories, and hollow-pampered Lades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cesar, and with Caniballs, and Trojan Greekes? no, rather damme them with King Corbouer, and let the Welkin roa: shall wee fall foule, of Teyes?

Falstaff. By my trothe Captaine, there are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Have weet not Here? here?

Falstaff. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here. What the good-yere, doe you think? I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feel, and be fat (my faire Calpina) Come, giue me some Sack, st'fortune me tormentes, in parte se con- tentes. Ieare we be broad-lades? No, let the Friend giuefire: Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lyee thioere: Come wee to full Points here, and are it eere's nothing?

Falstaff. I wil be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I like thy Neffe: what? wee have seen the feene Starres.

Falstaff. Thriv him downe flyeres, I cannot endure such a Fustian Raffall.

Falstaff. Thriv him downe flyeres? know wee not Gallowy Nages?

Falstaff. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a friend: great shilling: say, if hee doeth nothing but speak nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, you downe flyeres.

Pist. What? shall wee haue incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me steepe, abridge my dofe full days: why then let grievous, fastly, gaping Wounds, wrinwind the Sifters three: Come Artropet, I say.

Falstaff. Here's good flufhe toward.

Pist. Give me my Expet Boy.

Falstaff. I prethee let, I pritee does not draw.

Falstaff. Get you downe flyeres.

Falstaff. Heres a goodly tumult: Ile forteare keeping house, before Ile be in these tiritis, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dor. I prethee bet, the Raffall is gone: ah, you whorion little valiant Villaine, you.

Hast. Are you not hur st'Groyne? me thought hee made a thunder Thrust at your Belly.

Falstaff. Haue you tur'd him out of dores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raffall's drunken you have hurt him (Sir) in the shouder.

Falstaff. A Raffall to braue me.

Dor. Ah, you sweete little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou weet? I Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whoran Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worthiest of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthy: sh Villaine.

Fal. A rashly Slaue, I will tole the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dor. Do you think that I love you, if you don't, I cannot thee betweene a pair of Sheeters.

Enter Musicians.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Kneke, Dar. A rashly bragging Slaue; the Rogue fled from me like Quick-fluer.

Dor. And thou follow'dst him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholomew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou loose fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up those old Bodye for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Pages disguised.


Dor. Sirra, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good flanlaow young fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd Breved well.

Dor. They say Prince hath a good Wit.

Fal. He is a good Wit: hang him Bisboone, his Wit is as thick as Tewksbury Millard: there is no more content in him, then is in a Beefet.

Dor. Why doth the Prince lose him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a boyneffe: and hee playes at Quins well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Cordials end for Flap-dragons, and rules the wilde-Marre with the Boyes, and jumps upon Loyd's footee, and sweats with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth,like unto the Signe of the Legge: and breedes no bare with telling of difference flouses: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that gav a weeke Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admitt him: for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Habit-de-guer.

Prince. Would not this Nace of a Wheelle have his Eates out of fife?

Pou. Let us beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Lookke, if the willit Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Pigge.

Pou. Is it not strange, that Defire should so many yeeres out-late performance?

Fal. Kiff me Dar.

Prince. Saturne and Pansie this yeere in Comonion?

What says the Alesman to that?

Pou. And looke whether the ferrie Trigon, his Man, be not hipping to his Matters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Counsell-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost ild me fiftye ringinge Busses.

Dar. Nay truely, I kiff thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am eile, I am eile.

Dar. I love thee better, then I love thee with a suruee young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Slaue with thine haue a Kistle of? I shall receave Money on the morrowe: thus shall have a Cappe to morrow. A merzie Song, come: it grows late,

we will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Fal. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou sayst so: proue that ever I dreffe my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Pansie.

Pou. Pray, I am anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a Baffend Some of the Kings? And art not thou Pansie, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou tole Globle of finfull Continents, what a Life doth thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hil. Oh, the Lord preferre thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleste that twente Face of thine: what are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson and Compound of Maistelle: by that light Feith, and currupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Fal. Howdy you fast Foonle, I come you.

Pou. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your revenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the hear.

Prince. You whorson Candle-mye you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honnest, vertrue, and gentlemewman?

Hil. Blessing on your good heart, and so fete is by my tooth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Crad-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spake it on purpose, to trye my patience.

Fal. No, no: no: no: not so: I did not thinke, thou walt within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wifull abuе, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuе (Hil) on mine Honor, no abuе.

Prince. Not to displaire me, and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what

Fal. No abuе (Hil).

Pou. No abuе?

Fal. No abuе (Ned) in the World: honnest Ned none. I display'd him before the Wickeп, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thankes for it. No abuе (Hil) none (Ned) none; no Boys, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Corwsedie, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentleman, to cloe with set is free of the Wicked? Is thine Ho Steel heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honnest Bardelewh (whole Zeale burnis in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Pou. Anwere thou deat Job, anwere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickes downe Bardelewh irreconosble, and his Face is Lucifers Pryu-Kichin, where he doth nothing but roit Maut-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Drulli outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, there is in Hell straites, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Mon-ey: and whether thee bee damn'd for that, I know not:

Hil. No, I was not on you.

Fal. No.

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Enter Petr. Petr. How now? what news? Petr. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, and there are twenty weak and unquiet Poets, come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and once-tooke a dozen Captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Taurens, and asking every one for Sir John Falstaff. Petr. By Heaven (Petr.) I feele me much to blaine, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempell of Commination, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare vnarmed heads. Give me my Sword, and Cloakes:  
Falstaff, good night. Exit. Fal. Now comes in the sweettet Morcell of the night, and wee mutt hence, and leave it vnpeace. More knocking at the door? How now? what's the matter? Petr. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captains stay for doore for you. Falstaff the Moneylenders, Sirrha: farewell Hoftesse, farewell Dal. You fee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are fet, the vnderfeiter may sleepe, when the men of Action is call d. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poole, I will fee you againe, ere I goe. Dal. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to buffett-- Well (fweete Lady) have a care of thy selfe.  
Falstaff. Farewell, farewell.  
Heil. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee thente twenty nine yeeres, come Perciocond time: but an honeste, and truer-hearted man:-- Well, fare thee well.  
Falstaff. What's the matter?  
Bard. Bid missis Tress-foot come to my Master.  
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

My Cousin Bolingbroke ascendeth my Throne:
(Though then, he were known, I had no such intent,
But that necessity bow'd the State.
That (and Greatnefle were compelld to knift.)
The Time shall come (thes did bee follow it)
The Time will come, that foulfe State gathering head,
Shall break into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this fame 1imes Condition,
And the diuifion of our Amifie.

War. There is a Hicfory in all mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times decea'd:
The which obfervers, a man may prophefic
With a mere asye, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, in which their Sceedes
And weake beginnings ly entreatfed.
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueffe,
That great Northumberland, then faile to him,
Would of that Seed grow to a greater fallendfe,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnifee on you.

King. Are these things then Neecefties?
Then let vs mette them like Neecefties;
And that fame word, even nowe cryes out on vs,
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fitte thousand strong.
War. It cannot be (my Lord's)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of the feared. Pray is your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'r is that you already haue fent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very eafely,
To comfort you the more, I have recea'd
A certaine inffeat, that Glendam is dead,
Your Maiestie hath beene this nighte ill,
And these mifffon'd hauers perfforce mutt ende
Vnto you Sickneffe.

King. I will take your counfaile:
And were thee inward Warrens once out of hand,
Wec would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land,
Exempt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Science: with Mowbray, Shadow,
Wart, Feble, Ball, Gaffe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give mee your
Hand, Sir; give mee your Hand, Sir: an early firter, by
the Road, And how doth my good Cousin Science?
Sici. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shal.
Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
And your farewell Daughter, and mine, God-Daughter
Ellen?
Sic. Yes, also, a blake Orzell (Cousin Shalow.)
Shal. By yee, and may, Sir, I dare fay my Cousin William
is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford full, is hee not?
Sic. Indeede Sir, to my coft.

Shal. Hee maft then to the Times of Court shortly: I
was once of Commons Inte ; where (I thinke) they will
takke of mad Shalow yet.

Sir. You were call'd Justice Shalow then (Cousin.)
Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. I ther was I, and
little John Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barre,
and Francic Peck-Bone, and Will Sprit a Cot-fall-man, you
had not foure such Swinge-duckers, in all the Times
of Court againe: And I may fay to you, we were knew
where the Dama of [he] was, and had the beat of them all as
commandement. Then was Jacke Faffuffle (now Sir John)
a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mawbrary, Duke of Nor-
folke.

Sir. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither anon
about Soulers?
Shal. The fame Sir John, the very fame: I faw him
breake Seagron: Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
a Crack, not thus high: and the very fame day did I fight
with one Sampfon Stockfifh, a Frister, behind Greyces.
Ione. Oh the mad days that I have spentt! and to fee
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead.

Shal. Wew shal all follow (Cousin.)
Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure:
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
of Sullocks at Stamford Fayre?
Sir. Truly Cousin, I was not there.
Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Dumble of your Towne
living yet?

Sir. Dead, Sir.
Shal. Death! See, fee: hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine Shot. John of Gaunt loued him
well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? he
would haue clapt in the Clove at Twelve-score, and
carryed you a fore-hand skiat at fourteenche, and fourteen-
chee and a halle, that it would have done a mass heart
good to fee. How a score of Eues now?
Sici. Therafter as they be: a score of good Eues
may be worth tenne pounds.
Shal. And is old Dumble dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sir. Here come two of Sir John Falstaffs Men (as I
thinke.)
Shal. Goodmorrow, honest Gentlemen.
Bard. I bee feeth you, which is Justice Shalow?
Shal. I am Robert Shalow (Sir) a poore Estifte of this
Country, and one of the Kings Kliffes of the Peace:
What is your good pleafure with me?
Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
your Captaine, Sir John Falstaff: a tall Gentleman, and
a most gallant Leader.
Shal. Hee greets mee well: (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
may I take, how my Lady his Wife doth?
Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodate-
d, then with a White.
Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
too: Better accommodted? it is good, yea indeede is it:
good phrares are surely, and every where very com-
mandable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodate:
very good, a good Phrafe.
Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrafe
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrafe: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
wherby
whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very ill: Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your Worthies good hand: Trust me, you look well: and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shallow, Master Sure-card as I think.

Shal. No Sir John, it is my Cotin Silence: in Commissi

on with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befit you should be of the peace.

Sir. Your good Worthip is welcome. Fal. Eye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you prouided me here halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Many, you see we: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, befeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: fo, fo, fo, fo; yes, marry Sir. Roger Montague, they appear at me call: let them do so, let them do so: let me see, Where is Montague?

Mond. Heere, it pleaseth you.

Shal. What think you (Sir John) a good limb'd fellow young strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Montague?

Mond. Yes, it pleaseth you.

Shal. To the more time thou wast vs'd.

Shal. Hah, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moud-

die, lacke were very singular good. Well saiide Sir John, very well saide.

Fal. Prick me.

Mond. I was prick well enough before, if you could have let me space: my old Dame will be undone now, for one to dose her Husbandry, and her Drudgerie; you need not to have prick me, there are other men fitter to get out, then I.

Fal. Go come peace Montague, you shall goe. (Montague, it is time you were spent.

Mond. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, Fellow, peace; Hand aside: Know you where you are? For the other Sir John: Let me see: Simon Shallow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to sir under: he's like to be a cold founder.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shal. Here is Sir.

Shal. Shallow, whose sonne are thou?

Shal. My Mothlers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-

thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male it is often so indeed, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer: prick him: For we have a number of shadowes to fill the Mutter-Bookee.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here is Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Ye is.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him downe, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built up-

on his backe, and the whole frame stands upon a prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it; you can doe it I commend you well.

Francis Feste.

Feste. Heere sir,

Shal. What Trade art thou Feste?

Feste. A Womans Taylor sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had been a man Taylor he would have prick'd

you. Will thou make as many holes in an enemies Barr-
tale, as thou haft done in a Woman's petticoate?

Feste. I will doe my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayr Couragious Feste: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-

full Dowe, or most magnanious Mouse. Prick ease a-

woman Taylor well Master Shallow, deep Master Shal-

low?

Feste. I would wert might have gone far.

Fal. I would thou wert a man allso, then I might

mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot pertain to a private fouldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-

sands. Let that assise, shew Forcible Shallow.

Feste. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, remeber Feste. Who is

the next?

Shal. Peter Bartifeke of the Greene.

Fal. Yes marry, let vs remeber Feste.

Bile. Here is Sir.

Fal. Trust me unlikely Fellow. Come prick me Bal-

ficke till he be toare againe.

Bile. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Feste. What doth thou toare before that prick?

Bile. Oh sir, I am a disadvised man.

Feste. What disadvised man?

Bile. A whorion cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught

with Ringing in the Kings assystes, upon his Coronation day fir.

Fal. Come thou shall go to the Wars in a Gowne, we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is hereat all.

Shal. There is two more called then your number, if you must have but fourier here fir, and so lay you go in, with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner, I am glad to see you in good taste, Master Shallow.

Shal. O Sir Iohn, do you remember since we lay all

night in the Windermill, in S Georger Field.

Fal. None of that good Master Shallow: None more of that.

Shal. Had it was a merry night. And is some Night-

works alue?

Fal. She luters M Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwaies lay there could

not abide M Shallow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: these was then

Bona Roka. Dost the hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. Shallow.

Shal. Way, the must be old, the cannot offends but be...
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The scene of the play is not specified, but it is assumed to be set in London or other urban areas, as typical for the times. The dialogue is in the form of a play, featuring characters engaging in conversations and monologues, typical of Shakespearean drama.

For instance, in the speech from Act II, Scene II, the character Falstaff is depicted as a jovial, boastful, and humorous character, while the character Sir John Falstaff is portrayed as a more serious and serious-minded figure.

The play's themes include power, loyalty, and friendship, as well as the relationship between the king and his subjects. The dialogue is rich in poetic language and references to historical events, reflecting the cultural and social context of the time.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hail. We have sent forth already, Thib. '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 suffrance thus,
Here doth hee with his Person, with such Powers As might hold fortance with their Qualities; The which hee could not leaue: whereupon Here is resp'y'd, to stop his growing Fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hastie prayers, That your Attempts may over-live the hazard, And fearfull metting of their Opposite, Now. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground, And daft themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hail. Now? what news?

Mess. Well of this Forrest; scarcely off a mile, In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy: And by the ground they have, I judge their number: But, or none the race of thirty thousand. Now. The suit proportion that we gave them out. Let vs fly away, and face them in the field.

Enter Welfemeland.

Zab. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here? Now. I thinke it is my Lord of Welfemeland.

Wee. Health, and faire greeting from our General, The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster. Zab. Say on (my Lord of Welfemeland) in peace: What doth concern your comming? Wee. Then (my Lord) Vnto your Grace doe I in chief address The suffrance of my Speech: If that Rebellion Came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs, Led on by bloodie Touch, guarded with Rage, And commen'd by Bays, and Beggerie: I say'd dam'd Commotion to appeare, In his true, native, and most proper stature, You (Reuerend Father, and the Noble Lords) Had not beene here, to dreffe the oughey forme Of base, and bloodie Inurrection, With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop, Whose Sea is by a Credul Peace made, Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd, Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath touch'd, Whose white Inflammations figure Innocence, The Dour, and very blestfuf Spirit of Peace. Wherefore doe you so ill transtale your selfe, Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace, Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre? Turning your Books to Graves, your Inke to Blood, Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue dissuere To a loud Trumpet, and a Point of Warre. Zab. Wherefore doe I this to the Question stands, Briefely to this end: We are all dide, And with our furbearing, and wanton bowers, Have brought our feltes into a burning Feuer, And wee must bleed for it, of which Difeafe, Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd, But (my most Noble Lord of Welfemeland) I take not on me here as a Physician, Nor doe I an Enemy to Peace,

To oppose the Thronges of Multitude men: But rather those a while like fearfull Warr, To dyer ranke Muses, fike of happiness, And purge those Brothethons, which begin to flop Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly. I have in equall balance iustly weigh'd, What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And finde our Grieues heartier then our Offences. Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne, And are restored from our most quiet sitte, By the rough Torrent of Occasion, And have the summation of all our Grieues (When time shall sete) to flow in Articles; Which long ere this, wee offer to do the King, And might, by no Suit, gaze our Audience; When we were wrong'd, and would unfold our Grieues, We are deny'd access into his Person, Even by those men, that most haue done vs wrong. The dangers of the dyes but newly gone, Whose memory is written on the Earth With yeares appearing blood, and the examples Of every Minutes informacion (presence now) Hath put us in the most dissembling Arms: Not to brake Peace, or any Branch of it, But to establish here a Peace indeed, Concerning both in Name and Qualitie. Now. When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd? Wherein haue you beene galled by the King? What Peace hath beene submitty'd to grace on you, That you should requite this lawfull bloody Bookke Of so g'd Rebellion, with a Scale diuine? Bsk. My Brother general, the Common-wealth, I make my Queste, in particular. Wee. There is no peace of any such redeffete: Or if there were, it is not belonys to you. Age. Why not to him in part, and to vs all, That seele the brutes of the dyes before, And suffer the Condition of these Times To lay a heaue and vnquell Hand upon our Honors? Wee. O my good Lord, Members, Continue the Times to their Necedities, And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time, And not the King, that doth your injuries. Yet for your part, it not appears to one, Either from the King,or in the present Time, That you should have an yth of any ground To build a Grieue on: were you not reform'd To all the Duke of Norfolk's Seignories, Your Noble, and right well-remembre Fathers? Now. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loyts, That need to be resv'd, and breath'd in me? The King that lou'd him, as the State flood then, Was forc'd perseverse complaid to bannish him: And then the Henry Bellingbrook made his Porion, Being mounted, and both roamed in their Secrets, Their neighing Courtiers daring of the Spurre, Their armed Scaues in charge, their Beauties dwaine, Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele, And the loud Trumpet blowing them together: Then there, when there was nothing could haue styed My Father from the Breast of Bellingbrook: O,when the King did throw his Warden downe, (His owne Life hung upon the Staffe he there) Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues, That by Indomtment, and by dint of Sword, Hauing mis-carried under Bellingbrook.

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The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

If you speak (Lord Mayor) know you know not what. The Earl of Hereford was reputed then in England the most valiant Gentleman. When he knew, on whom Fortune would then have fixed? But if your Father had been alive there, he never had borne it out of Country. For all the Countrey, in a general voyage, cried base upon him: all their prayers, and love, were set on Hereford, whom they doted on. And blest, and glad, and did more then the King. But this is more digested from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely General, to know your Geliefs to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will give you Audience: and wherein It shall appear, that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them, every thing set off, That might so much as think you Enemies.

Now. But hee hath lord's to compel this Offer, And it proceedeth from Policy, not Love. Now. In case you over-woe to take it so: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear. For I. within a few our Army lies, Upon mine honor, all too confident To give admittance to a thought of fear. Our Battall is more full of Names then yours, And more laced in the Nace of Armes, Our Armes all is strong, our Cause the best: Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good, Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Now. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Papistry. Well. That argues but the shame of your offencers. A rotten Cafe abides no handling.

Hath. The Prince I know a full Commision, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand upon.

That is intende in the General Names: I must you make it a Flight: A Question. Then take (my Lord of Welford) this Schedule, For this contains our general Grievances: Each several Article herein reduc'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are instru'd to this Action, Acquainted by a true substantiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purpose confin'd. Were come within our lawfull Banks againe, And kne on our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

If this will I shew the General. Please you Lords, In both of our Battalres, wee may meete At either end in peace, which Henatio frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

Bcss. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Now. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Bess. You not, that if we can make our Peace Upon such large terme, and so absolute, As our Conditions shall confin vs, Our Peace shall stand as firm as Rockie Mountains.

Now. I but our valuation shall be such, That euerly flight, and false-derived Cause, Ye, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, take of this Admon: That were our Royall faith, Martyrs in Love, We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind, That euer our Consent shall seeme as light as Chaff, And good from bad finde no partition.

Lrt. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is weary Of daintie, and such picking Gricuances; For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Renewes two greater in the Houses of Life, And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane, And kepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Hif Horice his Jolfe, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot so prouiously weede this Land, As his mid-doubts present occasion: His foes are so enrooted with his friends, That plucking to vnite an Enemy, 

Hee doth unsalten so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an olde wife, That hath entagg'd him on, to offer strokes, A she in striking, holds his Infant vp, And hanges reforul'd Correcion in the Arme, That was spread to execution.

Hee, Besides, the King hath wafted all his Rods, On late Offenders, that hee now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chaitieemen: So that his power, like to a Fangle lie Lion May offer, but not hold, By this, This very true:

And therefore be affir'd (my good Lord Marsha! If we do now make our attonement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Now. Be it so: Here is return'd my Lord of Welfordland.

Enter Welfordland.

Wrt. The Prince is here at hand: he calls your Lordship To meet his Grace, in safety to embrace our Armies.

Now. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Bess. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Lobw.

Iohn. You are wel encountered here (my cofin Member)

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop, And so to you Lord Hiasby, and to all.

My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your flocke (attemled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reverence Your exposition on the holy Text, Then now to fee you heere an Iron man Chaseing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death: That man that fits within a Monarches heart, And rips in the Sunne-shine of his face, Would hee shite the Countrie of the King, Alack, what Mischiefes might bee set abroad, In shadow of such Grestnether With you, Lord Bishop, It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen? To vs. the Speaker in his Parliament; To vs, to imagine Voyce of Heauen is false, The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen And our dull working. O, who shall beleue, But you mis-vie the reuerence of your Place, Employ the Countrie, and Grace of Heauen, As a false favorit doth his Prince Name, In declatts ill-honorable? You have taken vp,
Enter Prince John and Wiltshireland.

**John**. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers, good Coulin Wiltshireland. Now faili'shi, where hast thou been all this while? When every thing is ended when you come. Thee tardre Tricks of your all (on my life) Doe one, or other, breake some Gallower back.

**Raff.** I would bee fotty (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Do you think mee a Swallow, an Arrow, nor a Bullet? have I, in my poore and old Motion, the expediency of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremity of posibilitie. I have fownded nine score and odd Poffes: and here (travell-tainted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir John Colambe of Site Dale, a most furious Knight, and valuous Enemy: But what of that? here few mee, and yeelded: that I may justly say with the bookes-nod fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and oure-came.

**John.** It was more of his Courtezie, then your defeuings.

**Raff.** I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I befreech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes decrees; or I swear, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine own Picture at the top of it. (Colambe killing my foot) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all your niefti two-placees to me; and in the clearest Skie of Fate, of free-shine you as much as the Full Monroe doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pennes-heads to bee) befor the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let defect mount.

**John.** Thine so beautie to mont.

**Raff.** Let is thine then.

**John.** Thine so thick to shine.

**Raff.** doe it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

**John.** Is thy Name Colambe?

**Col.** Its (my Lord.)

**John.** A famous Rebell art thou, Colambe.

**Raff.** And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

**Col.** I am (my Lord) but as my Betteers are, That led me hither: had they beene rule'd by me, You should have wonne them dracer then you have.

**Raff.** I know not how they fold themselues, but how thou kindle faine, gaunt thy felle away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

**John.** Have you left pursit?

**Raff.** Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

**John.** Send Colambe, with his Confederates, To Yorkes, to prepare Execution.

**Blast.** leade him hither, and see you guard him sure. 

**Raff.** And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords) I heare the King, my Father, is sore sick.

**Our News** shall goe before vs, to his Majestie, Which (Cousin) you shall brare, to comfort him: And wee with libertembre will follow you.

**Raff.** My Lord, I befreech you, give me leisure to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

**John.** Fare you well, filleffe: I'm in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you defere.

**Raff.** I would you had but the wit: were better then your Dakelhorne. Good faith, this name young for ber-blooded Boyd dush nor loue mee, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no matters, he drinks no Wine. There's neuer any of these damnre Boyes come to any proofes: for thine Drinke doth ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fift-Meats, that they fall into a kinde of Maie Greenes-tickling: and then, when they marry, they get Wenchers. They are generally Foolies, and Cowards; which some of vs should bee, but for infamag. 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 credulous Vapours, which enuys it: makes it apprehensive, quakes, forget- tiue, full of nimble, fierce, and destruable shapes; which delued'd o'the to the Voyage, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and feted) left the Livers winter, and pale; which will the Badge of Pudlinismus, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parrament: it illumineth the Face, which (as a Beare) guests wearing all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Armes; and then the Vital Commoners, and in-lawd petite Spiritus, murther me all to their Captaine, the Heads; when guess, and puff wp with his Restive, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that lets is a worke): and Learning, anseere Hooth of Gold, kept by a Demul, till Sack commences it, and sets it in ed, and site. Hence comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherit of his Father, bee hath, like leene, florcell, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and ty'dd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris,that bee is become very hot, and valiant. As, the fronte of the Master Robert Shales, Esquire: I have him already tempering betweene my finger and my thumbe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

**Exeunt.**

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**Scena Secunda.**

Enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloucester.

King Now Lords, it Happen doth give successefull end To this Debate that bleedes at our doores, We will our Youth lead to to higher Fields, And draw no Sword, but what are sanctifi'd. Our Naute is adressed, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in absence, well instrued, And great things eyes lentell to us with; Oneby weet a little personal Strength: And powfe vs, till these Reclaims, now a foot, Come underneath the yoke of Government. 

**John.** Both which we doubt not, but your Majestie Shall done enoy.

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King. How—
Kings, Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the
Prince, your Brother? 
Gis. I think he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Winds-
for.
KING. And how accompanied? 
Gis. I do not now (my Lord.) 
KING. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him? 
Gis. No (my good Lord) he is in presence here. 
Clar. What would my Lord, and Father? 
KING. Nothing but well to the, Thomas of Clarence. 
How chance thou art not with the Prince,thy Brother?
Hee loves thee, and thou dost neglect him(Thomaes.) 
Thou hast a better place in his Affection,
Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) 
And Noble Offices thou may effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Between his Grace, and thy other Brothers.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love,
Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
For he is gracious, if hee be observ'd:
Hee hath a Trace for Peace, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie: 
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd,he's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as sullen,
As Flawes panged in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well observed:
Shude him for faults, and doe it reverently,
When you perceive his blood enclin'd to wrath:
But being moderate, give him Line, and scope,
Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themselves with working. Leanne this Thomaes,
And shou'd his pride to the lea to your friend,
A Hoop of Gold, to bind th'other Brothers in,
That the entred Veil(f of these Blood
(Mingled with Venom of Suggestion, 
As force, perforce, the Age will power it in)
Shall never leakes, though it doe workes as strong
As Acumin or rash Gun-powder 
Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and love. 
KING. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Tho-
maes?)
Clar. Hee is not there to day: bee dines in Lon-
don.
KING. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?
Clar. With Foxes, and other his continuall fol-
lowers. 
KING. Maist Subiect is the fattest Syrie to Weedes: And
her (the Noble Image of my Youth) 
Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieue
Stretches it selfe beyond the hower of death.
The blood weepes from my harte, when I doe shape
(In formes imaginate) th'engaged Dayes,
And roten Times, that you shall looke upon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his headstrong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsellors,
When Meane, and lowe Manners meece together; 
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppose Decay?
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: 
The Prince but fludes his Companions,
Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
Tis needfull,that the most immundest word 
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayned,
Your Highness knowes,cometh to no farther vie,
But to be knowne, and hated. So like groose terms,
The Prince was in the selfepleste of time,
Call' off his followes: and their memorie
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure,live,
By which his Grace mutt meete the uses of others,
Turning pass-equall to advantages.
KING. Tis felowme, when the Bee doth leave her Combe
In the dead Carrot. 
End Wilmorland, 
Who's here? 
Wilmorland.
Wilmorland. 
Wif. Health to my Souersigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliver.
Prince John, your Sonne, dothiffin, your Graces Hand;
(Measure, the Ellipt,Yeare, Spring, Langage, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law,
There is now a Rebels Sword unheald,
But Peace purs further Olive every where:
The manner how this Action hath bee done,
Here (at more keyes) may your Highnesse tryste,
With every course, in his particular.
KING. O Wilmorland, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which enter in the branch of Winter fings
The lifting vp of day. 
End Evermore.
Looke, here's more newes.
Rene. From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Maiestie; 
And when they stand against you,they may fall,
As thafe that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a Great Power of Engilsh, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherif of Yorkeire overthrow:
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 sick? 
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her faire words full in foule Letters? 
Shoe euyth the guifes o' Stomack, and no Foodes,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Fest,
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
That haue abundance, and enioy it not.)
I should rescue now, at this such happy newes,
And now my Sight fyled, and my Breeze is giddie.
O me, come ree me, now I am much ill. 
Gis. Comfort your Maiestie, 
Clar. Oh, my Royall Father,
Wife. My Souersigne Lord, please vpon your selfe,looks
P. War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know,these Fists
Are with his Highnesse very ordiariag. 
Stand from him, guide him srye : 
Hee le straight be well. 
Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
Th'endlesse care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine is in,
So thanne,that Life looks through, and will breakes out.
Gis. The people feare me: for they doe obserue
Vnfather'd Heires, and inauthentic Births of Nature :
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found thom Months alreade, and leapt them over. 
Clar. The Rivers hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the olde folk (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did so, a little time before
That our great Grand-frie Edward sick'd, and dy'd, de.
War. Speak
Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (my brother) will be found.

P. Hen. How now? Rainie within doors, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Gas. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Gas. Has he'd much, upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be feckle with joy.

Here he recover without Physick.

War. Not be much noyce (my Lords).

Sweet Prince sake lowe.

Thus long your Father, his disp'nd to sleepe.

Clar. I am us'd to break the other Room.

War. Will please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No, I will mixt, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne ly there, upon his Pillow?

Being fast as Proude a Bed-fellow.

O polisht' Perturbation! Golden Care!

But that keep't the Ports of Slander open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so found, and haile to deeply (waste,

As he whose Bow (with homely Toggen bound)

Shores out the Wacht of Night. O Myfkie!

When thou dost pitch thy Shave, thou dost it

Like a rich Armor, worse in heart of day,

That shall not with suchie: by his Godes breath,

There lyt a dawney feather, which twere not;

Did shee myght, that light and weightliss dowime

Preserue much more. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe.

That from this Golden Rigol hath drudg'd

So many English King's. Thy due from me,

To thee, and beseide Sorrows of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loun, and fillall rendernee,

Shall (O dear Father) pay thee pleasantly,

My due from thee, in this Impartial Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Detract it felle to me. Lor, heere it fis,

Which Heaten shall gaurd:

And put the worlds whole drunght into one yant Arme,

It shall not force this Liniall Honor from me.

This, from thee, shall I more leve,

As its left to me.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Dost the King call?

war. What would your Maiestie? how fayres your Grace?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then get thee gone, and digge my grave thy selfe,
And set the merry Belong to thy care
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Texts, that should beéd my Heart,
Respects of Blame, to sanctifie thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust
One that, which gave thee life, into the Womb:
Lacke downe my Others, breake my Decrees;
Now a newe time is come, to mocke at Fortune.
Henry the first is Crowned. Up Vandy,
Downe Royall State: All you tage Counsellors, hence
And to the Fourth Court. Assemble now.
From every Region, Axes of Idlenesse,
Now neighbor-Content, pour thee of your Sacre:
Have you a Russian that will fowl deare drinks? 
Haste! Haste! Haste!
Reuel the night? Rob? Murder, and commit
The oldell times, the newell kinds of wars,
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England, hathable guild, his terrible smil.
Perished, still, from the face of Honor, Might,
Perished is Henry, from embd Licencie placeth
The murder ofe slayntants, and the widde Dogge
Shall fl. th'horror in every Innocents.
Only pourre Kingdome (sick), with cruel Blowes.
Where is my Care could not with-hold thy Ryde,
What will thou do, when Ryde is thy Care?
Or, how with heilen, Wiltmkre, grape.
Peopleed with Wolutes (thy old Inhabitants).
Peace. O pardon me (my Liege)
But firste Teares,
The most Impediments into my Speech,
I founde-hall did his decree, and deepe Rebuke
Say you (with griefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it to faire. There is your Crown.
And he that wearres the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I doe it more,
Them be your Honours, and be your Reverences,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my heart, true, and inward dureous Spirit
Teacheth this profite, and extraneous belling.
Heauen witnesse with me, when I hearce came in,
And found no couer of breath within your Majestie,
How cold it beokne my heart. If do faire,
O let me, in my present wildeness, dye,
And never see, to thine inexorable World,
The Noble chape that I have journed.
Commung to booke you, thinking you dead,
(And dea) almost (my Liege) to thank you were
I spake with the Crowne (all hearing Sinte)
And therewith I sted. The Care on thee depending,
Has hasted upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thus heft of Gold, set woth of Gold.
Other, lefe fine in Charrar, is more precius,
Preseruing life, in Medicee possible:
As thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renowned,
Half eate the Bearer up:
That (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
Tore it with (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murdered my Father).
The Quarrel of a true Inheretere,
But if it did infect my blood with Joy,
Or dwell my Thoughts, to any Straine of Pride,
If my Rebely, or name (fate of more,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the sight of it.

Let heaven, for ever, keep it from my head,
And make me, as the poorest Villaine
That doth with a wreath, and terror kneele at
King, O my Sonne
Heares put it on thy mouth, mental hence it,
That thou mayst incline the more, thy Fathers love
Pleasantly, quietly, and without of it.
Come hither Hurst, fit thou by my bedde,
And hearke (I mean, the very breft Cornell)
That ear I shal be (tho I pleased knowes, my Sonne)
By what, sup, sup, and inforced crook'd away
Love that sooner, and my life know well
Ho to obdome it take uppon my head.
To here, it shall defend with better Quiet
Better Opinion, better Confirmation
And so the chyle of the Ateheament goes.
Withme, into the Earth. It seend to me,
But as I honour march'd with bonny little band,
And I had no hanging, to upbrane
My gaine off, by their Affinations.
Which dayly grew to Quallen, and to blood-sheild,
Wounding opportun Praye.
All these bold besee.
Thoust each forth perill, I have answered
For all my revenge, hath beare base as a boone.
Aking that assent, and now my death
Changes the Moonede: For what in me was passable,
Falle, upon thee, in more Favour for.
So thou, the Gathard woul not l beseke any,
Yet, though thou shalt till more turne, then I could do,
These are not home enough, line greets we gresce.
And all thy Friends, wheresoever molt make thy Friends
Have but their fings, and teeth, newly taken out.
By whose fell working, I was first advanced,
And by whole power, I well might lodge a gale
To be againe dispard. Which to annoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade our many to the Holy Land;
Left left, and lyng still, might make them looka
Too neere vowe my State.
Therefore (my Harrie)
Be it thy course to make giddy Minde.
With Forrugge Quarters: that Action hence borne out
May wolate the meanest, and the finer days.
More world I, but my Langes are wasted to.
That strength of Speech is utterly dente noe.
How I came by the Crowne, O heesen forgive.
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace limb.
Proue. My gracious Liege.
You weree by my side, and you gat me.
Then plesse and right my cogition be
Which I, with more, thine with a Common paine,
Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster,
and Marmaduke.

King. Looke, looke,
Here enter my John of Lancaster:
John. Health, Peace, and Happineell,
To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bringest Thee, happy nees and Peace
(Sonne John):
But health (toables) with youthfull given is knowne,
From this bare, wished Tyme. Upon day light
My worldly busynesse makes a period.

Where
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Pray, my Lord of Warwick.

King. Doth any name particular belong

Unto the Lodge, where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Tenaloges, my noble Lord.

King. Laid be to heaven:

Even there my life must end.

It hath beene prophesied to me many yeares,

I should not dye, but in Tenaloges:

Which (sandy) I suppose'd the Holy Land.

But breake up to that Chamber, there lies ye:

In that Tenaloges, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Atus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shalloon, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Dauns.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

What Daun, I say:

Sil. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shalloon.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.

Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall save you: you shall not be excused.

Why Daun.

Bard. Heere sir,

Shal. Daun, Daun, Daun, let me see (Daun) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Daun. Merry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee forud: and againe sir, shall we serve the head-land with Where?

Shal. With red Wheate Daun. But for William Cooke: are there no yong Pigeons?

Daun. Yet Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shoeling,

And Ploughing Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Daun. Sir, a new lake to the Basket much needs bee had: And Sir, doe you mean to flappe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, as Hawky Fair?

Shal. He shall anwer it.

Some Pigeons Daun, a couple of short-legged Hennes: a couple of Murrin, and any pretty little the Kichhawes, tell us th' Cooke.

Daun. Dost the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

Shal. Yes Daun.

I will he him well. A Friend th' Court, is better then a penny in purse. 'Vr his men well Daun, for they are arrant Knaves, and will backe-bite.

Daun. No worse then they are bitten sir: For they have arrantfulle hollow linnen.

Shaloon. Well conceited Daun: about thy Buseynesse,

Daun. Daun. I befeech you sir,

To contentemt with Ufher of Worncot, against Clentment Pepper of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Daun, against that Ufher, that Ufher is an arrant Knave, on my knowl-

Daun. I grant your Worship, that he is a Knave Sir: But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knave should have some Countenance, as his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knave, I am sure you should not urge your Worthie's cause Sir, these night yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a Knave, against an honest man, I base but a very litle erudice with your Worthie. The Knave is mine honnet Friend Sir, therefore I desire your Worship, let him doe Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,

I say he shall have no wrong: Lookes about Daun.

Where are you Sir John? Come of, with your Boots.

Give me your hand M. Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome my tall Fellow: Come Sir John.

Falstaff. He follow you, good Master Robert Shaloon.

Bardolph. looke to our Horse.

If we were few do in Quantinates, I should make four dozen of such bearded Hermites fluces, as Master Shaloon. It is a wonderful thing to see the formidable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his Pate, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish luffe: Here, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a Justice-like Seruanning. Their spirits are arm'd in Consumation, with the participacion of Society, that they flocke together in content, like so many Wilde-Geese. If I had a quittance of Master Shaloon, I would honour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Master. In to his Men, I would currie with Master Shaloon, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ignorat Carriage is caugh't, as men take ditafer, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Compaigni. I will drue matter enough out of this Shaloon, to keepe Prince Harry in constant Laughter, the wearing out of five Follawns (which is four Tearmes) for two Ac-

Shal. Sir John, I am glad to see your Worship.

Let me see him laugh with Internalioun. It is much that a Lyce (with a flight Orath) and a Left (with a little brow) will doe, what a Fellow, that neether 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,

Falstaff. I come Master Shaloon, I come Master Shaloon.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Warwick. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whether away?

Chief. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well, his Cares Are now all ended.

Chief. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature, And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Chief. I would he his Majesty had told me with him, The better, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injustice.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and do ame my selfe

To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more indeuoirly upon me,
Then I have drawn it in my fantase,

Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Ginceller,

and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harrie:

O, that the young Harrie had the temper
Of him, the woor of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike fail, to Spirits of vilde foere?

Ch. Inf. Alas, I see, all will be over-turn'd.

Iohn. Goodmorow Cofin Warvick, good morrow.

Ch. Ia. Good morrow, Cofin.

Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talke.

Iohn. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

Ch. Ia. Peace be with vs, least we be necessarie.

Glo. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:

And I dare to see, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure you own.

Iohn. Though no man be affurd what grace to finde,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the terrier, would iwere otherwise.

Ch. Ia. Wel, you must now speake Sir John Paffham faire,

Which swimmers against your dreame of Quality.

Ch. Inf. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,

Led by th’Imperial Conduct of my Soule,
And never shal my fee, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-half’d Remission.

If Truth, and Right Innocency rule me,

Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead;

And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Here come the Prince,

Ch. Ia. Good morrow: and herein face your Maitelie

Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maietly,

Sits not so exquet on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you wise your Sadness with some Praise:

This is the English, not the Turkish Court:

Not Amurah, in Amurah succeeds,

But Harry, Harry: Yet be bad (good Brothers)

For to speake good comes the best:

Sorrow, so Royally you appears,

That I will deepely put the Fashion on,

And weare it in my heart. Why then be bad,

But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)

Then a joynt burthen, laid upon vs all.

For me, by Heauen (I bid you affurd)

Ile be your Father, and your Brother too.

Let me but bear your Loue, Ile bear your Cares;

But weep not that Harry’s dead, and I will.

But Harry liues, that shall convert those Tares

By numbers, into hours of Happinesse.

John. We hope no other from your Maietly,

Pray. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,

You are (I thinke) affurd, I love you not.

Ch. Inf. I am affurd (it be me fretfull rightly)

Your Maietly hast you suit caufe to hate me.

Do not forget of my great hopes forgot

So great indignities you laid upon me.

What? Race? Rebuke, and roughly send to Priest.

Th’immediate Heire of England! Was this ease?

May this be wate’d in Law, and forgotten?

Ch. Inf. I then did vie the Perfon of your Father:

The Image of his power, lay then in me,

And in th’administration of his Law,

While I was butte for the Commonwealth,

Your Highness pleased to forget my place,

The Maietly, and power of Law, and Justice,

The Image of the King, whom I preferred,

And fluooke me in your very State of Judgement.

Whereon (as an Offender to your Father),

I gave bold way to my Authority.

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,

To have a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught:

To plucke downe Justice from your stedfast Bench.

That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfon

Naymore, to fume at your most Royall Image,

And mocke your workings, in a Second body?

Question your Royall Thoughts, make the caufe yours:

Be now the Father, and prospice a Sonne:

Hear your owne dignity to much profan’d,

See your most dreadfull Lawes, so foolishly (lighted),

Behold your state, so by a Sonne disadmir’d.

And then imagine me, taking you part,

And in your power, loofe flicening your Sonne:

After this cold consideration, entertaine me;

And, as you are a King, speake in your State,

What I have done, that misbecame my places;

My perfon, or my Liege Soueraigne.

Pray. You are right justice, and you weigh this well:

Therefore will beare the Ballance, and the Sword:

And so I do with your Honors may entreat,

Till you do know, to fee a Sonne of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live, to speake my Fathers words:

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do Justice, on my proper Sonne;

And no lefe happy, having such a Sonne,

That would deliver up his Cremeline to,

Into the hands of Justice, You did commit me:

For which, I do cominer in your hand,

Th’enlaidned Sword that you have wd’t to beare)

With this Remembrance: That you vie the issue

With the like bold, and impartial spirit

As you have done with me, There is my hand,

You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:

My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine ear:

And I will brake, and humb’d: my instants,

To your well-practis’d, wife Direcotions.

And Princes all, believe me, I beleev you:

My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,

(For in his Tomb,) by my Affections

And with his Spirits, sadly I surmise,

To mocke the expectation of the World;

To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out

Rothen Opinion, who has inherite me downe

After my coming. The Tide of Blood in me,

Hast proudly flow in Vanity, till now.

Now doth it tern, and ebbe backe to the Sea,

Where it shall mingle with the rare of Floods,

And flowe hencethence in formall Maiesty.

Now call we our High Court of Parliament,

And let vs choose such Limbs of Noble Counsellors.

That
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Piteful.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Ashen wall, I cast a lacy paper Pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of Carraways, and so forth (Come Co- lin Silencer, shall we to bed?) - You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all.

Sir John: Merry, good eye. Spread Damy, spread Damy: Well said, Sainy.

Fal. This Dame serves you for good vices: he is your Servingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a very good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir John: I have drank too much Sack at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come Cohn.

Sif. Ah horn (quoth he) we shall do nothing but eate, and make good cheer; and prate heauen for the merrynye: when feth is cheape, and Females dorate, and luffie Lords come here, and there I do merily, and enter among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry hart, good M.Silencer. Ile give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M.Bardolph: some wine, Dame.

Da. Sweet Fire: Ile be with you anon: most sweete fire.

Mifer Page, good M.Page: Fire: Profuse: What you ware in messe, we'll have in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry. M. Bardolph, and my little Souldier there, be merry.

Sif. Be merry, be merry, my wife he's all.

For women are Slovewes, both (fart, and sill) 'Tis merrye in Hal, when Beards wagg ye all.

And welcome merry Shroustide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M.Silencer had bin a man of this Mattle.

Sif. Who I? I have beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Damy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. Damy.

Da. Your Worship: Ille be with you straight. A cup of Wine for,

Sif. A Cup of Wine, that's a briske and fine, & drinks into the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said. M. Silencer.

Sif. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. Silencer.

Shal. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honof Bardolph, welcome: If thou wert any thing, and wert not call, brought thy heart. Welcome my little tyne thief, and welcome indeed too: Ile drink to M.Bardolph, and to all the Caullerees about London.

Dam. I hope to see London, since I die.

Sir. I'll try for you there, Saimy.

Shal. You'll dracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. Bardolph?

Sir. Yet Sir, in a potelle pot.

Shal. I thank thee: the kaise will fliske by thee. I can flisse thee that. He will not out: he is true bred.

Sir. And ilke fliske by him, Sir.

Shal. Why there speaks Bardolph: nothing, be merry. Lookke, who's at doore there: who's who? Who's this? Fal Why now you have done me right.

Sir. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Saimy:

Fal. It's no Sif.

Sif. It's for Why then say an old man can do somwhat.

Dam. If I please your Westhippe, there's one Piteful come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter. Piteful.

How now Piteful?

Piteful. Sir John, 'tis you Sir.

Piteful. What winde blows you hither, Piteful?

Piteful. Not the ill. winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Retaine.

Sif. Indeed, I thinke by thee, but. Goodman Puffe of Basoon.

Piteful. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir John, I am thy Puffe, and thy Friend: heiter skete have I rode to thee, and rydings do I bring, and lucky ioyes, and golden Times, and happy Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.


Sif. I am not Affirica Knight, who is thy newes?

Let King Cohnke know the truth thereof.

Sif. And Robin-hood, Scarlett, and John.

Piteful. Shall dunghill Cartes confront the Hellicone?

And shall good newes be belif'd?

Then Piteful lay thy head in Fetties lappe,

Shal. Honest Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piteful. Why then Lament therefore.

Sif. Give me pardon, Sir.

If Sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to vist them, or to conceal me.

I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Piteful. Vnder which King?

Sif. Become, speak, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Piteful. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Piteful. A footr for theine Office.

Shal. John, thy tender Lambkins, now is King.

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.

When Piteful lyes, do this, and figge-me, like

The braggig Spaniard,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Pifl. As naile in doore.
The king I speake, is ill.
Fal. Away Bardolf, saddle my Horse;
Mater Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, tis thine; Piffl, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Kingdome for my Fortune,

Fal. Carrie Mater Silence to bed: Mater Shallow, my
Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boote, wee'll ride all night. Oh sweete Piffl!:
Away Bardolf! Come Piffl, vter more to mee: and
wheall deuise someting to do thy selfe good. Boote,
boote Mater Shallow, I know the young King is sick for
mee. Let vs take any mans Horse: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my commandment. Happis are they, which
have bene my Friends: and woe vnto my Lord Chief
Justice.
Pifl. Let Valutes vltre's frize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I lef, say they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant daies.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaff, Quickly, Del Tore-fierete,
and Badles.

Falstaff. No, thou arrant knave: I would Niglhy dy,
that I might hewe thee hang'd: Thou hast drawn my
flourure out of joynt.
Off. The Contables have delier'd her ouer to mee:
and they shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
her. There hath beene a man or two: lately kill'd about her.

Del. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lyer: Come on, Ile
tell thee what, thou damn'd Trupe-viag'd RascaL, if the
Childe I now go with, do mi carriage, thou hadst better
thou hadst brooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
ain.

Hoist. O that Sir John were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Frute
her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. Ifd do, you shall have dozens of Cuihians
againes, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you
both goe with me: for the man is dead, that you and
Piffl bear among you.

Del. Ile tell thee what, thou thinn man in a Censor: I
will have you as soulynd Mwng'd for this, thou blew-
Bottel's Rogue: you filthy familh'd Corrister, if you be
not Mwng'd, Ile flay your halds kirtles.

Of. Come, come, you ffree-Knights-arrant, come,

Hoist. O, that right should thus a reverse might: Wel
of interfere, comes cafe,

Del. Come you Refuge, come:

Bring me to a Justice.

Hoist. Yes, come you ffree Blood-hound,
Del. Goodman death, good man Banes.

Hoist. Thou Anatony, thou.

Del. Come you thinn Things:

Come you RascaL.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man, so turfed-tum'd, so old, and so panphon'd; but being awake, I do despise my dreams. Make lefe thy body (bene) and more thy Grace, Leave gourmandizing; know the Grace doth gape for thee, three waker then for other men. Reply not to me, with a fool's-born left, Prithee not, that I am the thing I was. For heaven doth know (in shall the world perceive) That I have turn'd away my former self, So will I chose that kept me Company: Then thou dost hate me, as I have bin, Approach me, and then thou hast what's The tuner and the sheerd of my Riots: Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death, As I have done the rest of my Misleaders, Not to come weere our Pelion, by ten mile. For competence of life, I will allow you, That Icke of meane enforcke you not to cuiill: And as we beare you do reforme your tribes, We will according to your strength and qualities, Cause you advancements. Be it your charge (my Lord) To keep in ward the tenure of our word. Set on. Exit King.

Shal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Fal. I shal. Sir John, which I beleeech you to let me have home with me.

Shal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow, do not you grudge at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look ye, he must frame thus to the world: fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, wliether you should give me your Doubles, and trouble me out with sorrow. I beleeech you, good Sir John, let me have but hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be so good as my word. This that you heard, was but an author.

Shal. A colour! I scarce, that you will dye, as Sir John.

Fal. Farewell no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant Shallow, come wardens, I shall be sent for to dinner at night.

Ch. left. Go carry Sir John Falsaffe to the Fleece, Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. left. I cannot now speake, I will hear you soone: Take them away.

Piff. Sir, some me tormentes, for me contente.

Exit. Moret, Lancaster, and Chief Justice.

John. Take this faire proceeding of the Kings: He hath intent his wounded followers.

Shall all be very well prouided for:

But all are bought, till their confessions

Appeare more wise, and modell to the world.

Ch. left. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament.

My Lord.

Ch. left. He hath.

John. I will lay odds, that ere this yeere expire,

We loose our Cudell swords, and Nature fire.

As faire as France, I hear a Bird so singing,

Whose Mufick (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

FINIS.

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EPLOGVE.

FIRST, my Lady: then, my Cursive: last, my Speech. My Text, is your Disquieture: My Cursive, my Dutie: And my speech, to begging your Pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you unde me: For what I have to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prove mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and fo to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeed) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unlucky home, I brake; and you, my gentle Editors lofe. Here I promis you, I would be, and here 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 entreat you to acquit me: will you command me to use my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemens do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never seene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Mrate, 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) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat, unlefe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinion: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legges are too, I will bid you good night; and fo kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

RICHARD the Pretender.
King Henry the Fourth.
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Edward the Fifth.
Humphry of Gloucester. Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.
Thomas of Clarence.
Northumberland.
The Arch Bishopp of Yorke.
Mosteley.
Hastings.
Leer Bardolph.
Trauers.
Morton.
Couttie.
Warwicke.
Wiltshire.
Surrey.
Gower.
Harccourt.
Land Chief Justice.
Shallow. 1 Both Country.
Science. 1 Justices.
Dawe, Servant to Shallow.
Gragg and Saare, 2 Serenants.
Moodle.
Shallow.
Wart. 1 Country Soldiers
Feeble.
Bulcalfe.

Opposites against King Edward the Fourth.

Pointz.
Falstaff.
Bardolph.
Irregular
Pistol.
Humphry.
Peto.
Page.

Drawers
Bealdes.
Grooms

Northumberland's Wife.
Perceis Widow.
Hostess Quickly.
Doll Tear-heeete.
Epilogue.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

On your imagining forces works.
Suppose within the Circlae of those Walls;
A new confess'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high exalted, and admiring faces,
The proud imperial Ocean parts abonder.
Verse out our impossibilities with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make magnificence surpass.

Thus when we tell of Heaven, that you see them,
Printing these proud Heroes with reverencing Earths:
For to your thoughts that man must deck our Kings,
Cost there hire and there: Jumpring are Times;
Training the accomplishment of many years
Into an Honore glass: for this which supple,
A lust me Chorus, to the Historia;
His Premonse-life, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play.

Actus Primus. Scene Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Lyt.

Bish. Cant. Y Lord, let all you that did the Bill be wrig'd,
Which in the thirteenth yeare o' the Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed aga yeap'st.
But that the timbling and quir't time
Did put it out of father question.

Bish. Ely. But how now Lord shall we restit it now?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: is it safe against vs,
We looke the better halfe of our Poffession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men descute
By Testament haue given to the Church,
Woul'd they slipr from vs: being valud thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:

And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent Saint Souls, paue corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Ceppers of the King beforde,
A thousand pounds by theyeare. Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drue ke deepere.

Bish. Cant. Two would drinke the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what prevention?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The course of his youth promis'd is not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildeife, monstr'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yes, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'oofending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
Time guide and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Never was such a fowards Scholler made;
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady courage scouring faults:
Nor never Hidra-headed Wilfulnesse.
So Soone did loose his Seat: and all at once.
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Heare him but resole in Duntiei;
And all admiring with an inward with
You would desire the King were made a Prefet:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affairs.
You would say, he hath been all in all his body;
Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall hear
A peacefull Battell rendred you in madique.

Tune

Ch. r—l. i. 44

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The Life of Henry the First.

Enter two Priors.

B.Pri, 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 suitly and religiously unfold
Why the Law Salle, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayeone;
And God forbid, my deare and faithful Lord,
That you should fashion, weft, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Títuloes, whole right
Sure not in nature colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite vs to,
Therefore take heed how you impeaswe our Perfon,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For never two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whole guillifelt drops
Are every one, a Woae a fore Complaint,
'Grant him, whole wrongs gues edge unto the Swords,
That makes such waffe in brittle mortallitie.
Under this Constitution, speake my Lord;
For we will hearse, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conference waltt,
As pure as dansie with Baptisme.

B.Pri. Then hear me gracious Sovereign, & ye Peers,
That owe you felacious, your lictors, and justices;
To this imperial Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highmell Claime to France,
But this with they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicem ad sem successum,
No Woman shall succeed in Salyke Land;
Which Salyke Land, the French most fully plore
To be the Realm of France, and Pharamond,
The founder of this Law, and male Barre,
Yet they are vainly wittfully affirme,
That the Land Salyke is in Germanie,
Betweene the bounds of Sald and of Elene;
Whereas the Great having subdued the Saxons,
There life bond and settled certaine French
Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dailihole manners of their life,
Esstablish that this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be_indexer in Salyke Land:
Which Salyke (as I fand) twist Elite and Sald,
Is at this day in Germanie, called Merfen.
Then doth it well appeare, the Salyke Law
Was not desised for the Realm of France:,
Nor did the French posseff the Salyke Land,
Vntill fourt and hundred one and twenty yeeres
After definition of King Pharamond,
Jully support'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeare of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twenty fixe: and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feate the French
Beyond the Ruer Sala, in the yeare
Eight hundred five. Befdeir, their Writers say,
King Pepin, which depeoted Childebes,
Did as Heere General, being defended
Of Bithibald, which was Daughter to King Clouher,
Male's Claime and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capel allio, who viuirps the Crowne.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, folc Herre male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some shows of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and taught,
Comming himselfe as thence to be the Lady Lovers,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Liver the Emperour, and Liver the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: also King Liver the Tenth,
Who was folc Herre to the Vispere Capere,
Could not be quere in this conscience,
Weareing the Crawre of France, full ladistyle,
That fame Queene Isabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ernagoure,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was retumed to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers sole,
King Reuer Title, and Hugh Capere Claymore,
King Liver his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the femele:
So doe the Kings of France unto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold upp this Salique Law,
To barre your Hugh from coming to the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then ampy to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vispire from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Edw. Cant. The fame upon my head, drower Souraine:
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,
When the men dye, let the inheritance
Defend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne; unwound your bloody Plagge,
Looke back into your mighte Ancestor:
Go me your dread Lord, to your great Grandfite Tombe,
From whom your clayne; smake your Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince,
Whose the French ground playd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France;
Whiles her most mighte Father on a Hill
Stood in a Chace, his bowe and arrowes with
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe there Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe blamely laughe by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
Edw. Cant. Awake remembrance of your waint dead,
And with your puissant Armes renew their Feats;
You are then Heaue, your top upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my threate-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterpises.

Exe. Your Brother Kinges and Monarchs of the Earth
Do not allcxapt, that you should rowye your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood,

(Right). They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Hightenole: never King of England
Had Nobles rister, and more for his wealths,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And yse pauillon in the fields of France.

(Right). Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In yde where better of the Spighte
Will rayse your Hightenole such a mightie Smoone,
A neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not only armes inuade the French,
But laye downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade upon us,
With all advantages.

(Right. Cant. They of thofte Marcher,gracious Soureign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our is-land from the pillering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting flanchers onely,
But meane the tame ammendment of the Scot,
Who hath beene full a gudly neighbour to vs;
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neues went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his unswrftkit Kingdome,
Come poynting like the Tye de into a breach,
With ample and bann subisht of his force,
Calling the gleaned Land with hotlye Syllars,
Grindinge with gracious handes, Castelles and Townes
That England being empte of defence,
Hath booke and trembled at all neighbourthhood.

(Right). She hath bin the more fear of the harme,my Liege:
For heare her but exaply by her felle,
When all her Chalzine hath beene in France,
And the mourning Widow of her Nobles,
She hath her fell not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom fhee did tend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prouerse Kings,
And make his Chronicle as rich with prystore,
As is the Owle and butime of the Sea.
With shakens Wrick, and fano-lesse Treasures.

(Right. Ely. But there is a sighing very old and true,
If that you will France war, them with Scotland first beginn.
For once the Eagle (England) being in pray,
To ther wrougeth Neith, the Westall (Scot)
Comes foarkick and doe lackes her Principly Egges,
Playing the Moule in ableness of the Cat,
To tame and hauock more then the canceate.

Exe. It followes ther, the Cat must stay at home.
Yet that is but a crucifled necessity,
Since we have lockes to upward necessaries,
And prerty traps tocatch the petty theesus.
While that the Armed land doth fight abroad,
The aduent head defends itselfe at home;
For Government, it ougthhigh, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one content,
Contraeting as a fool and natural clorfe,
Like Mustick.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven diuide
The flate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeour in continual motions:
To which is fixt as an ayce or butt.
Obedience; lor to worke the Honey Bees,
Cretures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a people Kingdome.
They have a King, and Officers of force,
Where for ne like Magistrates Receipt at home:
Others, like Merchants vender Trade abroad.
Others, like Soilders armed in their fings,
Make boote upon the Summers Veluer budds.
Which pillage, they with merry masch bring home:
To the Tent-royal of their Emperors:
Who buched in hit Malesties surveyes
The fine Spoyles wherein building reeds of Gold,
The civil Cutzzen kendering up the honey;
The poore Mechanick Porters, crowding in
Their heay buskenth at his narrow gate:

The
The Life of Henry the Fift.

The lad-y'd suffice with his fury knowne, Delineing o're to Executors pale The laste yawning Drone! I this inferre, That many things having full reference To one content, may worke contrariously, As many Arrows looked several ways Come to one market; as many ways meet in one towne, As many fresh streams meet in one feate so; As many Lyes close in the Dials center: So may a thousand actions once a foot, And in one purpose, and be all well borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege, Diside your happy England into four, Whereof, take you one quarter into France, And you withall shall make all Gallia shake. If we with thrice such powers left at home, Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge, Let vs be worrid, and our Nation lofe The name of hardihood and policie. Doeg. Gall in the Messengers feet from the Dolphin.

Now are we well refolud, and by Gods helpe And yours, the noble firways of our power, France being ours, we lend it to our Awe, Or break it all to peeces. O there weel I sit (Ruling in ours and ample Empirie, Our France, and then (almost) openly Dukuoned) Or lye these bones in an unworthy Vine, Tombellite, with no remembrance over th.: Either our History shall with full mouth Speake freely of our Acts, or elles our grace Like Turkish mure, shall haue a tonguefe (outh mouth, Not worship with a wrazen Epigraph. Enter Ambassadors of France. Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we hear, Your greeting is from him, not from the King. Amb. May I please your Majestie to give us leave Frely to render what we have in charge; Or shall we sparingly showe you faire off The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassadors. King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King, Vnlo in whose grace our paissance is as subiect As is our wretches fettered in our prisons, Therefore with franke and with recompes plaintiffe, Tell vs the Dolphins minde. Amb. Thus than in few: Your Highness lately ending into France, Did cliame some certaine Dukedomes, into the right Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third. In answer of which cliame, the Prince our Mater Sayes, that you shou'd confer much of your youth, And bids you be advisd: There's nought in France, That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne: You cannot reuill into Dukedomes there. He therefore lends you meeter for your spirit This Tun of Treasure, and in lieu of this, Defy you the dukedomes that you cliame Hate no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks. King. What Treasure vndoe? Exe. Tennis baules, my Lige. King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs, His Prefent, and your paines we thank you for. When we have matche our Racketes to thet Baules, We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set, Shall diuide 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 understand him well, How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes, Not measuring what vs we made of them. We never valew'd this poor lease of England, And therefore liuing hence, did give our selfe To barabous licence: At this our common, That men are merrie, when they are from home. But tell the Dolphin, I will keep my State, Be like a King, and shew my fayle of Greanefe, When I do rowe me in my Throne of France, For that I have layd by my Maistrie, And plodded like a man for working dayes: But I will rise there with fo full a glory, That I will daume all the eyes of France, Yes strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on us, And tell the pleasient Prince, this Mocke of his Hath turn'd his bailes to Gun-stones, and his foule Shall flond face charged, for the wallifull vengeance That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands, Mocke mothers from their fones, mock Callsis downe; And some are yet vngerottten and vnborne, That shall haue caue to curse the Dolpnes leinne. But this lye all within the will 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 well-hallow'd caufe, So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin, His left will loustic but of shallow wit, Whose baules were more then did laugh at it. Convey them with late condui. Fare you well. Exe. Enter Ambassadors. Exe. This was a mercy Meiflage. King. We hope to make the Sender blift at it: Therefore, my Louis, omet no happy howers, That may gue turl'd trance to our Expedition: For we have now no thought in vs but France, Same thole to God, that came before our buifiefe. Therefore let our proportions for thele Warres Be loome collecte, and all things thought, That may with reasonable wifiefe aide More Pactiviers to our Winges: for God before, We'e chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore. Therefore let every man now take his thought, That this faire Action may on foot be brought. Exe. Enter Ch outlaw. Now all the Youth of England are on fire, And seek next Faultie in the Wardrobe lyes: Now thrust the Armerers, and Honors thought Reignes soley in the breath of every man. They fell the Pature now, to buy the Horie; Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings, With winged breels, as English Marvent, For now fis Expedition in the Ayre, And hides a Sword, from Hills vmo the Pointe, With Crownes Imperial, Crownes and Coronaets, Promiss'd to Harry, and his followers. The French advis'd by good intelligence Of this most dreadfull preparation, Shake in their fear, and wuth pate Pollicy Seek se diuer the English purposes. O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnese, Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What:
The Life of Henry the Fift.

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural:
But fee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neft of hollow boomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scrope of Middleham, and the third
Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Hate for the God of France (O guilt indeed)
Confir'd Conspiracy with tearfull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treson hold their promises,
Fire he take slip for France; and in Southampton,
Lingers your patience on, and we'll driveth
This noble distance; force a play:
The summer is passe, the Tractors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Now transportted (Gentle) to Southampton;
There is the Play, howse now, there must you fly,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To give you gentile peace: for it we may,
Wee not offend one homacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vino Southampton do we buff on Scene.

Enter Corporall Nyms, and Lieutenant Gardolfe.
Bar. Well met Corporall Nyms.
Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Gardolfe.
Bar. What, see Ancient Piffell and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when
Time shall fume, there shall be smyles, but that shall be as
It may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out
My yeare: it is a simple one, but what though? it will
Toffe Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
Word will: and there's an end.
Bar. I will be on't, I'll break it to make you friends,
And wee'll be all three wonne brothers to France: Let's
be go good Corporall Nyms.
Nym. Faith, I will huse so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot hace any longer, I will doe
As I may: That is my reft, that is the enuion of it.
Bar. It is to Corporall, that he is maryed to
Neill Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
Were too right-pleth to her.
Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
may flepe, and they may have their threats about them
at that time, and last, try, knives hane edges: It must
be as it may, though patience be a tyrde name, yet thee
will piddle, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
tell.

Enter Piffell, & Quickly.
Bar. Here comes Ancient Piffell and his wife: good
Corporall be patient here. How now name Hostle Pif-
fell?
Piff. Baie Tyke, call'thou mee Hostle, now by this
Hand I swear I corne the termes: nor shalle my Neil keep
Logdgers.
Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and
board a dozen or fourteen Gentlemen that hate
honestely by the pricke of their Needles, but it will be
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welladay
Lady, ifhe be not hewne now, we shall see willful adul-
tery and murder committed.
Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offering nothing here.

Piff. Piff for thee, Island dogge: thou prickead and cut
off of Island.

Host. Good Corporall Nyms thou thy valor, and put
up your sword.

Nym. Will you sheue off? I would have you folus.
Piff. Solus, egregious doge? O Viper vile: The solus
in thy mouth mensural face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throte, and in thy hatefull Lunges, yea, in thy Maw
perdy, and which is worse, within thy fastle mouth.
I do recrt the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and
Pissell cocke is vp, and flushing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barborous, you cannot coniere me: I have
an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
grow fowe with me Pissell, I will scoure you with my
Ripier, as I may, in fayre termes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good termes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.
Piff. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Crowe deathe, and during deathe is neere,
Therefore exhale.
Bar. Here heare, heare me what I say: Hee that striketh
the first brooke, Ile run him vp to the hils, as I am a sol-
dier.
Piff. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abase.
Guse me thy fift, thy fore-foote to me guse: Thy spiriters
are most tall.
Nym. I will cut thy throte one time or other in faire
termes, that is the humor of it.
Pissell. Comly a gentle, that is the word, I deflemee a
paine. O bound o' Grety, thik thou my spoule to get.
No, to the spoule use, and from the Pouding sub[jec-
]ny, fortht the Lazer, Kite of Cressfode, kine, Doll
Teres-flote, fire by name, and her epouffe. Ie have, and
I will hold the Quanum Quickly for the onely file and
Pacace, there's enouh to go.

Enter the Bar.

Bar. Mine Hostle Piffell, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hostlesi he is very fike, & would to bed.
Good Bardae, put thy face betweene his sheeles, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith,he's very ill.

Bar. Away you Rogne.

Host. By my troth he'll yield the Crow a puding one
of the dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Hul-
band come home presently.

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friend. Wee must
to France together:why the devil should we keep knipes
to cut one anothers throats?
Piff. Let floods on's well, and friends for food bowle
on.

Nym. You play me the eight shilling I won of you
at Bethering.
Piff. Bale is the Slave that payses,
Nym. That now I will hauethat's the humor of it.
Piff. As manhhood that compound with home. Drew
Bard. By this worder, hee that makes the first thrusts,
Hee kill him: By this worder, I woul.
Piss. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course
Bar. Corporall Nyms, & theu will be friends be friends,
and thou wolt not, why then be enemies with me to pre-
thee put vp.
Piff. A Noble thul thou haue, and pretend pay, and
Liquor likewife will I gue to thee, and friendhipshe
shall combine, and brotherhood. Hee lyte by Nymsse,
& Nymse shall lyte me, by is not this stuff? For I shall Sut-
ler be unto that Campe, and profits will accrue. Give me
thy hand.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Act I, Scene 1

Enter Exeter, Bed ford, & Westminster.

Bed. Pore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors Exe. They shall be egle, headed by Ex. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dili and cold with gracious favours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so fell

Enter the King. Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

Gray. Now fis the wind tare, and we will aboard. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Malmesbury, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts: Thynke you not that the powres we here with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the day, For we have ine head assembled them.

Sway. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfedowed We carp not a hearth with vs from hence, That grows not in a face content with ours: Nor least not one behale, that dare not with Succeede and Conspire to adorn on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and loud, Then is your Majestie; there is not I think a subject That fires in hearts grelee and victuall

Vnder the sweet shade of your government, Have fpeed their galls in foly, and do fete you With hearts create of dute, and of zele.

King. We therefore have great caufe of thankfullnes, And shall forruse the office of our hand Sooner than quickeure of defect and metz, According to the weights and wortheesse. Sway. So furely shall with fleeted fwieves tyle, And labour fiall retrefh it fille with hope To do your Grace immeurate fervices.

King. We judge no lesse. Vnder of Exeter, Inlargo the man committedyffiday, That raydily against our perfon: We conder It was excellent of Wane that fel him on, And on his more aduice, We paterthon him. Sway. That's mercy, but too much treaure: Let him be punishd of soueraine, but example Bred (by his fufferance) frome of such a kind. King. Let vs yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. Grey. Sir, you fhew great mercy, if you give him life, After the tale of much correction.

King. Also, your too much love and care of me, Are heayy Orions' gainst this poore wretch; If little faultes proceeding on diftemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how fhall we ftrech our eye When capital crimes, chow'd, fwallowed, and digeret, Appeare before vs? We'll yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their deere care And tender prefervation of our perfon Wold have him punish'd. And now to our French caufes, Who are the late Condemneres?

Cam. I love my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me ask for ito day. Sway. So did you me my Liece. Grey. And I my Royall Soueraine.

King. Then Richard Duke of Cambridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroop of Malmesbury, and Sir Knight: Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours: Receipt, and know I know your worthisnes.

My Lord of Westminster, and Vnkle Exeter, We will abrode to night, Why how now Gentlemen? What fets in these fheely papers, that you looke So much perplexion? Look ye how they change: I hear cheeces are paper. Why, what reade you there, That have to cowarded and chace your blood Out of apparease.

Cam. I do confede my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy, Grey. Sway. To which we all appease. King. The mercy that was quick in vs but late, By your owne countaine is fupport and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to take of mercy, For your owne reafons turne into your bonomes, As doge upon their masters, wyring you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peres, Their highflsh monfiers: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You know how apt our house was, to accord To furnish with all appurtenances Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hafe for a few fhow Crownes, lightly confound And fware into the prouides of France To kill vs heere in Haifon, To the which, This Knight not leffe for bounty bound to vs Then Cambridge is, hath like wise fowmene, But O! What fhall I fay to thee Lord Scroop, thou curi, Ingratulate, tame, and to his name Creace? Thou that fli all beare the key of all my countaines, That know'd the very bottome of my cave, That (almoft) might have coued it to God, Would thou have practi'd on me, for thy vie; May I be pafeable, that foreigne yter! Could I out of thee extra? one parte of cull That might annoy my finger? To lo ftrange, That thought the truth of it flonds off as groffe As blacke and white, my eye will leafeely fee it. Teafon, and mutter, ever kept together, As two yokee duels fowme to ecyther pursues, Working to groffely in an natural caufe, That admiration did not hoope at them, But thou (gainst all proportion) doft bring in Wondre to waste on teafon, and on mutter: And whatsoever cunning bend it was

That wroght I vpon thee I perpeterously, Hath the voyce in hel for excellence.

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You patience to induce, and true Repentance
Of all your dear offenses. Bear them hence, 
Exit.
Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as yâl, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treacon,lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Robbe is smooched on our way.
Thenforth, deare Countrymen: Let vs deliver
Our Pauissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cherely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.
Flourish.
Enter Puff. Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and H courteous.
H courteous. Puffe thy honey sweet Husband,let me bring thew to Staines.
Bard. Would I were with them, where othermee hee is, evidently in Heaven in Hell.
H courteous. Nay lieke, hee is not in Hell: here he is in Arbours Bofolome of tuer man went to Arbours Bofolome: a made a finer end, and went away, and it had bene any Christome Child: a parted eun in suft betweene I wille and One, eun at the turning oth Tyde: for after I saw himumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and amuse upon his fin- gers end, I knew there was but one way, for his Name was as sharpes as a Pen, and Table of grene fields. How now Sir John (youth f?) what man? be a good cheare: fo a croyed 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: so a bad me say more Cloathes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any flone: then I felt to his knees, and fo vp-peer'd, and upward, and all was as cold as any flone.
Nym. They say he croyed out of Sack.
H courteous. I that a did.
Bard. Aid of Women.
H courteous. Nay, that a did not.
Boy. Yet a that a did, and said they were Deules incar- nate.
Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co.
House he neuer lik'd.
Boy. A faid once, the Deule would have him about Women.
H courteous. A did in some fort(inded) handle Women: but then hee was sumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.
Boy. Do ye not remember a saw a Flea fickie upon
Bardolph Nolfe, and a faid it was a blacke Soul burning in Hell.
Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fere:
that's all the Riches I got in his heritoure.
Nym. Shall wee flogge? the King will be gone from Southampton.
Puff. Come,let's away. My Loue, give me thy Lippes:
Look ye to my Chawells, and my Moseables: Let Sences rule: The world is Pitch and pay: trufl none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fall is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Cane
t był Counsellor. Goce, cleare thy Chrysalles. Yoke-
folowers in Ames, let vs to France, like Heres-
The Life of Henry the Fift.

leaches my Boys, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to fucke.

But. And that's but vnowholefame food, they say.  

Put. Touch her /ot mouth, and march.  

Read. Farewell Hulfeffe.

Nam. I cannot Kike, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Put. Let Hulfeffe apparte: keeps close, I thee command.  

Hulfeffe. Farewell: adieu.  

Enter, France.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Duke of Berry and Britain.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us, 
And more then carefully it vs concerns, 
To answer Royally in our defences. 
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britain, 
Of Brabant and of Orleanc, shall make forth, 
And you Prince Doppyn, with all swift dispatch 
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Ware, 
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: 
For England his approaches makes as fierce, 
As Waters to the fucking of a Guile. 
It fits vs then to be as prouind, 
As seare may teach vs, of late examples 
Left by the faltal and neglected English, 
Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redbounded Father, 
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foot: 
For Peace is felfe should not to dule a Kingdom, 
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) 
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, 
Should be maintayn'd, and called for, 
As were a Warr in expectation. 
Therefore I say, its meet we all go forth, 
To view the fiek and feeble parts of France: 
And let vs do it with no shew of fere. 
No, with no more; then if we heard that England 
Were furnish'd with a Whition Morris dance: 
For, my good Liege, thse is to solely King'd, 
Her Scepter so phantastical borne, 
By a vaine gudie shallow homous Youth, 
That fere attends her not.

Camil. Of peace, Prince Dolphin, 
You are too much mistaken in this King: 
Queftion your Grace the late Embassadors, 
With what great State he heard their Embassadors, 
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, 
How modell'd in excception; and withall, 
How ourselues in constant revolution: 
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, 
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brains, 
Covering Diferenc with a Coar of Folly; 
As Garderens doe with Ordeare holese Roots 
That shall fift spring, and be moft delicat. 
Dolphin. Well, it's not so, my Lord High Constable. 
But though we think the least is no matter; 
In cases of defence, its best to weigh 
The Emeere more mightie then he feemes, 
So the proportion of defence are filld: 
Which of a weake andiggardly protection, 
Doch he be may-poyse his Coar, with feaining 
A little Cloth.

King. Thinks we King Harry strong: 
And Princes, looke you strongely arme to meet him. 
The Kinded of him hath beene fleete upon vs: 
And he is bred out of that bloodie fraine, 
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: 
Winnifhe our too much memorabe fhamse, 
When Creffy fentall falsly was fleete, 
And all our Princes captivity by the hand 
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales: 
While his Mountain Sire, on Mountain fanding 
Up in the Ayre, crownd with the Golden Sunne, 
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and told it to feame 
Manshine Works of Nature, and daftence 
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers 
Had twentie yeres beene made. This is a Stem 
Of that Vicitious Stock: and let us fear 
The Nature mightineffe and face of him.

Enter a Embassadors.

Lef. Embassadors from Harry King of England, 
Doe crave admittance to your Maiestie.

King. We clewe them preteuent audience, 
God, and bring them, 
You see this Chafe is hotly followd, friends. 
Dolphin. Tume head, and stop pursuer coward Dogs, 
Moft spend their mouthes, what they seem to threaten. 
Runs fatre before them. Good my Soueraigne 
Take up the English shor, and let them know 
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: 
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not to vile a sinne, 
As felse-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England? 
Lef. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: 
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, 
That you destroy your telle and lay apart, 
The best Offices, that by gift of Heaven, 
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, belongs 
To him and to his Heere, namely the Crowne, 
And all wide-stretcht Honor, that pertayne 
By Cultute, and the Ordinance of Times, 
Vato the Crowne of France, that you may know: 
I am a full part to a-ward, and Layme, 
Pickt from the woe-holes of long, vanaish'd days, 
Nor from the duft of old Obstion rakt, 
He sends you this most memorabe Lyne, 
In many Branch truly demonstrat: 
Willing you more look high this Pedigree: 
And when you find him euyly denud 
From his most famd, of famous Ancelort, 
Edward the third, he bids you then renigne 
Your Crowne and Kingdom, immediately held 
From him, the Nature and true Challanger. 
King. Of it, what follows? 
Lef. Bloodly confirmant: for if you hide the Crowne 
Fuen in your hearts, there will he rake it for.
Therefore in fience Temple is he comming, 
In Thundier and in Earth-quake, like a Jaws: 
That if requiring tale, he will complie, 
And bids you, in the Bowells of the Lord, 
Delive the Crowne, and to take mercy 
On the poore Soulers, for whom this hungry Warre 
Opens his vaffie Jawes: and on your head 
Turning the Widowers Tears, the Orphans Cryes, 
The dead-men Blood, the priaye Maidens Groane, 
For Husbands, Fathers, and broken Lovers, 
That shall be swallowed in this Controverie, 
This is his Layme, his Threatening, and my Messeage: 
Voleffe the Dolphin be in presence here; 
To whom expressly I bring greeting to,
The Life of Henry the First.

King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrowshall you beare our full intent Back to our Brother of England. Deput. For the Dolphin, I stand here for him: what to him from England? Eve. Scorne and defiance, slight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not misbecome The mighty Sender, doth he price you at. Thus layes my King; and if your Fathers Highness Do not, in gr unst of all demands at large, Sween the bitter Mock you sent his Majestie; Heele call ye to to host an Answer of it, That Cares and Wombie Vantages of France Shall chide your Trepas, and return your Mock In second Accent of his Ordinance, Deput. Say: if my Father render faire return, It is against my will: for I desire Nothing but Odes with England, To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie, I did pretend him with the Pans-Bills. Eve. He let make your Paris Lover flake for it, Were at the Mistreffe Court of mightie Europe; And be affir d, you'll find a difference, As we his Subjects have in wonder found, Between the promise of his greater dayes, And the he masters now: now he weigthes Time Even to the vonn Graine: that he shall reside In your owne Lofies, if he flay in France, King. To morrow shall you know my mind at full.  

A Tius Secundus.

Flaunby. Enter Cbarma. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes, In motion of no leafe celeritate then that of Thought. Suppose, that you have leasure, The well-appointed King at Dover Peer, Embasse his Royalty: and his braue Fleet, With silken Streamer, the young Peacock tajnyng; Play with your Fantas: and in them behold, Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing; Hearse the thrill Whistle, which deth order give, To founds confused: behold the thunder Sayles, Borne with thininvisibly and creeping Wind, Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea, Breffing the loifie Surge. O, do but thynke You stand vpon the Ruage, and behold A Cittie an th' inconstaunt, Billows dauncing: For so appeares this Fleet Maistrical, Holding due courte to Harleau. Follow, follow: Grapple your minds to lenterage of this Nanier, And leave your England as dead Mid-night, till, Guarded with Guards, Babyes, and old Women, Eyther past, or nor arreted to yth and painesse: For who is he, whose Chin is but eniche

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow These cull'd and choyle-drawne Couslers to France? Wroke, you re your Thought, and therein lies a Siege: Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages, With small mouths gaping on gyrded Harleau. Supposeth Embassador from the French cometh back: Tellis Henry, That the King doth offer him Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Downie, Some petit and unprofitable Dukedumes. The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner With Lynbock now the dullest Cannon touches, Alarum, and Chambers goe off. And downe goes all before them. Still be kind, And ech out our performance with your mind. Ext.

Enter the King, Exeters, Bedford, and Gloucester. Alarum: Sealing Ladders at Harleau.

King. Once more unto the Breach, Deare friends, once more: Or close the Wall wp with our English dead: In Peace, there's nothing to become a man, As modell filthine, and humilitie; But when the blast of Warre blowes in our ears, Then imitate the action of the Tygers: Sullen the foures, commont vpon the blood, Difguise faire Nature with hard foier'd Rage: Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect: Let it pry through the portage of the Head, Like the Bratle Commons: let the Brow overthine it, As fearfully, as doth a galled Rocke. O're-hang and intry his confounded Eafe, Swall'd we the wild and wallfull Ocean, Now let the Teeth, and fcth the Nofhbell wide, Hold hard the Breach, and bend wp every Spirit To his full height, On, on, you Noblishe Englishe, Whole blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-protfe: Fathers, that like so many Alexander, Have in these parts from Morne till Even fought, And thres'th'd their Swords, for lack of argument. Difhonour not your Mothers: now arret, That those whom you call'd Fathers, did hirg you. Be Cappy now to one of grlobber blood, And teach them how to Warre, And you good Yeomen, Whole Lynns were made in England; now vs here The mettle of your Pasture: let vs fweare, That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not: For there is none of you so meane and base, That hath not Noble lafter in your eyes. I fee you stand like Grei-bounds in the flips, Staying upon the Start. The Game's afoot: Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge, Cry, God for Henry, England, and S.George. Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pijff, and Boy. Bard. On, on, on, to the breach, to the breach. Nym. 'Pray thee Copporall fay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Cale of Limes: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plainsong of it. Pijff. The plainsong is most iuft: for humors doe a-bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortal fame. Boy. I would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and efpecial

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PREF. And 1: If wishing would preuise with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As doyle, but not as truly, as Bird doth fing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogges; assauent you Cullions.

PREF. Be metefull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy madly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage; we lesse sweet Chuck.

New. Thefe be good humors; your Honor wins bad humors.

Boy. As young as I am, I have eberud thefe three Swafteths: I am Boy to them all three, but all three, though they would lease me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a man: for Bar. sph, he is white-luter'd, and red, fac'd; by the means whereof, a face it out, but fights not: for Piffel, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiter Sword; by the means whereof, a breakes Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for New, he hath heard, that men of few Words are the belt men, and therefore he comes to say his Prayers, left he should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matches with as few Good Deeds: for a newer broke any mans Head but his own, and that was against a Poft, when he was drunk. They will flite any thing, and call it Pursuche. Endauphe folo Eute-cafe, bore it twelve Leagues, and fold it for three halfepeace. New and Bardeph are twowe Brothres in Blushing: and in Callicette they flote a fire-floutel. I knew by that piece of Seruice, the men would carry Cools. They would have me as familis with mens Pocktes, as their Clouses or their Hand-ketchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from another Pockey, to put into mine; for it is plain poockecting up of Wrong. I must leaue them, and seeke some better /Stere: their Villy goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must call it vp.

Exit.

Enter Gener.

Gener. Captaine Fluellen,you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tppl you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the discipines of the Warrre he conuinceth of is not sufficien : for looke you, th other, you may difcuelle who the Duke, looke you, is digt himselle foure yard under the Countermines: by Chefe, I think I shall lowe up all, if there is not better direcions.

Gener. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yshath.

Welch. It is Captaine Mackmorres, is it not?

Gener. I thynke it be.

Welch. By chefe he is an Aife, as in the Wold, I will verifie as much in his Beard; he ha' no more direcions in the true discipines of the Warse, looke you, of the Roman discipines, then is a Puppie-dog.

Enter Mackmorres, and Captaine Lamy.

Welch. Here come a, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Lamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine Lamy is a maruellous fflorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expediency and knowledge in the succencate Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his discipines; by Chefe he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the Wold, in the discipines of the Prifine Warse of the Romans.

Scr. I say goodday, Captaine Flanden.

Welch. Godden to your Worschip; good Captaine Lamy.

Gener. How now Captaine Mackmorres, have you quited the Mynes e haue the Pioners gien不起?

Irel. By Chrieff Law tiff ill done: the Woxke fiff gave out, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Souls, the Woxke tiff ill done: it ifh gife out: I would have blew up the Towne, fo Chrieff save me law, in an houre. Oftiffe done, tiff ill done: by my Hand tiff ill done.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorres, I brefcheck you now, will you vouesake me, looke you, a few dispuitation with you, as partly touching or concerning the discipines of the Warrre the Roman Warse, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication; partly to laude my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind as touching the direction of the Militarie discipine, that is the Point.

Scr. It fall be very good, god salthe, and Captaines bath, and I will quist you with guilt leus, as I may pak occasion: that fall I may.

Irel. It is no time to discouer, so Chrieff fufe me: the day is hot, and the Wether, and the Warse, and the King, and the Duke it is no time to discouer, the Towne is beleefe it: and the Trumpet call to the breach, and we talke, and be Chrieff do nothing, us flame too. So, fo God Iaine us flante to hand this, it is shame be my hand: and there is no threat to be cut, and Woxkes to be done, and there nothing done, fo Chrieff take tiff Law.

Scr. By the Mes, er thes eyes of mine take them selfs to Funder, ayle de gud seruice, or he lieget his grand fortay, or goto deether: der he is manifestly as I may, that fall I leare do, that I leare ful and the long way, I wad full time heard tone quist on tawn you sway.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorres, I think, looke vou, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.


Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorres, peradventure I shall think you do not vise me with that affable me, as in discretion you ought to vise me, looke you, be a good man as you serfe, both in the discipines of Warse, and in the deiction of my Earthe, and in other particularities.

Irel. I do not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrieff fuse me, I will cut off your Head.

Gener. Gentlemen both, you will mitake each other.

Scr. A, that's a fweet fault.

A Parsey.

Gener. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorres, when there is more better opportunity to be required, looke you, I will be bold as to tell you, I know the discipines of Warse: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Train before the Cast.

King. How yet resolves the Governour of the Towne? This is the last Parle we will admet:
Therefore to our best mercy give your soleus, or like to men proud of destruction. Deifie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souther, a Name that in my thoughts becomes me best; If I begin the battle once again, I will not leave the half-assorted Harleuw, Tell on her alies she lye buried. The Gates of Merci shall be full of that vp, and the field's Smaller, rough and hard of heart, In LIBERTY of bloody hand all slutt range With Constable wise as Hell, mingling like Grave Your swift faire Virgin, and your flowering Infants, What is it then to my utmost Warre, Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends, Doe with his furye complexion all fell, Fainlyck to wall and dissolution? What is not to come, when your Parises are castle, if your pure Maydens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing Violence? What feigne can hold hennesious Wickedneffe, When downe the Hill he holds but firee Carretwe? We may as bootfully spend our vaile Command Upon those enraged Souldiers in their spoyle, As send Precepts to the Liensabon, to come alofte. Therefore, you men of Harleuw, Take putty of your Towne and of your People, Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command, Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace Oye-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds Of headly Marther,Spoyle, and Villany. If not: why a moment look to see The blind and bloody Souther, with fonde hand Deire the Looks of your thirsting Daughters: Your Fathers taken by the finer Beards, And their mouth reuicing Heads dash to the Walls: You maked Infants spitted upon Pikes, Whiles the mad Mothers, with their browes confus'd, Die behind the Countys, and the Whores of Jewry, At her not bloody-huntting Daughters-men. What by you? Will you yeeld, and this ayowd? Or guilty in defence, be thus destroyd.'

Enter Gouverneur.

Gouverneur. One expectation hath this day an end The Djolphin, whose of Success we entered, Returnes vs that his Powers are yet not ready, To rule the great Seige: Therefore great Kings, We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy sole Mercy: Enter our Gates, dispote of vs and ours, For we no longer are deitible.

KING. Open your Gates: Come Vincle Exeter, Grie you and enter Harleuw; there remaine, And terrifie it strongly gaine the French: Vice mercy to them all for vs, desire Vincle. The Winter comming on, and Sickneffe growing Upon our Souldiers, we will retire to Calis. Tonight in Harleuw will we be your Guest, Tomorrow for the March we are addresse, Stearly, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine, and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathie. Alice, ou矜te en Angletre, & en bien parlé le Loguage.

Alice. En voz Madame.

Kathie. Le terez en engagere, il faut que ie apprende a parler: Comment apprécie on le mani en Angletre?

Alice. Le mani on & apppellé de Hand.
To buy a frivolous and a dastard Farme
In that nooke-shotton lie of Albion.

Conf. "Dine de Bedside, where have they this mettell?"
I doubt their Clymacyr foggy, raw, and dull.
On whom, as in delight, the Sonne looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can fodder Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iades, their Basly broth,
Decodt their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, paintet with Wine,
Some Brothe? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like rooping yzckles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whilst a more frethe People

Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poor we call them in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Masters mock us, and plainly say,
Our Mettrel is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the Luff of English Youth,
To new-store France with English Warriors.
Conf. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach Lutis't high, and With Cornatte's,
Saying, our Grace is only on our Heels,
And that we are most mote Run-aways.

King. Where is Montjoy the Herald-speeded him hence,
Let him great England with our sharpie defiance.

Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honour edged,
More Despoer then your Swords, high to the field:
Challsdophrel, High Comtable of France,
You Dukels of Orleans, Barb'k,and of Berry,
A Alainf, Gram, Bar, and Eureonge,
Jaques Chastillon, Ramnure, Vrooman,
Bommont, Grand Pre, Rouff, and Eauclidebridge,
Luy, Lefroit, Bounmplete, and Charletay,
High Dukels, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings:
For your great Sears, now quit you of great themes:
Barre Harry England, that I weepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harle:
Ruth on his Houst, as doth the mleted Snow
Upon the Valleys, whose low Vassil Sext,
The Alps doe best, and void his threatowe upon
Goe downe upon him,you have Power enough,
And in a Captuere Chariet, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Conf. This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Soldiers rich, and familt in their March:
For I am sure, when he flighted our Army,
Hee'd drop his heart into the sink of Hate,
And for achuetement, efer vs his Ranfome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Ranfome he will give.
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan.
Dolphin. Not so, I doe breve yser Maiestye.

King. Be pacient, for you well remaine with vs.
Now fast Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall.

Enter Captains, Englis, and Welch, Gover, and Pensan.

Gover. How now Captaine Fidel, come you from the Bridge?

Flm. Affirure you there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.

Gover. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flm, The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga

morous, and a man that I love and honour with my foule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my lie, and my living,
and my vertue most power. He is not,God be praified and blessed,
any hurs in the World, but keeps the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an au-
chient Lieutenant there at the Bridge, I think in my very
concieunce bee he as valiant a man as Mark Antony,
and he is a man of no effimation in the World, but I did fee
him doe as gallant seruice.

Gover. What does he call you?

Flm. Hee is call'd amuchent Pijfalls.

Gover. I know him not.

Flm. Here is the man.

Flm. Captaine, I thee beseche to doe me favours the
Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flm. I, I praye God, and I hace meitred some love at
his hands.

Pijf. Bardolph, a Soultier signe and found of heart,
and of bussome value, hath by cuell Fate, and gidge
Fortunes furious flickle Whreelys, that Goddeflue blind,
that flands upon the rolling relletfe Stone.

Pijf. In our assurance, amuchent Pijfalls: Fortune is
painted blind, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to figure
unto you, that Fortune is blinde; and thee is painted also
with a Whelle, to figure unto you, which is the Moral of
it, that thee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilites,
and variations; and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a
Spherscall Stone, which rotes, and rotes, and rotes,
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-
on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pijf, Fortune is Bardolph for, and frownes on him:
for he hath flothe a Pans, and haraged muffe a be: a damned
deaths: let Gallows gappe for Dogge, let man goo fere,
and not let Hempe his Wind-pipe latoicate: but Fortune
hath given the doome of death, for Pans of little price.
Therefore goe ycape, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not Bardolph vitall thrird thee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vai repouss Her Captaine for his
Life, and I will thee require.

Flm. Amuchent Pijfalls, I doe partly understand your
meaning.

Pijf. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flm. Certilinly Amuchent, it is not a thing to reioyce at
for if youe weere my Brother, I would deliver
the Duke to wie his good plesure, and put him to execu-
tion, for discipline ought to be wined.

Pijf. Die, and be stam, and die for thine friendship.

Flm. It is well.

Pijf. The Epige of Spaine.

Flm. Very good.

Gover. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cat-purse.

Flm. He affure you, a viftted as prauce words at the
Bridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he's hekke to me, that is well I wasten you,
when time is ferre.

Gover. Why'tis a Guilla, Poole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Wares, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, under the forme of a Soultier: and such
 fellows are profitt in the Great Commanders Nanes,
and they will leame you by rote where Seruices were done;
at such and such a Scence, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
vey: who came off bravely, who was flout, who dif-
graced, what termes the Enemy fought on: and this they
come perfectly in the phrase of Ware; which they tricke
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King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mens. muc.

King. Thou dost thy office surely, Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him more,
But could be willing to march on to Calicke,
Without impeachments: for to say the truth,
Though 'tis no wildsome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with ficklinece much enfeebled,
My numbers leffent: and that few I have,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, upon one sayre of English Legges
Did march three Franchmen. Yet forgive me God,
That I do bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell my Master, hearc I am;
My Ransome, is this fraye and worthleffe Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard.
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and fach another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour.
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe,
If we may peace, we will: if we be hander,
We shall your tawege ground with your red blood
Difcoulour: and to Answer, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Bastarde as we are,
Nor as we are, we sasy we will not finn it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver for: Thanks to your Highness.

Glouc. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We arein Gods hand, Brother, noth in their.
March to the Bredge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the River we'll encamp our forces,
And on to morrow but then march away.

Enter the Confidants of France, the Lord Rambois,
Orlance, Delpe, with others.

Conf. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orlance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horfe hauie his due.

Conf. It is the best Horfe of Europe.

Orlance. Will it never be morning?

Delph. My Lord, This is the Lord High Confible, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orlance. You are as well prouid of both, as any Prince in the World.

Delph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horfe with any that treads but on foure poultrys:
ch ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his enemys were hauers: In Chenu valetus, the Pegatius, cheu tais navies de fen: When I bestrayde him, I fear, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth singes, when he toucheth: the baffe hornes of his hooves, is more Muscalle then the Pipe of Hermus:

Orlance. Hee's for the colour of the Narnger.

Delph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for Perform: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water outer appeares in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounted him: hee is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.

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Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horfe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrays, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Hamage.

Orlance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riding of the Lake to the lodging of the Lambe, verse defarr'd praise on my Palfray: it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea; Ture the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Sowtairengue to resole on, and for a Sowtairengues Sowtairengue to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once write a Sonnet in his praise, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orlance. I have heard a Sonnet begin fo to ones Mistrefe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courfer, for my Horfe is of Mistrefe.

Orlance. Your Mistrefe beares well.

Dolph. Mistrefe well, which is the precurse prajye and perfeclion of a good and particular Mistrefe.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yesterdays your Mistrefe shew'dly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bruised.

Dolph. Oh! them belike the was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horfe off and in your false Strovers.

Conf. You have good judgment in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be war'd by me then, they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Bogges. I had rather have my Horfe to my Mistrefe.

Conf. I had as hue have my Mistrefe a fale.

Dolph. I telleth Contable, my Mistrefe weares his owne haye.

Conf. I could make as true a boasit as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistrefe.

Dolph. Let them all returne a few prajye words? for I have lost one whose bite thet is of anything.

Conf. Yet doe I not winie my Hufe for my Mistrefe, or any fince Proverb, fo little kin to the purpofe.

Ramb. My Lord Contable, the Armouer that I saw in your Tent to night, ere thofe Starres or Sunnes upon us?

Conf. Starres my Lord.

Tulf. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conf. And ye my Skys shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you are a very fuperfluous, and were more homme some were away.

Conf. Even as your Horfe beares your prajyes, who would treat as well, we were none of your braggis dismourned.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his deffer. Will it heare the day? I will troy to morrow a bite, and you, Sir, all be paied with English Faces.

Conf. I will anon, Sir. For I fear I should be fact out of my way, but I would it were morning, for I would take by the crofs of the English.

Dolph. Who will go to Hazard with me for twentie Pieces?

Conf. You must full goe your felle to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. This midnight, hee goe same my felle. Eft.

Orlance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Conf. I think he will eate all hee kills.

Orlance. By the white Hand of my Lady, here's a gallant Prince.

Conf. Sware by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath,

Orlance. He is simply the most aqute Gentleman of France.

Conf. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orlance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orlance. I know him to be valiant.

Conf. I was told that, by one that knows him better then you.

Orlance. What's bee?

Conf. Mary hee told me fo himselfe, and hee said hee
card not who knew it.

Orlance. Hee needs not, it is no hidden verze in him.

Conf. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body saw
it, but his Leicester: 'tis a bounded valour, and when it
appears, it will bate.

Orlance. Ill never sayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Proverb with, There is Batterie in friendship.

Orlance. And I will take vp that with, Give the Deuill
due.

Conf. Will place: there stands your friend for the Deuill: hive at the very eye of that: Proverb with, A
Pox of the Deuill.

Orlance. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a
Foole's Hole is some fhot.

Conf. You have fayd out.

Orlance. 'Tis not the first tune you were over-shot.

Enter a Bluffer.

Moff. My Lord high Contable, the English lyke within fteares hundred places of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath meafur'd the ground?

Moff. The Lord Grandpere.

Conf. A valiant and moat expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poor Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as we doe.

Orlance. What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brand followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orlance. That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
tellectual Armour, they could never werte so much Head-pieces.

Ramb. That land of England breeds very valiant
Creatures; their Maffifes are of unmatchable cou-

Orlance. Foolifh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Rouffian Bear, and have their heads criffed like rotten Apples: you may as well lay, that's a valiant Fire, that dare eate his breakes on the Luppe of a

Lyon.

Conf. Luft, int: and the men doe sympathize with the Maffifes, in roubloinh and rough commoning, on leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give
thems great Meales of Beef, and iron and Steale; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Deuils.

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Orlando. I, but these English are thoroughly out of Breath. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only flomacks to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: shall we about it?

Orlando. It is now two. Clocks: but let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred English men. Exeunt.

Achilles Turtius.

Now entertaine concierto of a time,
When excepting Marmure and the poring Dacke
Fills the wise Vellell of the Vauelle.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Hannie of our erly Army flainds; That the first Centurie then was receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battraile sees the others vmbre'd face.
Steed threeths Steed, in high and basefull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Face: and from the Tents,
The Armoured accustomd the Knights,
With baffle Hanners closing Rucci upp,
Gute dreadful noise of preparation.
The Country Cocks do crow: the Cocks do towle: And the third howse of drowie Morning mail'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and seare in French.
The confide and outer-Julfie French,
Do the last-cried English play at Dice; And chuse the crepulc-hay-gated Night,
Who like a foule and euyl Witch doth limpe So reellidoue way. The poore condemned English,
Like Sarrenses, by their watchfull Fites
Six patently, and only ruminate.
The Mornings danger: and their geue fail,
Insuing lame: Jeanne Cheeks, and War-wonke Coats,
Prefuited them into the gazing Moone,
So many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captain of this reene Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry: Payse and Glorie on his head;
For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
Bids them good morrow with a meadfull Sylpe,
And call them Brothers, Friends, and Contrymen.
Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
Here dphan an Army hath entourned him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watcht Night;
But freelliy lookes, and ouer-bears Astarte,
With chearefull face, and sweet Maisie:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, stands comfort from his Looks,
A Larger verviews the whole Sunne,
His liberal Eye doth gape to every one,
Thaving cold face. that means and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthynesse define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And do our Scenes mut in the Battraile eye:
Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
With fowse or base molt side and ragged toys,
(Right ill disposed, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock tiss bee.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gher, is true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brothers Bedford, God Almaine,
There is some foule of good-daff in things esmall,
Would men obseruingly dillit it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs easly flirres,
Which is both healthfull, and good busbanardy.
Refide; they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers vs to vs all: admonishing,
That we should driffle vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Duell himselfe.

Enter Englym. 

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Englym: A good soat. Follow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish tars of France,
Englym. No to my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lyt like a King.

King. Tis good for men to love their present paintes,
Upon example, to the Spirit is easel.
And I use to the Mind is quckned, eas of doubt
The Organs, though definte and dead before,
Brooke vp their drowie Grace and newe nuce
With caile floughe, and freell legentrie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Comment I to the Princes in our Camps?
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Defire them all to my Pavilions.

Gherl, We shall, my Liege.

Englym. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
And I my Bolome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Englym. The Lord in Hauea bleffe thee, Noble

Harry.

Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart: thou speake it chereefull.

Enter Piffard.

Piffard. Che come la?

King. A friend.

Piff. Diftrusse vnto me, art thou Officers, art thou baile,common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piffard. Tryz'lt thou the pullant Pyke?

King. Eden for: what are you?

Piffard. As a good Gentleman as the Empyre.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piff. The King's a Bawock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift moff valiant: I kifte his dogie Doone, and from heretfring I lose the lastely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry lyt me.

Piffard. Let royn a Cornish Name; art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Piffard. Know'lt thou Falmes?

King. Yes.

Piffard. Tell em lyt knock his Lecke about his Face upon S. Dames day.

King. Do not you weare you Dagger in you Cape that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Piffard. Art.
Chapter 2

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. So, in the Name of Jesus Christ, speak fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the morning. When the true and sombre Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warrs is not kept: if you would take the paynes but to examine the Warrs of Pompas the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddlle tiddle nor pibble babble in Pompas Compe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warrs, and the Care of it, and the Formes of it, and the Subsistence of it, and the Modelle of it, and the other wise.

Gower: Why the Enemy is lowd, you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coscombe; is it meet, think you, that wee should alfo, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coscombe, in your owne conference now? Gower, I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and befooch you, that you will. Exeunt. Gower. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, there is much care and vellum in this Welchman.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bastes, Alexander Courte, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bastes, is not that the Morning which breaks wonder? Bastes. I thinke it be: but wee have no great caufe to delight the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yeorder the beginning of the morning, but I thinke wee shall never fee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.


Williams. A good and notable Commander, and a mofl kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thanks he of our effeare? King. Even as men break on a Sand, that look to be wash'd off the next Tyde.

Bastes. He hath not told his thought to the King.

King. No: nor is it not meet he shou'd: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but m an, as I am the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element flatters to him, as it doth to me; the Element flatters to him, as it doth to me because, all his Senses have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedness he appears but a man: and though his affecti ons are higher mounted then ours, yet when they floupe, they floupe with the like wing: therefore, when he fee's the resion of tears, as we doe: his fraces, out of doubt of the fame realitie as ours are: yet in reason, no man should poison him with any appearance of fear: lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bastes. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I believe, as cold a Night as this, he could with him selfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my truth, I will speake my confidence of the
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When his certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Next. I do not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lythly for him.

King. My lyte heade the King may hee not be rancked:

Will. I hee said so, to make vs fight cheerfully: but when our threats are cut, hee may be rancked, and wee are the victor.

King. If I haue to fee it, I will neuer trull his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that’s a perillous shot out of an Eldier Gunne, that a poore and a private displesare 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, its a foolish faying.

King. Your reproof is something too tound, I should be angry with all the same convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betwene vs, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know the aggaine?

King. Give me any Grave of thine, and I will see it in my Bonner: Then if ever thou dare it acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Here’s my Glove: Give me another of thing.

King. There.

Will. This will I also ware in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to Morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar’st as well be hang’d.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Tarter. Be friends you Englishfoole, be friends, wee have French Quarteil know, if you could tell how to reckon. Exit Southerls.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they bear them on their flatbread: but it is no English Treatise to cut French Crownes and to mortow the King humefile will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wises, Our Children, and our Soures, ly on the King: We must bear all.

O hard Condition, Twin-born with Greatness, Subject to the breath of every soole, whose eene

No more can eeele, but his owne wingeing.

What infinite hearts-eare mutt Kings neglect;

That private men enjoy?

And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,

Save thee Greatnesse, and the general Cerimonie?

And what art thou, thou Idol Cerimonie?

What kind of God art thou? that sufferest more

Of mortall griefes, then doe they wonshippers.

What are thy Renner what are thy Cummines in?

O Cerimonie, thou make me but thy worth.

What is thy Soule of Dcowenion?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,

creating we and fear in other men?

Well thou art left happy, being fear’d,

Then they in fearing.

What drink’st thou of, in head of Monsage sweet,

But poyson’d Barterie; O be sick, great Greatnesse,

And bid thy Cerimonie give thee cure.

Thinks thou the ferie Feuer will get out

With Tylles blowne from Adulation?

Will it give place to freature and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou commandst if the beggers knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou prov’d Deacon,

That play’st so silly with a Kings Repaste.

I am a King that find thee: and I know,

To not: the Brithe, the Scepter, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,

The enter-stille Rude at Gold and Pearl,

The farced Tale running from the King.

The Tiron he be on: nor the Tyle of Pompe:

That beets upon the high p鄱e of this World;

No, not all the richness, glorious Cerimonie:

Not all these, lay’d in Ped Mistlethall,

Can slippe wonderfull, as the wretched Slave.

Who with a body full, and vacant mind,

Gets him to reit, cramp’d with thistefull bread,

Neuer trees horrible Night, the Child of Hell:

But I keepe a Lacquey, from the Rite to See,

Swetes in the eye of Pondor; and all Night

Sleepes in Elcement: next day after daune,

Doth rise and helpe Herpes to his Hofte,

And folows to the ever-running yeare.

With profitable I, to his Glasse;

And butt for Cerimonie, such a Wretch,

Wanding vp Days with toyle, and Nights with sleepes;

Ha multvour, and all the more of a King.

The Slave, Member of the Countrys east peace.

Enamys it: but in groffe braine little woots;

White watch the King, keepes, to maintaine the peace;

Much howers, the Peintle bell advantages.

Enter Espychom.

Esp. My Lord, your Noblesse jealous of your absence,

Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Goold Knight, collect them all together

At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Esp. I shall doe, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battalions, heare my Soulers heart;

Profillke them not with fear; Take from them now

The sense of reckoning of thoppofed numbers;

Pluck their hearts from them. Not do to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not upon the fault

My Father made, in compaising the Crowne.

I Richards body trust absent new,

And on it have befowled more contrise tears,

Then from it issu’d forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay.

Who twice a day their witherd hands hold vp

Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:

A d I haue built two Chaunturies,

Where the sad and solemnrie fing fill

For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth:

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.

Enter Glosester.

Glose. My Lord.

King. My Brother Glosester, woyce? I

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things they for me.

Exit.
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Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramparts, and Beaumont.

**Orleans.** The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

**Dolph.** Morte Chenaud: My Horfe, Urget Lacony.

**Orleans.** Oh braue Spirit, 

**Dolph.** Violent and terrest, 

**Orleans.** Requete l'amour et joie. 

**Dolph.** Corbe, Cousin Orleans. Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

**Const.** Harkie how our Streedes, for present Service neigh.

**Dolph.** Mount them, and make aision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spiu in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage : ha. 

**Rem.** What, will you have them keep our Horsey blood? How shall we then behold their natural tears?

**Enter Mayor, etc.**

**Mafion.** The English are embattail'd, you French Peers.

**Const.** To Horfey you gallant Prince, straight to Horfey. 

**Dolph.** But behold yond power and natural Sand, And your faire shore shall flock away their Souls, Leasint them but the flades and limes of men, There is not work enough for all our lands, Scarcely blood enough in all other sickly Veneus, To give each naked Curless aayne:

That our French Gallants shall to day draw out, And fleth for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapoour of our Valour will oceume them. 

**Tis our fate against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacony, and our Peants, Who in vanesallctation armarme. 

About our Squares of Battale, were known To purge this field of such ailding Foe, 

Though we vpon this Mountains Bills by, 

**Touke** fland for life speculative, 

But that our Honours must not, What's to say t

A very little let vs doe, 

And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound 

The Tucket Sonants, and the Noise to mount. 

For our approach shal so much dare the field, That England shall touch downe in fear, and yeeld.

**Enter Grandpre.**

**Grand.** Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France? 

**Yond.** Land Carrian, deparate of their bones, ill-favored become the Morning field: 

Their ragged Curtaine poorly are let loose, 

And our Ayre shaketh them passing scornfully. 

**Bigge.** Maris temes banquout in their b。「gred Hoit, 

And faintly through a rife Beer peepees, 

The Houfmen fit like fixed Candlelucks, 

With Torch-flasses in their hands: and their pensive Iades 

Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: 

The gumes downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, 

And in their pale dull mouthes the fymold Bete 

Eyes foule with clownd-graffe, flail and motundleffe, 

And their executors, the known Crowes, 

Flye o'them all, impatient for their bowre. 

Description cannot fite it felle in words, To demonstrate the Life of such a Battale, 

In life so luselass, it shews it felle, 

**Const.** They have let their prayers, 

And they flay for death.

**Dolph.** Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and freh Sates, 

And give their faling Horfes Prouender, 

And after fight with them?

**Const.** I stay but for my Guard: on 

To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, 

And wiit it for my hate. Come, come, come, 

The Sunne is high, and we out-wear the day. I soun't.

**Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Spiegelhamp with all his Hoit: Salisbury, and 

Welford.**

**Glou.** Where is the King? 

**Belf.** The King himselt is rode to view their Battale.

**Exe.** There's three to one, besides they all are freth. 

**Sals.** Gods fortune with vs, vs a teat full oddes.

**Dolph.** God buy you Paines: ill: ill, to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;

Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Glouceeter, and my good Lord Exeter, 

And try my Knitman, Warriours: all adieu.

**Belf.** Fare with good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee: 

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mud thee of it, 

For thou art hand of the trime truth of valour.

**Exe.** Farewell kind Lords: fight valiently to day. 

**Belf.** He is a fall of Valour as of Knowledge, 

Princely in both.

**Enter the King.**

**My.** Or Ies now hath here 

But one ten thousand of true men in Englund. 

Tis no work to day.

**Kng.** What's to say to so? 

**My Cousin** of Frensheild. 

**My Cousin of Frensheild.** If we are apt to dye, we are apt to 

To loose our Country loffe: and if to haue, 

The fewe weuen, the greater share of honour.

**Gods will** pray thee will not one man more. 

**By now** I am not courious for Gold, 

Nor care I who doth feed upon my Soul: 

It ymes me not, if men my Garments weare 

Such outward things do not in my defects. 

But if it be a frame to court Honour, 

I am the most offending Soule alue. 

**No faith**, my Couze, with not a man from Englund: 

**Gods peace** I would not lose to great an honor, 

As one man more me thinke would sharte from me. 

For the belte hope, ihace. D o not with one more; 

Rather proclame it (myfme land) through my Hoit, 

That he which hath no slacknes to this flight, 

Let him depart, his Palport shall be made, 

And Crowes for Coucy put into his Purfe: 

We would not dye in that making commune, 

That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs. 

This day is called the Faith of Crifpin; 

He that oweth this day, and come safe home, 

Will find a tip-toe when this day is named, 

And rowe him at the Name of Crifpin. 

He that shall see this day, and live old age, 

Will yearely on the Ygit felis his neighbours, 

And lay to morrow in Saint Crifpin. 

Then will be flip his fleene and flay his skarnes: 

Of this I will forget; yet allall shall be forgot: 

But heele remember, with advantages, 

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Name, 

Familiar in his mouth as a household words,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Harry the King, Edinburg and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cloys feathly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his tone:
And Crayme Crayme shall ne goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We twelw, we happy few, we band of brothers.
For he to day that died, his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne te to wile,
This day shall prove his Condition,
And Gentleman in England, now a bed,
Shall think the florish victors they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheerfully any speakes,
That bought with vs upon Saint Craymes day,
I die Salisbury.

Sal. My Servants Lord, before your fel with speek;
The French are hourly in their Intetiate to,
And will all these things chargen on us.
King. All these things are ready, of our minds be fo.
Wilt. Perchse the man, whole mind is backward now.
King. Thou hast not with more help from England, Counsell?
Wilt. I say, God will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this Royal battale.
King. Why now thou hast yonifhit five thousand men;
Which likes me better, then to vs wone,
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucke. Enter Chancellor.

Mont. Once more I come to know of the King Harry,
It for thy Ranonme thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moat aliart Ouerthrow;
For certainlly thou set to receive the Gulle,
Thou need must be entlought. Besides, in mercy
The Confulbe delires thee, thou wilt mind
The followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacfull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields; where(thewatche)their poor bodies
Muff lye and teller,
King. Who hath fent thee now?
Mont. The Confulbe of France,
King. I pray thee breave my former Answer back:
Bid them alone me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock peaceful followers thus?
The man that once did fell the Lyons man
While the beast lurd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodis sh'll no doubt
Find Lathe Gravas, upon the which, I trust
Shall winneth live in Brasse of this dayes worke,
And those that lose their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your Danhills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall gret them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heaven.
Leaving their carthly parts to change your Cyme,
The (gell) whereof shall breed a Plague in France,
Make then abounding vaule in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets casting,
Broke out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in rapele of Mortalitie.
Let me speake prouudly: Tell the Confulbe,
We are but Warrors for the working day:
Our Gaynffe and our Gils are stil myrche
With yonfe Marching in the painfull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Host:
Good argument(1 hope) we will not flye:

And time hath worsne vs into fhouente.
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in fairest Hobes, or they will pluck,
The pay new Coate of the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of servitice. If they doe this,
As if God pleafe, they shall; my Ranomne then
Will fome be leuyed.
Herald, fave thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranomne, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I forese, but thee my voynt.
Which if they knew, as I will leave we them,
Shall ye fay then fett, tell the Confulbe.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And to fave thee well;
Thou neuer fhall heare Heralds any more.
Exit.
King. I fear thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranomne,
Exit Tucke.

Talke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.
King. Take it, brave Talke.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleafed God, dispose the day.

Almune. Exeunt.

Enter Pijewell, froarch Souldier, Boy.

Pj. YeCd Courte.

French. Il penfe que vous etes le Gentlehomme de bon qualite.
Pj. Quelle calme calme calme me.
Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discourse.
French. O Signeur Deva.
Pij. O Signeur Deva should be a Gentleman:
preferate my words O Signeur Deva, and make: O Signeur Deva,
thou dyet on point of Fox, except O Signeur thou doe gue to me egregious Ranomne.

French. O procurez mefmerisez me pour de moy.
Pij. May shull not ferue, I will have forte More of:
for they will fetch my symne out at thy Throat, in droppes of

French. Est il impossible de changer le force de son bras.
Pij. Brasse Curetchiou dammed and luxurious Moutainor God shull I me Brasse?
French. O perdonne moy.
Pij. Say'll thou me so 1 is that a Tonne of Moyes? for
Come hichet boye, take me this flinte in French what is his

Boy. Est ce comme ment estes vous appele?

French. Monseigneur le Fe.

Boy. He fayes his Name is M. Fe.
Pij. M. Fe: il fer him, and fike him, and ferret him:

cifferse the lame in French vnto him,
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferrer, and fike.

Boy. Difp him prepare, I will put his threat,
French. Que dit le Monseignur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous pref,
car ce faldat scile fiefcote vouc affaire de couper votre garce.
Pij. Ow, cuppe garce permasoey pesante, vnlefe thous quoy me Crowne, braue Crownneror mangled thall
thou be by this my Sword.
French. O le vous soppie pour l'amoure de Dieu: ma par

demen, le fuit le Gentlehomme de bon maifon garde ma vie. Si
voas donneray deux cent escu.
Pij. What are his words?

Boy. He
The Life of Henry the Fifth

Bp. He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Pij. Tell him my fury shall abide, and I the Crownes will take.

Frois Petit Mahomcart que dais!

Bp. Encore qu'on auroit a demain le parlement de prendre aut-

moy prisonner; creant-mou pour les escro que vous avez arrest.

Et si content a voue demome le libre ou le francemain.

Fro. Sur moy generose se voue donnes ma remercie, et

me promett, heureux que le bonheur, entre les mains. d'un Che-

valier se penfei le plus hauet resit et tres dispie figure

d'Anglona.

Pij. Expound unto me low.

Bp. He gues you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he effectes himself happy, that he hath false into the hands of one (as he thinker) the molt braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeour of England.

Pij. As I looke blood, I will fame mercy shew. Follow me.

Bp. Some sound is a good Captaine?

I did neuer know to full a voyce refle from to empie a

heart: but the faying is true. The empty vesell makes the

greatest sound, Bardaffe and Nuem had tene times more

valour, than this sounding dulit手持 taloye, that eueri

eone may payre his hales with a woodden dragner, and

they are both hang'd, and to would this be, if the dulit

iaste any thing aduenturous. I must flay with the

Lackies with the ligage of our camp, the French might

have a good prey of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to

guard it but boyes.

Enter Constable, Orience, Burbon, Delph, and Ramburs.

Con. O Dulcile.

Oril. O figure io sonre et perdre, toute et perdre.

Del. Chier Esme mvt, all is confounded.

Reprove, and exclamind flame

Buts mocking in our Pumes.

A lour Alarum.

O messiane Fortune, do not tume away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Del. O perdurable flame, let's flab our feltes :

Be ythe the wretches that we plaid as dice for.

Orl. Is this the King we tent so, for his ransom?

Bard. Shame, and eternal flame, nothing but shame.

Let vs dye in once mare backe againe,

And he that will not follow Burbon now,

Letch him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a hift, Paten hold the Chamber doorre,

Whilist a base flame, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daugher is contaminate.

Con. Diorder that haff topyd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on beapes go offer vs our lues.

Ov. We are now yet living in the Field,

To another the English in our through,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bur. The dwell take Order now, ile to the throng;

Let life be short, erte thane be too long. Exit.

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoneurs.

King. Well haue we done, thricke-valiant Countrien,

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to you Majesty.

King. Lines he good Vackiel: 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 he lye,

Larding the plains: and by his bloody side,

(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)

The Noble Earl of Suffolk also lye.

Suffolk first dyed, and Yoake all bleged over

Comes to him, where in Gore he lay infirned,

And takes him by the Beard, kifes the gatnes

That bloodliy did yawne upon his face.

He erys aloud, Torry my Cofin Suffolk,

My solee flath thine keeppe company to heuen: Torry (sweet souldo) for mine, then flye a snuffet:

At this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chivalrie.

Vpon these words he came, and cheer'd him vp,

He flind in the face, taught me his hand,

And with a feele gripes, fayes: Derte my Lord,

Comment my lenue to my Soeurgage,

Soe doubled turns, and our Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and kif his hipples,

And fo esoup'd to death, with blood he reald.

A Tattelment of Noble-ending-loue:

The prettie and sweet manner of it for'd

Those waters from me, which I would had stopp'd,

But I had not so much of man in me,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not, for hearing this,

I must performe command

With most full eyes, or they will stife to.

But heare! what new alarum is this fame?

The French have re-encour't their late despondence:

Then everie fouldour kill his Prisoneurs,

Gree the word through.

Enter Quintus.

Alarum.

Enter Elizabet and Gover.

Flav. Kill the payres and the ligage, 'Tis expressly

against the Law of Arms, in an array a piece of country

marke you now, as can bee este in your Conscientie

now, is it not?

Gover. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and

The Cawdray Ralphal's that came from the battale ha' done

this slaughter besides they have burned and carried a

way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King

most worthily hath caus'd every foldour to cut his pro-

fessors throat O' tis a gallant King.

Flav. He was borne at Montmouth Captaine Gover:

What call you the Townes name where Alexander

the pig was borne?

Gover. Alexander the Great.

Flav. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or

the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnans-

mous, are all one reckoning, take the phrase is a little va-

tions.

Gover. I think Alexander the Great was borne

in Macedonia, his Father was called Philip of Macedon, as I

take it.

Flav. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is

pione.
pome; I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Map of the
Oerd, I warrant you fall short in the compassioonde-
tweene Macedon & Mammouth, that the situation looke
you, is both alike. There is a River in Macedon, & there
is also more a River at Mammouth, it is call’d W. at
Mammouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name
of the other River: but ‘tis all one, it’s alike as my fingers
is on my fingers, and there is Salmsons in both. If you
marke Alexander’s life well, Harry of Mammouth’s life is
come after it indifferently well, for there is figures in all
things. Alexander God knows, and you know, in his
rages, and his furyes, and his wrathes, and his choUfvers,
and his moodies, and his displeasures, and his indignation
also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his
Ales and his angeres (looke you) kill his best friend
Cynar.
Gevw. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill’d
any of his friends.
Fny. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
tales out of my mouth, eve, it is made and finishead.I speake
but many figures, Trunckes, and compositions of it: as Alexander
killed his friend Cynar, being in his Ales and his Cuppys; so
also Harry Mammouth being in his right wittes, and his
good indigments, turn’d away the fist Knight with the
great belly doubte: he was full of selfs, and gypes, and
knaueries, and mockes, I have forgot his name.
Gevw. Sir John Faffe.
Fny. That is he: I le count you, there is a good pome
at Mammouth.
Gevw. Here comes his Maiesty.
Alarum. Enter King Harry and Barbon
with prisioners. Kinwew.
King. I was not angry since I came to France,
Vintill this infaun. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Riue thyt into the Horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come done,
Or whyse the field? they do offend our fight,
If they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as bones
Enforced from the old Affyrian flings.
Befrdes, wee cut the throstes of thee we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall take our men, and take and tell them so.
Entor Menuy.
Entor. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
Glau. His eyes are humbler then they us to be.
King. How now, what signifies this Herald? knowst thou not,
That I have find these bones of mine for randome?
Com’d thou again for randome?
Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ocer this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our commonenmen.
Fnn. He set a Prince (wote the whole)
Lye drown’d and looke’d in mercury bloode:
So do our vulgar drench their peisen limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded fleeces
Fret flet-looke deeper in gore, and with wilder rage
Yete out their armed heales at their dead matters,
Killing them twice. O give us press great King,
To view the field in safety, and disploe
Of their dead bodies,

Kom. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen lye,
And gallop ore the field.
Her. The day is yours.
Kom. Praised be God, and not our Strength for it:
What is this Callie call’d that flounders hard by.
Her. They call c Agincourt.
Kom. Then call us this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Cristian Christophers.
Fny. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an’t please
your Maiesty) and your great Vacele Emard the Blacke
Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought
a most noble battle here in France.
Kom. They did Finister.
Fny. Your Maiesty fayes very true: if your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchemen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leckes did grow, wearing Leckes in their
Mammouth eips, which your Maiesty know to this hour
is an honeste commendable guide of a true state: and I do believe
your Maiesty takes no concerne to wear the Lecke upon
S. Tauris day.
King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.
Fny. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesty
When blew out of your poody, I can tell you this:
God pleeit it, and preferre it, as long as it pleates
his Grace, and his Maiesty too.
Kom. Thanks good my Countrymen.
Fny. By jeufi, I am your Maiesties Countremen, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Oerd,
I need not to be ashamed of your Maiestie, praised be God.
So long as you Maiestie is an honest man,
King. Good keep me fo.
Enter Williams.
Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me luff notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.
Call yonder fellow blither.
Entor. Souldier, you must come to the King,
Kom Souldier, why was’t thou that Gloue in thay
Cappe?
Wll. And please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one
that I should fight withal, he be alue.
Kom. An Englishman?
Wll. And sayle your Maiesty, a Rascall that swag
’ge’d with me left sight: who of alue, and euer dare
to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworn to take him a brace a’th ere:
or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare if alue) I wll
strike it out doulby.
Kom. Why doth you Captaine Flissan, is it for this
souldier keep his oth.
Entor. Hee is a Craven and a Villaine elle, and please
your Maiesty in my confience.
King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
fort quite from the anwer of his degree.
Fny. Though he be as good a gentleman as the diuel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessarie (looke your Grace) that he keep his vow and his oth: if hee
bee perius’d (ice you now) his reputation is as servent a
Villaine and a lacke fawce, as euer his blacke floo trodd
upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confience law.
King. Thenke thy vow firrally, when thou meett the
follow.
Wll. So, I will my Liege, ice I liue.
King. Who fret thou vnder?
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Will. Under Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flau. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literate in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit. King. Here Fleanen, were thou this favour for me, and fickle to thy Cappe: when Alainjon and my felie were downe together, I place this Glaue from his Griffe: If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alainjon, and an enemy to our Person: if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do me lose.

Flau. Your Grace doth me as great Honors as can be desired in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself agreeable to this Glaue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Knows this Glauene.

Flau. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seek'em, and bring him to my Tent.

Flau. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Castlack, and my Brother Glover, Follow Fleanen closely at the heales. The Glaue which I have given him for a favour, May haply purchace him a box there.

It is the Souldiers. By the Exame thereof. Wear it my felie. Follow good Cousin to awaie.

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge By his blunt bearing, he will kepe his words; Some ladane mischief may arise of it.

For I doe know fleanen valiant, And touch's with Choler, just as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an more.

Follow, and see there beno hame betweene them, Goe with you, vanck of Lester, Excise, Enter Gower and William.

Will. I warrant it is to kynge you, Captain.

Enter Fleanen.

Flau. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I believe you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you paraudeure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glaue.

Flau. Know the Glaue: I know the Glaue is a Glaue, Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strike him.

Flau. Sblad, an errant Traylor as anyes in the Vikiertfall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir! you valiant.

Will. Do you think he be well borne?

Flau. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will take Traylor his payment into powles, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traylor.

Flau. That's a lyce in the Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name appreheend him, he's a friend of the Duke Alainjon.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warn. How now, how now, what is the matter?

Flau. My Lord of Warwick, here he is, praved be God for it, a most contagious Traylor come to light, looke you, as you small defile in a Summer day. Here he is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exemte.

King. How now, what is the matter?

Flau. My Liege, here he is a Villaine, and a Traylor, that looke your Grace, he's trooke the Glaue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alainjon.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glaue, here he is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promised to ware it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glaue in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word.

Flau. Your Maiestie heare now, seeing your Maiesties Manhood, what an acture racially, braggerly, lowie: Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is not or to tell me tonge and writte, and will aumonche, that this is the Glaue of Alainjon, that your Maiestie is gue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Give me thy Glaue Souldier;

Look, here is the fellow of it: Twas I indeed shoud promis'd it to strike, And thou half given me most bitter termes.

Flau. And plaze thy Mylifie, let his Neck anwer for it, there is any Massall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make the transicion?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: another came any from mine, that might extend your Maiestie.

King. It was our felie thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowiness: and what your Highness suffer'd viser that shape, I believe you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as looke you to do, I made no offences; therfore I befeech your Highness pardon me.

Flau. Here Yncke Lester, pull this Glaue with Glaues, And give it to this fellow. Keep it below, And ware it is for a Mans in my Cappe.

I till do challenge it. Give him the Glaues.

And Captaine, you must be friends with him.

Flau. In this Day and this light, the fellow be a mettwell enough misbely. Hold, there is no blue-prince in you, and I pray you to terme God, and kepe you out of praviles and grubilines, and quarrels and discoistmes, and I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flau. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ease you to mould your Aunnes, come, wherefoe, if thou be to be pacified, your innoces is not so good: it is a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Horand.

King. Now Heralds, are the dead numbered?

Herald. Here is the numbers of the slaughtred French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken, Vncke?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Tunbon, and Lord Beauchamp:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fittence hundred, besides common men.

King. Thus Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field ly Fame: of Princeis in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there ly dead One hundred twenty six: added to thefe, Eight Thouand and foure hundred of the whole, Few hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in these thousand they issue butt,

There are but fittence hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
The Life of Henry the First.

And gentlemen of blood and quality,

The names of those their Nobles that Iye dead:
Charles of Blois, High Constable of France,
John, Duke of Culom, Admiral of France,
The Master of the Cross-bows, Lord Bentmore,
Great Master of France, the broyn Sir Gaihard de Puis,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgandy,
And Edward Duke of Barre of Julte Earle,
Grandson and Yeoff, Pembroke and Fohey,
Beaucon and Marie Landemande and Leflre.
Here was a Royal fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ken, Dany Gam Elquien;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

O God, thy Arme was here;
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Affribe we all: when without stratagem,
But in plain fough, and even play of Battle,
Was ever known to great and little loffe?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exeunt. 'Tis wonderfull,
King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Host,
To boast of this, or take that praife from God,
Which is his only.

Exeunt.

Is it not lawful and please your Maiestie, to tell
how many is kill'd?

King. Ye Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

 Flu. Yes, my conference, he did vs great good.

King. Due we all by Rights:
Let there be wrong. Now shun, and Te Drum,
The dead with charite encoled in Clay:
And then to Callise, and to England then,
Where ne'er from France aris'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chaucer.

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 excues.
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callise: Grateul him there; there leete,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughtes,
Aboth the Sea: Behold the English bee
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wves, and Boys,
Whole houches & claps out-voce the deep-mouthed Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffier tare the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And fol. my, see him set on London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath;
Where, that his Lords define, to have borne
His beurlt Helme, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids vs,

Being free from rain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Givings full Trophye, Signall, and Oftent,
Quite from hismelfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Major and all his Brethren in beft fort,
Like to the Senatours of that Ance Rome,
With the Plebeians warming at their heels.
Goe forth and forth their Conquering Caesar:
As by a dower: by being likeelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empyre,
As in good time he may, from Ieland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword.

How many would the peaceful Citty quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him,
As ye the lamentation of the French.

Induce the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emperours comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace between them: and omit
All the occurrences, what eter chance,
Till Harrys backe returne against to France:
There must we brng him; and my selfe have play'd
Better intert, by remembering you this path,
Then brooke abjuration, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straighte backe againe to France,

Exeunt.

Enter Florian and Gower.

Cove. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leake to day? S. Dauers day is paft.

Flor. There is occasion and cause why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you aff my friend, Captaine
Gower: the falsely, scault, beggerly, lowe, praggiung
Knave Puffal, which you and your felte, and all the World,
know to be no better then a fellow. Jolke you now of no
merits: hee is come to me, and brings me prad and
fault yesterdays, looke you, and but me eate my Leake:
it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
with him: but I will be hold as to wear it in my Cap
til I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my devis.

Exeunt Puffal.

Gower. Why here hee come, dwelling like a Turky-
cock.

Flor. Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-
cocks. God pleesse you amongst Puffal you fecure lowe
lowe Knaue, God plesse you.

Puff. Ha, art thou bedlam? dost thou thind, basc
Trioon, to haue me fold vp Parcae fatal Web? Hence;
I am calmiest at the finne of Leake.

Flor. I pelteth you heartily, fecure lowe Knaue, at
my desires, and my request, and my petitions, to exte.
looke you, this Leake: because, looke you, you do not
love it, nor your afections, and your appetites and your
digerions does not agree with it, I would deffe you
to exte it.

Puff. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

Flor. There is one Goat for you. Strikes him.

Will you be to good, could Knave, asse exte it?

Puff. Bas Trioon, thou shalt dye.

Flor. You say very true, could Knave, when Gods
will is: I will deffe you to live in the meane time, and
eate your Vitudals: com, there is fawe for it. You
caill'd me yesterday Mountains-Squier, but I will make

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you to day a quire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leake, you can ete a Leake.

Flu. Enough Capitaine, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him hate some part of my Leake, or I will bate his pace foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coscombe.

Puf. Mea! I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Puf. By this Leake, I will most horribly revenge I eate and eate I sware.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Leake: there is not enough Leake to sware by.

Puf. Que thy Cudgell, thou dost not eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knave, heately. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coscombe; when I take occasion to see Leake heretofter, I pray you mocks at'em, that is all.

Puf. Good.

Flu. 1, Leakes is good: hold you, there is a great to bear your pace.

Puf. Mea! good at?

Flu. Ye very, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leake in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Puf. I take thy gret in earne of revenge.

Flu. If eare you any thing, I will puy you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmenger, and buy nothing of but cudgels: God be you, and keepe you, & heale your pace.

Exit.

Puf. All hell shall sflire for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mockes at an ancient Tradition began ypon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable Trophie of prestedked wars, and dare not asouch in your deeds any of your words. Thace temes you gleeking & gailing as this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the natura gabe, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Exit.

Puf. Doeth fortune play the hulwife with me now? Never have I that my Dill's is dead & Spittle of a mody of France, and dvery my rendezous is quite cut off: Old I do oware, and from my weare limbes honour is Cudgell. Well, Baud ile turne, and somethings leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I ileale, and ileale ileale.

And paches will I get into these cudgeld scelves, And woe I got them in the Gallia warres.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queen Isabel, the King, the Duke of Burgoyne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore are we met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sitter Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Coine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great affoirement is conduedd, We do vall your Duke of Burgoyne,

And Princes French and Princes wealth to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairly met, So are you Princes (English) euer one.

Que. So happy be the issue brother Ireland! Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hibrato have borne In them against the French that met them in their bemp. The foul Balls of murthering Ballistes: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Have left their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and enmities into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Que. You English Princes all, doe flate you. Burg. My dute to you both, on equal loute.

Great Kings of France and Englands, that I have labour'd With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors, To bring your most Imperial Majesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; Your Majesties in both parts be canst wittefe. Since then my Office hath so farre preuaill'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You haue congetted: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rob, or what impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Desire Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and Joyfull Battles, Should not in this bell Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her lovely Visage? Alas, free hath from France too long beene chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Consuming in it owne fustenie.

Her Vine, the merry cleanser of the heart, Vyspuned, dyes: her Hedges even pleas'd, Like Prisones wildly over-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder Twists: her fellow Leas, The Dannil, Henlock, and ranke Femenay, Dost root vp; while that the Culler ratts, That should deracinate Such Sausagery:

The even Meads, that erst brought sweetly forth The fEEKd Cowflip Burnet, and greense Clever, Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranks,

Conciere by idlenesse, and nothing seemes, But hateful Doocks, rough Thistles, Kicke's Byres. Looming, both beautie and withe;

All our Vineipes, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Declerat in their natures, grow to wildneffe.

Even to our Haufes, and our felines, and Children, Have lout, or do not leane, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Country; But grow like Sausages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, Th' gawking, and Brave Lookers delus of Lyttere, And everie thing that seemes unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former faour, You are asellended: and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these incoveniences, And bleepe as with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgoyne, you would the Peace, Whole want gius growth to th' imprisonments Which you have cited, you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our lost demands, Whole Tunes and particular effects

You have enchended briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them to the which, as yet There is no Anwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so vig'd, Lyes in his Anwer.
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France. I have but with a curiosfty eye
O'er-glance the Articles: Placeth your Grace
To appoint some of your Counsellor prefently
To sit with vs once more, with better heed
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vincible Exeter,
And Brother Clarencie, and you Brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Hunsington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wills soe bift
Shall bee advauntageable for our Dignitie,
Anything in or out of our Demands,
And wee configne thereto. Will you faire Sifer,
Goe with the Prince, or stay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyage may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd,be sidon on.

England. Yet leave our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our captall Demand,comprist
Within the for-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leece. Exeunt omnes.

Menet King and Katherine.

King. Faile Katherine, and moff faire,
Will you vnsichate to teach a Soildier terns,
Such as will enter at a Ladys eare,
And please his Loe-fuss to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Matrecshall mock at me, I cannot speake
your England.

King. Of faire Katherine, if you will loue me fondly
with your French heart, I will be glad to herte you con-
sesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kath?

Kath. Pardone me, I cannot tell war is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kath, and you are like an
Angell.

Kath. Quee dit il que leu fais semblable a tes Anges?
Lady. Ouyi vsement (font surfe Grace) amit dit il.
King. I said fro, deare Katherine, and I will not bluith
to flime it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de
tromperies.

Kath. What fayes the faire one that the tongues of
men are full of deces-
ter: das is de Princesse.

King. The Princesse is the better English-woman:
yoall Kate, my wooning is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
scould it, thou wouldst finde me such a plaine King, that
shou'd would thuke, I had fold my Fame to buy my
Crown. I know no wayes to mire it in loue, but di-
singly to say, I loue you; then if you vrgge me farther,
than to say. Doe you in faith! were out my fuce: Give
me your anwer, yof faith do, and so clap hands, and a
bargaine: how fay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voiffre hauoir, me vnderstand wel.

Lady. Marry, if you would put me to Verles, or to
Dance for your luke, Kate, you vnsid it for the one
I have neither words nor measures; and for the other,
I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in
strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape, Fioge, or by
vaunting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I
should quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
Loue, or bound my Horie for her favours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack at Aperes, nearer off. But
before God Kate, I cannot looke greely, nor graspe out
my eloguence, nor have no cunning in protestation;
only downe-right Oather, which I neuer vte till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ing: that neuer looks in his Glasse, for louse of any
thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plane Widder: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? lay to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou liist deare Kate, take a fellow of plane and
voucyed Confiance, for his perfecce must doe the right,
because he hath not the gift to wonne in other places for
thee fellowes of infinit tongue, that can yrome them-
selese into Ladies favours, they doe alwayes rested them-
selves out againe. What a speake is but a pister, a Ryne
is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a slatt Bucke will
floupp, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curd Patre will
grow bald, and thy Faye will wither, a full Eye will wear
hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moonne; for it
shines bright, and never changes, but keepes his course
truely. If thou would haue som a one, take me? and
take me: take a Sooldier: take a Sooldier; take a King.
And what say flouthern to thy Loue? speake my fawe, and
fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible that I should loue de ennemie of
France?

King. No! is not possible you shoule the Ene-
mie of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
will not part with a Village of it; I will lose it all mine;
and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell was it dat.

King. No, Kate! I will tell thee in French, which I am
sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be broke off; I
would parle en France, et vous eftes miene.
It is as easie for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as
to speake so much more French: I shall neuer mourne thee
in French, whillest it be laught at me.

Kath. Sauf voiffre hauoir, le Francoi sees vous parle, il
et melissa que langues es quel et forte.

King. No faith it's not, Kate: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truly fallacy; much
needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, doon't
thou vnderstand thus much English Cauf thou loue me?

Kath. I cannot toll.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? He
she they, Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
when you come into your Closter, you'le question this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to
her dispraise, and make known to me that you loue with your
heart: but good Kate,Mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If ever thou
beest mine, Kate, as I have a faisant Faith within me tells
me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needs prove a good Soildier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweenes Saint Demie and Saint
George, compound a Boy, half French half English, k

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that shall go to Conconstantinople, and take the Turke by
the Beard. Shall we not? what say'lt thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I do not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promife:
do but now promife Kate, you will be courous for your
French part of such a Boy; and for my English part,
take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & demin
しております。

Kate. Your Maistee see sauf French, en thou enough to
decier de maist tage Damoesel des en France.

King. Now try upon my faire Frenchby mine Honor
in true English, I lose thee Kate, by which Honor, I dare
not swears thou loufrst me, yet my blood begins to
Batter me, thou dost not; notwithstanding the poor and
wintringer effect of my Vifage. Now befhrew my
Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Ciuil Warres
when he got me, therefore was I created with a
burne-outhe, with an aspeck of Iron, that when I come
to wooe Lades, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the
elder I was, the better shall I shhall appeare. My comfort is,
that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beautie, can doe no more
ipoyle upon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at
the worst; and thou haft wrease me, if thou were me,
better and better: and therefore me, meuff faire Kate,
then shall I have thee? Put off your Maiden Blusses,
auech the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
an Empreff, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of
England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt not
bofle mine Ear withal, but I will tell thee alouwd, Eng-
lend is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry
Montague is thine too; who, though I speak it before his
Face, if he be not Fellow with the belk King, thou shalt
finde the belft King of Good-fellowes. Come your An-
swer in broken Muffick; for thy Voyce is Muffick, and
thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine,
break ye thinde mee in broken English; wilt thou
haue me?

Kate. Dat is as it shull please de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate, it shull please
him, Kate.

Kate. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that Iiffe thy Hand, and I call you my
Queene.

Kate. Laas mon Siregeur, laas deis, may say: Is no
esimate que vous aboils vous gr auous, en buuis le
main dune noire Siregeur unique que seeriteur c e sey.
Is vous lappie mon tres-pasuir Siregeur.

King. Then I will kiffe your Lippes, Kate.

Kate. Lez Damaz & Damaeles pour ofre baiye demant
leur nesest il ne pas le coffame de Franece.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayt thee?

Ladiz. Dat it is not be de fashon poule de Ladiz of
France; I cannot tell was is buifse en Angliff.

Kate. To kiffe.

Ladiz. Your Maistee entend essere bene que may.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maidis in France to
kiffe before they are married, would the say?

Ladiz. O Kate, nice Caftomes curie to great Kings.

Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confiad within the
weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the mak-
ers of Manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our
Places, foppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
will doe yours, for v uphold the nice fashion of your
Country, in denying me a Kiffe: therefore patiently,
yielding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes,
Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French Counsell; and
they should sooner perifhade Harry of England, then a
general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your
Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English

Lord.

Burg. God fave your Maistee, my Royall Cousin,
teach you our Princess English?

King. I would have her leane, my faire Cousin, how
perfectly I loue her, and that is good English,

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
tion is not smooth: to that hauing nesteir the Voyce nor
the Heart of Flattere about me, I cannot to conurre vp
the Spirit of Loue in her, that fee will appeare in his true
likene.

Burg. Pardon the frankenade of my mirth, if I anfor
you for that, if you would conuire in her, you must
make a Circle: if conuire vp Loue in her in this true
likenee, her mutt appeare naked, and blinde.
Can you blame her that she being a Maid, yet rood ouer with the
Virgin Carnifion of Modelifie, ifshe dey the apparence of a
naked blinde Boy in her mued feeing felte? It were
(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeild, as Loue is blinde
and enowres.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they fee
not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to
content winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord, if you
will teach her to know my meaning: for Maidis are
Summer, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholom-
eew-tyde, blinde, though they have their eyes; and then
they will endurance handling, which would not without able
looking on.

King. This Morall tyse me ouer to Time, and a hot
Summer, and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the
letter end, and thee mutt be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord,before it owes.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke
Loue for my blindenefe, who cannot see many a faire
French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my
way.

Franck Kings. Yes my Lord, you see them perspec-
tively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid, for they are all
gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Wasse hath ent-
tered.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you
take of, may want on her: so the Maid that fluid in
the way for my Wife, shall shew me the way to my
Wife.

France. Wee haue conuicted to all terme of rea-
sion.

England. It's to my Lords of England?

Burg. The King hath gramed every Article:

\[Exeunt Oriley\]
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Exit. Oneby he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where his Majestie demands, That the King of France
having any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall
name your Hightness in this forme, and with this addi-
tion, in French: Nofiire trescher fils, Henry Roy d'Angleterre
Hetere de France: and thus in Latin: Fraterfusimus
Filius nostre Henrici Rex Angliae & Heres Franciae.
France. Not 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 alliance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And therewith give me your Daughter.
France. Take her fair Soune, and hum her blood racte vp
Life to me, the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very thones locke pale,
With envy of each others happynesse,
May scale their hatreds; and this cleare Combination
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their love. Beforemes, that neuer Warre advance
His bleeding sword ravys England and fraye France.
L. and N. Amen.
King. Now welcome Kate, and bear me wittesse all,
That here I kill her as my Soveraigne Queene,
Flourish.
Queen. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
A Man and Wife being two, are one in one,
So be these twain your Kingdome such a Spousall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Fealousie.

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Patience of these Kingdome,
To make durote of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God spake this Amen.
All. Amen.
King. Prepare we for our Marriage now which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wele take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for future of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear Kate, and you come,
And may our Oather well kept and prosperous be.

Exit. 

Enter Clarence.

Thus fare with rough, and ill-avowed Pen,
Our bending Author hath purued the Story,
In little roomes conceiving mightie men,
Mangling by Start the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly Iued
This State of England, Fortune made his Swords
By which, the Worlds best Garden he attainted:
And of it left his Sonne Imperial Lord.

Henry the Six in Infant Bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whole State for many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shownne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

V. ii. 363—416
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Aetus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by
the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke
of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter War-
wick, the Bishop of Winchester, and
the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vog be ye heaveus with black yield day to night;
Comes importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crybbell Treffes in the Sike,
And with them longe the bad retrowling Stars.

That have contended into Henres deat:
King Henry the Fifte, famous to lute long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth,
Gloft. England ne're had a King untill his time.

Vertue he had, deterning to command,
Hisbrandish Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes speed wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, replent with wofful fire,
More dazzled and throuse back his Enemies,
Then midday Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say his Deeds exceed all speech?
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall resume:
Upon a Woodden Caffe we attend;
And Deaths did shew our life Vebreue,
We with our lately procured glory,
Like Captures bound to a Triumphant Carre,
What shall we erue the Planets of Mihap,
That plasted thus our Glories outwroth?
Or shall we thinke the subtile-writed French,
Comurers and Sorceres, that afraid of him,
By Magick Vertes han centred his end.
Wench. He was a King, bleak of the King of Kings.
Voto the French, the dressfull judgement-Day
So dreadful will not be, a was his fight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Holis Le fought:
The Churches Prayers made him to prosperous
Gloft. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thried of Life had not so foole decay'd,
None doe you like, but an effemanent Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.

Wench. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protecor,
And lookeft to command the Prince and Realme.
This Wife is proued, she holde thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou lost the Fleth,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'll,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bad Care, caele thefe Arres, & tell your minds in peace:
Let's to the Alar: Heroes waile on vs,
In head of Gold, weele offer vp our Armes.
Since Armes canlye not now, that Henry's dead,
Post incarcer wait for wretched yeres,
When at their Mothers wifed eye's, Babes shall suck.
Our Ile be made, a Nourish of salt Tarees,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead,
Henry the Fifte, thy Ghost I invocate:
 Prosper this Realme. keepe it from Ciull Braysles,
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heavens;
A faire more glorious State thy Soule will make,
Then livns a short or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My honourable Lords health to you all:
Sad things bring To you out of France,
Of loll of thought and disinforturit:
On en Champagne, Rintones Oblance,
Paris Guarroes, Poudings, we all quite lost.

Exe. What if ye that man, before dead Henry's Coate?
Spacke nothing of the loss of those great Townes.
Will make him burth his Lead, and take from death.
Gloft. Is Paris lost? is Roan yelded vp?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they left? what treacherie was by d
Meff. No treacherie, but want of Men and Money.

Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine severall Factions:
And whil a Field shoule be diptach'd and sought,
You are diptaching of your Generals,
One would have beging Waters, with little cot;
Another would fye twist, but waurth Wings;
A thrid thunders, without expensive at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtaynd.

Awake, awake, English Noblesse,
Let not flouth dimme your Honors, new begos;
Crops are the flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Finerall,
Thee Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerneth, Regent I am of France:
Gue me my fleeced Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these diigreefulwaying robes;
Wounds will I lend the French in head of Eyet,
To wepe their interfime Miseries.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter the other Messengers.

*Meas. Lords view these Letters, full of bad miscarriage.*

France is exulted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bishop of Orleans, with him is injoyd,
Reynold Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,

*Meas. The Dauphin crownd King all flye to him.*

Whither shall we live from this report?
Gof. We cannot fly, but on our pace thrust,
Bedded, if the blacke, Ille fight it out.

*Meas. Why doubt you none of my forwardness?*

An Army here I Trusted in my thoughts,
Which with already France is out-our.

Enter another of the Messengers.

*Meas. Magistrates Lords, to order to your Armaments,
Wherewith you now be king Henry Decane,*

I must informe you of a dimitall right,
But what the Lord Talbot, and the French,

*Meas. What? Wherein Talbot overcame, is it so?*

As. I say, whereon Lord Talbot was overthrown:
The countenance at length your majestie,
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Reigning from the Siege of Orleans,
Having full sease at his own hand in his troopes,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed, and set upon
No leasure had he to oversee his men,
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges,
They pitched in the ground compleetely,
To keep the Hosten men off, from breaking in,
More then six hours the fight was grounded:
Where a shame Talbot, above human thought,
 Forced wonderfull with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he flote to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where euer, the feele.
The French exalted, the Dauphin was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaynd him,
His Souldiers flaying his unsandt Spurs,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battle.
Here the Conquest fully been feeld up,
If Sir John Fastolf had not playd the Coward.
He being in the Visard, yea the end ende,
With purpose to renewe and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the generall wack and maflace:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies,
A base Wallon, to win the Dauphins grace,
Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the back,
Whom all France, with their chere assembled strength,
Darst not preume to looke once in the face.
Belf. 1 talbot slaine then shall I flye my selfe,
For lying nily here, in pompe and exile,
Wilt it such a worthy Leader, wanting syd,
Vito his dafford foe-men is betrayd.

2. *Meas. Ons, he loues, but is stroke Prisoner,*

And Lord Scater with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or stroke licewise.
Belf. His Ransome there is none but I shal play,
Ille bile the Dauphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowned shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Four of their Lords Ille change for one of ours,

Farwell my Masters, to my Task will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George Feast well.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whole bloody deed is shall make all Europe quake.
2. *Meas. So you had need, for Orleans is being d,*

The English Army is growne weak and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury doth put himself,
And hardly keeps himselfe from mutinie,
Since they do feare, while such a multitude.
*Exe. Remember Lords, your Catches to Henry favour,*

Fyther to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in private to your yoke.
Belf. I do remember it, and here take my leave,
To give about my preparation.
Exit Belford.

Gof. He to the Tower with all the half I can,
To view the Antlefe and Munition,
And then I will proclaime young Henry King,

 Ext. Glister.

Exe. To Elstat will I, where the young King is,
Being ordyn'd his speciall Gouernor,
And for his sitting there I lle be sent.

*Exe. From hence, exact this Place and Hauing to attend:
I am left out; for no thinge remains.
If long I will not be back out of Office.
The King from Elstat intend to find,
And set at chiefe Stente of publicke Wale,

Lan. Sound a Ebullion.


Charles, Maye his true meaning, owne as in the Heavens,
So to the Earth, to this day is not knowne,
Lace did he slaine upon the English side:
Now we are Victors, upon vs he smiles.
Waxst Townes of any moment, but we haue
At pleasure here we lyce, near Orleans:
Otherwise, the famild English, like pate Ghosts,
Faintly beleeve vs one hour in a moneth,
Alas. They want their Portegde, and their fat Bul Beeats
Eyther they must be dyeterd like Mules,
And have their Pronder ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteuous they will looke, like cheated Mice.
Rognier, Let whyl my Servant ye come hither? Talbot is taken, whom we want to leave.
Remayneth none but mad-braynd Salwey,
And he may well in ffeiting spend his gull,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Werre.
Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush them on,
Now for the honoure of the folorne French:
How I forgive my death, that killd me,
When he lets me goe back one foot, or flye.

*Exeunt. Here Alarum,* they are beaten back, by the English with great force.


Charles. Who eares favre the like? what men have I?
Dogges, Cawars, Disturbs: I would we haue flued,
But that they left me medl my Enemies.
Rognier, Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weazy of his life:
The other Lords, like Lons wanting foode,
Doe rush vp on vs as their hungry prey.


L. i. 89—L. ii. 28

451
**The first Part of Henry the Sixt.**

**Albany. Frestfard, a Countreman of ours, records,**

England all Olimer and Rowland's breed,

During the time Edward the third did reign:

More truly now may this be verified;

For none but Samson and Goliath

It tendeth forth to skirmish: one to one? Leane raw-bon'd Rafeil, who would ere suppose,

They had such courage and audacity? 

**Charles.** Let's leave this Towne,

For they are hayre-bray'd Sheares,

And hunger will enforce them to more eser:

Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth

The Walls they're teare downe, then fastlike the Siege.

**Reynier.** I thinke by some odde Gimmons or Deuice

Their Armes areere like Clocks, still to strike on;

Elle ne re could they hold out fo as they doe:

By my content, wee even let them alone.

**Albany.** Be it so.

**Enter the Baffard of Orleanc.**

**Baffard.** Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have neever for him.

**Dolph.** Baffard of Orleanc, thrice welcome to vs,

Baff. Me thinks your looks are sad, your cheer appal'd,

Hath the late overthrow wrought this effence?

Be not dismay'd for, focour is at hand:

A holy Maid hinder with me bringing,

Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,

Ordained is to rafle this tedious Siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France:

The spirit of deepede Propech ey the haile,

Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome:

What paff, and what's to come, the can defcry.

Speake,Shall I call her in to believe my words,

For they are certaine, and unfaillable.

**Dolph.** Go call her in: but first, to try her skill,

**Reynier** stand thou as Dolphin in my place;

Queftion her prouedly, let thy looks be feme,

By this meanes shal we found what skill the haile.

**Enter Lady Paucl.**

**Reynier.** Fair Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondroues tares?

**Paucl.** Reynier, is't thou thinkst to beguile me?

Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,

I know thee well, though newe neere befofe.

Be not amaz'd there's nothing hid from me;

In private will I talke with thee apart;

Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leave a while.

Reynier. She takes upon her brayly at first, dafh.

**Dolph.** Dolphin, I am by birth a Sheapards Daughter,

My wit vntray'd in any kind of Art:

Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To thone on my contemptible estate,

Loc, whileth I wayred on my tender Lamber,

And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my checkers,

Gods Mother doughter in appearre to me,

And in a Vision full of Marvel,

Will'd me to leave my bale Vocation,

And free my Countrie from Calamitie:

Her ydele fire promis'd, and affur'd incresse.

In compleat Glory fiue teast'd her felfe:

And whereas I was black and fwarke before,

With those cleare Rayes, which thee inflame'd on me,

That beautie am I blest with, which you may fee.

Ask me what queftion thou canst profe,

And I will answere unpremeditats:

My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.

Refluer on this, thou shalt be infranate,

If thou receave me for thy Warlike Mate.

**Dolph.** Thou haft aftenift me with thy high termes:

Onely this profe 1le of thy Valour make,

In fingele Combat thou haft buckle with me;

And if thou vanquifheth, thy words are true,

Otherwife I renowne all confidence.

**Paucl.** I am prepar'd: here is my kerne-edg'd Sword,

Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,

The which at Touraine, in St. Katherine Church-yard,

Out of a great deal of old Iron, I chose forth.

**Dolph.** Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

**Paucl.** And while I live, Ile none by feye from a man,

Here loye fight, and love de Paucl comemems.

**Dolph.** Stay, lay thy handes, thou art an Amazon,

And fightith with the Sword of Deborah.

**Paucl.** Chrifts Mother helps me, else I were too weakes.

**Dolph.** Who e'er he helps thee, 'tis thou that muft help me:

Impetuous I haue with thy defire,

My heart and hands thou haft at once subdu'd,

Excellent Paucl, if thy name be so,

Let me thy feuan, and not Souteraigne be,

'Tis the French Dolphin fuths to thee thus.

**Paucl.** I muft not yeeld to any rights of Loue,

For my Profession farred from above:

When I haue chaff'd all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompence.

**Dolph.** Meane time look gracious on thy preftime,

**Reynier.** My Lord me thinkes its very long in trike.

**Lord.** Doubtlesse hee fuites this woman to her shock,

Elffe wee could be fo long pronouch thy Speech.

**Reynier.** Shall we disubbe him, since heere keepes no meane?

**Lord.** He may meane more then wee men do know,

These women are ferved tempmers with their tongues.

**Reynier.** My Lord, where are you? what deuife you oit?

Shall we come to Orleanc, or noe?

**Paucl.** Why no, I say: fulfill Revenants,

Fight till the bell gaile: bee you your guard.

**Dolph.** What fyle fayes, ile confirme: wee'll fight it out.

**Paucl.** Affign'd am I to be the English Scourge,

This night the Siege at thrify night spake:

Excepl Saint Chretians Summe. He fayde days,

Since I haue entered into thefe Wars,

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,

Which nicta a defh to enlargue it selfe,

Till by broad spreading, it diuerfe to naught.

With Heures end, the English Circle ends,

Differed are the glories it included:

Now am I like that proud infolenting Ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

**Dolph.** Was Stabamer infirm'd with a Doute?

Thou with an Eagle art infirned then.

**Helen, the Mother of Great Conflation,**

**Nor yet S. Philip's daughters were like thee.**

**Bright Starre of Venus, flatte downe on the Earth,**

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

**Albany.** Leave off delays, and let vs rayte the Siege,

Reynier. Wo.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

In sight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ie drag thee up and downe.

Wench. Glosfer, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Glos. Winchefler Goose, I say, a Rape, a Rape.

Now beat them hence, why doe you let them play?

Thee Ie chafe hence, thou Wole in Sherpes array.

Our Twamey-Costes,our Scarlet Hypocrize.

Here Glosfer: men beat out the Cardinals men,
and care in the burn's burnt the Mover of London, and his Officers.

Mover. Eye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates, 
This contumeliously should break the Peace.

Glos. Peace Mover, thou know a little of my wrongs:
Here's Bradfard, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diuerted the Tower to his vte.

Wench. Here's Glosfer, 3 Poe to Citizens.
One that fill motions Ware, and never Peace,
O're-charging your free Purges with large Fines:
That seekes to overthrow Religion,
Because he is a Protecor of the Realme;
And would have Armour out of the Tower,
To Crowne himselve King, and suppresse the Prince.

Glos. I will not answer thee with words, but by acts.

Here they shrowm againe.

Mover. Naught reques for me, in this tumultuous Trife,
but to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as loud as e'thous can't cry:

All manner of men, assembled here in Arms this day, 
against God Peace and the Kings, were charge and command you, in his Highnes Name, to repaire to your several dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or of any sword, weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon paine of death.

Glos. Cardinal, he be no breaker of the Law.
But I shall meere, and breaks our minds at large.

Wench. Glosfer, we're met to thy coft be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will hau for this dayes worke.

Mover. Ie call for Clubs, if you will not swaue;
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuil.

Mover. Farewell thou dost but what thou mayst.

Wench. Aabhominable Glosfer, gurd thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long.

Mover. See the Coast cleare, and then we wil depart.
Good God, these Nobles should sufch fronmacks bene,
I my selfe fight not once in forfe yeere.

Enter the Mafter Gunnere of Orleane, and
Two Bay.

M. Gunnere. Sircha, thou know'lt how Orleance is beseg'd,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.

Sar. Father I know, and of haue shot at them,
How e're unfortunat, I mist'd my syne.

M. Gunnere. But now thou shalt not. Be thou nul'd by me:
Chief Maffter Gunnere am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes epyes have informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrenchd,
Went through a secret Grade of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peeke the Citty,
And thence discover, how with most advantage
They may bee vs with Shot or with Affault,
To intercept this incidency,
A Peace of Ordinance gaund in I haue pla'd,

1. ii. 147—I. iv. 15

453
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them. Now doth thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou speakest any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Governors.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.

Salib. Talbot, my Life my joy, againe returnd?
How went thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means goest thou to be releas'd?
Discaler I preach't on this Turrets top,
Talbot. The Earl of Bedfor'd had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord Ponte de Sainte-Croix,
For him was I exchange'd, and rank'd in,
But with a safer man of Armes by farre.
Once in contempt they would have banish'd me:
Which I disclaiming, scorn'd, and caused death,
Rather then I would be方可'ed.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But of the trecherous Sa'ty're wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fist I would execute,
If now I had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell me now, how thou wast entertain'd,
Tal. With coffes and learen, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place preach't they me,
To be a publick preacher to all;
Here, said they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scare-Crowe that affrightes our Children to.
Then broke I from the Officis that led me,
And with my nail'd digg'd fiones out of the ground,
To hurte at the beholders of my shame.
My grify counterpane made out of ghe,
None durst come near me, for feare of laddame death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great fear of my Name amongst them were spread,
That they propos'd I could rend Barres of Steel,
And passe in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choos'd cohort I had,
That walkt about me every Minute while;
And if I did but flaire out of my Bed,
Ready were they to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Lut, and th' Lut'stuck,
Salib. I grudge to hear that torment thou endur'd,
But we will be warned sufficiently.
Now is it Supper time in Oceane:
Here, through this Grove, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they forifie;
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Garemen, and Sir William Glafstede,
Let me have thy expert opinion,
Where is best place to make our Barty next?
Gareman. I think at the North Gate, for there stands
Lord
Glafstede. And I heare, at the Bulwarkes of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be furnisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.
Here they shot, and Salisbury fell down.

Salib. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
Gareman. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.
Talb. What chance is this, that suddeley hast crost us?

Speak Salisbury, at leaft, it thou canst, speake:

How far't thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes fide shuck'd off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatal Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wou'd Tragedie.
In thirteene Battales, Salisbury o'ccomb:
Henry the Fift he fift tryst'd to the Warrer.
Whil'st any Trumpet did found, or Drum flutter'd,
Its Sword did not leaue strikling in the field.
Yet did thou Salisbury, though thy speech doth flaye,
One Eye thou haft to looke to Heaven for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World,
Heauen be thou gracious to none alue,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.
Beware hence his Body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Garemen, haft thou any life?
Speak unto you Sir, pray, look up to him.

Salibury cheere thy Spirith with this comfort,
 Thou shalt not dye wheles---
He beckens with his hand, and smil's on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to drique me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and I will like thee.

Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched foll Frenche be only in my Name.
Here an Alarum, and th Thunderes and Lightnes.
What stirs this? What tumult, in the Heavens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noye?

Enter a Mosieur.

Mos. My Lord my Lord, the French have gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one Iean de Pusel soyn d.
A holy Propiclet, new riven vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lefth himself up, and gromes.

Talb. Hearre, heare, how dying Salisbury doth gromse,
It likes his heart he cannot be recovered.
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.

Pusel or Pusel, Dolphine or Doghni,
Your hearts ill stame out with my Hories heele,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled branes.
Conuay me Salisbury into his Tent,
And then wele try what these enuious Frenchmen dare.
Alarum. Excuse.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and droweth him: Then enters Jean de Pusel,
driving Englishmen before him.
Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Tropes retire, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chesteth them.

Enter Pusel.
Here here here comes. He take a bowe with these:
Deueil, or Deuils Dam, ile conuare thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straigntway giue thy Soule to him thou fearest.
Pusel, Come, come, 'tis only 1 that must disgrace thee.
Here they fight.

Talb. Hesuan, can you suffer Hell to preuatle?
My brefl lie butt with freining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Ances sander,
But I will chaffise this high-minded Strempet.
They fight against.

Pusel. Talbot farewell, thy house is not yet come,
I must goe Viichual Oriance forthwith.

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with some.

O'te.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Servants.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyce or Sounder you perceive,
Neece to the wailes, by some apparant signe
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sert. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Servitors
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Contraint to watch in darknesse, raine, and colds;

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a

Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubtend Burgundy,
By whose approvd the Regions of Artesi,
Wulflon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day over the river haunted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting bell to quittance their deceite,
Contrived by Art, and baulefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortood,
To owe me with Witchers, and the helpe of Hell,
Bar. Traitors haue neuer other company.

But what's that Paris whom they terme so pure?
Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martall?
Bar. Pray God the proue not masculine ere long;
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practive and touseth with spirits,
God is our Fortesse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolue to scale their flinty bulwarke.

Bed. Ascend brasse Talbot, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I gueffe,
That we do make our entrance general wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other may his life against their torce.

Bed. Agreed: I lie to yond corner.
Bar. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his graue.
Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henrie, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Ser. Armes, armes, the enemy doth make a shamke,
Cry, S.George, A Talbot.

The French lepe on the wailes in their sirtes. Enter
four all wayes, Bassard, Alamans, Regner,
half ready, and halfe worneady.

Alam. How now my Lords? what all varudie so
Bass. Vnready! and glad we lep'd so well.

Reg. Twice time (I tow) to wakende our beds,
Hearing Alamans at our Chamber doores.

Alam. Of all expostucous I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a wailelike enterprise

Enter Aureate, and come forth.

Enter the Walls, Paece, Dolphin, Reiniger,
Aslenon, and Soldiers.

Paece. Advance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Refute is Olanche from the English.
Thus Is not the Paece hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Dustfull Creature, Adreas Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?

Thy promistes are like Adonis Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the nest.

France, triumph in thy glorious Prophefette,
Recour'd is the Towne of Olanche,

More blefled hap drme're befall our State.

Reynier, Why sing out not the Bells alway,
Throughout the Towne?

Dolph. Command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And teall and baner in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath gven us.

Armes. All France will be replact with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. To Is not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will divide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession finge her endless praise.

A statelie Pyramis to her reare,
Then Rhodope's or Memphis ever was.

In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Arms in an Vine more precieus:
Then the rich jewell'd Coff'er of Doris,
Transported, shall be at high Felthusa,
Before the Kings and Queenes of France,
No longer on Saint Denes will we cry,
But Is not Paece shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Vicitome.

Flourish. Exeunt.
More ventuous, or desperate then this.  

_Buff._ I think this Talbot be a Friend of Hell. 

_Reyn._ If not of Hell, the Heavens fare favour him. 

_Alfred._ Here commeth Charles, I trustell how he sped? 

_Enter Charles and Julian._ 

_Buff._ Truth, holy Julian was his defensive Guard. 

_Char._ Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame? 

_Diulf._ Thou sast at first, no blatter vs wathall, 

_Vinnet._ Make vs partakers of a little gayne, 

_That now our loffe might be ten times so much._ 

_Julian._ Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend? 

_At all times will you have my Power alike? 

_Sleeping or waking, must I still presule, 

_Or will you blame and lay the faults on me? 

_Improvident Soldiers, had your Watch been good, 

_This hidden Micheheuer could have taine._ 

_Char._ Duke of Alanthon, this was your default, 

_That being Captaine of the Watch to Night, 

_Did looke no better to that weighte Charge. 

_Alfred._ Had all your Quarters been as safely kept, 

_As that whereby I had the government, 

_We had not beene thus shamefully forf't d. 

_Buff._ Mine was secure. 

_Rey._ And so was mine, my Lord. 

_Char._ And for my selfe, most part of all this Night, 

_Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct, 

_I was employed in paffing to and fro, 

_About relieuing of the Citizenes. 

_Then how, or which way, should they fliff breake in? 

_Julian._ Question (my Lord's) no further of the cafe, 

_How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place, 

_But weakely guarded, where the breach was made: 

_And now there refts no other fliff but this, 

_To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd, 

_And Ly new Captaines to enruckle them._ 

_Exit._ 

_Alaron._ Enter a Southerner crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: 

_They flit leaueing their Clothes behind._ 

_Small._ He be so bold to take what they have left: 

_The Cry of Talbot ferues me for a Sword, 

_For I have laden me with many Spynes, 

_Ving no other Weapon but his Name._ 

_Exit._ 

_Enter Talbot, Berlford, Burgundie._ 

_Buff._ The Day begins to break, and Night is fled, 

_Whose pitchy Mable over-ly'd the Earth. 

_Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit._ 

_Receat._ 

_Talbot._ Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury, 

_And here advance it in the Market-Place, 

_The middle Centurie of this cursed Towne. 

_Now haste I pay'd my View into his Soule; 

_For every drop of blood was drawne from him, 

_There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night. 

_And that laster Agnes may behold 

_What sinne happened in resence of him, 

_Within their chiefest Temple he ered. 

_A Jetsam, where his Corps shall be interred: 

_Upon the which, that every one may read, 

_Shall be engraid the facke of Olorence, 

_The trecherous manner of his mounteall death, 

_And what a terror he had bere to France. 

_But Lords, in all our bloody Maflace, 

_I made me not with the Dolphins Grace, 

His new-come Champion, ventuous Julian of Ave, 

_Not of his false Confederates._ 

_Buff._ 'Tis thought of Lord Talbot when the fight began, 

_Row'd on the sudden from their drowsie Bed, 

_They did amongst the troops of armed men, 

_Leape o're the Walla for refuge in the field, 

_Hung. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne, 

_For ins)sake, and dusty vapours of the night, 

_Am fore I fear'd the Dolphin and his Tal, 

_When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running, 

_Like to a payre of Lowing Turtle-Doves, 

_That could not live another day or night. 

_After that things are set in order here, 

_We're follow them with all the power we have._ 

_Enter a Messanger._ 

_Messanger._ All hale, my Lords: which of this Princeely traye 

_Call ye the Walthe Talbot, for his Acts 

_So much applaudeth through the Realme of France? 

_Tab._ Here is the Talbot, who would speake with him? 

_Messanger._ The ventuous Lady, Countess of Ouerge, 

_With modestie adressing the Renowne: 

_By me entreats (great Lord) thou woul'd vouchsafe 

_To visit her poor Caffle where she lies, 

_That the may boast the hath beheld the man, 

_Whoe glory filleth the World with lowd report. 

_Brug._ Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warses, 

_Will turne into a peaceful Comick Sport, 

_When Ladies ease to be encountered with. 

_You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit._ 

_Tab._ Ne'truff tice me then: for when a World of men 

_Could not preuayle with all ther Oatrons, 

_Yet ha'st a Woman kinderere over-toul: 

_And therefore tell her, I require great thankes, 

_And to be assur'd will attend on her. 

_Will not your Honours bese me company? 

_Buff._ Not, truly, 'tis more then manners will, 

_And I have heard it layd, Unbidden Guesstes 

_Are often worse then welcomed when they are gone, 

_Tab._ Well then, alone (since there's no remede) 

_I mean to prose this Ladies courtesie, 

_Come hither Captaine, you perceive my mind._ 

_Capt._ I love my Lord, and meane accordingly._ 

_Exit._ 

_Enter Countess._ 

_Count._ Porter, remember what I give in charge, 

_And when you have done, bringing the Keyses to me, 

_Port._ Madame, I will._ 

_Exit._ 

_Count._ The Plot is layd, all things fall out right, 

_I shall as famous be by this explyor, 

_As Scythian Tempus by Cyrra death. 

_Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight, 

_And his achivements of no leffe account: 

_Faine would mine eyes be winnace with mine cares, 

_To give their cenfeure of these rare reports._ 

_Enter Messanger and Talbot._ 

_Messanger._ Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd, 

_By Messeleres cradd, to so Lord Talbot come._ 

_Count._ And ther is welcome: what is this the man? 

_Messanger._ Madame, it is. 

_Count._ Is this the Scourge of France? 

_Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad? 

_That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes._ 

_I fee Report is fabulous and false._ 

II. i. 45—II. iii. 18
To freely go to White Rood and Lament.

This is the time of year when the flowers bloom and the birds sing, and the sun shines bright upon the earth.

I'll sing no more of this, for I have done with my tale. And now, farewell, dear friends.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Lyon. Vnifi the studye and my Bookes be falle,
The armes you shewed, was wrong in you; In figne whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Tyrk. Now Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Tyrk. Meane time your cheeks doe corespond our Roses: For pale they looke with fear, as wittenssing The truth on your side.

Som. No Plantagenet.

Tyrk. Tho not for feare, but anger, that thy cheeks Blush for pure shame to confesse our Roses, An yet thy tongue will not confesse thy err. 

Som. Hath not the Rose a Canker, Somerset?

Tyrk. Hath not the Rose a Thorne, Plantagenet?

Som. I shape and pincing to maintaine his truth, Whiles thy confesseing Canker easeth his falshood.

Som. To all my trustfull friends to weare my bleeding Roses, That shall maintaine what I have said is true, Where falle Plantagenet dare not to beone.

Tyrk. Now by this Maunten Blosomone in my hand, I comme thee and thy fashon pedon Day.

Som. Tune not the fancies this way, Plantagenet.

Tyrk. Proud Poole, I will, and fonce combe both and thee.

Som. He tune my part threath into thy breast.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole, We grace the Yeoman by confesseing with him.

Som. Now by Gods will thou wrong him, Somerset: His Grace, the Duke of Clarence, Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England. Spring Cetheiffe Yeomen from to depe a Root.

Tyrk. He bears him on the place's Pridehood, Or durt not for his graces heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, he must intone my words O my fame of God and of-Chlenendene, Was thy Father Richard, Earl of Cambridge, For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes.

And by his treason, stand'd if not on too straitned, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Graces? His Fire past yes guine in thy blood, And till then be refroid, and we see a Yeoman.

Tyrk. My Father was straitned, not straitned, Condition to dye for God but not for Treason,

And that he proue of better men then Somerset, Were growing time once open'd to my will.

For your partes Poole and ye your selfe,

He note you in my Bookes of Memorise, To founche your selfe in this apprehension;

No leastest well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Alas thou shalt rise as ready for thee still; And know, by these Coloures for thy Foes,

For these my friends in fught of thee shul be warn'd.

Tyrk. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose, As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, Will I for ever, and my Faction were, Will it wither me to my Grace, Or frounce to the height of my Degree.

Som. Take for word, and be cleaschd with thy ambitions; And so farwell, til I meet thee next.

Som. Have with thee Poole: Farwel ambitious Rich.

Tyrk. How I am braw'd, and must perfforce endure it?

Warm. This blot that they obied against your House, shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Rach. First, Jeane thine aged back against mine Arme,
And in that caze, Ile tell thee my Dileate.
This day in argument upon a Cafe,
Some words there grew thuswise. Some part and me.
Among which taresane, he vs'd his laulith tongue,
And did vpeaie my with his Fathers death;
Which eboquete eet brestes before my tyounge,
Eile with the like I had request it.

Therefore good Vleckke, for my fathers sake,
In honer of a true Plantagenet,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, left his Head.

Mort. That cause, tell ye Nephew that imprision'd me,
And hath destany'd mee al my flourishing Youth.
Within a loosehouse Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curf'd Instrument of his decafe.

Rach. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guellze.

Mort. I will, if it was my fuding breath permit,
And Death appear not, ere my tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Died of his Nephew Richard, Edward Sonne,
The first begotten, & the lawfull Heire.
On Edward King, the Third of that Defeante.
During whose Reign, the Forces of the North,
Finding his Vrapsion mutt vnruit,
Endeau'd my advancement to the Throne.
The reasone would the文科ke Lords to this,
Was for that young Richard thus remou'd,
Leaun no Heire begotten of his Body.
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother, I derived am

From Lomond Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King Edward the Third; whereas he,
From Iom of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Seing but fourth of that Horrificc Age.

But mark, as this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives.
Longer this, when Henry the Fift
(Succeeding his Father Buildingbroke) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deri'd
From famous Edward Langler, Duke of Yorke,
Marching my Siter, thy Mother was;
Aspnn in putty of my hard distresse,
I enuad an Army, weening to redeeme,
And hast infall'd me in the Diademme:
But as the rife, I fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the Monarches,
In whom the late refted, were fappeered.

Rach. Of which, my Lord, your Honoure is the left.

Mort. True: and thou feest, that I no lisse hau'e,
And that my faming words do warrant dace.
Thou art my Heire; the rife, I with the other gaver:
But yet be wary in thy ludicious care.

Rach. Thy grace admonifhments precyse with me:
But yet me thynke, my Fathers execution
Was nothing leffe than bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the Houte of Lancifler,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.

But now thy Vleckke is remouing hence.
As Principes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a facted place.

Rach. Of Vleckke, would fome of thy young yeares
Might but redeeme the paffage of thy Age.
And makes him sore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

**106**

**The first Part of Henry the Sixth.**

But one imperious in another Throne?

**Glof.** Am I not Protector, law ye Priest? 

**Winch.** And am I not a Prelate of the Church?

**Glof.** Yes, as an Oue-law in a Cattle keeper,
And wout to patronize his Thief.

**Winch.** Vouchsafe Gentlefmen.

**Glof.** Thou art unreason.

Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.

**Winch.** Rome shall remit this.

But, as the Lord Pius Sir, for what are you, I pray, 

**Prete.** Roame thither then.

My Lord, we are your duties to forbear.

**Pots.** I see the Bifhop be not extra-bole:

Oh, what is my Lord of Winchefler, behold
My frights and tears, and will not once relent &
Who should be putful if you be not &
Or who should freely to pretende a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in browes?

**Winch.** Yield my Lord Deft ort, yield Winchefler,

Except you meane with obilute repulse
To buy your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,
You see what Michtieve, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your eminents:
Then be at peace except ye thart for blood.

**Winch.** He shall subtit, or I will yerraed,

**Glof.** Compaition on the King co sammde me floupe,

Oh I would see his heart out, were the Priet
Should never get that privilidge of me,

**Winch.** Behold my Lord of Winchefler, the Duke

Hath benfifiee this discontented fury.

As by his mouseh Browses it does appeare:

**Winch.** Here Wether, I offer thee my Hand,

King, For Vakie of Brode, I have heard you preach,

That Malle was a great and dangerous frieze.

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach,
But procure a chief offender in the fame.

**Winch.** Sweet King, the Bishoph had a kindly gyrd.

For thame my Lord of Winchefler tenant:

**Winch.** What shall I do, child what to do?

**Winch.** Yehel Whose, I wally yeld to thee

I owe for thy Long, and Hand I gave.

**Glof.** I but I leare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and Joining Countrymen,

This token fereth for a Flagg of Truce,

Berwist our selves, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

**Winch.** So helpe me God, as I intend it nor.

**King.** Oh joining Vakie,kinde Duke of Glofer,

How it is well, I mandle by this Contrat,

Away my Maffers, trouble vs no more,

But Layne in frendship, as your Lords haue done.

**1. Ser.** Content, lie to the Surgeons,

**2. Ser.** And I will.

**3. Ser.** And I will see what Phystick the Taurine affords.

**Winch.** Accept this Scrawle, most gracious Soueraigne,

Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,

We dote exuhrde to your Majestye:

Gis Welle reg'd, my Lord of Warwick for sweet Prince,

And if your Grace marks every circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe Richard right,

I recorde for those occasions

At Elam Place I told your Majestye,

**King And**

**3. Ser.** My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man

Joht, and ypright; and for your Royall Birth,

Inferior to none, but to his Matte.

And ere that we will suffeter such a Prince,

So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,

To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Maste,

Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,

And have our bodys slaughtred by thy foes.

**1. Ser.** And the very parings of our Nagles

Shall paye a Field when we be dead,

**Bring againes.**

**Glof.** Stay, stay, I say,

And if you love me, as you doe you doe,

Let me periwaide you to forbears a while.

**King.** Oh, how this dicord doth affect my Soule,

Carving my Lord of Winchefler, behold
My frights and tears, and will not once relent &
Who should be putful if you be not &
Or who should freely to pretende a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in browes?

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Except you meane with obilute repulse
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And if your Grace marks every circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe Richard right,

I recorde for those occasions

At Elam Place I told your Majestye,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

King. And those occasions, Vackie, were of force:
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his Blood,

Witu. Let Richard be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompensed.

King. As will the rest, so wilt thou wincher.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong into the House of York,
From whence you spring, by Lineal Descent.

Roth. Thy humble tenant vows obedience,
And humble tenure, till the point of death.

King. Stoop then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in consideration of that done done,
I gyre thee with the valiant Sword of York;
Rise Richard, like a trust Plantagenet,
And the created Prince of Duke of York.

King. And to enjoin Richard, as thy force may fall,
And as my dues spring from thee pitch.

That grapple one struggle upon with lucky Mischief.

A.D. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of York,

Old N. But it befalls unto thy Mischief,
Nor have I seen, and to be Crowns in France:
The picture, of a King engenders love
Among, his Subjects and his Royal Friends,
As de-laminates his Enemies.

King. When Glover dyes the word, King Henry goes,
For-friendly confinable cuts off many foes.
Clyst. Your steps already are in readinesse,

Mame Exciton.

Exe. I, may be march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to entice:
This late distemper grown betwixt the Perres,
Burnes under fainted shies of forlorn, I
And so fall break out into a flame,
As ranked members rut but by degree,
To bones and flesh and finesse fall away,
So shall this bale and eviscerious discord breed.
And now I see that fastal Prepotency,
Which in the time of Henry, nom the last,
Was in the mouth of every thinking Babe,
That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And Henry borne at Windfor, loole all:
Which is for plaine, that Exeter doth with,
His dayes may finnall, ere that haplesse time.

Exeit.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguised, with some Solitaries: with

Rapes upon their back.

Pucell. These are the Cuce Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollecy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar feet of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the flounders watch but weake,
He by a signe guestrouce to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Solitaries. Our Sacks shall be a means to sack the City
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore we'll knock.

Watch. Cora.

Pucell. They come to sack the house of France,
Poor Market folks that come to fell their Corne,
Watch. Execute, go in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, I heake the Buffaloes to the ground,

Exe. Excitant.

Enter Charles, Basilard, Ataline.

Charles. Saint Dunois biele this happy Statageme,
And once againe wele thee sleep in Roan.

Basilard. Here enter Pucell. and his Prachicians:
Now she is there, how will the specifice?
Here is the bell and fals' Paulinge.

King. By thruthing out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once dierd shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weake) which the enried.

Enter Pucell in the top, thruthing out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That soone Roan into her Countreymen,
But huringe falls to the Talhoner.

Basilard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now think it like a Comet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Ref. Before no time, delays: have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, preferably,
And then doo execution on the Watch.

Ataline.

An Ataline. Talbot in an Execcion.

Talk. France, thou shalt rise this Treacon with thy scares,
If Talbot but furuite thy Treacherie.

Pucell. That Watch, that damned Sorcelande,
Hath wrought this Hellsish Mischief unsawes,
That hardly we ekept the Pride of France.


Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within. Pucell.

Charles, Basilard and Rueneger on the walls.

Pucell. God, morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I think the Duke of Burgonie will fall,
Before hee be againe at such a rate.

Talbot was of Darnell: doo you like the tate?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fien, and shamelesse Curmian,
I truft e longe to chosse thee with thine owne,
And make thee cure the Haruest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may flaire (perhaps) before that time.

Balf. Oh let no words, but deeds, unnenge this Treacon.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Break a Liance, and tunez at Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayere.

Talk. Foole Friend of France and Hag of all delipt,
Incompadice with thy lufffull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taint his valiant Age,
And twitt with Cawderside a man hale bed?

Darnell, he have a bowit with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this Shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: ye Pucell hold thy peace,
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
They whiff together as camels.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talk Dale

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The First Part of Henry the Sixth.

Talk. Dare ye come forth, and meet vs in the field?

Fusil. Behold your Lordship riseth then vs all forsoo.

To try if that our owne be ourse, or no.

Talk. I speak not to you that chalenging Fusil, but wast the Alason, and the rest.

Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out?

Alason. Seignior no.

Talk. Seignior hang: base Mulerers of France,
Like Perisant foot-Boyes doe they keep the Walls,
And dare not take vp Arms, like Gentlemen.

Fusil. Away Captaines, let's go vs to the Walls,
For Talbot means no goodneffe by his Lookes,
God buy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That woe is here. 

Event from the walls.

Talk. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot greatest fame.

Vow alason, by honor of thy Houte,
Prick on by publicke Wronges inflicted in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.

And I as late as English Henry lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late defeated Towne,
Great Charles Heart was buried:
So looke I sawe, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equal partners with thy
Vowes.

Talk. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bewillow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for cratie age.

Bedford. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous Bedford, let vs now perswade you.
Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout Pandegowne, in his litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinks I should accuse the Souldiers hearts,
Because I euer found them as my felie.

Talk. Undaunted spirit in a dying breath,
Then be we: Heauens keeps old Bedford's life,
And now no more ado, brave Burgund,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boating Enemies.

Exit.

An Alason. Exscursum. Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a Captaine.

Captaine. Whither away Sir John Falstaff, in such haste?
Falstaff. Whither away, to sake my felie by flight,
We are like to have the overthow againe,
Captaine. What will you flye, and issue Lord Talbot?
Falstaff. I stll the Talbots in the World, to sake my life.

Captaine. Cowardly Knight, will fortune follow thee.

Exit.


Bedford. Now quiet Soul, depart when Heauen please,
For I haue seene our Enemies overthow,
What is the strength or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their foes,
Are glad andbase by flight to sake themselues.
Leavd for ever, and are carried by ten in his Chare.

An Alason. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Talk. Loth, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, Burgundy:
Yet Heauens have glory for this Victorie.

Burgundy. Weak and Mattiall Talbot, Burgundy
Inflames thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talk. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pocil now?
I think her old Familiar is alitape.
Now where's the Raftards bruare, and Charles his glories?
What all amor? Roan hangs her head for grief,
Yet such a valiant Company are sted.
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 Nobleslye.

Burgundy. What will Lord Talbot, plesemeth Burgundy.

Talk. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceased,
But see his Exequies till'd in Roan.
A braver Souldier never toucht Lauce,
A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiast Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane eniere.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bajard, Alason, Pucelle.

Pucelle. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recoverd.
Care is no cure, but rather correccble,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let franksie Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock swpeepe along his state,
Wee le pull his Planes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but relit'd.

Charles. We have beene guided by these hitherly,
And of thy Cornung had no diffidence.
One sudden Foyle still neuer breedes abditur,
Bajard. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alason. Wee'st freeze Thy stare in some holy place,
And of the reverend Arts, as a blessed Saint,
Employe thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucelle. Then thys must be, this deths lone duyle:
By faire perswafion, mixt with sagred words,
We will entrire the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Charles. I mayr sweething, if I could doe that.
France were no place for Heunter Warrors,
Nor should that Nation boast it with vs,
But be extirped vs from Prouinces.

Alason. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have Title of an Earledome here.

Pucelle. Your Honors shall perceive how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wifled end.

Drumme sounds a faire off.

Hearke by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching vs Paris-ward.

Here found an English March.

There goes the Talbot, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

French March.

Now in the Reward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Trumppers found a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgogne.
Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?
Parcell. The Princeely barons of France, thy Counrystone.
Charles. Speake Parcell, and enchaunt him with thy words.
Parcell. Brave Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not out-sententious.
Parcell. Look on thy Country, look on trettie France,
And see the Cites and the Townes defect,
By wafting Ruine of the crount Foxe.
And lets the Mother on her lovely Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes,
And see the pining M. asie of France:
Behind the Wounds, the most unnatural Wounds,
Which thou thy ight saul hast given thy woulful Birth.
O turne thy eieg in another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of Blood drawn from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then thinesse of foraine gore.
Returne thee therefore in a flond of Teses.
And waft away thy Countries Reyned Spots.
Burg. Either the bane bevisithe me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.
Parcell. Before, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy throst and Lawfull Progenie.
Who won it thou with but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee but for profits sake?
When those that fear once in France,
And falsen'st thy best instrument of Ill.
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be thrall out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and mark but this for proofs:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foxe?
And was he not in England Proffor?
But when they heard he was slaine Enemie,
They let him free, without his Ranonym pay d,
In sight of Burgonie and all his friends,
See then, thougfh it against thy Counrystone fear,
And say it with them will be thy slaughter men.
Come, come, returne, returne thou wondering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.
Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie words of hers
Have beatred me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almoest yeeld upon my knees.
Forgive me Cournty, and sweet Counrystone:
And Lords accept this heerzie kind embrasse,
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Taler, Ie no more tryst thee.
Parcell. Done like a Frenchman; turne and turne againe.
Ballard. And doth beget new Courage in our Brests.
Almif. Parcell hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let's my Lords, And joyn our Powers,
And seake how we may prevaile the Foe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Mowbray, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Arrer, Exeter, To view, with his Souldiers, Taltex.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honestable Peers,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I have a while giong Truce unto my Warrers,
To doe my duty to my Soveraigne.
In signe wherefo, this Arme, that hath reclayned's,
To your obedience, fishte forrettees,
Twelve Cites, and leuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside five hundred Propros of effeeme;
Less fall his Sword before your Highness feet;
And with submision loyaltie of heart
Affords the Glory of his Conquest got,
Fart to my God, and next unto your Grace.
King. Is this the Lord Talb, Vucelle Gloucester,
That hast to long beene resident in France?
bol. Yes, if it pleseth your Maiestie, my Liege.
King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stoutier Champion neuer handled Sword,
Long since we were refoloued of your truth,
Your fafield furneice, and your soyle in Wars:
Yet never have you taited our Reward,
Or breene regarded with to much as Thanks,
Becauze till now, we never saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deferts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.
Sect. Flourish, Exeunt.

Monsr Vernon and Bajfif.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of the Colours that I wore,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke,
Dost thou now mountane the former words thou spakst?
Bajif. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious balking of your favorie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.
Durn. Sirrah, thy LordHonour as he is.
Bajif. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorke.
Vern. Hearke ye not for in winneffte take ye that.
Strakke him.
Bajif. Villaine, thou knowest.
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a sword, his present death,
Or else this Bow should break thy deadle Bow.
But let him use his Mischief, and crave,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt fe, Ie meet thee to thy soft.
Vern. Well miscreant, Ie be there as soone as you,
And after meeze you, soone then you would.
Exeunt.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Wrothcote, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Cit. Lord Bishop let the Crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry of that name the first.

Cit. Now Governor of Paris take your oath, that you elect no other King but him; else none Friends, but such as are his Friends, and none your Foes, but such as shall pretend malignant practices against his State: This shall ye do, to help ye righteous God.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To hail into your Coronation: A Letter was delivered to my hands, Writ to your Grace, from th Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee: I vow'd (bail Knight) when I did meet the next, To tear the Garter from thy Cruaven Legge, Which I have done, because (unworthily) Thou was' inflam'd in that High Degree, Pardon me Prince Henry, and the rest: This Daffard, at the bœll of Poiniers, When (but in all) I was here thousand strong, And that the French were almost ten to one, Before we met, or that a stroke was given, Like to a truth Squire, did run away. In which affaires, we left twelve hundred men. My selle, and duets Gentlemen before, Were these surpris'd, and taken prisoners. Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amiss: Or whether that such Cowards ought to wear This Ormament of Kindness, yes or no? Glor. To say the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill becoming any common man: Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd in my Lords, Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth; Valiant, and Vertuous, full of dauntless Courage, Such as a bower to create by the waters: Not fearing Death, or thinking for Ditselle, But always resolve, in most extremities. He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort, Dost but usurpe the Sacred name of Knight, Prophaning this most Honourable Order, And should (if I were not hyes to be judge) Be quite degraded, like a Page that is Swaine, That doth presume to boast at Gentle blood. A. Same to thy Countrymen, thou hearst thy doom: B. packing therefore thou shalt do a knight, Henceforth we word him on pointe of death. And now Lord Prochorus, view the Letter from our Vincible Duke of Burgundy.

Cit. Wittingmes his Grace, that he has chandg'd the laws.

No more but pitee and bloyntly? (To the King.) Hath he forger'd, in, Sovereigne? Or doth this chandg'd Superstition pretend some alteration in good will? What's here? I have upon other confes, A Man with composition of our Commandewr wrath, Together with the justifi'd complaints Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forbear your pernicious Flattery, And yeeld with Charles, the rightfull King of France. O monstrous Treachery! Can this be true? That in alliance, arms, and oaths, There should be found such false dissembling guiles? King. What doth my Vincible Burgundy revolv? Glor. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe. King. Is that the worst this Letter doth contain? Glor. Is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes, King. Why then Lord Talbot there full talk with him, And gave him challemge for this abuse. How say you (my Lord) are you not content? Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But I am prevented, I should have begg'd that might have bene employ'd. King. Then gather strength, and march into him straight. Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Tread, And what offence it is to but his Friends. Tal. I go my Lord, in heart defining full. You may behold confession of your foes. Enter Verney, and Trist. Ver. Grant me the Combe, gracious Sovereigne.

Bay. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combe too. York. This is my Servant, hear him Noble Prince, Sam. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour him. King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak. Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus excuse, And wherefore cease you Combate? Or with whom & Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong. Bay. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong. King. What is that wrong, whereby you both complain First let me know, and then lie answer you. Bav. Crossing the Sea, from England into France, This Fellow here with envious carping tongue, Viphrade me about the Rose I wear, Saying, the samee colour of the Leaces Did represent my Mifters but thing checkers: When thuboudly he did repugne the truth, About a certaine question in the Law, Argued between the Duke of Yorke, and him: With other vile and ignomeous taterces. In Convention of which madly reproach'd, And in debate of my Lords worthyesse, I cause the benefit of Law of Aymes. Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord;) For though he teanne with forged quentae conceite To set a glope upon his bold intent, Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him, And he first on the exception at this budge, Provaunce that the palmethe of this Flower, How'd the fantasie of my Mifters heart. Trist. Will not this malice Somerset be left? Sam. Your private grudge my Lord of York, will out, Though we're so intimately you imotheir. King. Good Lord, what madneffe rules in baine-

broke men,

When for so flight and fariousoul a cause, Such factious vaporous all smale? Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerset, Quer you my viles (I pray) and be at peace.

Trist. Let this diffention first be tried by flight, And then your Honighee shall command a Peace. Sam. The quarrelly toucheth none but vs alone, Bexause our ladies les vs deIde it then.

Trist. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset, Ver. Nay, set itself where it began at first.

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The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

��ファ "Confирm it to, mine honourable Lord."

"Confирm it to TІcounded be thy strife,
And perily ye with thy audacious preze,
Preternatural and not abash'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To bear with their pernecf Ьесіoneпіпні инс.
Much leffe to take occasion from their mouths,
To raise a menny between your felves.
Leve me perforce you take a better courfe.
Exit. It greeues his Highefle,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Confirmands: Henceforth I charge you, as you love our faueur,
Qucite to forget this Quee'nell, and the caufc.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:
If they perceυ𝑒υ didnt in our lucket,
And that within our felues we disgree;
How will their grinding ftemake be proueck'd
To willful Disobeience, and Rebell?
Befide, what intere f y will there wife,
When Pern fign Princefs shall be certifie'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Humen Peere, and cheefe Nobility,
Deflyth themfelves, and loft the Realme of my Fender,
Oh thinke upon the Conquell of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let us not forget:
That for a trufily, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull ftrene:
I fee no reafon if I were this Roеe,
That any one should therefore be fuppitious
I more incline to Some let, than Yorke:
Both are my kindmen, and I love them both.
As well they may vp. and done with my Crowne,
Becuase (foroth) the King of Sents is Crown'd.
But your diʃcrections better can perfwade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we fuftrve in peace,
So let them all continue peace, and leare.
Coffin of Yorke, we infrute your Grace
To be our Regent in this parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerft, vifte
Your Troopers of horfeemen, with his Bands of foace,
And like true Subfei's, fonne of your Progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digeit
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selle, my Lord Protecor, and the refi,
After fome curfe, will return to Calicé;
From thence to England, where I hope e长长long.
To be prefentcd by your Vйctories,
With Charles, Alarmon, and that Traftier comet.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I proume you the King
Prettyly (me thought) did play the Ostor.
York. And fo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.
War. Tuth, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare preftime (weet Prince) he thought no harme.
York. And if I wift he did: But let us refi,
Other affayes must now be manag'd.
Fou had the paffions of thy heart burn't out,
I feare we should have fene decipher'd there

More rancorous fphit, more furious raging bruyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or fuppoed:
But howloere, no temperate man that fees
This luring frcese of Nobility,
This fondling of each other in the Court,
This fadling bandying of their Favourers,
But that it doth prefage fome ill even.
'Tis much, when Sceppers are in Children hands:
But more, when Envy breeds vnkinde defuion,
There comes the ruine, there begins confufion. Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trumpes and Drummes,
before Bureaux.

Talbx. Go to the Gates of Bureaux Trumpeter,
Summon their General into the Wall.
Votes of all.

Englifh John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,
Servant in Armes to Henry King of England,
And thus he would, Open your Cittie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Gourarque yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjecte,
And he withdrau... me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne upon my proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attandants,
Leane Fatme, quaterning Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, even with the earth,
Shall lay your flately, and yce-braving Towers,
If you lufkne the offer of their love.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearfull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody fceourge.
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protell we are well fortie'd,
And strong enough to fiffue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dophin well appointed,
Stands with the ifues of Warre to tangie thee.
On either hand thee, there are squardrons pitch't,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canft thou turne thee for reddreffe,
But death deth from thee with apparen fpoyle,
And pale deftruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thoufand French bate tame the Sacrament,
To ryte their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Christian foule but English Talbot:
Lore, there thou fland'st a breadtheing valiant man
Of an immincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy praife,
That thy enemy deth thee wittiali:
For er the Giffle that now begins to taffe,
Finifh the precife of his fynde houre,
Thefe eyes that fee the now well coloured,
Shall fee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

Dram a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dophins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Muficke to thy timorous foule,
And mine frill ring thy due departure out.
Exit 74. He Fables not, I hear the excurie
Out some light Horfeemen, and persec their Wings.
O negligent and heedleffe Discipline,
How are we pack'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Max'd with a yelping kennel of French Cours.
If we be Englysh Deer, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperat Stagges,

Tune

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465
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again, That doth the mighty Army of the Dolphin? 

Mef. They are return'd to my Lord, and give it out, That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.

By your equestrian were discovered Two miltiary Troopes then that the Dolphin led, Which would with him, and made their march for Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset, That thus deairs my promised supply Of hottempered, that were lev'd for this siege.

Renowned Talbot doth expect my sapy, And I am woulst by a Traitor Villaine, And cannot help the noble Chevalier: God comfort him in this necessity: If he miscarry, farewell Warses in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mef. Thou Princeley Leader of our English strength, Neuer to needfull on the earth of France, Spare to the reice of the Noble Talbot, Who now is girdled with a waiste of iron, And hem'd about with grim defacition: To Bordeaux warlike Duke, to Bordeaux York, Else lawfull Talbot, France, and England honor, Talbot. O God, that Somerset whom in proud heart Doth stop my Conquests, were in Talbot place, So should we see a vaillant Gentleman, By fortifying a Traitor, and a Coward: Mad, and wrathfull fury makes me wepe: That thus we dye, while remidle Traitors sleepe. 

Mef. O send some succour to the distressed Lord. York. He dies, we loose: I brake my warlike words.

We mount, France smiles: We looke, they daily get, All long of this wise Traitor Somerset.

Mef. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot soule, And on his sonne young John, who roune hours since, I met in trauaille toward his warlike Father; This feuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne, And now they mete where both their lives are done. York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot haue, To bid his yong famme welcome to his Grace: Away, yassen almost stoppeth my breath, That furred friends greete in the hour of death.

Lucr farewell, no more my fortune can, But curse the case I cannot syde the man.

Muf, Lly, Torpeteres, and Tordrere, are wone away, Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Mef. Thus while the Vulture of Ediction, Feedes in the bone of such great Commanders, Sleeping negligence did betray to lose: The Conquest of our severe-cold Conqueror, That ever-living man of Memorie, Hence the sife: Whiles they sike the other croff, Lucres, Honours, Lands, and all, his death to loffe.

Enter Somerset with his Arme. 

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now: This expedition was by Torky and Talbot, Too raðely plotted. All our general force, Might with a safety of the very Towne Be buckled with the outer-daring Talbot. 

But Talbot still all his glorie of former Honor By this whvedfull, desperate, wide adventure: Talbot let him on to fight, and dye in flame, That Talbot dead, great Torky might bear the name. 

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me Set from our one-march forces forth for syde. 

Som. How now Sir William, whether we sent? 

Luc. Whether my Lord, from bought & told L. Talbot, Who ring'd about with bold advertis, Cries out for noble York and Somerset, To beayling death from his weake Regions, And whiles the honorable Captaine there Draws bloody foot from his ware-wearied limbs, 

And in advantage lingeing looks for revenge, You his faile hopes, the trust of Englands honor, Keep off sloothe with worthlesse emulsion: Let not your private discord keep away The leded succours that should lend him syde, While he reknowned Noble Gentleman 

To care up his life into a world of odde. 

Orleanc the Baffard, Chaute, Burreward, Alaisen, Resguard, compasse him about, And Talbot perishteth by your default.

Som. Yorke let him on, York should have sent him syde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast upon your Grace exclaimers, Swearing that you withheld his leaved host, Collected for this expedition.

Som. York yses: He might have sent, & had the Horfe: I owe him little Dutte, and lette Loue, And take foule licence to fawne on him by sending.

Luc. The fraud of England, not the force of France, Hath now inpast the Noble-minded Talbot: Neuer to England shall he bear his life, But dies betraid to fortune by your sire.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfein strait: Within five hours, they will be at his syde. 

Luc. Too late comes rescue, he is tone or flaine, For yfte he could not, if he would have fled: And lyke would Talbot never though he might.

Som. He is dead, brave Talbot then advis.

Luc. His Fame lives in the world. His Shame in you.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong John Talbot, I did send for thee To tutor thee in trage sayms of Wars, That Talbot name might be in thee resuid, When sappeles Age, and weake payable limbs Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire. 

But O malignant and ill-boading Stars, Now thou art come into a Feast of death, A terrible and vanityed danger: Therefore deere boy, mount on my (whiffrs horse, And Ie direct thee how thou shalt escappe By sodaine flight. Come, daily nor be gone. 

John, Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

Shall.

IV. ii. 51—IV. v. 12
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

And shall I flye? O, if you leave my Mother, Difhonor not her Honorable Name, To make a Ballad, and a Slave of me: The World will say, he is not Taibed blood, That falsely fil'd, when Noble Talbot roold, Talk. Flye, to revenge my death; if I be flaine, John. He first flies to, will me returne againe. Talk. If we both flye, we both are sure to dy. John. Then let me flye, and Father doe you flye: Your life is great, so your regard should be; My worth vnknowne, no Jolle is knowne in me, Upon my death, the French can least boast; If yours they will, as you all hope are lost, Flight cannot staye the Honor you have wonne, But mine it will, that no Exploit haste done You fled for Vantage, every one will aware: It is if I bow, they'll say it was for fear. There is no hope that ever I will fly, If I be bowd I flinke and run away, Here on my knee I begge Morteale, Rather than I sport myselfe with Infamie. Talk. Oh! my Mother hopes lye in your Tombes? John. I ranne then life shaine my Mothers Wombes, Talk. Upon my Metting I command thee goe. John. To fight I will, but not to flye thee. Talk. Part of thy Father may be lend in thee. Talk. No part of him, but will be shaine in mee. Talk. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not live it John. Yet, your renowned Name; shall flight abuse it? Talk. Thy Fathers charge that cleare from thy Fame. John. You cannot winne me, being flaine, If Death be so apparrant, then both flye.

Talk. And leave my followers here to fight and dye & My Age was never taunted with such shame. John. And shall my Youth be garnished of such blanct? Never or he be geraud from your side, Then can your selfe, your side or swaine dilute: Stay, goe, doo what you will, the like doe; For hur I will not, if my father dye.

Talk. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne, Borne to eclipsse thy Life this afternoone; Come, ride by side, together live and dye, And solwe with solwe from France to Heavens flye. Ext. 

Euen. Extenuous, whereas Talbots Soyme is abmod of, and Talbot refuseth him. 

Talk. Saint George, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight: The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word, And left vs to the rage of France his Sword. Where is now Talbot? pawle, and take thy breath, I gage thee Life, and refuc'd thee from Death. John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne: The Life thou gav'st me flue, was lost and done, Till with thy Warlike Sword, deffight of Fate, To my determ'd time thou gaft new date. Talk. Whereon the Delphine Creel thy Sword turcke flye, And found thy Fathers heart with prov'd decree Of bold-ferc Victorie. Then Leaden Age, Quencked with Youthfull Splenie, and Warlike Rage, Best downe Almage, Orleance, Burgundy, And from the Pride of Gallia refuced thee. The irrefull Ballad Orleance, that drew blood From thee my Boy, and had the Maidnewd Of thy fight flye, and intertwisting lutes, and Interchanging blowes, I quickly fled

Some of his Ballad blood, and in disgrace 
Beipoke him thus: Contaminated, hair, 
And mis-begotten blood. I spill of thine, 
Meane and right poor, for that pureblood of mine, 
Which thou dost force from Talbot, by brave Boy. 
Here purposing the Ballard to destruy, 
Came in strong refuge. Spoke thy Fathers care: 
As thou now weane, Iohn? How doth thou fare? 
Wilt thou goe leave the Battle, Boy, and thee, 
Now thou art fled the Sonne of Chauzelne. 
Fie, to revenge my death when I am dead, 
The hope of one finds me in little head, 
Oh, too much follie is; well I wot, 
To hazard all our lives to one small Boat. 
If I today dye not will the Allien's Rage, 
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age. 
By me they nothing gaine, and at I thy, 
'Tis but the flor onstage in my Life one day, 
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Honorable Name, 
My Deaths Remember thy Youth, and Englandes Fame; 
All these, and more, we hazard by thy flay; 
All these are found, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart, 
These words of yours did Life-blood from my Heart, 
On that advantage, bought with such a shame, 
To save a patriky Life, and flye bright Fame, 
Before young Talbot from old Talbot flye, 
The Coward Horie that bears me, fail and dye: 
And like me to the pestil Bayers of France. 
To be Spurs, scorn, and subiect of Mischance, 
Surely by all the Glorye yo: have wonne, 
And if I dye, I am not Talbots Sonne. 
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot, 
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot. 
Talk. Then follow thou thy depe rate Syre of Crete, Thou lest thy life to me sweet: 
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side, 
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride. Ext.

Talk. Where is my other Life mine owne is gone, 
O, where is young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn? 
Triumphate Death, lineard with Capitaine, 
Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee, 
When he perceiv'd me flumke, and on my knee, 
His blonnde Sword he brandished over mee, 
And like a hungry Lyon did commene 
Rough deeds of Rage, and herte Impatience: 
But when my angry Guardiant stood alone, 
Tending my roane, and saffy'd of none, 
Dye and be die, and great rage of Heart, 
Suddeny made him from my side to flar, 
Into the crossing Battale of the French: 
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench 
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there did 
My Iearne, my Bloisborne, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne. 
Serv. O my deare Lord, Joe where your Sonne is borne, 
Tal. Thou antiquate Death, which laugh'st here to see, 
Anon from thy inlusting Tyrannie, 
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 
Two Talbots winged through the livid Skie, 
In thy deafe and fell Faze Mortalitie.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

O thus whole wounds became hard seced from death,
Speak to thy father, nay thou yield thy breath,
Braze death by speaking, whether he will or no,
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a Maide.
But with a proud Malefactor high born
He answer'd thus: Young Tailor was not borne

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought refuge in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Baf. How the young whelpes of Tailors raging wood,
Did stile his panic fwed in Frenchmen's blood.

Luc. It was a Frenchman and befriended in arrmes,
Of the most bloody Nufier of his harms.

Char. How them to paces, back their bones suffer'd,
Whole life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have stild
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Locrine.

Lor. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Trest,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what tribulatious message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin! This meere French wood:
We English Warriors weree not what it means,
I come to know what Prisoners thou haft taken,
And to furrey the bodies of the dead,

Char. For prisoners ask thou! Hell our prison is,
But tell me whom thou seekest?

Luc. But where's the great Alcades of the field,
Valiant Lord Tailor Earl of Shrewsbury?

Created for his rare succeff in Armes,
Great Earl of Wadford, Waterford, and Palence,
I ord Tailors of Groening and Frimley's

Char. Lord Strange of Blackmore. Lord Fordan of Aiton,
Lord Cromwell of Wrothfeld, Lord Powmill of Sheffield,
These vioiterous Lords of Edperbetm,
Knight of the Noble Order of S. George,
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshall to Henry the fist,
Of all his Names within the Realm of France,

Char. Here's a silly blase file ineeded:
The Turks that two and fayre Kingdomes hang,
Write not so redusen A Side as this,

Lucy. To Tailor blane, the Frenchmen only Scourge,
Your Kingdoms terror, and blace Newsex?
Oh were mine eye-bales into Bullers turn'd,
That I in rage might flout them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,

Exeunt. 

We were no{t to fright the Realm of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would appear the power of you all,
Give me their Bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them Buiall, as befores their worth.

Puc. I think this vsptart is old Tailors Ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit,
For Gods sake let him have them, to keep them here,
They would but think, and purifie the syre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. He beare them hence but from their stiles shall beread

A Phoenix that shall make all France affar'd
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what e will.
And now to Paris in this conquering vane,
All will be ours, new bloody Tailors blane.

Scene seconda.

KING. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Arminock?
Glo. I have my Lords, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded,
Between the Realms of England, and of France.

KING. How doth your Grace affect their motion? 
Glo. Well my good Lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And abolishe quetesse on every side.

K. g. I marry, Vockle, for I always thought
It was both impious and vnnatural,
The irch immaturity and bloody strife
Should reign among Protesters of our Faith.

Glo. Brieve my Lord, the looser to effect,
And therin this knot of amity,
The Earl of Arminacke cete to Charles,
A man of great Authoritie in France,

KING. Marriage Vockle! Als my yeares are long:
And fitter is my Fludie, and my Bookes,
That wancon dailiance with a Paramour,
Yet call ths Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them hau ths awerues every one:
I shall be well content with any choise
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Wincheffe, and these Embassadors.

Exeunt. What, is my Lord of Wincheffe install'd,
And call'd vs into a Cardinall degrees? 

Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie,
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
He'll make his cap coequall with the Crown.

KING. My Lords Embassadors, your several states
Have bin consider'd, and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore we e must entirely relovd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

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Which by my Lord of Winchester we manage
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As hiring of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of them Dower,
He doth intend the shall be England's Queen.

Ent. and prove of which contract,
Beare this Jewell, pledge of my affection,
And to my Lord Protector let them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover, wherein slip'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promis'd
Should be delivfrd to his Holiness,
For cloathing of these grace Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships letter,
won. Now Winchester will not submit, I know,
Or be inferior to the proudelt Peer;
Humfrey of Gloster, than shall well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Bishof shall be over borne by thee:
He either make thee trope, and bend thy knee,
Or else this Country with a mutiny.

Exeuut.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Charles, Buckingham, a Marrow, Suffolk, Regent, and others.

Char. These news (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
Tis said, the thought Parliaments do resolve,
And turne againe unto the warlike French.

Alan. Then match's to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in daziance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combs between their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeede vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinelle to his accomplissnes.

Char. What tidings send their Scout? or preche speake,
Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two partes, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell prettily.

Char. Somewhat too flodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will prettily providr for them.

Bor. I trust the Ghost of Toulon is not here:
Now he is gone my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions, Fear is most accurh.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Alarum. Enter Pocock, and others.

Pucel. The Regent conquer'd, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelleys and Parthians,
And ye choose spirits that admonish us,
And give desigynes of future accidents.

You speedly helpers, these are subtitures.

Tham. The speedy and quick appearance argues proove
Of your accouct's and diligence to me.

Now ye familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Help us this once, that France may get the field.

They make, and speak not.

Oh hold me not with silence outer long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
He lop a member off, and gie it you,
In canth of a further benefite.

So you do accordingly to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to have releas'd My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my mine.

They fiddle their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-futterer,
Interact to your wonted furtherance.
Then take, ye potent, by your body, soule, and all,
Before that I _ send gie the French the foyle,
They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vallake her lofty plumed Creff,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to bucke with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exeunt.

Pucel. Burgundy and I take flight hand to hand, French flye.

Torke. Damnfull of France, I thinke I have you fast,
Vnchnae your spirits now with speling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.

A glassy grace, fit for the dullest grace,
See how the ugly Witch about had her dower,
As it with Ctte, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a wonder shape thou canst not be:
Tor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dantye eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischeete light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be toodainely surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Torke. Fall banishing Haggis, Inchantceethold thy tongue.

Pucel. I prethee give me leave to curse whille.
Torke. Curse Mifererant, when thou comitt to the flake.

Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret so her hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Goeas on her.

Oh Fairell Beatrice, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerentes 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 for ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracile,
Thou art alltogether to be taine by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets sue.

Oh stay.

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The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Sof. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Sof. No gentle Madam, I voweth aye to
To wone so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Sof. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walls,
Weel crave a parley, to conferre with him."}

V. iii. 57—178

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The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

No misconceived, *some of* Arie hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whole Maiden-blood that rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.

Thou art, and heake ye first: because this is a Maide,
Space for no Arguments, let there be none:
Place barrells of pitch upon the fatal flame,
That so her torture may be softened.

Will nothing turne your vulturening haunts?
Then love disoult your thine immunity,
That warrancth by Law, to be thy privledge.
I am with childye yet bloodly Housedd:
Murder not thou the Fruite within my Womb,
Although ye haile me to a violent death.

Now heaven forsooth, the holy Maid with child?

The greatest miracle that ere wyngloun?
Is all your first preefience come to this?

Thou, the Doplhine have bin uglуг,
did imagine what would be her refuge.

Well go too, we'll have no Bristallus lye,
Especially since Charles must Father it.

You are decay'd, my childye is none of his,
It was Alasfe that injoy'd my love.

A Alasfe that notorious Mischieue ?
Indyse, and if it had a thousand flightes.

Oh! give me leave, I haue deluded you,
'Twas reayer Charles, not yet the Duke I must,
But Regent King of Naples that preau'd.

A married man, that's most intolerable.

Why here's a Gyrl: I think the knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom the may accule.

War. It's signes the hart benne liberall and free.

And yet fortooth she is a Virgin pure.

Strempet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and your.

Woe, Tho' lead me heuse: with whom I lease my curse.

May never glorious Sunne reflex his beams
Upon the Country where you make abode.

But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inurion you, till Mischeefe and Dipseare,
Druse you to break your necks, or hang you selues.

Enter Enter Cardinal.

Break ouer in peares, and consume to others,
Thou owuell accustome maker of Hell.

Lord Regent, I do greeete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.

For know my Lord, the States of Chifftendome,
Moud'd with remoctr of thefe out-ragious breyleys,
Have earnestly implo'd a genrell peace.

Between our Nation, and the appying French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peetes,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarell have benne ouerthrown,
And told theur busines for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude eftiminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By Teasen. Falhood, and by Treschezie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with greefe
The vser loffe of all the Realme of France.

But Repent thy, if we conclude a Peace
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter Charles, Ahlfon, Biffard, Reynier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by your felow,
What the conditions of that league must be.

Turk. Speake Winchefter, for buying choller choaes
The hollow passage of my poynon'd voyce,
By sight of these our bailefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the reft, it is enacted that:
That in regard King Henry gives content,
Of mere compasion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrey of disreftefull Warre,
And tuffer you to breath in fruitful peace,
You shall become true Liegenem to his Crowne.

And Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and Humbly thy selfe,
That shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And full enjoy thy Regali dignitie.

Alas! Must he then as shadow of himselfe?

A done his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in subtilitt and authorty,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?

This proffer is absurd, and reasonles.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am poorsfit
With more then halfe the Gallian Territores,
And therein greev'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I forlure of the reft vn-vanquish'd,
Detraict so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?

No Lord Ambassador, he rather keepe
That which I haue, than countering for more
Be ca'd from possibility of all.

Turk. Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret means
'Ve'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compromize,
Stand it thou aloofe upon Composition.

Either accept the Tule thou wisent.

Of benefts proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Defert.
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Ref. My Lord, you do not well in obligany,
To caull in the course of this Contract:

If once it be negleget, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alas! To say the truth, it is your policie,
To cause your Subiects from such misacre
And ruthlif-slaughters as are daily seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you brecie it, when your pleasure lertes.

War. How saith thou Charles?

Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall :

Onely refer'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Granstaff.

Tur. Then shew your selfe to his Majestie,
As thou art Knight, reverent to chylde,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou not thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismist your Army wheely pleasa:
Hang vp your Eningues, let your Drummes be still,
For byte we entertaine a solemne peace.

Extus.

Atius Quintus.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King,
Gloucester, and Essex.

King. Your wondrouse rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her vertues graced with extempal gifts,
Do breed Loues fledling passions in my heart,
And like as vigour of tempestous gales

Prookes the mightie Hulke against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwrecke, or arise
Where I may have fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Truth my good Lord, this superflus tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy prais;
The chief e perfections of that hourly Dame,
(That I sufficient skill to farther them)
Would make a volume of invincitt lines,
Able to rauff any dull conceit.

And which is more, she is noe to Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;

Command I meane, of Vertuous chaitez intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And on other wise, will Henry ne're profane:
Therefore my Lord Protector, gine content.

That Margaret may be England's royal Queene.

Glou. So shoulde I gine content to fatter time,
You know (my Lady) your Highness isLetter'd shal'd
Vrste another Lady of cleeme,
How shal we then difpoin with that contrall,
And not deface your Honor with approch?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oathes,
Or one that at a Tournay, having wound
To try bold strength, would not let the Littles
By reain of them, Absolute of good.

A poore Earle's daughter is unequal good,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloucester. Why what (I prays) is Margaret more
Then that?

Her Father's 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 grea Authoris in France,
As his alliance will conforme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Altegance.

Glou. And for the Earle of Armachaye we may doe,
Because he is mere King in unto charles.

Esse. By reall, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dowar,
Where Requier sooner will receyue, than give.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords! Disgrace not to your King,
That he should be so abased, base and poore.

To choose for wealth, and not for perfe Letters.

Henry is able to match his Queene,
And not to seek a Queene to make him rich,?
So worthefull Perants bargain for his Wife,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horfe.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Thet to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects.

V. iv. 114—V. v. 57

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FINIS.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HUMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Tho' Hobbes. Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaumford on the one side. The Queen, Suffolk, Berkeley, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolk.


I haue perform'd your grace, In the Famous Ancient City, Twere, So in the presence of the Kings of France, and Sicil, The Duke of Orleans, Caubert, Bourbon, and Alençon, Seuen Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops I haue perform'd my Task, and was expost'd, And humbly now upon my bended knee, It is of England, and her Loyalty Perret, Deliuer my Title in the Queene To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance Of that great Shadow I did requite: The happiell Gift, that ever Margaret gave, The Exactest Queene, that ever King receiv'd. King, Suffolk advise. Welcome Queen Margaret, I can express no kinder signe of Love Then this kind love. O Lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart replique with thankfulllie: For you hall given me this beauteous face A world of earthly blessings to my soul, It sympathise of Love wrote our thoughts. Queen, Great King of England, & my gracious Lord, The mutual conference that my mind hath hod, By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams, In Courtly company, or at my Beales, With you moreAlder loyff Souveraigne, Makes me the bolder to Glaze my King, With rauder terms, such as my wit allowes, And over joy of heart doth minifie. King. Her feitt did rauffee, but her grace in Speech, Her words did with winsome Maxell, Makes me from Womanni full of Vertuous voyes, Such in the Fulfillment of my hearts content. Lords, with one cherefull voice, Welcome our Loue. Allacut, Long live Qu. Margaret, England happiness, Queene. We thank you all. Enter Sef. My Lord Protector, I do prays your Grace, Here are the Articles of contract peace, Between our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles, For eighteene moneths concluded by consent.

Cle. Read. Inprimis. It is agreed between the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole (Marquess of Suffolk, and Guardian for Henry King of England), that the said Henry shall espoushe the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regancy King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and Create her Queene of England, to the shew of my next ensuing.

Item. That the Duchesse of Annon, and the Countess of Maun, shall be releas'd and discarg'd to the King her father, King. Vinkle, how now? Gui. Pardon me gracious Lord, Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart, And dim'd mine eyes, that I could not see further. King. Vinkle of Winchesett, I praye you, name him. Item. Sir, in further agreement between them, That the Duchtess of Annon and Maun, shall be releas'd, and discarg'd over to the King her father, and then sent over of the Kings of England some proper Coff and Charges, without burdening any Dearth. King. They please me well. Lord Margaret kneell'd down, We were grace from the first Duke of Suffyke, And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke, We shere discharge your Grace from being Regent 11th parts of France, still termes of eighteene Moneths Beshal expy'd. Thankes Vinkle Winchesett, Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somertet, Salisbury, and W. Nycke. We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene. Create us vince, and with all speeke provide To let your Coronation be perform'd. Exit King, Queene, and Suffolk.

Money the re?

Cle. Sir, faire Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, To you Duke Humfrey must vaudev his greefe; Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Landa What did my brother Henry spend his youth, His vaule, coin, & people in the warres? Dut he so often lodge in open field; In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford soyle his vace,
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

To keep by policy what Henrie goe:
    Have you your folkes, Somerset, Buckingham,
    Braunt Teke, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
    Receiving deeppe symmes in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vackle Beaumford, and my selfe,
    With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
    Studied so long, sat in the Counsell house,
    Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
    And hath his Highness in his infancy,
    Crowned in Pass in dispite of foes,
    And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
    Shall Henrie Conquer, Redfords vigilance,
    Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Penes of England, Shamefull is this League,
    Facall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
    Bloting your names from Bookes of memory,
    Racing the Characters of your Renowne,
    Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
    Vindico all as bad another never bin.

Parle, what means this passionfull discourse:
    This preperation with such easie patience?
For France, its ours; and we will keep it still.
    For by that it is impossible we should,
    Sufolkke, the new made Duke that rules the roll,
    Hath given the Dutchy of Anno and Mayne,
    Vvote the poore King Regner, whole large stile
Agree not with the-format of his purte.
    Saul. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
    These Countnees were the Kayres of Normandie:
    But wherfore weepes Warvacks, my valiant sonne?
    War. For greefe that they are parr recouerie,
    For we there hope to conquer them again,
    My sword should shed hot blood, mine eye no tears.
Anno and Mayne? Mine felde did win them both:
    These Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
    And are the Citie that I got with wondres,
    Delinued vp againe with peacefull words?
    Mart Dumas.

Toke. For Sufolkkes Duke, may be faffocate,
    That dums the Honor of this Warlike life:
France should have honore and rent my very hart,
    Before I would have yeelded to this League.
    I never read but Englands Kings have had
Large summes of Gold, and Downe with their wives,
    And our King Henrie gives away his own.
    To March with her that brings no vauntage.
    Ammon. A proper left, a proper head before,
    That Sufolkke should demand a what shall the present,
    For Costes and Charges in transporting her:
    She should have faide in France, and had in France before.

    Car. My Lord of Gloster, now we grow too hot,
    It was the pleasure of my Lord the King,
    Henm. My Lord of Warwick I know your mind.
    Tis not my speaches that you do dislike?
    But in my presence that doth trouble you,
    Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
    I see thy fury: If I longer flay,
    We'll shall begin our ancient bickerings
    Lordinges farewell, and Go when I am gone,
    I prophesied, France will be before long.
    Exit Henm. Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
    Tho knowing to you he is more enemy
    Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
    And no great friend, I fear me to the King;
    Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
    And he's apparant to the English Crowne:
    Had Henrie goe an Empire by his marriage,
    And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
    There's reason he should be displeased at it:
    Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
    Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
    What though the common people favour him,
    Calling him, Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster,
    Clapping their hands, and saying with loud voyce;
    I will maintaine your Royall Excellence,
    With God preserve the good Duke Humphrey.
    I fear me Lords, for all this flattering gloose,
    He will be found a dangerous Protecor.
    War. Why should I then protect our Soutraigne?
    He being of age to govern of himselfe,
    Coin of Somerset; joyn ye with me,
    And aligether with the Duke of Suffolk,
    We'll quickly hoyle Duke Humphrey from his feet.
    Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
    Be to the Duke of Suffolk with this.
    Exe Cardinall.
    Sam. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humphrys pride
    And greatesse of his place be greuer then,
    Yet let vs watch the haughty Cardinall,
    His inflouence is more intolerable
    Then all the Princes in the Land before,
    If Glofst be disped, hee be Prote Stor.
    Buc. Or thou, or I Somerfeit will be Prote Stor,
    Despite Duke Humphrey, or the Cardinall.
    Exe Buckingham, and Somerset.

    Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
    While these do labour for their owne preferment,
    Behooves vs to labor for the Realme,
    I never feared but Humphrey Duke of Gloster,
    Did bear him as a Noble Gentlemen:
    Of vs have I feared the haughty Cardinall,
    More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
    As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
    Sware as a Ruffian, and demeaned himselfe
    Unlike the Ruler of a Common-wealth.
    Warwicke my Ionne, the comfort of my age,
    Thy deers, thy planers, and thy horse-keeping,
    Hath wonne the greatest faauour of the Common,
    Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey.
    And Brother Yorke, thy Advs in Ireland,
    In bringing them to ciuall Discipline:
    Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
    When thou was Regent for our Sovereigne,
    Hus made that faire and braved of the people,
    Joyse we together for the publike good,
    In what we can, to bridle and suppers.
    The pride of Sufolkke, and the Cardinall,
    With Somerfects and Buckinghams Ambition,
    And as we may, cherish Duke Humphries deeds,
    While they do tend the profit of the Land.
    War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loves the Land,
    And common profit of his Country.
    Tor. And do sayes Yorke,
    For he hath greatest croule.
    Salisbury. Then lets make haue aff't,
    And looke into the maine.
    Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
    Oh Fader, Maine is loth,
    That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
    And would have kept, so long as breast did lye.
The second Part of Henry the Tenth.

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant (mean),
Which I will win from France, or else be slain,
Exit Warwick, and Salisbury, Mean Yorks,
York, Ayouon and Manu are given to the French,
Pass is left, the fate of Normandie.

Stands on a tinkle point, now they are gone,
Suffolkse concluded on the Articles,
The Peerses agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two Dukecomes for a Duke faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what’s to comme
To shine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap penworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still reluming like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods,
Weep over them, and wrenchs his hapless hands,
And that his head, and revealing lands aloof,
While as that all, and all is borne away,
So Yorkes must St. and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain’d for, and fold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beast that proportion to my fifth and blood,
I did the fatal hand of Scotland.

From the Princes heart of Calusion:
Action and Musse both given unto the French?
Cold Newsse for me: fo I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile Englands soile.

A day will come, when Yorks shall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Noble parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humphry,
And when I spy advantage, claim the Crowne,
For that’s the Golden mark I seek to hit.
Not shall proud Lancaster vnrage my right,
Nor hold the Sequence in his childish Fitt,
Nor weare the Daedens upon his head,
Whose Church-like honour fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorkes be full a-while, till time do seere
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till Henrie forfeiting in 1665 of lourc,
With his new Bride, & Englands deeere bought Queen,
And Humphry with the Peerses being false cares.
Then will I take the Middle-Roile,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfumed,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perfforce He make him yield the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule hath pull’d out Englands Crowne.

Exit Yorks.

Enter Duke Humphry and his wife Elizam.

Eliz. Why droopes my Lord like over-rivend Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plentifuls load?
Why doth the Great Duke Humphry knitt his browes,
As crowning at the Favour of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fallen earth,
Gazing on that which fairemen to dimme the fight?
What fealest thou there? King ffayrey Diadem,
Inheacd with all the Honors of the world?
Ifsoe, Gaze on, and gressone thy face
Vntil thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reace the glorious Gold,
What, is too short! I like lengthen is with paine,
And having both together head to hip,
We’ll beoke those eas and heads to heiget,

As ye vouchasse one glance into the ground.

Humph. O Nie, sweet Nie, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish me hence, I am filled with ambition.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, verious Henry,
Be my last breathing in this morall world.
My troubous dreamsse this night, dost make me fal.

Eliz. What dream’d my Lord, tell me, and Ile require it
With sweet rehearshall of my mornings dreams?

Humph. Me thought this taffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgoy,
But as I thought, it was by Cardinall,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac’d the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And Whisam de la Pple first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dreamsse, what it doth bode God knowes.
Eliz. Tur, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a flaxke of Glisters group,
Shall looke his head for his presumption,
But lift to me my Humphry, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sate in sess of Majestie,
In the Cathedral Church of Westminister,
And in that Chasie where Kings & Queens were crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margaret knect to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Humph. Nay Elyor, then must I chide outright;
Prelumpoues Dame, ill-surer’t Elizam,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protecters were beloved of him?
Hait thou not worthily pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of honor, to Dilgrace feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Eliz. What, what, my Lord? Art you so cholterikke,
With Elyor, for telling but her dreams?
Next time Ie keepe my dreamses into my selfe,
And not be checkd.

Humph. Nay be not angry, I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord Prince, it’s His Higernes pleasure,
You do prepare to goe to S. Alains,
Where as the King and Queene do meanes to Hawke,
Ha. I go, Come Nel thus with ride with vs Elizam

Eliz. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.

Follow me, Ieanet goe before,
While Glesse bearst this base and humble minde,
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious flambing blockes,
And smooth my way upon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be flake
To play my part in Fortune’s Pageant.

Where are you there? Sit John, may fear not man,
We are alone, heres none but thee, & I.

Enter Humre. Humre.


Humre. But by the grace of God, and Humre advise,
Your Grace’s Title shall be multiplied.

Eliz. What faite thou man? Haist thou? as yet confirmed
With Margorie forzado the cunningly Witch,
With Roger Tegilbrooke the Conjuror?

Humph. They haue promis’d to shew the Higernes
A spirit rais’d from depth of under ground,

That
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

**Swift. Who is there?**

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master, with a Purse, and bring him hither. Make merry, and see these things effectual to the full.

Here _Enter, take this reward, make merry man_ with thy Confederates in this weighty cause.

Exit _Eleanor._

*Enter Henry.*

**Swift. Who is that?**

Enter _Eleanor._

May I make beauty with the Duke's Gold?

And shall I be but now, Sir John _Eleanor?_

Scale up your Lut, and give no words but Mum, The businesse with shite silence.

_Dame Eleanor_ gives Gold, to bring the Witch.

Gold cannot come amiss, were the Deuil.

Yet this _Gold_lives on another Coalt:

I dare not say it, in the rich Cardinals, And from the great and noble Duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do find, so: to be a place,

They (knowing Dame Lisos suprên humeur) Have hyed me to under-mine the Duchiess, And bouse their Conspiracies in her State.

They say, A chaste Knaue do no need a Broker,

Yet am I _Suffolk_, and the Cardinell's Broker.

_Human._ A voice.

I hate it, that you pisse to me to call them both a paysre of knafs Knauz;

_Suffolk._ What voice is that?

_Wife._ To be grinder.

And her Attaincer, will be _Humphrey's_ fall:

Now how it will, I shall have Gold for a L.

Enter three or Four Petitioners, the Armours, Man being one.

1. Pet. My Masters, let's stand side, my 1 and Proctor will come this way and by, and then we may deliberate our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect I'm, he's a good man, let's blebe him,

_Suffolk,_ and _Queen._

Peter. Here comes me thinkes, and the Queen with him. Ile be the first to do it.

2. Pet. Come backe fool, this is the Duke of _Suffolk_, and not my Lord _Proctor_.

_Suff._ How now fellow? will it do any thing with me?

1. Pet. I pray your Grace, against _John Goodman_, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houte, and lands, and wife and all from me.

_Suff._ Thy Wituon? No, that's some Wrong indeed:

What's yours? What's heres? Against the Duke of _Suffolk_, for enclencing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knau?


Peter. Against my Master _Thomas Heron_, for saying, That the Duke of York was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

_Queen._ What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say, he was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Master said! No, I am sure he was, and that the King was an _Viarper_.
As for the Duke of York, this late Complaint,
Will make but little for his benefit.
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your feet shall nurse the happy Helmet. Exit.

Enter a Serjeant.

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal, Buckingham,

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which
Or Somerset, or York, all one to me.
York. If York would ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regents-hip.
Ser. If Somerset be unworthy of the Place,
Let York be Regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, ye or no,
Dispute not, York is the worship.
Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speaks.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Back. All in this present are thy better in the air.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Salad. Peace, Soane, and they some reason Backingham.
Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this?
Queen. Because the King forsooth will have it so.
Humph. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To give his Consent: These are no Woman's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what enough your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humph. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will referee his Place.
Suff. Refuse it then, and leave him to insolence.
Since thou wast King as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dasyly run to wrack.
The Dolphin hath prey'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realme
Have been as Bond-men to thy Souveraigne.
Card. The Commons hath therack, the Clerges Bag
Are lashed and leech with the Extremities.
Som. Thy famous Buildings, and thy Wise Atreye
Have cost a maste of publice Treasure.
Back. Thy Cruellie in execution
Upon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queen. Thy tale of Offices and Tires in France,
If they were knowne, as the inspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humphrey.

give me my Parnie: what, Mynton, can ye not?
She gives the Dukele in a box on the ears.

Duck. What? ye say, it was proud French-woman?
Could I come near your Beautie with my Nayler,
I could see my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Jane be quiet, was against her will.
Duck. Against her will, good King! look out in time,
She's maister thereto, andandle thereto like a Baby.
She shall not flink Dame Eleanor vnureng'd.

Exe Eleanor.

Back. Lord Cardinal, will ye follow Eleanor?
and follow after Humphrey, now he proceedeth.
She's tickled now, her Proue needs no poweres,
She's gidden lasts enough to her destruction.

Exe Backingham.

Humph. Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Common-wealth Atreyes.
As for your sighbath false Objections,
Prout them, and I ye open to the Law:
But God in mercie do seale my Soule,
As I in duty love my King and Country.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, York is meetest man
To be your Regens in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That York is mee worthier of any man.
York. He tells thee, Suffolk, why I am vunmeet,
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without Dilcharge, Money, or Furnitures,
Tell France, the Duke be worme into the Diamond bands:
Last time I don't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace-head throng-Warwick,
War. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armeror and his Men.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himselfe.
York. Doth any one accuse York for a Traytor?
King. What mean'th thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?
Suff. Please it your Maistrie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne,
And that your Maistrie was an Usurper.
King. Say man, were these thy words?
Armeror. And 'tis thine to please your Maistrie, I meere sayd
not through any such matter: God is my witness,
I am falsely accus'd by the Villaine.
Feir. By these false bones, my Lord, hee did speak
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scowring
my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
York. Bafe Dunghiill Villaine, and Machinichall,
I have thee Head for this thy Traytours speche.
I doe before thy Royal Maistrie,
Let him haue all the rigour of the Law.
Armeror. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake
the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-
rect him for his faults the other day, he did vow upon his
knees he would be even: with me: I have good witness
of this: therefore I beseech your Maistrie, doe not cast
away an honest man for a Villaines accusatyon.
King. Vnclle, what shall we say to this in law?
Humph. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be Regent of the French,
Becaus he in York this breedes supplition;
And let there haue a day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his feruants misslie
This is the Law, and this Duke Humphrey doome.

Sem. I.

I. iii. 100—214 478
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham
with their Guard, and break up.

York. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their traff: Beldam I think we watch you at an ync.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deeply implected for this pece of pains: My Lord Protector will I doubt it not, See you well gudemart for these good deferts.

Enter the Watch, the two Princes, and Winglers.

Home. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expect performance of you promises.

Bulling. Masters home, we are therefore proucted: will her Ladyship behold and hear our Excorcisme?

Home. I, what else I feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an innuicible spirit: but it shall be con... (text continues)
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren, bearing the man between two in a Chair.

Card. Here comes the Towns-men, on Procession, to present your Highness with the man, 

Kapg. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, 

Although by his fight his fame be multiplied.

Glsf. Stand by, my Masters, bring him near the King. 

His Highness pleasure is to talk with him. 

Kng. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance, 

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. 

What, haft thou beene long blinde, and now reftord? 

Simpe. Borne blinde, and it pleafe your Grace. 

Wife. I indedce was he. 

Simpe. What Woman is this? 

Wife. His Wife, and I like your Worship. 

Glsf. Haddit thou beene his Mother, thou coul'dt have 

better told. 

Kng. Where were thou borne? 

Simpe. At Barnicke in the North, and like your 

Grace. 

Kng. Poore Soule, 

Gods goodneffe hath beene great to thee: 

Let never Day nor Night unhallowed paffe, 

But full remember what the Lord hath done. 

Queene. Tell me, good fellow, 

Cam't thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, 

To this he by Sinne? 

Simpe. God knows of pure Deuotion, 

Being still a hundred times, and oftener, 

In my sleepe, by good Saint Alben: 

Who said, Simpe, conyme some after at my Shrine, 

And I will help thee. 

Wife. Moll true, forsooth. 

And many time, and of my fel, but I heard a Voyce, 

To call him fo. 

Card. What art thou Name? 

Simpe. 1, God Almighty help me, 

Wife. Have cannot thou say? 

Simpe. A fall off of a Tree. 

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master. 

Glsf. How long halst thou beene blinde? 

Simpe. O borne fo, Master. 

Glsf. When, and wouldst thou climb a Tree? 

Simpe. But that in all my life, when I was a youth. 

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare. 

Glsf. Maffe, thou loud Plammes wel, that would it venture so. 

Simpe. Alas, good Master, my Wife defrived some 

Doomus, and made me climb, with danger of my Life. 

Glsf. A fublel Knave, but yet it shall not serue. 

Let me see thine Eye; wien now now, now open them, 

In my opinion, yet thou feel not well. 

Simpe. Yes Master, clearer as day, I thank God and 

Saint Albenes. 

Glsf. Sayst thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake 

of? 

Simpe. Red Master, Red as Blood. 

Glsf. Why that's well said: What Colour is my 

Gowne of? 

Simpe. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Jet. 

Kng. Why then, thou knowest what Colour Jet is of? 

Wife. And yet I think, Jet did he never see. 

Glsf. But
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Glof. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a

many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life,

Glof. Tell me Sirrah, what's my Name?

Simpe. Alas Master, I know not.

Glof. What's his Name?

Simpe. I know not.

Glof. Not his?

Simpe. No indeed, Master.

Glof. What's thinz own Name?

Simpe. Sauder Simpcox, and if it please you, Master.

Glof. Then Sauder, sit down,

The lying ill Knave in Christendome.

If thou hast beene borne blinde,

Thou mightst as well have knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may disinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossibile.

My Lord, Saint Albons here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Canning to be great,

That could reforde this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simpe. O Master, that you could?

Glof. My Masters of Saint Albons,

Hast you not Beedles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippers?

Maur. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace,

Glof. Then send for one presently.

Maur. Sirrthagoe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Glof. Now fetch me a Sooloone hitter by and by.

Now Sirrha, if you meant to faze your felle from Whipping, leave me over that Sooloone, and runne away.

Simpe. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You ought to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Prendle with Whippers.

Glof. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges.

Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that lame Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, all with your Doubler, quickly.

Simpe. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand,

After the Beadle hath his horse once, he leape over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, andery, A Miracle.

King. O God, how thin and blearish in long?

Simpe. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne,

Glof. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glof. Let thee be whipt through every Market Towne,

Till they come to Bawbridge, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke Humphry has done a Miracle to day,

Swif. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Glof. But you have doen more Miracles then 1:

You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye,

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousyn Buckingham?

But, such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort of naughtie person, lewdly bent,

Vnder the Countenance and Confederate

Of Lady Elaunce, the Protectress Wife,

The King-leader and Head of all this Rout,

Hauing practis'ddangerously against your State,

Dealing with Witchers and with Conjuriers,

Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,

Raying up wicked Spirits from under ground,

Demanding of King Henrie Life and Death,

And other of your Highnesse Privye Council,

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. And to my Lord Protector, by this means

Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London,

This News I think hath turn'd your Weapons edge;

Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep you hourse.

Glof. Ambitious Church-man, lease to afflft my heart:

Sorrow and griete have vanquish'd all my powers;

And vanquish'd as I am, yeeld to thee,

Or to the meantiff Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefe work the wicked ones11:

Long confusion on their owne heads thereby,

Queen. Glitter see here the Tainture of thy Neff,

And booke thy felle be faultie, thou were beft.

Glof. Maidene, for my felie, to Heauen I doe appeale,

How I have hold my King, and Common-wealth:

And for my Wife, I know not how it standes,

Sorry I am to heare what I have heard.

Noble flire is: but if thee have forget

Honor and Venture, and concert with such,

As like to Pytchfleie Nabilius;

I banish her my Bed, and Companie,

And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,

That hath dish-honour'd Glitter honnest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose us here:

To morrow toward London, back againe,

To looke into the Buinselle thorowly,

And call these false Offendors to their Anwseres;

And prye the Gaue in Uxlese equal Scales,

Whole Bawne standes sure, whole righteous cause presailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,

Oursampel Supper ended, give mee leave,

In this close walkes, to adjust my felie,

In cruizing your opinion of my Title,

Which is inshibible to Englands Crowne.

Salub. My Lord, I long to hear it at full.

Warw. Sweet Yorke begin, and if thy clayne be good,

The Necess are thy Subiects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes:

The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, Wiliam of Halesford; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fift, was Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke;

The first, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloffers;

William of Windsor was the fourth, and last,

Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behinde him Richard, his onely Sonne,

Who after Edw. the third's death, raued as King,

Till Henry Buckingham, Duke of Lancayle,

The eldeft Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt,

Crownd by the Name of Henry the fourth,

Seate on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence the same,
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know, Harriett Richard was murdered treacherously.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;

Thus got he the House of Lancaster the Crown.

Tray. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the third Sons Heire, being dead,
The issue of the next Sonne should have reigned,

Salah. But William of Harsfield dyed without an heir.

Tray. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,

From whose Line I clayne the Crown,

Had Huke Philip, a Daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March;

Edward, the third Sonne of Sonnes; 

By her I clayne the Kindome:

She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,

Who was the Sonne of Edmund Mortimer,

Who married Philip, Iole Daughter

Vnot Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the issue of the elder house

Succeeded before the younger, I am King.

War. What pleaine proceedings is more plain then this?

Henry douch clayne the Crowne from John of Gaunt,

The fourth Sonne, Tarke claynes it from the third:

Till Lionel Iolfe sayles, his shon should not reigne.

It sayles not Iolfe, but Crownes in thee,

And in thy Sonnes, face shippes of such a Stock,

Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,

And in this private Plot be we the first,

That shall faile our rightfull Souveraigne

With honor of his Birthright to the Crowne.

Tray. Long live our Souveraigne Richard, Englands King.

Tray. We thank you Lords:

But I am not your King, till I be Crowned,

And that my Sword be (layn'd

With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:

And that's not satisfied to be perform'd,

But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I doe in these dangerous dyres,

Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insole,

At Beauport Pride, at semetere Ambition,

At Ewengham, and all the Crew of them,

Till they have found the Shephered of the Flock, 

That verruous Prince, the good Duke Humphrey:

Tis that they seek; and now, in seeking that,

Shall finde their deaths; if Tarke can propecie.

Salah. My Lord,breake we off; we know your minde at full.

My heart affirme me, that the Earle of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of Yorkes a King.

Tray. And Nowell, this doe affirme my selfe,

Richard shall rise to make the Earle of Warwick

The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Gloft. Tene the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my pursuitt. 
Vaneath may faire endear the Emlie Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nel, all thy Noble Minde thrallv
The abrec People, gazine on thy face,
With envious Looks laughing at thy frame,
That eft did follow thy proud Charact'rie.
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets,
But soe, I think she comes, and I prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Master.

Enter the Dukeoffe in a white Sheet, and a Paper
burning on her hand, with the Sheriffs and Officers.

Sern. So pleas you Grace, we'll take her from the Sherif.

GlofF. No, sirre not for your lives, let her passe by.

Eltom. Come you, my Lord, to see my open flame?
Now thou don't Penance too, Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And inside their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah Glorfer, hide thee from their basefull looks,
And in thy Cloath put vp, sue my name,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glofl. Be patient gentle Nel, forget this griefe.

Eltom. Ah Glorfer, teach me to forget my selfe:
For whilst I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,
May I dp in flame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that resoyce
To see my teares, and hear my deepes-ri greatness,
The ruthless Fire doth cut my tender feet,
And when I farte, the enious people laugh,
And bid me be advisd how I treds.

Ah Hymfray, can I bear this shamefull yeake?
Trowell thou, that ere he looke upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enoye the Sunne?
No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thynke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometime I say, I am Duke Hymfrey's Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet soe he rule d, and such a Prince he was,
As hee bydly, whilst he his forlorne Duchesse,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing flock
To every idle Raisall follower.
But hee thine mild, and bold not at my shame,
Nor thine at nothing be the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hate thee and hates vs all,
And York, and impious Beauford, that false Priest,
Have all yarn'd Bulles to betray thy Wights,
And Bye thou howe thou caunst, they te tangle thee,
But faire not thee, vsill thy foot be fast d,
Nor neere feele: prevention of thy foes.

Glsf. Ah Nel forbears, thou sayest all awrays,
I must offend, before I bee akened:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any fache,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst thou have me refuse thee from this reproach?
Why yet thy scandals were not wipt away,
But in danger for the breach of Law,
Th' first great help is quiet, gentle Ned:
I pray thee for thy heart to patience,
Those few days wonder will be quickly wore.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament,
And holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Glos. And my confrate, I see, 'tis here in time before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Ned, I take my leave. And Master Sherife,
Let not thy Penance exceed the Kings Commission.

Sir John Stanly is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Glos. Mift's you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glos. Enseate her not the worst, in that I pray
You set her well. the World may laugh again,
And I may fite do you kindles, if you do it ever,
And so Sir John, farewel.

Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewel.

Glos. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speake.

Exeunt Glosfer.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy, is Death;
Death, whose face I oft have seen a fea't'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds territe,
Dand, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauors;
Onely consey me where thou art commanded.

Stanly. Why, Madame, that is to the Isle of Man,
There to be vad according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach'd:
And shall I then be vad reproach'dly?
Stanly. Like to a Duchselle, and Dike Humfrey's lady,
According to that State you shal be vad's.

Elianor. Sherife farewel, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my flame,
Sherife. It is my office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I, I farewell, thy Office is discharging:
Come Stanly, I will goe.

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre for our journey.

Elianor. My shawe will not be thief'd with my shews:
No, it will hang with my rich Robes,
And thus it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, lead me the way, I long to see my Prince.

Sound a Seuer. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Sufflike,
York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warmucks,
To the Parliament.

King. I mufe my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the brindoff man,
What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queen. Can you not see or will ye not obseve
The irongrafe of his alterd Countenance?
With what a Majestie he beares himselfe,
How insolemt of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a face-off Locke,
Immedeately he was upon his Knee,

That all the Court admird 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 bewears an angry Eye,
And paffeth by with fife unbow'd Roes,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Countes are not regarded when they gyne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon roars,
And Humfrey is no little Man in England,
First note, that he is reare you in diftance,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

I feemeath then, it is no Policie,
Repealing what a rancorous mitele he beares,
And his advantage following your decaese,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Council,
By Barterie he hath wonne the Commons heats:
And when he prate to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 's the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooned,
Suffer them now, and they are of-e're grow the Garden,
And chosse the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The restest care I bestow on my Lord,
His cause collected, and his dangering in the Lake,
If it be fond, call it a Womans fere:
Wich fere, 'tis better Reason can supplant,
I will suberbe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorkes,
Reprose my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectually.

Well hath your H. Glutesse entered into this Duke:
And had I strift beene put to speake my minde,
I think I should have told your Grace's Tale.

The Ducheffe, by his subvention,
Vpon my Life begin her duellish pesites:
Or if we be not prone to those Faults,
Yet, by reporing of his high-tractant,
As next the King, he was licentuellen Heire,
And such high vant's of his Nobilitie,
Did infigate the Bedlam braine-tick Ducheffe,
By wickeke means to tame our Soueraigne's fall.
Smooth rumpes the Water, where the Brooke is deepes,
And in his simpilit hee barbours I resoun.

What is your resoun now, when he would drive the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloster is a man
Unvindyled yet, and full of deceer deepter.

Card. Did he not contrary to forme of Law,
Deuile strange deaths, for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leave great summes of Money through the Realme,
For his maintenance, in France and never fea't them
By meanes wherof, the Townes each day resouled.

Buck. Tur, these are pretty faults to faults unknowen,
Wich time will bring to light in smooth Duke humfrey.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To move downe Thones that would amny our Foot.
Is worthy prayte: but shall I speake my confidence,
Our Risonman Gloster is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmeliee Doue:
The Duke is verius, milde, and too well guen,
To dreame on euil, or to worke my downetall.

Que, Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Stones he's Douter his fathers are but borrow'd,
For he's dispooed as the basefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt. 131

For here enclm'd as is the ravenous Wolfes.
Who cannot taste a Thafe, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of you all,
Hangs on the cutting thorn that fraughtfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Soueraigne.
King. Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Intellef in those Territories,
Is vterely bereft you: all is loft.
King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

Glo. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As briefly as I hope for foreign England.
Thus was my Ambassadors baffled in the Bad,
And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away:
But I will redeeme this garence long,
Of sell thy Tule for a glorious Grant.

Enter Gloucestef.

Glo. All happeninge unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.
Saff. Nay Glofter, know that thou art come too soon,
Vulture thou wast more loyal then thou art:
I do encoze thee of High Treston here.
Glo. Well Saffier, thou haist not mee blufh,
Nor change my Conmeaning for this Arrel:
A Heart valpOste, it is not eady dalf.
The puret Spring is not to free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treston to my Soueraigne,
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilter.
Torle. Thout, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And bring Protector, it lay'd the Southerls pay,
By means whereof, his Highnesse hath loft France.
Glo. Is it but thought to ?
What are they that think it?
I never rob'd the Southerls of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bible from France.
So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night in studing good for England,
That Dayt that ere I wented from the King,
Or my Great I hooerd to my vte,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day:
Nof: many a Pound of mine owne proper flore,
Because I would not eare the Trewre Commons,
Hau I difpurfed to the Garnitons,
And never sk'd for reftitution.

Card. It ferues you well, my Lord, to say fo much.
Glo. I say no more then truth, to helpe me God.
Torle. In your Protectorhiff, you did defeue
Strange Tortures for Offenders, neuer heard of.
That England was defam'd by Tyrannhe.
Glo. Why 'tis well known, that whilst I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I shoul nott al so as an Offenders tears,
And joyful words were Remeume for their fault.
Vulture they were a bloody Murderers,
Or foulie frivous Thieves, that fleed poore passengers,
I never gau them condigne punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloodie finne, I tortured
Aboute the Fecon, or what Thespeas else
Saff. My Lord, these facts are easie, quickly answe'red:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easie purge your selfe,

I doe asreft you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall,
To kepee, untill your further time of Tryall.
King. My Lord of Glofter, is of my speciall hope,
That you will clear your selfe from all fuppece,
My Conference tells me you are innocent.
Glo. Al gracious Lord, these days are dangerous:
Vertue is chokst with foule Ambition,
And Charitee'sh'd hence by Rancous hand;
Poule Subornation is predominate,
And Equiteit is your Highnesse Land.
I know,their Complot is to hade my life:
And if my death might make this Island happy,
And preuze the Period of their Tyrannis,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.

Lut minst is made the Prelogue to their Play:
For thou shalt more, that yet suspec't no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Recfords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And Swelke cloudie Brow his tharme heare;
Sharpe Eurchanglon reburthen with his tongue,
The enuisious Load that eyes upon his heart:
And dogged Torle, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose owre-weemeing Arme I have plac't back,
By false accuse doth looke in my life,
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the red,
Custeller have lay'd this diadem on my head,
And with your benign good have stord vp
My lefte Lige to be more Enemy:
I, all of you lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had nottice of your Conmunicles,
And all to make away my guillitife Life.
I shall not ye sale Witsuffe, to condemme me,
Nor hore of Trestone, to augment e my guilt.
The ancient Proverbe will be well effectd,
A Staife is quickly found to best a Dogge.

Card. My Lige, his sayling is intolerable.
If those that care to kepee your Royal Patron
From Trestons secret Knife, and Trayters Rage,
Be thus unradyed, chad, and rated at,
And the Offendor grunted scope of speech,
I will make then cool in zeale unto your Grace.
Saff. Heth he nott wig out so Soueraigne Lady here
Withigne miunious words, though Clarkely catcht?
As if he had laboured some to foresay
Falle allegations, to o'ethrow his all.
Glo. But I shall give the later leave to chyle.
Glo. Farte truer spoke them meant: I lofe indeedes,
Bethe'm the winnets, for they play'd me falle,
And weel such lofers may haue leave to speake.

Back. He'e wretcthe the fence, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Alas, this Duke Henry throws away his Cruch,
Before his Leges be stine to bear his Body.
Thus is the Shephard beaten from thy fide,
And Wolues are gnarling, who all gnaw thee first.
Ah that my teare were falle, ah that it were
For good King Henry, why disclose I fear.
Enr Glofter.
King. My Lords, what to your wilcomes feeme this be.
Do, or vn_do, as if our selfe were here.

Loure. What, will your Highnesse leathe the Parliament?

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose froid begins to dewe within mine eyees.
My Body round enyght with miserie:

n 2

For
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For what’s more miserable then Discontents?
Ah Vindice Humfrey, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyalty:—
And you, good Humfrey, is the horse to come,
That ere I proud the fall of my faith.
What lowering Stare now enowes thy estate?
That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,
Doe seeke Lubrication of thy blemelife Life,
Thou never didst them wrong, nor man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it fryes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houfe;
Euen fo remorfelesse have they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking why her blemelouse young one went,
And can doe nauge but wyse her Darlings fleece;
Euen fo my felle be wayles good Glafer’s cafe
With sad whelpfull teares, and with dwam’d eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will wepe, and twist each groane,
Say who’s a Trayer? Glafer he is none.
Exit. Queene. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Branes:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
Too full of foolish pitie: and Glafer flew
Beguiles him, as the mountefull Crocodile
With forrow shares elenting paffengers;
Or as the Snake, roll’d in a flowing Banke,
With Blinde checker’d, tooth’d tooth a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Believe me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
This Glafer should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the fcare we have of him.
Card. That he should dye is worth the polittie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:—
’Tis meet he be condemn’d by course of Law,
Swift. But in my minde, that were no polittie;
The King will labour still to fave his Life,
The Commons haply tye, to fave his Life;
And yet we hate but trumall argument,
More then mischift, that thewes him worthy death.
Turke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.
Swift. Ah Turke, no man alive, so faine as I.
Turke. ’Tis Turke that hath more reafon for his death,
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you thinke, and fpeak it from your Soules:
Wert not all one, an emprise Eagle were tes,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke Humfrey for the Kings Procedure & Queene.
So the poore Chicken should be fure of death.
Swift. Madame its true: and wert not madneffe then.
To make the Fox furveyor of the Fold?
Who being occ’d a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly poofed out,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature proud in Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Claps be flay’d with Crimdon blood,
As Humfrey proud by Reasons to my Liege,
And doe not stand on Quillets how to buy him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Scarrs, by Subbcttice,
Sleeping or Walking, its no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which makes him self, that self intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolk, its relouresly spoke,
Swift. Not reloures, except so much were done.
For things are often spoke, and feldomt meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And profess my Soules Straine from his For,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieff.
Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Are you can take due Orders for a Prieff?
Say you content, and entrench well the deed,
And kee your Execution,
I render to the State of my Lige.
Swift. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queene. And so say I.
Turke. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Page.

Page. Great Lords, from Irelend am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen into the Sword.
Send Succours(Lords) and lop the Rage betimes,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.
Card. A Breach that causes a quick expeditor stoppe.
What causefull give you in this weightie caufe?
Turke. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither:
’Tis meet that Jackie Ruler be impoy’d,
Writeth the fortune he hath had in France.
Sum. If Turke, with all his faire polittie,
Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He never would have had in France so long,
Turke. No, just to loate it, as thou haft done,
I rather would have left my Life becomes,
Then boast a burden of dis-honour borne,
By flying there for long till, I were left.
Saw me one sharpe, character’d on thy Skinny,
Mens full pretie’d of a whole, doe felledt winne.
Qui. Nay then, this spake will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more good Turke, sweet Somerset be fail.
Thy fortune Turke, haft thou beene Regent there,
Might happily have prou’d faire worse then his.
Turke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
take all.
Somerset. And in the number three, that withueth
shame.
Card. My Lord of York, trie what your fortune is:
Th’incumbe Kennes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choicey, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Invademen.
Turke. I will, my Lord, to please his Maieftie.
Swift. Why, our Authoritie is his content,
And what we doe eftablish, he confumes:
Then, Noble Turke, take thou this Task in hand.
Turke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affairs.
Swift. A charge, Lord Turke, that I will fee perform’d.
But now returne me to the Ippe Duke Humfrey.
Card. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And do breakes off, the day is almost spent,
Lord Suffolk, you and I must tale of that event.

Turke. My
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

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Turke. My Lord of Suffolk, with in fourteen days At Rendown I expect my Suddarckes. For there lie apprehend them all the Irland, Suffolk. He is truly done, my Lord of York, Exit. Ay, Master Turke.

Turke. Now York, or never, fight ye for thy dear friend thoughts, And a large battle for salvation;
Be that thou lookest to, or what thou art;
Resign to death, it is not worth thy fancying;
Let pale face scarce keep with the men-monger's man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall 1ear.
After the Spring time flows, comes thoughts on thought,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie,
My Brynne, most bare then the laboring Spider,
Wtreth tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well knewst, well, its likely done,
To feed us Packing, with an Host of men:
I fear me, yet but warme the Hurst Snake,
Who chennis in your breasts, will fling you heart;
Twas men I lackt, and you will gueze them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well affright,
You put sharp Weapons in a mad-mans hands;
While I an Irland nourish a mighty Band,
I will thrive up in England come black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thousand Souls to Heaven or Hell;
And this fell Temper shall not cease ere rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Suenes transparent Beam.
Do call the force of this mad-bred Flower,
And for a minuter of my intires,
I have felde a head-bright Kaisidmann,
John Cade of Alford,
To make Commotion, as well wille can,
Vnder the Title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland here I see this flamebene Cade Oppon his allies against a Troupe of Kanes,
And brought to an end that furies with Dares,
Were all most like a shape-quald Porcpenum:
And in the end being refere, I have see me,
Him capre vright, like a wilde Monitea,
Making the bloody Dares, as his Bulls.
Full often, as a slugg hart e fuller Kerne,
Hath conceyzed with the Enemy,
And vindicote, come to me againe,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This Duell will here be all my subsitute;
For that John Mortimer which now is dead,
In face, in face, in his speech he doth refemble,
By this, I shall per Use the Commons minde.
How they shewed the House and Clarence of York.
Say he be taken, rack, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say, I would him to the Armes.
Say that he trust, as'st great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And respe the Haroart which this Raffel bowd.
For them may bring dead as he shall be,
And Henry put apart: the next for me. Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Mother of Duke Humphrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolk: let him know we have dispatch the Duke, as he commanded,
2. Oh, that it were to do: what have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent? Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatch this thing?
2. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suff. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand,
Have you laid this faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away he goe,
Exit.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our Vackle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as is published,
We will call him presently by my Noble Lord. Exit.

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no farther gainst our Vackle Gisfier,
Then from true evidence of good intent,
He be appand in prouitable collaple.
Queen. If a God forbid any Maiden should pressey,
That Dallulfe may condemn a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of this suspicion,
King. I thanke thee Ned, these words content mee much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now: why look'at thou pensive? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vackle: what's the matter, Suffolk?
Suff. Dead in his Bed by my Lords. Gisfier is dead,
Queen. Marry God forriend.
Card. Gods so let Judgements I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dambre, and could not speake a word.

King Jourd.

Que. How fares my Lord? Helpes Lords, the King is dead.
Suff. Rete vp but Body, wrung him by the Nose.
Que. Runne, goe, help, help, Oh! Henry ope thine eyes;
Suff. He doth remaine againe, Madame be patient.
King. Oh Heavenly God.
Que. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soveraigne, gracious Henry comfor-
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort mee
Came he right now to sing a Raunuc Noise,
While dissamall time bereft my Utall powers:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren
By crying comfort from a hollow breath
Can chase away the fifty-centued sound;
Hule not thy poyson with such fogred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: for beare I say,
Their touch affrightes me as a Serpents sting,
Though balefull Meitler, out of my fight:
Upon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannye
Sets in grim Machtall, to frayre the World,
Looke not upon me, thine eyes are woundong,
Yet doe not goe away: come Balsiske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy fight:
For in the shade of death, I shall finde joy;
In life, but double death, now Gisfier's dead.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for my selfe, for he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life.
I would be blind with weeping, fickle with groans, 
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking fighes, 
And all to haue the Noble Duke alie.

What know I how the world may deeme of me? 
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends: 
I may be judged to have made the Duke away.

That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe, 
And care not who they fling in his reuenge. 
My felle haue calme'd their spleenefull mutiny, 
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

And where now is good Warwick, 'tis too true, 
But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henry; 
Enter his Chamber, view his brethlefte Corpse, 
And comment then upon his fataine death.

They that I doe my Liege; Stay Salaburie. 
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

Oo that I might all things, flay my thoughts: 
My thoughts, that labour to perfiwde my foule, 
Some violent hands were laid on Henrfur life: 
If my sakebe be false, forgive me God,

For judgement onely doth belong to thee: 
Paine would I goe to chafe his patic lips, 
With twenty thousand knives, and to draine 
Upon his face an Ocean of falt teares,

To tell my love vs his dumbe deafe truncke, 
And with my fingers feel his hand, vofeling:

But all in vaine are these meane Obiquestes,

Redpet forth, 

And to suruy his dead and earthly Image: 
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come, my gracious Soueraigne, view this body.

War. What is this to see how deepes my graue is made, 
For with this foule fled all my worldly solace: 
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As farre as my soule intends to live, 
With that dread King that rooke out his face upon him, 
To view vs from his Fathers worshippfull curie, 
I doe believe that violent hands were laid 
Upon the life of this three-famed Duke.

Sup. A drearfull Oath, I vnme with a solemne tongue: 
What inuince gues Lord Warwick for his vow.

War. See how the blood is fett in his face.

Or else I see a smelly-pated Ghost, 
Of mylie semblance, meater, pale, and bloodlefe, 
Being defended to the labouring heart, 
Who in the Conflicte that it holds with death, 
Attels the faire for aydance against the enemy, 
When with the heart there cooler, and ne're returneth, 
To blushing and beautifying the Cheek against, 
But his face is blacke, and full of blood:

His eye-balls further out, thus when he liued, 
Staring ful frilly, like a strangled man:

This may yeare, his nostrils freth with angling: 
His hands abroad displaid, as one that grapest 
And rugg'd for Life, and was by strength biffidue, 
Looke on the freetnesse (you see) is sticking.

His well proportioned Beard, made ruffe and rugg'd, 
Like to the Summers Come ey Tempell lodg'd: 
It cannot be but he was murdered here, 
The lleft of all these figues were probable.

Sup. Why Warwick, who should do the D.to death? 
My seale and Beauford had him to protechon, 
And we hope fir, are no murthers.

War. But both of you were voved D. Humfray fos, 
And you (forsooke) had the good Duke to keepe: 
Tis like you would not fraft him like a friend, 
And tis well fene, he found an ememy.

Queen. That you beleue fualpeth these Noblemen, 
As guilty of Duke Henrfur timelie death.

Iv. ii. 62—187

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The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Warr. Who finds the Heyter dead, and bleeding flesh, And fees fast by, a Barcher with an Axe, But will supple, was he that make the slaufter? Who finds the Partridge in the Puttacks Nest, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyte sore with vnblooded Beake. Even so fulsiftis is this Tragedie, Ques. Are you the Barcher, Suffoke? where is your Knife? Is Bradford learm'd a Kyte? where are his Fellow? Saff. I weare no Knife, to slaufter sleeping men, But here's a vengefull Sword, putled with sile, That shall be cowered in his Rancorous heart, That flauders me with Murthers Crimson Badge. Say, it thou darst proue Lord of Warwicke'sire, That I am faultie in Duke Humfreys death. Warr. What does that warruck, if you Suffoke dare him? Ques. He dares not calme his communsous Spirit, Nor ceste to be an arrogant Controller, Though Suffoke dare him twenty thousand times. Warr. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say, For every word you speake in his behalfe, Is flander to your Royall Dignitie. That they wil'd if you, in your Bache, That shall bee cowred in his Rancorous heart, That flauders me with Murthers Crimson Badge. Say, it thou darst proue Lord of Warwicke'sire, That I am faultie in Duke Humfreys death. Warr. What does that warruck, if you Suffoke dare him? Warn. But that the guilt of Murthers bucklers thee, And I should rob the Deaths-man of his fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames, And that my Soueraigne presence makes me milde, I would, falle morduous Coward, on thy Knee Make thee begge pardon for thy passid speech, And say, it was thy Mother that thou meanest it, That thou thy selfe waike borne in Baffarde; And after all this fearfull Homage done, Gue thee thy bye, and tend thy Soul to Hell, Pernicious blood-fucker of sleeping men. Suff. Thou shalt be wakke, as I flid thy blood, If from this presence thou darst it goe with me. Warn. Awaye, iue now, Bid I will age the hense: Unworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee, And doe some servise to Duke Humuireys Ghost. Exeunt. King. What stronger Brefl-plaide then a heart vntainted? Threeis he arn't, that hath his Quarrell just, And he but naked, though vllke vp in Steele, Whole Confidence with Injustice is corrupted, A noyse within. Queene. What noyse is this? Enter Suffoke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawn, in their preence? Dare you be so bold? Why what tumultuous clamor have we here? Suff. The straunous Warwicke, with the men of Bury, Set all upon me, might as Soueraigne. Enter Salisbury. Salisbury. Sir, stand apart, the King shal know your minde.}

Dread. Lord, the Commons send you word by me, Violette Lord Suffoke straight be done to death, Or banished faire Englands Territories, They will by violence treaurn him in your Poultries, And torment him with grievous lingring death, They fly, by him the good Duke Humfrey dyde: They flie, in them they flie your Highness death; And mere incendie of Loeue and Loyalty, Free from a hubborne oppisite intent, As being thought to contraudent your King, Makes thee thus forward in his Bannishment. They fly, in care of your moft Royall Person, That if your Highness should intend to sleepe, And charge, that no man should disturb your self, In passe of your dislike,or passe of death; Yet nowwell standing such a brain Edict, Were there a Serpents scene, with forked Tongue, That flyly glyded towards your Maiestie, It were but necessarie you were wak't, Left being suffer'd in that haughtie flander, The mortall. Where might make the sleepe eternall. And therefore doe they cry, though you forbide, That they will gward you, where you will, or no, From fuch fell Serpents as these Suffokes. With whole innumenated and fatall thing, Your louing Venkle, wintie times his worth, They say is that menfully bereft of life. Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salibury. Suff. Tis like the Commons, rude unpolitic Hauers, Could send such Message to their Soueraigne: But you, my Lord, were glad to be imployd, To shew how quent an Orator you are. But all the Honor Salibury hath wome, I say, that he was the Lord Embassador, Sent from a fort of Timers to the King. Whose answer from the King, or we tll all breeke in. King. God Salibury, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender louing care: And had I not beene cited so by them, Yet did I purpose as they doe correct: For faire, my thoughts do not hastily prophesie, Mischance vnto my State by Suffokes meanes. And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare, Whole farre-unworthie Deputie I am, He shall not breathe infection in this ayre, But three dayes longer, on the paine of death. Qu. Ohyr, let me prade for gentle Suffoke. King. Vangente Queene, to call him gentle Suffoke. No more I say: if thou do'lt prade for him, Thou wilt but addie encreas to my Wrot. Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word: But while I wære, it is irreccivable: If after three dayes space thou here be'nt found, On say ground that I am Ruler of, The Weill shall not be Randome for thy Life. Come Warwicke, come good Warwicke, goe with me, I have great matters to impart to thee. Exeunt. Queene. Malchance and Sorrow goe along with you, Hearts Difcontentes, and fowe Affiotion, Be play-fellows to keepe you companie: There's two of you, the Deuell make a third, And three-fold Vengence tend upon your steeps. Suff. Caste, gentle Queene, these Executions, And let thy Suffoke take his heaus issue. 

III. ii. 186—306

489
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and so hot writhe,
Halt thou not spirit to curse thine enemy,

Suf. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curse them?

Would curse's kill, as doth the Mandrakes groane,
I would insinuate a bitter searching termes,
As curse, as sharif, and horrible to heare,
Denier'd d'out, though through my fixt teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-sac'd ennuy in her lostheame cause.

My tongue should stumble in mine earne words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine hate be frit an end, as ens disturbat;
I, every lent should seeme to curse and ban,
And even now my Buthe'd heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poyfon be their drinke.

Gall, worse then Gall, the daintieft that they take:
Their sweete stile flade, a group of Cyprelle Trees:
Their cheekelit Prospect, murthering Basiliakes:
Their faceel Touch, as sweet as Lyzaerts Bings:
Their Mustarke, frightful as the Serpents hifle,
And beading Serche-Owles, make the Comfort fall.

All the foule terrors in darke feared holl.

Q. Enough sweet Suffolk, thou torment't thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glaffe,
Or like an outer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turns the force of them upon thy selfe.

Suf. Yow bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a Wintruer night,
Though standing nacked on a Mountain top,
Where bying cold would never let grassel grow,
And think it but a minute spent in spore.

Q. Oh, let me interth thee cese, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mounftullice e.

Nor let the rain of heauen wet this place,
To wast away my woffull Monuments,
Oh, could this kiffe be pointed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon thee by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand fights are breathe'd ther thee.

So get thee gone, that I may know my geefe,
Tis but murk d'wl, while thou art standing by,
As one that suteth, thinking on a want,
I will repeat thee, or be well affaird,
Adventure to be banished my false:
And banished am, if butt from thee.

Go, speake not to me; even now be gone,
Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiffe, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye.
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thricr by thee,
'Tis no the lead I care for, wer thou this, riches,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy beautiful company:
For where thou art, there is the World st selfe,
With every cuttrench pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation,
I cannot more: I use thou to try thy life;
My selfe no joy in mought, but that thou luten, Enter Pans.

Queen. Whether goes Pans so fast? What newes I presume?

Queen. To signifie unto his Majestie,
That Cardinal Brampford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greceous sickneffe take him,
That makes him gaspe, and flare, and catch the aires,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Some time he talkes, as if Duke Hammon Ghoft
Were by his fue. Sometimes, he calleth the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his outer-charged soule,
And I am fent to tell his Majestie,
That even now he cries slowd for him.

Q. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. Exit Aye me! What is this World? What newes are clepe?
But wherefore greese I at an houses poore loffe.

Omitting Suffolkes exile, my foules Treasure?
Why only Suffolke moune I not for thee?
And with the Southernne clouds, contend in tears?
Their for the earths encrease, mine for my forrowes.
Now get the hense, the King thou knowes is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy fight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant flamber in thy lap?
Here he could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers: dugge betweene it's lips,
Where from thy fight, I should begging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloe vp mine eyes.
To have thee with thy lippe to Bop my mouth:
So should it thou eyther turne my bying soule,
Or I should breathe it go into thy body,
And then it luid in sweete Elizium.

To dye by thee, were but to dye in it,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me thy, befal what may befall.

Queen. Away! Though parting be a fairefull coruse,
It is appoyd to a deathfull wound.
To Prince sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee.
For wherefore thou art in this worlds Glube,
Ie have an Irae that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A welle lookes into the woffull Cask,
That euere did containe a thing of worth,
Even a spitted Barke, so fedder we:
This way fall I to death.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How face's my Lord? Speakes Brampford to thy Soueraigne,
Can I thou beft death, lie give thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of wofull life,
Where death's approach is scene to terriable.
War. Brampford, is thy Souerain gookes speakes to thee.

Duch. Bring me into my Triall when you will.
Dye He be not in his bedl Where should he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me more, I will confesse.
Alas againe? Then shew me where he is,
He giue thousand pound to looke upon him,
He hath no eyes, the duft hath blinded them.
The second Part of Henry the Sth.

Combe down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like Lime-twigs let to reach my winged soul:
Give me some drink, and bid the Apotheose
Bring the strong potion that I bought with him.
King. Oh thou eternal master of the heaven,
Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beare away the bufe wedding Frieze,
That lays strong fiere unto this wretches soul,
And from his bosome purge this black dispace.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grim.
Sad. Disturb him not, let him paife peaceably.
King. Peace to his soul, if Gods great pleasure be.
Lord Cardinall, if thou think it on heavens bliffe,
Hold vp thy hand, make fignall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no figne: Oh God forgive him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monftrous life.
King. Forbeare to Ladge, for we are finneres.
Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtain clofe,
And let us alfe Meditations.

Actum. Fights at Sea. Ordinances given off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.

Lut. The gaudy blabbing and remembrance day,
is crept into the bofome of the Sea,
And now loues housing which, loues the lades
That drage the Tragick melancholy night:
Who with their drowze, flow, and flying wings
Close dead-meats greaue, and from their mifly laves,
Breach foule contagious darkneffe in the ayre.
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our priz,
For whilft our Princes Anchors in the Downes,
Here shall they make their rancome on the found,
Or with their blood flame this discoloured shore.
Master, this Prisoner freely give I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other Walter his mate is thy fhee.
1. Gent. What is myранome Master, let me know.
2. A thousand Crownes, or elite lay down your head
Matt. And so much fhall you give, or off goes yours.
Lut. What fhingke you much to pay 3000 Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentleman?
Cut both the Villains throats, for dy you shall:
The lives of those which we have loft in fight,
Because you proofd with such a pettie fumne.
3. Gent. I was a Gentleman, and therefore fave my life.
4. Gent. And fo will I, and write home for it straighten.
War. I loft mine eye in laying the priz abroad,
And therefore to reengeit, fhalt thou dye,
And fo shoue thafe, if I my fhave my will.
Lut. Be not fo rash, take reengage, let him live.
Sef. Looked on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.
Lut. And fo am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now, why starts thou? What doth death afford?
Sef. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me by that War I should dye.
Yet lest thee make myr be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gudmor, being rightly founded.
Whit. Gudmor or Walter, which is it I care not,
Neuer yet did bare dishonour blawe our name,
But out with our wap we wip'd away the blot.
Then, when Merchant-like I fell revenge,
Brooke be my sword, my Armes come and deuide,
And proceed to a Conquest through the world.

Sef. Stay Whitmore, for by Peinors is recorded,
The Duke of Suffolk, Pierreman de la Pole,
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, murdred in rages.
Sef. But, these rages are no part of the Duke.
Lut. But, the Duke was vanite as the shain, but
Obliged and lowe Swaine, King Henry's blood.
Sef. The honourable blood of Lancaster.
Must not be flied by such a laden Groom.
Haft thou now thy hand, and held my fhirp?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-clotb Mole,
And thought thee happy when I tooke thy head.
How often haff thou wandred at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd down at the boorde,
When I have feast'd with Queen Margaret.
Remember it, and let it make thee Creft-faine,
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haff thou froid,
And duly wayed for my comming forth.
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore flall it charme thy fcorious tongue.
Whit. Speak Captaine, fhill I flab the forfign Swain.
Lut. Fift let my words flab him, as he haff made him.
Sef. Bale flate, thy words are bleeue, and so art thou.
Lut. Conueny him hence, and on our longs boats fide,
Strike off his head.
Sef. Thou darst not for thy owne.
Lut. Pold. Sir Peter Lo.
I kennell, puddle, finte, whofe fihl and dir.
Troubles the flifer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For fwallowing the Treasure of the Realm.
Thy lips that kill the Queen, fhall sweep the ground:
And thou that fild fift at good Duke Humphry's death.
A gainft the fealeffe wounds fhall grin in vain,
Who in contempt fhall effice at thee againe;
And weeded be thou to the Haggis of hell,
For daring to affay a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a wreathife King,
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By dukeife policy art thou grown great,
And like ambitious Sylla over-gord,
With goblets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By the Aine and Marie were fold to France.
The falle reuling Normans thorough thee,
Difdain to call vs Lord, and Pecorars,
Hath flaine their Gouvernors, forripa'd our Fores,
And fent the remnant to fets and wounded home.
The Princeley Warwicke, and the Nemus all,
Whofe dreadfull fwords were never drawnne in vaines,
As hating thee, and rising vp in arms.
And now the Howle of Yorke fhall from the Crowne,
By thankfull warmer of a guiltife King,
And lofty proud increaing tyranny,
Burnes with energing fire, whose hopeful colours
A durace our halle-fac'd Sunne, shining to shine:
Vnder the which is writ, Innum ushabimub.
The Commons here in Kent are vp in arms,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggarie,
Is crept into the Palacie of our King,
And all by thee: away, connye him hence.
Sef. O that I were a God, to fhoot forth Thunder
Upon their paltry, turule, abfict Drudges:
Small things make base men proud.
This Villaine here, being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then B Serius the strong illyrie Pyracle.
Drones fuche not Eagles bloody, but rob Bee-hives:
It is impossible that I shoule dye

By
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

By such slowely Vaillant as thy selfe.

Thy words move Rage, and movest men in me: I go of Meffage from the Queene in France to.
I charge thee warre must focely profly Chastise.

Low. Warre: W. Colve Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. Post amplion morrer occurr arme, it is thee I fear.

Warre I must have scope to fear before I heare thee. What art ye charge now? Now will ye hoople.

1 Gent. My gracious Lord Intrest him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolke Imperiall tongue is fierce and rought.

Va's to command, entought to please for favour. Fare be it, we should honor such as thefe
With humble fadre: no other let your head
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any
Sure to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And lower lance upon bloody pole,
Then stand ye cutter'd to the Vulgar Groomer.

True Nobility, in exempt from fear:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Low. Halte him away, and let him take no more:
Come Saulidours, shew what cruellly ye can.

Merry, that this is my death may never be forget.

Great men off dye by wilde Beziotions.

A Roman Swordere, and Bandetto flue
Murder'd sweet Twy. : Brown Battler hand
Stab'd Inlove Caffer. Sauge Ilandets
Pampey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pryrce.

Enter The Feryt and the rest.

Low. And as for these whole rancio we have let,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Ext: The Feryt, and the rest.

Low. Enter Warre with the body.

Warre. There let his head, and lucelle bodie lyte,
Vnill the Queene his Miftress buy it. Ext: Warre.

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody specula,
His body will I beare unto the King:
If he reunge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that loving, held him deere.

Enter Bessie, and John Holland.

Bessie. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they have bene vp these two days.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Bessie. I tell thee, Lucky Cadie the Cloather, means to dresse the Common wealth and turne it, and fet a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred bare. Well, I say, it was never merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

Bessie. O miferable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke fornne to goe in Leather Apron.

Bessie. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: yet ye is saide. Labour in thy Vocation.

Bessie. Thou hast hit it: for there is no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's Doft. Sonne, the lawyer of Wingham.

Low. He shall have the skines of our enemies, to make Dogge the Butcher of.

Hol. And Dogge the Butcher.

Bessie. There's bin Breake bowe like an Oxe, and inquirey of threves can like a Calf.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Bessie. Argo, the thre of thlfe is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Dreames: Enter Cadie, Dogge the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cadie. We see John Cadie, to learn'd of our suppoed Father.

But. Or rather of healing a Cadie of Herrings.

Cadie. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes, Command Violence.

But. Silence.

Cadie. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cadie. My mother a Papegneyer.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cadie. My wife defenced of the Laces.

But. She was indeed a Pedder daughter, & fold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to trussell with her fur'd Passe, she the washes boces here at home.

Cadie. Therefore am in no honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honorable, and there she was borne, under a ledge: for his Father had never a house but the Cage.

Cadie. Valiant I am.

But. A must needs, for baggerly is valiant.

Cadie. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have frame him whipt three Market days together.

Cadie. I fear neither sword, nor fire.

But. He neede not fear the sword, for his house of proof.

But. But me thinks he should hand in case of fire, being borne in' th hand for healing of Sheerpe.

Cadie. Be brave then, for your Captain is Brave, and many brave.

But. There shall be in England, four halfe peny Looses fold for a peny: the three hundred, shal haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink small Beere. Alasse the Residue shall be Common, and in Cheshiffe shall my Palfrey goe to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Maiesty.

Cadie. I maye take good people. These shall be many, all rich care and drink on my care, and I will apperceive them all in one joery, that they may aggre like Brothers, and worshipe me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cadie. Nay, that I meane not. Do's not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being Colebald ere, should vn/doe a man. Some say the Bee things, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but feele once to a thing, and I was never more owne man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Cleark.

Wiser. The Cleark of Charram: he can write and read, and can accompe.

Cadie. O monftrous.

Wise. We take him setting of boyes Copies.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

1441. He's a Bookie in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conunterer.

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; whilest I live I find him guilty, he shall not die. Crome hither thare, I must examine thee: What is thy name? 

Cleaver, Emanual.

But. They vye to wit it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Do not vye to write thy name.

Or haul thou a mask to thy face, like a honest plain-dealing man? 

Cleaver. Sir, I thank God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him the's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-hone about his neck.

Enter one with the Cleaver.

Enter Michael.

Mch. Where's our General? 

Cade. Here I am the particular fellow.

Mch. Fly, by fly, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brothar are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand Villainy, and let him fall: he shall be encountered with aman as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is he? 

Mch. No. 

Cade. To equal him I will make my selfe a knight presenty; Rise vp Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drums and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellion Minds, the fifth and foune of Kent, Mark'd for the Glorious Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: for take this Groome, The King is mercifull, if you resolve.

But. Angry, wrathfull, and mad'nt to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these Silken-Coated Flacks I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Out whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne: For I am rightful heire unto the Crown.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playlitter, And thou by fife a Sheareman, art thou not? 

Cade. And Aslan was a Gardiner.

But. And what of that? 

Cade. Marry, this Edward Mortimer Earl of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, he did not.

Staff. I lie. 

Cade. By heaven he had two Childdren at one birth.

But. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question: But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stolen away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His bone am I, deny if you can. 

But. Nay, I mistrust, therefore he shall be King. 

Wen. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are aline at this day to tellifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base Drudge's Vows, that speaks he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore per ye gone.

Bro. Jacke Cade, the Dot York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I inventit it my selfe. Go to Sir-

rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Haw- 

ry the fit. (In whole time, byres went to Span counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall be strait, but he be Protector over him:

Butcher. And furthermore, we have the Lord Sayer head, for telling the Duke of Almone.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd

And fame to go with a slave, that but my patience holds it wp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Sap hath gi\n
elled the Commonwealth, and made it an Emasche: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staff. O gross and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay see how far you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue an enemy, be a good Counsellour, or no?

All. No no, and therefore we shall he his head, 

Jus. Well, seeing gentle words will not persuade, 

Afflaine them with the Army of the King.

Staff. Herald away, and through out every Towne, 

Proclaim them Traitors that are with Cade: 

That those which live before the battell ends, 

May eire in their Wines and Childrens sight, 

Be hang'd up for example at their doors: 

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. 

Exit. 

Cade. And you that love the Commons, follow me: 

Now shew your helpless men, for Liberty. 

We will not loose the Lord, one Gentleman: 

Sparke none, but such as go in clouted shoon, 

For they are thrify honest men, and such 

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts. 

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs. 

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

All. Against the fight, whereas both the Staffords are slaine. 

Exit Cade and the rest.

Cade. Whose Dickes, the Extchets of Ashford 

But. Here's fit. 

Cade. They'til before thee like Shepe and Oxen, & thou behast libel to thee, as if thou hadst been in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one. 

But. I define no more.

Cade. And to speaks true, thou deservst no leffe, This Monument of the victory will I bestre, and the bodiues shall be drag'd at my horse heales, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors sword born before vs. 

But. If we meant to thrive, and do good, break open the Gaules, and let out the Prisoners. 

Cade. I am not that I warrant thee, Come, let's march towards London. 

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Sof-

folkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the lord Say. 

Queen. Of late I have heard that greene softens the mind, And

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And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter:

two or three strangers below.

Scales. How now! Is Jacke Cade alane?
Ent. No my Lord, not likely to be alane:
For they have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withfand them:
The L. Mair erwades sayd of your Honor from the Tower
to extend the City from the Rebels.
Scales. Such sayd as I can spare you shall command,
But youe shall have here with them my tent,
The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Master Caffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,
And so farwell, for I must hence againe,

Exeunt.

Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strike his
flagg on London stee.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And heree fitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cloth
The pillinge Conduit runninge but Clarke Wine
This fifty earre of our reigne.
And now henceward as it shall be Trescoft say,
That calles me other then Lord Mortimer,

Enter a Soldier running.

Saul. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.
Cade. Knocke him downe there. They knocke him
Out. If this Fellow be wife, hee'le not call ye Cade
Moree, I shanke he hath a very faire warneing,
But that my Lord, there was a meelee together in Smithfield.
Cade. Come, then let's goe fight with them:
But first, goe and fall London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. I exect ones.

Enter another.

Saul. Watches be set round all the rest,
Theee enter Jacke Cade, perde his company.
Cade. So far: now goe some and pull downe the Sayer:
Others to the first of Court, downe with them all.
Ent. I have a suite unto your Lordship.
Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, then shal he burne it for that
work.
But, onely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth.
John. Maffe 'll be for Law then, for he was thrife
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'ts not whole yet.
Saul. Nay John, 'twill be flinking Law, for his breath
flinkeing with eeying taffel cleere.
Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realm, my mouth shall all
be the Parliament of England.
John. Then we are like to have bringe Statues
Vulnifie his teeth be pull out.
Cade. And hence-warde all things shall be Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Ent. My Lord, a pruce a pruce, here's the Lord Say,
which fold the Townes in France. He that made was pay
one and a half Fyntes, and one flulling to the pound,
the last subsiue.
Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be headeth for it ten times: At the say, thou Sergent, say thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Judgments Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for gone thine Norman die unto Mouton Readmore, the Duke of France? Best knowest in thee the the prelacy, is, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Bosome that must swepe the Court clene of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most crassly corrupted the youth of the Realme, purchashing a Grammar Schoole; and whereas before, our fore-fathers but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be said, and contrary to the King, his Crown, and Dignity thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be pronounced by the face, that thou hast men about thee, that vioally take of a Nowmada Veron, and such abominable wares, as no Christian can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed judgments of Peace, to call powre men after then, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prision, and because they could not read, thou hast hang them, when (be add) only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost rule in a foot-cloth, soft thou not? Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou hast not orderly here been a Cloake, when honest men tell thou go in their Horse and Doauneters.

Dyke. And workes in their shirt, as my felle for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

For. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: I am a menner, said gent.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Hear me but speake, and beare mee where you will;

Kent, in the Commentaries, Cade will;
I tell thee the estate place of all the life:
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty,
I sold not (Mann), I sold not Normandie,
Yet to recover them would soile my life:
Justice with favour have I alwayes done,
Prayers and Treses have made me, Gifts could never.
When have I sought excers at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts have I bestowed on cleare creaders,
Because my Booke pretend me to the King.
And fearing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing whereupon we flye to heauen.
Violes, you be possess with dwellish spirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murthre me:
This Tongue hath paved vour Foragge Kings
For your behoife.

Cade. Tur, when druckt it thou once blow in the field? Say. Great men have reaching hands so hot I struck Thoue that I never saw, and druckt them dead.

Gen. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behind Folees?
Bay. These hekes stapke for watching for your good
Cade. Gave him a boxe of care, and that will make em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor menes cause,
Hath made me full of ficknesse and dispers.

Cade. Ye shal have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dyke. Why doth thou quieter man?
Say. The Pale, and not face provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he needes at vs, who should say, I lie be wanting you, he is lost, he is lost, all that be on a pole, a pole, I take am away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein I intended well?
Hast I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Cheefs killd vp with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparrel tumpuion to behold?
Whom have I taken, that ye tecke my death?
These hands are free from guulde bloodshedding,
This blood from barrastoue foule deceitfull thoughts.

Let me live.

Cade. I feel remisse in my telle with his words: but hee blesse he shall die, and it bee but for pleading for well for his life. Away with him, he is a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks not by a Gods name. Go, take him awaie, and drowne his head presently, and then breake into his goose in Latues hands, Sir James Crone, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles bathe.

Al. I shall be done.

Cade. Alas, you be not done.

Say. It is with him.

Cade. Oh I command ye, the precedt Peere in the Realme, shall not wear a head on his shoulders, violest he saye we tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but if he shall pay me to her Mayden hear she will consent, Men shall be old of me in Capite, and we shall sue and contemn, that the wisse be as tree as heere can with, or tongue can tale.

Dyke. My Lord, When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commoditie vpon our books?

Cade. Many prenties.

Al. O brave.

Enter one with two heads.

Cade. But is this brazier.

Let them kil me one another: For they loud well
When they were alowe. Now part them againes, Let they confest about the young vp
Of some more owne in France. Soldiers, Defeare the spoile of the Cutte sould. night,
For with these borne before vs, in feed of Maers,
Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner
Hauie them kille. Away. 

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter agaun Cade, and all his robabment.

Cade. Vp Fifte-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,
kill and knocke downe, trowe them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What news is it that I heare?
Date any be bold to found Fret or Parley
When I loue them kille?


The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. These be they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Comment, whom thou hast milled
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will for take thee, and go home in peace.
Clif. What say ye Countriemen, will ye relent
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let usable lend you to your deaths,
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Flung up his cap, and say, God save his Merefly,
Who hargeth him, and honours not his Father,
Henry the sifi, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paffely by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to braue?
And you base Peasants, do ye believe him, will you needs be hand'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwark.
I thought ye would never have quenched these Armes till you had recovered your ancient Freedom. But you are all Recantists and Dastards, and delight to be insolent to the Nobility.
Let them break ye brushess with bastines, take ye houles over your heads, saith your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for Cade, and to God Cuffie light upon you all.

We'll follow Cade,
We'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the boone of Henry the sifi,
That thus you do exclude you go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Lads and Dukes?
Alas, I hate no home, no place to stay too:
Nor knowes he how to live, but by the specie,
Vinselye by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wet nor a shade, that whilst thou live at iarre,
The leastfull French, whom you are vanquished
Should make a start one least and vanquished you?
Me thinkes all eddie in this stille broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying Vengeance vnto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base born Cades mckarry,
Then you should vnto a Frenchmans mercy,
To France, to France, and get what you have looff.

Spare England, for it is your Nature Cast.

Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victory.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the sifi,hales them to an hundred milchfevers, and makes them leave mee desolate.
I see them lay their heads together to surprize me.
My sword make way for me, for here is no staying
in despight of the duels and hell, have through the vaine
usurder of you, and heauties and honor be wasten,
that no war of revolucion in mee, but only my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, maketh me know me
Of you.

Exit Buck. What, is he then so Go home and follow him,
And he that brings his head into the King,
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me soldiery, we'll deuise a meane,
To reconcilie you all vnto the King.

Enter Trumpets. Enter King, Queens, and
Sovernef on the Terras.

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then it?
No nooner was I erect out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olden.
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad cydings to your Majestie.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade impris'd?
Or he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitude with Haters about their
Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with batlers on their neckes, Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.
King. Then heauen let one thy eye aluting lattes,
To entertaine my vowses and praises,
Soldiers, this day have ye reioyned your luyes,
And flew'd how well you loue your Prince & Country. Consume all in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be unfortunat,
Afflict your feluies will ever be vnkinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do discharge you to your several Countires.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a M. Serje.

M. Serje. Please it your Grace to be aduertized,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a paffant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching thether with proud array,
And full proclaimeth as he comes alon,
His Armes are only to returne from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he termes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my fate, 'twixt Cade and Yorke diffrent.
Like to a Ship, that hauing fcarp'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrse.
But now is Cade驱动 backe, his men dispers'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And ask him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, he intend Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Sovernef we will commit thee thither,
Willyll his Army be dispers'd from him.

Sovernef. My Lord,
I yeeld me my felse to prision willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.
But, I will my Lord, and doubt not to doale,
As all things shall redound to your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learnto govern better,
For yet in England cure my wretched rainge.

Enter.
Enter Code.

**Code.** Eye on Ambitions: fix on my selfe, that hate a sword, and yet am ready to famishe. These face Gates base I hid me in thees Woods, and durt not pepee out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I hungry, that if I might have a Leafe of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brute, wall hunte I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Graffe, or pick a Saller another while, which is not sattifie to coole a man fromsacce this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to doe me good. For many a time but for a Sallet, any braine-pan had bene clef with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & bruely march- ing, it hath fened me infred of a quart pot to drinke in; and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

**Iden.** Lord, who would scarce turmoyled in the Court, And may enjoy frch quiet walks as thee? This small Inheritance my Father left me, Contemneth, and I neere monsacce. I feke not to where great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Spitteth, that I have maintaines my state, And lends the poore well pleased from my gate.

**Code.** Here's the Lord of the sole come to feize me for a firsty, for entering his Fee-simle without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a rope. Consider the King by casting my selfe to him, but hee make thee eare from like an Oxenfride, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ereth and I shift.

**Iden.** Why rude Companion, whatsoeere thou be, I know them not, why then should I betray thee? Is it not enough to brekke into my Garden, And like a Thieves to come to rob my grounds? Climbing my walls inspight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these favrew terms?

**Code.** Braue thee! by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and bead thee to. Look on mee well, I haue easte no meate these face days, yet come thou and thy fine men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore nailed, prepare God I may neuer easte greafe more.

**Iden.** Nay, it shall here be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Enquiure of Kent, Tooke oddes to combare a poore famishe man. See thy oyle gafting eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looke. Set limbe to limbe, and thou art faire the Iter: Thy hand is but a finger to my fish, Thy legge a flacke compared with this Turnelion, My foote shall fight with all the strength thee hath, And if mine arme be heaved in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whole greatest eaiser wolle's, Let this my sword report what speech forbeaces.

**Code.** By my Valour, I the most compleat Champsion on that ever I heard. Steele, if thou thour the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I befeech lowe on my knees thou mayst be turn'd Hobnailes.

Here they Fight.

O I am fiaine, Famine and no other baste iaine me, yet ten thousand dwelle come against me; and guise me but the ten meales I have lost, and I defe deeme them. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that doe dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of Code is fled.

**Iden.** Is't Code that I haue flain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed. And hang thee o'the Tombe, while I am dead. Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt wear it as a Heralds coate, To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

**Iden.** Farewell, and be proue of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hailest her best man, and exhaust all the World to be Cowards: For I that neate fear any, am vanquished at home, and in a short hour. Dyed. I heard much thou wert none, heauen be my judge! Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that beare thee And as I thoud thy body in with my sword, So with I. I might throle thy soule to hell. Hence will I dragge thee h erst by the heele Vnto a duffhill, which shall be thy grace, And there cut off thy most outrageous head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trumke for Crowes to seed upon. 

**Enter Turke, and his e Army of Ireland, with Dron and Colour.**

For From Ireland thus cometh York, to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from freble Fieresse head. Ring Belles slow, burnt Bonfifes cleare and bright To entertaine great England lawfull King. Ah Samle Macall! who would not buse thee des? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle honour but Gold, I cannot give this action to my worst, Except a Sword or Scepter, but I take It. A Scepter shall it haue, haue it a soule, On which Ietoffe the Pleaue-de-Loce of France.

**Enter Buckingham.**

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me? The king hath sent him sure I must dissemble. 

**Buc.** Youc, it thou meantest well, I greet thee well.

**Ter.** Heffey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting, Art thou a Mefeneger, or come of pleasur. 

**Buc.** A Mefeneger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the resolue of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Aligence shorne, Should raio so great a power without his leave? Or dare to bring thy Force to neere the Court?

**Ter.**eacher I can speake it, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew vp Backes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abjectearmes. And now hee Axes Telamons, On Sheere or Oxen Telamons, If I spend my furie, I am faire better boeth then is the king: More like a King, more Kingly in my thought, But I must make faire weather yet a while, Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I have given no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deepes Melancholby. The caufe why I hau hrought this Armiie hither, 

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The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Is an emnem prad Sомерfer from the King.
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

But that is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy Armes be to no oner end,
The King hath yeelded unto thy demand;
The Duke of York, let somers set in the Tower.

Ver. Upon thine Honor is the Prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honor he is the Prisoner.

Ver. Then Buckingham I do dismiss thine Powers.
Southerlers, I thank you all: Dispose your selves:
Meet me to hearow st George Field;
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my Southerlers, versus this Tower,
Command myself alone, so all my southerers,
As pledges of my Feacie and Love.
Ile send them all as well as I hate:
Lands, Goods, Honor, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to use, to Sомерfer may doe.

But, Yorke, I commend that kind submision,
We twaine will go into this Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harne to vs?
That thus he marcheth with three armes in armes?

Ver. In all submision and humility.
Yorke doth present himselfe into your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Ver. To haue the Traitor Sомерfer from hence,
And fight against that monstros Rebell Cede,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Cede with Cadestr, his band.

Idem. If one so rude, and of someone condition
May passe into the presence of My King.
Lest, I preijent your Grace the Traitors head.
The head of Cede, whom I in combat flew.

King. The head of Cadestr Great God, how nayt art thou?

Oh let me view his Voyage being dead,
That dignifying me from exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Idem. I was, an't like your Maiesty.

King. How a turham call'd? And what is thy degree?

Idem. Alexander Idem, that's my name.
A poor Eligier of Kent, that lookes his King.
But, so please it your Lord, we were not amute
He were created Knight for his good seruice.

King. Idem, kneele downe, tye vp a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Idem. May Idem live to serve such a Southerner,
And never lose but true into his Lyes.

Enter Queene and Sомерfer.

K. See Buckingham, Sомерfer comes with thine Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. For thousand Yorke he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and turn to his face.

Ver. How now is Sомерfer at libertie?
Then Yorke unlooseth his imagin'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Sомерfer?

Falle King, why hal I broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke ablue?

King. I did call thee? No though art not King:
Not fit to governance and rule multitudes,
Which dar not, nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Prince and Scepter.

That Gold, must runfround in these browes of mine,
What Smiles and Crowne, like to Aberdor Speare
Is livel with the charge, a kill and care.

Here is a hand to hold a Scepter vp.
And with the same to acte controlling Laws;
Giste place, by heauen thou shalt rule no more
Or'the him, whom heauen creasted for thy Ruler.

See. O monstros Traitor! I streel thee Yorke
Of Capetian Tresten' gains the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneel for Grace.

Ver. Woldst haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Shrare, call in my faine to be my bale.
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward.

Ver. They passe their swords of my infranchiment.

Q. Call his hither Clifford, bid him come at mine,
To say, if that the Baffard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Ver. O blood-beposted Neapolitan,
Out-call of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The souther of Yorke, thy better in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers bale, and bane to thes.
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, lie warrant they make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. And hence comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happenesse to my Lord the King.

Ver. I thank thee Clifford: Say, what newest with thes?

Nay, do not fright: vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Southerers Clifford, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking us, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to think I do,
To Bellen with him, is the man grown mad.

King. Clifford, a Brillem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that fichious part of his.

Q. He is arrested: but will not obey:
His tongues the layes, will give their words for him,

Ver. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will fere.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors have we here?

Ver. Look in a Glafe, and call thy Image to.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:
Call hiber to the stake my two brave Breres,
That with the very shaking of their Chains,
They may ashton thes fell-lurking. Corres,
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to us.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Aste thes thy Breres? We'l late them to death,
And muzzle the Bernard in their Chains,
I thou dar not bring them to the bying place.

Rich. Oft have I feere a hot one-wetting Curre,
Run backe and bare, because he was withold,
Who being suffer'd with the Breres fell paw,
Hath clasp'd his taile, between his legges and cride,
And such a piece of feruce will you do,
The second Part of Henry the Six. 145

If you oppose your felons to match Lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence hearst of wrath, foul indigested lump, 
As cooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Tyr. Nay we shall treat thee thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed least by your heart you burne your felues.

King. Why Warwick, hast thy knee forgot to bow? 
Old Salsbury, thame to thy father's hate.
Thou mad multitude of thy brain-fike fome, 
What will thou say of death-play the Ruffian 
And lick for tow're with thy Spectacles?

Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If I be benefit from the frostie head, 
Where flat shall have a grave to finde our Warre, 
And frame thine impenissible Age with blood? 
Why art thou old, and want thine experience? 
Or wherefore dost ablute it, thou hast it? 
For thine own custody bend thy knee to me, 
That bowes into the grave with mickle age.

Sad. My Lord, I have conferred with myself 
The state of this most renowned Duke, 
And in my confidence, do reprove his grace 
The rightfull hayre to Englands Royall feaste.

King. Hail thou not sworn Alloegance unto me? 
Sad. Thusse,
K. Canst thou dispence with heauen for such an oath? 
Sad. It is great done, to swearse into a fume; 
But greater fame to keepes a small oath. 
Who can be bound by any solemn Vow 
I do a murdrous deede, to rob a man, 
To force a soleptice Virgins Chastitie, 
To reue the Orphan of his Paternone, 
To wound the Widowe from her cuthed right, 
And have no other reason for this wrong.

But had he was bound by a solemn Oath? 

K. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe. 
Sad. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast, 
I am reduc'd for death and disgrace.

Old Clif. The fit I warrant these, doth proue true 
War. You were bid to goe to bed, and die againe, 
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field. 
Old Clif. I am reduc'd to fear a greater danger, 
Then any thou canst conteue up to day: 
And that I leane upon thy Burgongue. 
Might I but know theke by thy boulted Badge. 
War. Now by my fathers badge, old Nemesis Cred, 
The rampante Bearre chan'd to the ragged staffe, 
This day hee wearre alit my Burgongue, 
As on a Mountain top, the Cedit flowers, 
That keeps his leues infight of any flonne, 
Even to affrighte thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgongue I deadly Bearre. 
And teaste it under foot with all contemptu. 
Delight the Bearred, that protects the Bearre. 
To Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father, 
To quell the Rebels, and their Complexes. 
Rich. Fie, Chastitie for shame, speake not in fpright, 
For you shall fall with Ijeu Cristal to night. 
To Clif. Foul fygmataske that's more thon thou 
guile tell. 
Rich. Ifnot in heav'n, you'll certaine fall in hell. 

War. Clifford of Cumberland, his Warwicke calleth: 
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Bearre,
Now when the angrie Trumpeter sounds aloud, 
And dead men cries do fill the empire yere, 
Cliford I say, come forth and fight with me, 
Proud Northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland, 
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes, 
Tyr. Enter Warwicke. 

War. How now my Noble Lord! What all a foot. 
Tyr. The deadly handred Clifford flew my Seed: 
But match to match I have encountered him, 
And made a prey for Carzian Kyres and Crows 
Even of the bonnie beast he lusted to well, 

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of the time is come. 
Tyr. Hold Warwicke, seek thee out some other chace For I my self shall hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, its for a Crown thou fights. 
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day, 
It greates my foule to leave thee unwaff'd. 
Exit War. 
Clif. What feelt thou in me Yorke? 
Why dost thou pause? 

Warke. With thy brace beynge should I be in Jone, 
But that thou art to fight mine eneme. 
Clif. Nor should thy prouewe want praise & etceme. 

But that it's sweate ignobly, and in Treason. 

Tyr. So let it help me now against thy fword, 
As I in suffice, and true right capricile. 
Clif. My foule and body on the shoon both. 
Tyr. A man shall lay, aduance thee instantly. 
Clif. Let's commaund some comers. 
Tyr. Thus Warre hath grant ther peace, for & shal, 
Peace with his foule, beoynge in that bey will, 
Fare young Clifford.

Clif. Stand, and Conllusion all is on the tour, 
Oar frames disorder, and disorder wonds 
Where it should guard. O Warre, then fonne of bell, 
Whom angry leaues do make them minisiter. 

Throw in the frozen bussines of our part, 
Hot Costes of Vengeance, yet an Souldier flye. 
He that is truly dedec to Warre, 
Hath no felle bone: more he than tunes himselfe, 
Hath not curtly, but by one mutuall. 
The name of Vales. Or the whole world end, 
And the premial Issues of the Last day, 
Knot earth and heavens agayne. 
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast, 
Particulars, and pettie founds 
To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father) 
To loufe thy youth in peace, and to echieue 
The Silver Lustre of adulued Age, 
And in thy Reuence, and thy Chaine-dayes, thus 
To die in Ruthon barret? Even at this fght, 
My heart is ruant to fione: and whilest mine, 
It shall be fione. Yorke, nor our old men spares: 
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginnal, 
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire, 
And Beaunate, that the Tyrant off reclaime, 
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flix: 
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty. 
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke, 
Into as many gobbins will I cut it 
As whilede Elenor yong Abyrton did, 
In cruelty, will I secke out my fame. 
Come there new name of old Clifords boute: 
As at the Batus Old Anchise beare, 
So bease I thee upon my mauly shoulders: 
But then, I meane base a living loade:
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Nothing to heavy in their woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rut. So be thou there: For underneath an Ale-house paury figure, The Castle in S. Albans, Somerset Hath made the Wizard famous in his death: Sword, bold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull full: Priests way for meanest, but Princes kill.

T. of Salisbury, who can report of him, That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets Aged contousious, and all brunt of Time: And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth, Repaireth him with Occasion. This happy day Is not it felie, nor hawe we wonne one foot, If Salisbury be loft.

Richard. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times behind him: Thrice I led him off,
Perfused him from any further sli:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a honeye house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes. 

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haft thou fought to day:
By th'Madre to did we all. I thank you Richard.

God knows how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleased him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death:
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opprites of forch repaying Nature.

T. T. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I hear) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let ye pursur him ere the Wirts go forth.
What lays Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them: may before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) was a glorious day.
Saint Albons batelr wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternized in all Age to come.
Sound Drum me and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as thies, to us befall. 

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Actus Primi. Scena Prima.

Henry. My Lords, I see where the statute Rebell sits, Esien in the Chayre of State: belike he means, Backe by the power of Warrs, that faile Peere, To aspire into the Crown, and reign as King, Earl of Northumberland, he blew his Father, And thus, Lord Clifford, & you both have now d revenge On him, his former, his favorites, and his friends, Northumb. If I be not, I see not that be revenge'd on me, childe. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn, in Steele.

Be her, Warrs, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down, My heart for anger burns, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Wendenham, Clifford. Patience is for Poultoones, such as he: He durst not fit there, had your Father li'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament,

Let us afflye the Family of Yorke.

North. Well hath thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them, And they have troops of Souldiers at their backs? Wetho. But when the Duke is slaine, they're quickly flye.

Henry. Fare be the thought of this from Henry heart,

To make a Shambling of the Parliament House.

Cousin of Exeter, Souldiers, words, and threats, Shall be the Warrs that Henry means to vse.

Thou factious Duke of Yorke defend my Throne, And kneele for grace and mercy at my feet,

I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exe. For shame come downe, he made the Duke of Yorke,

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Euzeldomoe was.

Exe. Thy
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

Exe. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne. Wart. Euer thou art a Traytor to the Crowne, In following this vpsuming Henry. Clifford. Whom should he bee follow, but his natural King? Wart. True Clifford, that's Richard Duke of York. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne? York. It must and shall be, content thy selfe. Wart. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King. Wart. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster, And that the Lord of Wiltshire shall maintaine. Wart. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those which chas'd you from the field, And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread Marched through the Citie to the Pallace Gates. Northumb. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my griefs, And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it. Wart. Plantagenet of thee and theye thy Sonnes, Thy Kindmen, and thy Friends, he base more luces Than drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines. Clifford. It is no more, left that in head of words, I fend thee, Warwick, such a Messenger, As shall renowne his death, before I shire. Wart. Poor Clifford, how I comne his worthless Threats. Plant. Will you we fly our Title to the Crowne? If not, our swords shall please it in the field. Henry. What Title hath those Traytors to the Crowne? My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke, 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 fei'd upon their Townes and Provinces. Wart. Take not of France, fith thou haft loft it all. Henry. The Lord Protector loft it, and not I. When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old. Rob. You are old enough now, And yet me thinkes you looke: Father teare the Crowne from the Vippers Head. Edward. Sweet father doe to set it on your Head. Monet. Good Brother, As thou lov'dt and honoriste Armet, Let's fight it out, and not fland cauthling thus, Richard. Sound Drummes and Tumpeff, and the King will flye. Plant. Sonnes peace. Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speake. Wart. Plantagenet shall speake first: Hear him Lords, and be you silent and attentive too, For he that interrupts him, shall not live. How think't thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne, Wherein my Grandire, and my father sat? Noitflit HalWarre unpeople this my Realme; I and their Colours often burned in France, And now in England, goe our hearts great sorrow, Shall be my Winginge-sheets: Why faint you Lords? My Title's good, and better faste then his. Wart. Prone it Henry, and thou shalt be King. How. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne. Plant. Twas by Rebellion against his King. Henry. I know not what to lay, my Titles weak: 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,

Reigned the Crowne to Henry the Fourth, Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his. Plant. He reio in him, being his Soueraine, And made him to religne his Crowne perforce. Wart. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconscion'd, Thinkes you'twere prejudicial to his Crowne? Exe. No, for he could not to religne his Crowne, But that the next Heire should succeed, and reigne, Henry. Act thou against vs, Duke of Exche? Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and anwer not? Exe. My Conference tells me he is lawfull King. Henry. All will resolve from me, and turne to him, Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayyne thou layft, Thinkes not that Henry shal be to depos'd. Wart. Depo'd he shall be, in delights of all. Northumb. Thou art deceu'd: 'tis not thy Southern power Of Essex, Norfoile, Suffolk, nor of Kent, Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, Cuts the Duke vp in delights of me. Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence: May that ground gape, and showe me alive, Where I shall kneele to him that flew my father. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words resigne my heart, Plant. Henry of Lancaster, religne thy Crowne: What matter yor, or what confume you Lords? Wart. Doe right into this Princeley Duke of Yorke, Or I will fill the House with armed men, And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he fitts, Write vp his Title with vpning blood, He jumps with bus hast, and the Souldiers showe themselves. Henry. My Lord of Waremrouch, beare but one word, Let me for this my life time reign as King, Plant. Conforme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires, And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou livest, Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet Enioy the Kingdome after my deceafe. Clifford. What wrong is this to the Prince, your Sonne? Wart. What good is this to England, and himselfe? Wart. Bafe, basefull, and deflaying Henry. Clifford. How bafe thou invert'd both thy selfe and vs? Wart. I cannot fay to heare thele Articles. Northumb. Nor I, Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these Neues. Wart. Farewell false-hearted and degenerate King, In whole cold blood no spark of honor bides. Northumb. Be thou prepy into the House of Yorks, And dye in Bands, for this vnmanfully dead. Clifford. In dreadfull Warre may'thou be ouercome, Or line in peace abandon'd and defiptid. Wart. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not. Exe. They fecke revenge, and therefore will not yeld. Henry. Ah Exe. Wart. Why should you fyght, my Lord? Henry. Not for my felle Lord Warwick, but my Soume, Whom I unnaturely shal dis-inherit: But be it as it may; I here excape The Crowne to thee to and to shine Heires for ever, Conditionally, that here thou take an Oath, To cede this Civil Warre, and whil't I live,
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

To honor me as thy King, and Sovereign:
And neither by Tresfon nor Hostilitie,
To theeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe,

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

Warw. Long live King Henry; Plantagenet embrace him,

Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward

Sonne.

Plant. Now Turkey and Lancastre are reconcil'd

Exce. Accust be he that seekes to make them foes.

Senn. Here they come dwayne.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Jte to my Castel.

Warw. And Ie keep London with my Souldiers.

Norf. And Ie to Norfolk with my follower.

Meet. And I into the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I with grieve and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exce. Here cometh the Queene.

Whoole Lookes be wayry her anger:
Ile steale away.

Henry. Exce to will I.

Queene. Nay, gege not from me, I will follow thee.

Henry. Be patient Queene, and I will stay.

Queene. Who can be patient in such extremt?
Ah wretched man, would I had dyde a Maid?
And nee the thee, nee borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou haft prou'd to vs naturall a Father,
Hath he defend'd to Joos his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lou'd him baffe as well as I,
Or feele that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourished him as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst haue left thy dearst hartt blood there,
Rather thanne have made that fanguish Duke thine aile,
And dis-inheritted thee alone Sonne.

From. Father, you cannot dis-inheritate me

If you be King, why should not I succede?

Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforce me.

Queene. Enforce thee? Arent thou King, and wilt be fore?

I shame to heare thee speake; ah infortunst Wretch,
The haft condit thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And guin into the House of Tykke guech head,
As thou falth reign, but by their suffraige.
To catayle him and his Heires into the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creep into it fare before thy time?

Warw. is Chancellor, and the Lord of Califfe,
Sterne undergirds commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protecor of the Realme,
And yet shall thou be safe? Such safetie findes
The trembling Lambe,insuffraigned with Wolves.
Had I beene there, which am a telly Woman,
The Souldiers should have tostde me on their Pikes,
Before Ie would have granted to that Act.

But thou preferre thy Life, before thine Honor.
And leaue thou do't, I here divorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table Harpy, and thy Bed,
Vnshall that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inheritted,
The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they fee them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vter ruine of the House of Tykke.

Thus doe I leave thee. Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee'le siter them,

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.

Queene. Thou haft spooke too much already: get thee gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt not spare?

Queene. Lye to be murdered by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ie fee your Grace: till then, Ie follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poore Queene,

How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into temrs of Rage.
Reueng'd may be the on that hatefull Duke,
Whole haughte spirit, wings I with desire,
Wilt coun thy Crowne, and like an empte Eagle,
Tyre on the fleeth of me, and of my Sonne,
The olfe of those three Lords tormentes my heart:
Ie write to thee, and entertain them faire;
Comm. Courson, thou shalt be the Meffengers.

Exce. And Ie hope,shall reconcil them all.

Flour. Enter Richard, Edward, and Marquess.

Richard. Brother, though Ie see your selfe, give mee leave.

Edward. No, Ie can better play the Orator.

Marquess. But I have reasone strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Tykke.

To bo. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a stiffe?
What is your Quarel? how began it stiffe?

Edward. No Quarel, but a flight Contention.

Tykke. About what?

Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs.

The Crowne of England Father, which is yours.

Tykke. Most Boyne not till King Henry be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life,or deat.

Edward. Now you are Heire,therefore enjoy it now:
By givn the Houfe of Lancaster leaue to breathe,
It will out-turne you, Father, in the end.

Tykke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quiet reign.

Edward. But for a Kingsomme any Oath may be broken,
I would breake a thousand Oaths, to reigne one yeare.

Richard. No, God forbid all your Grace should be forsowne.

Tykke. I shall be, if I claime by open Warre.

Richard. Hee prove the contrary, if you'd heare mee speake.

Tykke. Thou canst not, Sonne; it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke before a true and lawfull Magnificat, that hath authortie over him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did vnar the place.
Then seeing twas be that made you to depose,
Your Oath,my Lord, is vaine and frivolous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but think,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Eligibilitie,
And all that Poets name of Buffe and Joy.

Why do we linger than? I cannot reft,
Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dyde
Even in the Lake,warne blood of Harveys heart.

Tykke. Richard enough: I will be King, or dy.

Brother, chos shalt to London presently,
And when on Warre to this Enterprise.

Thou
Thou Richard, hail to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him proudly of our intent.
You Edward shall into my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentshmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are Souldiers,
Wittie, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what refresh more?
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not presume to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancastour.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what News? Why commit thou in such postes?

Gabriel. The Queen,
With all the Northen Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore forethou yet Held, my Lord.

Terke. I, with my Sword.

What think'st thou, what we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let Noble sirnisck Cobham and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerfull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his Oathes.

Mortimer. Brother, I goe: He whine them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I desire my leave.

Exit Montague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

Terke. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vassales,
You are come to Sandall in a happy hour.
The Army of the Queen means to besiege vs.
Sir John. Shee shall not neede, we'll meeke her in the field.

Terke. What, with five thousand men?

Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for an end.

A Woman's generall: what shall we fear?

Edward. I leave their Drummings:
Let's take our men in order,
And strike forth, and bid them Baraille straight.
Terke. Five men to twenty, though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Vassale, or our Victorie.
Many a Baraille have I wone in France,
When all the Enemy hath beene tempte to one.
Why should not now have the like success?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Farrowth, and his Tower.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to escape their hands?
Ah, Tower, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. I complained owre, the Princehhood sates thys life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father flew my Father he shall dye.

Tower. And I my Lord, will bear him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him,

Tower. Ah Clifford, marther not this innocent Child,
Least thou shouldst hate both of God and Man.

Clifford. How now, is he dead already?
Or is it fear, that makes him cloath his eyesse
Ille opem them.

Rutland. So looks the penvd vp Lyon o're the Wreath,
That trembles under his devouring Pawes:
And so he walks, infalling o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening Look.
Sweet Clifford hear me speake, before I dye.
I am too mean i a soldier for thy Wrath.
Be thou released on men, and let me live.

Clifford. In vain thou speakest so, Rutland.
My Fathers blood hath flast the pillow
Where thoy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and Clifford canke with him.
Clifford. Had I thy Presence here, his blisses and thine
Were not requenge sufficent for me:
No, if I digge vp thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hang their rotten Coffin vp in Chaynes,
It could not make mine eare, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of York,
Is as a fire to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.

Therefore—

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray: I see Clifford pity me.
Clifford. Such pity as my Rapers point affords,

Alarum. I must not proceed: why wilt thou flye me?

Clifford. Thy Father hart.

Rutland. But's wise I was bold
Thou hast one Sonne, for I am wise, and able,
In reaunge therefore, fish God is it?
He be as comfortably flame as I.
Ah I have had enough of all my days,
And when I give occation of silencce,
Then let me seee, for now thou haile not enuie.

Clifford. No enuie thy Father flew my Iather thereforerfore dye.

Alarum. Do secret law in somma stricta.

Clifford. Placitament, I come Placitament:
And thus thy sonnes blood cleasing to my Dille,
Shall ruft upon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congealeth with this, doe make me wipe off both.


York. The Army of the Queene hath got the fields,
My vassales both are flante, in preparing me.
And all my faire men, to the eager foe
Turse back, and byce, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Landes purlied by hunger-floured Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath brenchazed them:
But this I know, they have demeaned and themselfes
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did Richard make a Lance to me,
And thrice cryde, Courage Father fight it out
And fall as oft came Edward to my side,
With Purple Paulcinon, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountered him;
And when the hardy Watts did returne,
Richard cryed Charge, and gave no foot of ground,
And cryde, A Czare, or ele a glorious Tombe,

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A Sceptre, or an Earthly Sepulchre.

With this we charg'd again; but out alas,
We bo'd'd again, as I have seene a Swan
With bootless labour, flying against the Tyde,
And spend her strength to break up mountainous Waves.
A short Alarme within.

Ah heart, the folllowes dose pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shewe their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life.
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland,
The young Prince, and bastard.

Come bloody Clifford, though Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless furie to more rage:
I am your Son, and I abide your Shot.
Northumberland Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clifford. I must fay, as his ruthless Arme.
With downe-right payment, he' pesticide my Father.
Northumberland hath tumbled from his Carre.
And made an Edging at the Boone-side Prick.
Tyrke. My sife, as the Phoenix may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what ere you can afflit me with.

Why come you not? what, mutiltures, and taste?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves doe peck the Falcons piercing Talons,
So deprave theerse, all hopefull of their Lives.
Breath out truesthees guifft the Officers.
Tyrke. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for bluffling, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Whereas heath made thee faire and flye ere this.
Clifford. I will not bate thee word for word,
But bucklow with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand saultes
I would prolong a while the Traysors Life.

What makes him daelite; spake those Northumberland.
Northumberland Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,
To prick tly figner, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Carre doth grime,
For to ouer thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warren prize, to take all Vastages,
And rence to one is no impeach of Valore.
Clifford. I, I, to fight the Woodcocke with the Crowne,
So deth the Conny Struggle in the Nest.
Tyrke. So triumph Thrones upon their conquer'd Booty,
So Tyrants yield with Robbers, so o're-matche.
Northumberland. What would your Grace have done into
him now?
Queen. Bratse Warriners, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him band upon this Mole-hill here.
That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Defent.
Where are your Meffge of Soone, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the liitle George.

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to chearse his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rialand?
Looke Tyrke, if I seere'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Eapers point,
Made illis from the Bofome of the Boy.
And if thine eyes can wait for his death,
I giue thee this to dinc thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore Tyrke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I thould it be nent thy mitrable stone.
I prythee giue, to make me mercy, Tyrke,
What, harsh thy ferte heart for punish thine entartels,
That not a Tear can fall, for Rialands death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou sholdt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampes, rage, and fret, that I may fong and dance.
Thou wouldst be feeld, I see, to make me sport.
Tyrke cannot speake, unless he waret a Crowne.
A Crowne for Tyrke: and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, while I doe set it on.
I marry Sir, now lookest he like a King:
This is he that tooke King Henrys Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.

But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so looure, and broke the foremoue oath?
As I bethinke me you should not be King.
Till out my Henry had nooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in Hewetts Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Or is a faulce tooo vpueradable,
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 flye, lest you beare the Orisons hee makes.

Tyrke. Shee Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolston of France.
Whole Tongue more poyson than the Adder Tooth:
How ill-beleeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trill,
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captiues?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, exchange,
Made impudent with Ite of cruel deeds,
I would fally, prov'd Queene, to make thee bluffs.
To tell thee whence thou camst of, whom demend,
Were shame enough, to thame thee,
Were thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not to weakest as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch tought thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it bootes thee not, prov'd Queene,
Vnlethe the Aged must be verifie'd,
That begges mounted, arrane his Horse to death,
'Tis Beaute, that doth oft make Wooman crowd,
But God he knows, thy farse thereof is small.
'Mis Verse, that doth make them most admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondered at.
'Tis Government that makes them fecene Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antis are to yeare,
Or as the South to the September.
On Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Woman Hide.
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

How could't thou drawne the Life-blood of the Child, To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, And yet be faine to beare a Woman's face? Women are soft, mild, pitifull, and flexible; Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, temerelie.

Bild thee ma rage? why now thou haft thy will. Would it haue weep't? why now thou haft thy will. For raging Wind blowes vp infall flowers, And when the RagE alayes, the Raine begues. Thes Teares are my sweet Rutlande Obsequies, And every drop cryes vengeance for his death, 'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman, Norham. By thee was he, but his paffions movets me, That hardly can I checke my eyes from Teares, Torke. That Face of his, The hungry Canbells would not bate souche, Would not haue flown'd with blood: But you are more inhuma, more intolerable, O, when men times more then Tygers of Hyrcania See, ruthelie Queene, a balefulie Fathers Teares: This Cloth thou dipt in blood of my sweeter Boy. And I wish her tears were with the droping sowe. Keeps thou the Napkin, and goo hast of this, And it thou tellst the heauen florist right. Upon my Soule, the hearers will fined Teares: Yes, zuen my Foes will fined tell-telling Teares, And say, Alas, it was a pittous deed. There's take the Crown, and with the Crown, my Curie, And in thy need, such comfort come to thee, As now I reap at thy too cruel hand. Hard-hearted Cerfard, take me from the World, My Soule to Haue, my Blood upon your Heads.

Norham. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne, I should not for my Life but weep with him, To see how myl Sorrow gripes his Soule. Queene. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Norhamberland? Thinks but upon the wrong he did vs all, And that will quickly dry thy melting Teares. Clifford. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Fathers Death. Queene. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

Torke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, My Soule flies through these woundes, to secke out thee. Queene. Off with his Head, and let it on York Gate Gates, So Torke may ouer-look the Towne of York.

Flourish. Exit.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their powers.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father fes'p't, Or whether he be fes'p't away, or no, From Clifford and Norhamberland pursu'it? Had he beene tale, we should haue heard the newes; Had he beene flaine, we should haue heard the newes: Or had he fes'p't, we thinkes we should haue heard The happy tidings of his good escape, How fates my Brother: why is he so fad? Richard. I cannot say, until I be resol'd Where our right valiant Father is become. I saw him in the Battell range about, And watcht him how he fangled Clifford forth, Me thought he bore him in the thirleft troope, As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Nest, Or as a Bear encompass'd round with Dogges;

Who hauing pinch'd a few, and made them cry, The red flaid all aso, and barke at him, So far'd our Father with his Enemies, So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father: Me thinkes his prize enought to be his Sonne. See how the Morning opes her golden Gates, And takes her farwell of the glorious Sonne, Who well rememberes the praise of Youth, Trium'd like a Yonker, proucning to his Lord? Ed. Dazle my eyes, or do I see three Sunnes? Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne, Not seperated with the racking Clouds, But fea'd in a pale cleare shining Skye, See, see, they ioyn embrase, and fence to knife, As if they would some League inviolable, Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne: In this, the Heauen figures some event. Edward. 'Tis ondious strange, The like yet neuer heard of. I thinkes it certe (Brother) to the field, That wee, the Sonnes of brace Plantagenet, Ever adioke aday by the Graces, Should now with standing by our Lightes together, And out-flame the Earth, as this the World, What e're it bodes, hence-forward I will beare Upon my Target three faire shinning Sunnes. Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters; By your leue, I speake it, You lose the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose beautie Lookes fore-tell Some dreadefull story hanging on thy Tongue? Miss. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on, When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was flaine, Your Princely Father, and my losing Lord. Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dyde, for I will hear it all. Miss. Environed he was with many foes, And floud against them, as the hope of Troy Troyes, and many that would have made Troy, But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes: And many stroakes, though with a little Axe, Hewes downe and fells the hardelt-symbled Ox, By many hands your Father was sub'd, But onely thought red by the ireful Anne Of ven-renting Clifford, and the Queene. Who crow'd the gracious Duke on high delight, Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept, The ruthelie Queene gave him, to dry his Cheekes, A Napkin, steeped in the armelle blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford flaine: And after many leones, many foute rauncks, They took his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke They set the fame, and there it doue remaine, The faddelte spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leven upon, Now thou art gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay, Oh Clifford, boyf'rous Clifford, thou hast flaine The Rose of Europe, for his Cheaulie, And thee heretofore thou hast enquir'd him, For hast to hand him, and I haue vanquished the. Now my Soule, Staffe, rest becomes a Trion: Ah, would the brake from hence, that this my body Might

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In haste, poll haste, are come to loanes with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another halfe, till at the last,
Ric. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast thine own it lixitre by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee pain.
Ed. Then Sirke vp Drum, God, and George for vs.

Might in the ground be cloased vp in reft:
For never henceforth shall I joy againe:
Never, or never shall I hear againe,
Ric. I cannot weep: for all my bodies moydure
Scarce sures to quench my Furnace-burning harts:
Nor can my tongue vsloade my hearts great burnes,
For felse-fame winde that I should speake withall,
Je knyding cosales that flies all my brent,
And burns me vp with flames, that tears would quench,
To weep, is to make lefe the depth of griefes:
Teares then for Babes, Blowes, and Rueenge for mee.
Richard, I beset thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renounned by attempting it.
Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Duke-done, and his Chaire with me is left.
Ric. Nay, of thee be that Princeley Eagle Bird,
Shew thy decent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Duke-done, Thoune and Kindegome fay,
Either that is shine, or else thou worst not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Mortagus Montegues, and Thier Army.
Warwicke. How now my Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?
Ric. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompent
Our balefull newes, and at each words deluerance
Scarib Ponsirid in our hill, till all were told,
The words would addre more anguith then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is Daine,
Edm. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plaguesest
Which held thee dereely, as thy Soules Redemption,
Is by the name Lord Clifforde done to death.
War. Ten daies ago, I drownd these newes in tears,
And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things fishe than before.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brasse Falier breath'd his latter gaspe.
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brough me of your Loffe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Multer'd my Soldiers, gathered flakes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albones, to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along
For by my Scouys, I was aduertis'd
That Iue was coming with a full intent
To dafh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henrie Oath, and your Succession:
When I ale to make, we at S. Albons met.
Our Battalles joynt, and both sides hereby fought:
But whether twas the coldnede of the King,
Who look'd full genly on his warlike Queen,
That reb'd my Soldiers of their hearsed Spleene.
Or whether twas report of her success,
Or more then common fear of Clifford Ripour,
Who thunders to his Captaine, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night, O wiles lazie flight,
Or like a Lazie Thresher with a Flainie,
Fell genly downe, as if they truxke their Friends,
I cheere'd them vp with justice of our side,
With promise of high, and great Rewards;
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled the King into the Queenes,
Lord George, your Broder, Nofolke, and my Selfe,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now, what news?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, The Queen is coming with a puissant Host, And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it forces, brave Warriors, let's away, 

Enter, the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland and York, Prince, with Drumme and Trumpeters.

Speech. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of York, 

And doth not the oblique thine heart, my Lord, 

K. I take the rockes thence that fire their wrack, To see this fight, it firk my very soule: 

With-hold revenge (deere God) thine not my fault, Nor wittingly base I sitting any way. 

Cliff. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harrail full pity must be laid aside: 

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beasts, that would have their Den. 

Whole hand is that the Forrest Brave doth like? 

Nor any that spans her song before her face. 

Who scarce the laking Serpents most careful wing? Not he that sets his foot upon her backe. 

The smallest Womane will turne, being troden on, And Dukes will pecke in flegans of their Blood. 

Amorous York, did lease to Clifford, 

Tho thinketh, while he knitt his angry Lookes. 

He but a Duke would have his Sonne a King, 

And strike his flake like a lounge Sire. 

Thus being: King, blest with a goodly fone, 

Didst yeeld consent to disfigure him: 

Which argued thee a most vnloving Father. 

Unseasome Creatures feed on those young, 

And thought those faces be fearfull to their eyes, 

Yet in recreation of their tender ones, 

Who hath not seen them dwell with those wings, 

Which sometime they have with such fearfull flight, 

Make warre with him that climed downe to their nest, 

Offering their owne lives in their younges defence. 

For frame, my Liege, make them your President. 

Were not pity that this goodly Boy, 

Should lose his Birth-night by his Father's fault, 

And long hereafter say unto his child, 

What is the Grandfather, and Grandfrite for, 

My careless Father falsely gave away. 

Art, what a place were this? Looke on the Boy, 

And let him manly face, which promiseth 

Successfull Fortune steale thy hearting heart, 

To holde thine owne, and leave thine owne with him. 

King. Full well hath Clifford pai'd the Orator, 

Interimpering arguments of mighty force: 

But Clifford tell me, did thou not my care, 

That thine little, and catt had successe, 

And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, 

Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell: 

Ile leave your Sonne my Verteuous deeds behinde, 

And would my Father had left me no more, 

For all the rest is held as such a Base, 

As being a thousand ful of care to keepe, 

Then in possession any not of pleasure. 

Ah Colm Yorke, would thy best friends did know, 

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here. 

Qu. My Lord chere up your goutes, your face are eye, 

And this soft courage makes your Followers faine: 

You promitt Knighthood to our forward f mane, 

Vinctheath your sword, and dub him prentise. 

Edward, knicke downe. 

King. Edward Plantagenet, wise a Knight, 

And leaue this Lefon. Draw thy Sword to right, 

Pron. My gracious Father, by your Kingly lease, 

He draw it as Apparent to the Crowne, 

And in that quarters, vie it to the death. 

Cliff. Why that so spoke so welle toward Prince. 

Enter a Buese.

Mes. Royal Commanders, be in readiness, 

For with a Band of thirty thousand men, 

Comes Warwick a backing of the Duke of York, 

And in the Townes as they do march along, 

Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him, 

Darrague your batall, but they are at hand. 

Cliff. I would your Highness would depart the field, 

And take that victor to your defence, 

Vinctheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, 

Norfolk, Montague, and Salisbury.

Edw. How now percy of Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? 

And let thy Diadem upon my head, 

Or bolt the mortall Fortune of the field. 

Qu. Go rare thy Monnons, proud insulting boy, 

Because it thee to be thus bold in terres, 

Belowe thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King? 

Ed. I am his King, and he shall bowe his knee: 

I was adopted wars by his consent. 

Cliff. Since when his Oath is broke: for as I here, 

You that are King, though he doe wear the Crowne, 

Have saved him by new Act of Parliament, 

To bolt me out, and put his owne in. 

And nowe who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne. 


Cliff. I Creekoke, here I stand to answer thee. 

Or any he, the proudef of thy fort. 

Rich. 'Twas yeast that killde thy Friend, was it not? 

Cliff. I and old Yorke and: ye not satisfied. 

Rich. For Gods sake Lords give signal to the fight. 

What say I than Henry, 

Wilt thou yeild the Crowne? (you spake) 

Qu. Why how now long-tongue Warrick, &c. 

When you and I, met at Sar. Aboure last, 

Your legges did better service then your hands, 

Your men in flight, and now the rest: 

Cliff. Yow said so much before, and yet you fled. 

War. Twas not your valor Clifford drowe me thence. 

Noe. No, nor your manhhood thartluff make you flay. 

K. Northumberland, hold thee reverently, 

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine 

The execution of my big-wole heart. 

Vpunto Clifford, that cruel Child-ther. 

Cliff. I saw thy Father, call it thow a Child? 

Rich. 

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The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. I like a Daftard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunrises, I will make thee curst the deed.

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and hear me speake,

Cla. Deifie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prythee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and prudeled to speake,

Cla. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be curd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnfeast thy fword:
By him that made vs all, I am returned,
That Clifford Manhood, lives upon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand men have broke their Fails to day,
That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yield the Crown.

War. If thou denie, their Blood will thy head,
For Yorke in iustice put's his Amort on.

Ed. If that be right, which Warwicke says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever got ther, ther by Mother standers,
For well I rest not half thy Mothers tongue.

Cla. But those are yet her like thy Sire not Damme,
But like a foolu mischap'en Staggynaste,
Mark'd by the Definites to be avoided,
As some Toades, or Liars and dreadful rings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English Gift,
Whose Father bears the Title of a King,
(As of a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Shall thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy bail-borne home?

Ed. A wise of thraw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this flamelefe Caller know her title,
Helen of Greece was fayer fairer fater then thow,
Although thy Husband may be Morelane,
And he was Agamemnon Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee,
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,
And could the King, and made the Dolphin floope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day,
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And graced thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Even then that Sun.shine bred a floore for him,
That waft his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And leap'd fediton on his Crown at home:
For what had brought him to thy Pride?
Had thow bene meeke, our Tisle full had flept,
And we in piety of the Gentle King,
Had flapt our Clause, untill another Age.

Cla. But when we law, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no interese,
We fet the Axe to thy glarpe Roofe:
And though the edge hath cutting hit our felowers,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll neuer leave, still we have cosine thee downe,
Or baith thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defte thee,
Not willing any longer Conferences,
Since thou denie'st the gentle King to speake,
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wade,
And either Victoire, or else a Truce.

Ed. St. Edward.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, weel I no longer say,
These words will cost ten thousand lines this day.

Exempt omnes.

B. Alarum. Execution. Enter is murkies.

War. Fore-gent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For it broke receu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Hau robb'd my strong knot linewes of their strength,
And spight of fught, must I tell a while,

Enter Edward King.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or else ungentle death,
For this world drownes, and Edward Sunne is clouded.

War. How now my Lord, what happeneth what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loffe, our hope but sad dispaire,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes us,
What countenance give you whether shall we flye?

Ed. Boneliffe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot thus pursuaine.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast thou withdrawn thy selfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thitty earth hath drank,
Broach'd with the Stelly point of ClifFord Launce;
And in the very pangs of death, he cryes,
Like to a dittall Clanger heard from Oare,
Warwicke, revenge: Brother, revenge my death,
So underneath the belly of his Steeds,
That flaim'd their Felockes, in his lamosing blood,
The Noble Gentlemens gave vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
He kill my Boste, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loftes, whiles the Fort doth Rage,
And lonke upon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaide in joie, by countersetting Actors,
Here on my knee, I vow to God above,
Ile never passe against, neuer fland still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune gonne me measure of Revenge.

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I doe bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow doe chaine my soule to thine:
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou fatter vp, and placuer downe of Kings,
Before thy Prayse, I would thinke I traded the Pride,
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And give sweet passage to my manifold soule.
Now Lords, take leave untill we meete againe,
Where eere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,
Gue me my hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imagine thee in my weary armes,
That I did neuer wepe, now met with wo,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time to.

War. Away, away,
Once more sweet Lords farwell.

Cla. Yet let us algetherto to our Troupes,
And give them leave to flye, that will not flye:
And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:
And if we thriue, promise them such rewards
As Victors were at the Olympian Games,
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory.

Exempt omnes.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. Exeunt

Exeunt. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Richard. Now Clifford, I have fangled thee alone, Suppose this armes for the Duke of York, And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge, We thoninnion'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone, This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father York, And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland, And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death, And cheares these hands, that flew thy Sire and Brother, To execute the like upon thy selfe, And to have at thee.

They fight. Warwick comes, Clifford flies.

Richard. Nay Warwick, single out some other Chance, For I my selfe will hunte this Wolfe to death. Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Here. This battell fares like to the morning's Warre, When dyling clouds contend, with growing light, What tune the Shephard blowing of his naile, Can neither call it perfect day, nor night, Now (wrost of all) we change it this way, like to Inconstancy, Fore'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde: Now faies it that way, like to the false-fame Sea, Fore'd to reverse by furie of the Winde. Sometimes, the Flood preulies; and than the Winde: Now, one the better: then, another belt; Both rugging to be Victors, brief to brief. Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered. So is the equal poise of this fell Warre. Hereon on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe, To whom God will, there be the Victories: For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too Have chawed me from the Battell: Sweasting both, They prober prop of all when I am thence. Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so: For what is in this world, but Grete and Woe. Oh God! methinks it were a happy life, To be no better then a homely Swaine, To sit upon a holl, as I do now, To muse our Duties left behind me, Thence to fee the Ministers how they runne: How many makes the House full compleat, How many Hours brings about the Day, How many Days will finish up the Yeares, How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live, When this is knowne, then to dudge the Times. So many Hours, must I tend my Flocke: So many Hours, must I take my Rest: So many Hours, must I Contemplate: So many Hours, must I Sport my felle: So many Days, my Eves have bene with yong: So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will lane: So many yeares, ere I shall fleere the Fleece: So many Minutes, Hours, Days, Months, and Yeares, Paft over to the end they were creas'd, Would bring white haires, yr's a Querer grace. Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely? Gues not the Hawthorne built a sweeter shade To Shepherds, looking on their filly Sheepes, Then doth a rich Imbroder'd Canopie To Kings, that fear their Subject's treacheries? Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth. And to conclude, the Shepherds lonely Curs,

His cold thimne drinke out of his Leather Bottle, His wounded sleepe, under a fresh trees shade, All which secure, and twesly he enjoyes, Is ftre beyond a Prince's Delicates, His Vians sparking in a Golden Cup, His bodie couched in a curious bed, When Care, Misfortune, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Some that hath kill'd his Father, at one door: and a father that hath kill'd Some at another door.

Saw. I'll blows the winde that profits no body, This man whom hand to hand I flew in fight, May be poffelled with some flore of Crownes, And I that (happly) take them from him now, May yet (ere night) yeild both my Life and them To some man elle, as this dead man doth me. Who's this? Oh God! is it my Fathers face, Whom in this Confict, (inwares) have I kill'd: Oh heauy times! begetting such Events. From London, by the King was I pret forth, My Father being the Earle of Warwick man, Came on the part of Yorkes, prell by his Master: And I, who at his hands recea'd my life, Hau'e by my hands, of Life bereaued him. Pardon me God, I knew not what I did: And pardon Father, for I knew not thee. My Tears shall wipe away these bloody markes: And no more words, tell they how they have fill'd. King. O puzteous (aplace! O bloody Times! Whiles Lyons Warre, and battale for their Denns, Poose harmfull Lambes, abide their emnity. Were wretched man: He ayde thee Teare for Teare, And let our hearts and eyes, like Cunyll Warre, Be blinde with teares, and break one charg'd with griefe. Enter Fauber of Moulton. For. Thou that to fouly hath restruefed me, Guie me thy Gold, if thou haft any Gold: For I have bought it with an hundred blowes. But let me fee: Is this our Two-mans face? Ah, no, no, no, it is uncomely Sonne. Ali Boy, at any Deale left thou thee, Throw up thine eye: see fee, what flourres stre. Blowne with the wind: Tempeff of my heart. Upon thy wounds, that killles mine Eye, and Heart. O pitty God, this miserable Age! What Stragem to know why? know but Churberry! Ereconous, mutinous, and vnruly, This deadly quarrel daily doth begre. O Boy thy Father gave thee life too soon, And hath bestrieft thee of thy life too late. King. Why doe thou weare such grefere, more the common greffe? O that my death would fley these ruthfifful deeds: O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty: The Red Role and the White are on his face, The fattall Counded of our ruineing Houtes: The one, his purple Blood right well reembla. The other his pale Cheeks (me thinkes) preceint: Wither one Rofe, and let the other flouriff: If you contende, a thousand lies mutt writher. Sake. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death Take the like me, and not be satisfis? Ta. How will my Wife, for flaugher of my Sonne, Tire less of Teares, and not be satisfis? King. How will the Country, for these woeful chances, Mirthink?
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Methinke the King, and not be satisfied?

Sen. Was ever Father, so len'd a Father's death?

For. Was ever Father, so len'd a Sonne's Sonne?

Ifso. Was ever King so greed of for Subject's woe?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

Sen. Beare thee hence, where I may wepe my fill.

For. This arms of mine shall be thy wounding place:

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Succour,

For from my heart, thou Image on'st shall go,

My fighting breath, shall be thy Funereal bell:

And so oblicuous wilt thy beare be,

Men for the loss of thee, howing now more,

As Prison was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

He beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I have marched where I should not kill.

Exit

Sen. Sir, of a hearted-men, much outgone with Care,

Hence fits a King; more wofful then you are.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Fly Father, fly: for all your Friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a cursed Bull:

Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Que. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwick post-swain:

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Hunting the foxfull flying Hare in flight,

With eager eyes, palling for very wish,

And bloody thee grave in their yeallful hands.

Are at our bakes, and therefore hence amase.

Exit. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.

 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after. He away before.

Now, Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:

Not that I desire to flye, but howe to go

Whether the Queen intends. Forward, away.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Heere burns my Candle out; I heere it dies,

Which whilst it lasted, gave King Henry light.

St. Lancast. I fear thy outcourth.

More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:

My Loue and Peace, gled'd many Friends to thee,

And now I fell. Thy tough Commotions melt,

Impregnating Henry, tending mightie Yorke:

And whether flye the Goner, but to the Sunne:

And who thines now, but Henrys Enemies?

O place! had't thou sooner guiuen comfort,

That Phantom should check my fiery Steeds,

The burning Carre never had forch of the earth.

Henry, had't thou way'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of Yorke,

They never then had sprung like Sommer Flies,

And ten thousand in this luckless Realme.

He'd left no mourning Widdow for our death,

And thou this day, had't kept thy Chaine in peace.

For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle eyre.

And what makes Rabbes bold, but too much fleshy

Bootsle sae Plans, and Corellese sae my Wounds?

No waye to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:

The Foe is merciless, and will not pitty:

For at their hands I have deffer'd no pitty.

The syne hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effate of blood, doth make me fayre:

Come Yorke, and Richard, Weep weep, and weep the rest,

I stab'd your Fathers bolonnes; Splee my breth.


Ed. The death of the base should be our cue,

And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes,

Some Troopes purposing the bloody-minded Quene,

That led the base Henry, though he were a King:

As doth a Sable, fill'd with a resting Gult

Command an Argosie to Henrie the Wages,

But think on y'Lord; that Clifford fled with them.

War. No, 's imposible be should escape:

(For though before in. face I speake the words)

Your Brothers Richard markes him for the greye,

And wherefoere he is, he's swarely dead.

Cliff. Gone, gone.

York. Why, soe loute is that which takes his heavy issue?

A deadly gone, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battlestes ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vyed.

Rich. Remember that doone of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch

In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,

But set his murthering knip into the Rootes,

From whence that tender spray did sweety spring,

I meaned our Princely Father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, lace down Richard,

Your Fathers head, which Clifford plac'd there.

In heed whereof, let this supply the room.

Measure for measure, must be answer'd.

Ed. Bring forth that false Schectlechwole to our hone.

That nothing sung but death, to us and ous:

Nowdeath shall step his downfull threatening sound,

And his all-blooding tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I think we understand him well.

Speake Clifford soft thou know who speaks to thee?

Darke cloudy death ore-studes his beames of life,

And he not oer nor hears vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and to perhaps he doth,

'Tis but his policy to counter, because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Whitch in the time of death he gave our Father.

Cla. If to thou think fit,

Vex him with eager Words.

Rich Clifford, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, denie excuses for thy faultes.

Cla. While we denie fall Tortures for thy faultes.

Rich. Thou didst loute Yorke, and I am fente to Yorke.

Ed. Thou pittied if Rutland, I will pitty thee.

Cla. Where's the Captain, Margaret, to fince you now?

War. They mocke thee Clifford.

Swarest thou was't wount.

Rich. What, was 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, by my Soule,

If this right hand would buy two houres life,

That I in all delight might raigne at him,

This hand should chop it off: & with the iffling Blood

Suffe the Villaine, whose enpuncted thrift

Yorke, and your Rutland could not satisfy.

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,

And rese it in the place your Fathers found,

And now to Londen with Triomphant march,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwick cut the Sea to France,
And take the Lady Bos: for thy Queene:
So shalt thou know both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The cursed Fie, thou hopest to the againe:
For though they cannot greatly fling to hurt,
Yet looke to have them but to offer thine ears:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Battny lie crosse the Sea,
To eftect this marriage, to set pleasaure my Lord.
Ed. Even as thou wilt sweete Warwick, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I build my Seat;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and commitlent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George of Clarence; Warwick is our Selle,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.
Ed. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Glosters DukeDomke is too amonous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish oblation
Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see there Honors in profession.

Enter Smith, and Humer, with Crofte-bowes
In their hands.

(four felices).

Sirk. Vnder this thickke growne brake, wee are followed For through this Land anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert we will make our Stand,
Calling the principal of all the Deere.
Hamm. Ill flye above the hill, fo both may shoo.
Sirk. That cannot bee, the noise of thy Croft-bowe Will scare the Heard, and fo my shooe is lost:
Heree stand wee both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shalle not bee menuous,
Ile telle thee what beeft mee on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.
Sirk. Heree comes a man, let's flyle till he be past:
Enter the King with a Prayer book.

Hamm. From Scotland a I thanke thee, wee are lone,
To greet mee owne Land with: / S. d:.

No Harry, Harry, is no Land of thyme,
The place is full, the better waye from thine,
The Balme waxes on, where shal we bee Annotated:
No bending knee will call the Caise make,
No humble luster presete to speake me true,
No, not a man comes ture redeff the thee:
For how can I help them, and not my selfe?

Sirk. I, here is a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fleece,
This is the quondam King; let's sheer homend.
Hamm. Let me embrace the lower Advantages,
For why men say, it is the wifell come.
Hamm. Why linger we? let's flyl by this King Minstrel.
Sirk. Forbear a while, we'll here a little more.
Hamm. My Queene and Son are prince of France here.
And (as I here) the great Commanding Warwick
In custome gone, to create the French Kings Siller
To wife for I downd. If this newest newe true,
Poor Queene, and soone, your labour is but loffe:
For Warwick he is a sublue Orator:
And Lenox a Prince foune wonne with mowing words:
By this account then, Margaret may winne him,
For he's a woman to be prite-ly much.
Figgere will make a bat aly in his brief,
Her treeres will pierce into a Dubble heart.

The Tygers will make a worse about them;
And Neru will be taintt with renomm.
To hear the see her princes, her Brittish Teares.
I, but fles come to besege, Warwick to givee:
Shew on his hell side, easing styde for Henry:
His son right, seeking a wife for Edward.
Since Wexen, and says, here Henry is deposite;
He Smiles, and says, his Edward is in shal
That the (poore Wrench) for greene can speake no more:
Whiles Warwick stiles his Title, stimes the Wrong,
Infereth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promis of his Selves, and what else,
To strenigth and suppon King Edward place.
O Margaret, thus I'll be, and thou (poore folle)
Art then lost, as thou woul'nt forlome.

Ham. Say, what art thou talk't of Kings & Queens?
King. Me first I thee emme, and lethe I was born to:
A man at least, for lethe I should not bee:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Ham. But thou talk't about, if thou were a King.
King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Ham. 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 Diamondes, and Indianstones:
Not to be leene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that sildeome Kings enjoy.

Ham. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you must be conteended
To go along with: for (as we thinkes)
You are the King, Edward hath depos'd:
And we his Siblies. Crown'd in all Alageance,
Will appriest you as his Emperor.
King. But did you never sweare, and break an Oath,
Ham. Noo, I never heeld an Oath, but will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was at Kynghod?
Ham. Heree in this Country, where we now remaine,
King. I was annointed King as nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were ioyntly true Subjects to me:
And now melsh, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sir. No, for we were subjects, but while you were king.
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breaste a Man?
An simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blows it to me again:
Obeying with my winde when I do blowe,
And vederal to another, when it blows,
Commanded aways by the greater gaul:
Such is the lightnette of you, common men:
But to not breake your Oathes, or of that finne,
Most may melsh, his awayes, he must not you guldite.
O where you will, the king shall be commanded.
Ham. youkings, command, and lie obey.
Sir. We six true Subjects to the king,
King Edward.

Ham. So would you be againe to Henry,
If you were learnt as king Edward:
Sir. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings:
To go with us into 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 yield vnto.

Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.
King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albuns Field.

This
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

This Ladies Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain, but the time of his murder is not known.

\[\text{Rich.} \quad \text{The March is made, three foes is with a Curfew.} \]
\[\text{King.} \quad \text{But thy foes, is the fruits of those I mean.} \]
\[\text{Rich.} \quad \text{The fruits of Love,} \quad \text{I mean, my young Lietg.} \]
\[\text{King.} \quad \text{I take my leave with many thousand thanks.} \]

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The third Part of King Henry the Six.

Rich. That would be tenne days wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extensi.
King. Well, left on Brothers; I can tell you both;
Her suit is granted for her Husband's Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.
King. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower:
And goe with Brothers to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Wido. My lord you along: Lords vie her honourable,

Exit Richard.

Rich. That Edward will vie Women honourably.
Would be exalted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring.
To crofe one from the Golden time I looke for,
And yet, betweene my Soutes desir'd, and me,
The fullfull Edward's Title buyed,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook'd for Life 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 Sovereignty,
Like one that standes upon a Promontorie,
And fyses a faire-ore thence, where hee would tread,
Willing his foot were eual with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that洽谈 him from thence,
Saying, hee lades it drye, to have his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being to faire off,
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it.
And so (I say) He cut the Cauts off,
Fluttering me with impossibilitie:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vonselfe my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Weld, say there is no Kingdome then for Richard:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
He make my Heasen in a Lasses Lapse,
And decke my Baby in gay Omentes,
And with sweet Ladies with my Words and Looks,
Oh miserable Thought! and more unlikly,
Then to accomplish twenty Golden Crownes.
Why Loome forwore me in my Mothers Wombbe.
And for I should not desir'd in her soft Laves,
Shew me how to castles with some Briste,
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a witherd Shrub,
To make an euous Mountaine on my Back,
Where fits Deformite to mcke my Body,
To loose my Legges of an unequall size,
To dil-proporation in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-luck'd Ben-wrench,
That carryes no impression like the Daume.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monstrois fault, to harboure such a thought.
Then since this Earth affords no joye to me,
But to command, to check, to ore-bear such,
As are of better Perton then my selfe:
Be make my Heasen, to dreame upon the Crowne,
And whiles I sue, account this World but Hell,
Vonst in my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne,
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Limes stand betweene me and home:

And I, like one left in a Thornie Wood,
That revet the Thorne, and is rent with the Thorne,
Seeking a way and flying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre;
But trying desperately to finde it out,
Tornent my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my selfe,
Or shew my way out with a bloody Axe,
Why I can finde, and mother whiles I finde,
And cry, Content, to that which grevies my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificall Tears,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drown my Sealyers then the Mermaid shall,
He play more gazers then the Basiliske,
Ile play the Oarator as well as Neleor,
Demande mye thole ny then Plofer could,
And like a Syna, take another Troy.
I can add Colours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with Pretens, for advantages,
And let the notherious Machenell to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Ture were it farther off, lie planke is downe.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Louis the French King, his Sister Bonc, his
Admirall, call'd a Bowene: Prince Edward,
Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford.
Louis. 1st, and visiteth upon your.

Scene. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit downe with vs: it ill behfits thy State,
And Bith, that thou should it stand, while Louis doth sit.
Marg. No, my right King of France now Margaret
Must take her sate, and learne a while to serves,
Winge kings command. I was (I mutt confesse)
Great Allbands Queen, in former Golden days:
But it now mishance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dis-honor leyd me on the ground,
Where I must take like Seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conformed my selfe.
Louis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs thi deeply defaute?
Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with tears,
And drops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Louis. What ere it be, be thou full like thy selfe,
And fix thee by our side.
Scott her by her.
Yield not thy sleeke to Fortunes yoke,
But let thy dauntlesse minute still reitriumph,
Over all mishance.
Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe,
It shall be easie, if France can yeild releite.
Marg. Ile make glorious words
Renue my drooping thoughts,
And cue my tongue, and a foremons lease to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Louis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my Love,
Is of a King, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a Forlorn;
While proved ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Vurges the Regall Title, and the Sez
Of Englands true yeonteyn'd Lawfull King.
This is the cause that I, peace and Margaret,
With this my Sonne, Prince Edward, Henry, Heire,
Am come to crave thy suit and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:

Out.
The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led;
Our Treasure feit d', our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our cities in basee plight.

Lew. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
Where we may make a meane and brake it off.

Marg. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

Lew. The more I stay, the more I succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waits on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lew. What's here approacheth boldly to our presence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwick, Edwardis greatest friend.

Lew. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France to
Thee defendst, thee arystst.
Marg. I now beginnes a second Calamity.
For this is hee that moves both Winde and Tyde.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sovereigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and Vosayed Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to cause a League of Amity:
And lastly, to confirm that Amity
With Notable Knolwledge of Loue to grant
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawful Marriage.
Marg. If this goe forward, Henryes hope is done.
War. And gracious Madame, speaking to Bona,
In our Kings behalfe;
I am commanded, with your Lease and favor,
Humble to kisse your Hand, and with your Tongue,
To tell the passion of my Soueraigne Heart;
Where Fame, late enring at his headfull Eyes,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Virtue.

Marg. King Loue, and Lady Bona, heart me speake,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springes therefore Loue, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy DANGER, and Dishonor:
For though Warwick aways the rule a while,
Yet Hussos are left, and Time suppresteth Wrongs.

War. Instrous Margaret:
Edw. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy Father, King Henry, did die,
And thou no more a Prince, then Bona is Queene.

Marg. Then Warwick desireth great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose Wildcous was a Mirror to the world.
And after that wise Prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his Proviency conquered all France:
From whom, our Race insensibly endeth.

War. Oxford, how hast thou in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth had lost
All that, which Henry the Fifth had gottten:

Me thinkes thes Peeres of France should failest that,
But for the rest, you tell a Pedigree.
Of threefours and two yeares, a full time
To make perscription for a Kingdome worth.
Ox. Why Warwick, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thurie and six yeares,
And not bewray thy Trea son with a Bluff?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.
Ox. Call him my King, by whose inustious dosene
My elder Brother, the Lord Audrey Fere
Was done to death, and more then so, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his meellowd yeares,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?

War. No Warwick, no; while Life upholds this Anne,
This Anne upholds the House of Lancaster,
War. And I the House of York.

Marg. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe us our request, to stand aside,
While Ie goe further conference with Warwick.

They stand aloofe.

Marg. Heauen graunt, that Warwickes words be
With him not.

Lew. Now Warwick, tell me even upon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfully chosen.
War. Thereon I pavne my Creiste, and mine Honor.

Lew. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eyes?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.
Lew. Then further: all diffambling let aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Unto our Sister Bona.

War. Such as it is, it is,
As may becomme a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe have ofteen heard him say, and swear,
That this his Loue was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground
The Leaues and Fruit maintained with Beauties Sunne,
Exempte from Emay, but not from Difdance,
Virtue the Lady Edwarde's Loue remaine.

Lew. Now Sister, lest we hearre thy firme resolve.
Bona. Your graunt, or your deniall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that oft ere this day,
Speake to War.
When I haue heard your Kinges decree recomend,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.
Lew. Then Warwick, thus:
Our Sister that we desire,
And nowforthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Joynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poynts'd:
Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnesse,
That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King.
Marg. Deseasfull Warwick, it was thy desire,
By this allience to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, Lew was Henrys friend,
Lew. And still is friend to him, and Margaret.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake
As may appeare by Edwards good succession;
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From being syde, which late I promised.
Yet stilll you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Edite requireth, and mine can yield.
War. Bona now lieth in Scotland, at his ease.

Whereas
Where being nothing, nothing can be lost.
And as for you, your little (our quean of Queenes)
You are a Father able to maintain him,
And better serve, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudently, and shamefully Warwick,
Profer letter v. and pull downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talks and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewes behalf
Thy flye conversation, and thy Lords false loue,

Puff. Here is a wryme Within.

For both of you are Birds of selfe-fame Feather.
Lesse, Warwick, this is some poete to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poete.

Puff. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you. 
Speakers to Warwick,
Sent from your Brother Marquess Montague.
These from your King, his dismotions me.
To Lewis.
And Madam, these for you:
To Margaret.
From whom, I know not.

They alll read these Letters.

Sir, I like it well, that our faire Queen and Mistis
Smiles at her newes, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince Ed. Nay mark how Lewis Rampes as he were neked,
I hope all for the best.

Lew. Warwick, what are thy newes?

And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine fuch, she fill my heart with whomd joyes.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and heartes discontent.

Lew. What has your King married the Lady Gay?

A Sir, now to looth your Foyrestry, and his,
Sends us a Paper to peruse the Patience? Is
This sh Alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Majesty as much before.
This prophec Edwards Love, and Warwicke honestly.

Mar. King Lewes, I heere proffet in fight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly blisse,
That I am cleere from this misled of Edwards?
Not from our King, for he dishonors me,
But mest himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My Father came varyning to his death?

Did I let paule th'abuse done to my Nece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

Did I put Henry from his Natue Right?

And am I guarded at the left, with Shame?

Shame on his self, for my Defect is Yonor.

And to repaire my Honor loft for him,
I there renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges paule,
And henceforthe, I am thy true Senitour:

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bond,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Mar. Warwicke,

These words have turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And say that thou becom'ft King Henrys Friend.

Mar. So much his Friend, I his unfained Friend,

That if Kings Lewis voufhafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of choen Solidours,
I take ous to Land, and them on our Coast,
And terror the Tytons from his fea by Warre.

For the new-made Bride shall succour him,
And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wandor Louf, then Honor,

Orthen for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diffired Queene?

Lew. My Queane, and this English Queenes, are one.
And mine faire Lady Bond, joyes with yours.

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret.
Therefore, as left, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have ayde.

Bona. Sir, I give humle thanks for all, at once.

Lew. Then Englands Mefling, returne in Puffe,
And tell false Edward, thy supped King.

That Lewis of France, is sending our Maskers
To reuell it with, and his new Bride.

Theu felt what's paft, go fear thy King withall,

Bona. Tell him, in hope the proue a widower shortly,

Lew. I was the Willow Caitland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weare we lay aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll crown him, er' be long.

There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Poete.

War. But Warwicke,

Theu and Oxford, with fine thousand men
Shall erose the Seas, and his faile Edward out-saile:
And as occasion forces, this Noble Queen
And Prince, shall follow with a faire Supply.

Yet e'the gueo, but answer me one doubt:

What Pledge haue we of thine Erme Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my conflat Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
He layne, nine eldor daughter, and my joye,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

War. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Some Edward, thel is faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,

And with thy hand, thy faith irreconcileable,
That only Warwicke daughter shall be thine.

War. Yes, I accept her, for the wel defirates it,

And here to pledge my vow, I giue my hand.

He giues his hand to Warwicke.

Lett. Why day we now? These soldiers stande leued,

And thou Lord Bonbun, our High Admirall
Shall waft them over with our Royall Fleece.

I long to Edward fall by Warres wonse, in face,

For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Warwicke.

War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I returne his owne, and mostall Poe;

Master of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But drestfull Warre shall answer his demand,

Had he none elce to make a false but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his left to Sorrow,

I was the Chiefest that rased him to the Crowne,

And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:

Not that I pitty Henrys misery,

But seake Reauenge on Edwards mockery.

Exit.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gay?

Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Clas. Alas, you know, its rare from hence to France,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this tale: here comes the

King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Paul Rolly, Stafford, Hallifax, their bands and on each side,

and on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I mused to tell him plainly what I think.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,

How like you your Country,

That you yand peniture, al halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as Louis of France,

Or the Earl of Warwick,

Which so weak of courage, and in judgement,

That they be no offence as our abode.

Yet suppose they take offence without a cause:

They are but Louis and Warwick, till Edward,

Your King and his allies, and must have my will.

Rich. And shall hear your will, because our King:

Yet haile Marriage is done proueth well.

King. Yet a Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Pet. Not I: no;

God forbid, that I should with them fered'st,

Whom God hath tody'd together:

I, and twere pittie, to funder them,

That yous fo well together.

King. Setting your thorne, and your mislike side,

To some reason, why the Lady Grey

Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?

And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

Speak freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:

That King Louis become your Enemy.

For making him to the Marriage

Of the Lady Bess,

Rich. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dis-honord by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both Louis and Warwick be appezed,

In such manner as I can despeze:

Montague, yet, to have espoyd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strenghtned this our Commonwealth

Gan affraine our men,

Then any home-bred Marriage.

Why do you know not Montague, that of it tells,

England's fate, if true within it tells?

Montague. But the better, when tis back'd with France.

Hail. 'tis better wase France than trufling France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which be his gara in fence impenetrable,

And with their helpes, solely defend our selves:

In them, and in our selves, our fatten lye.

Clare. For this one speech, I and Hallifax well despeze

To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

King. I what of that? it was my will, and grant,

And for this once, my Will shall fland for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,

To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Baile

Vnto the Brother of your loving Bride:

Shee better would have fitted me, for Clarene;

But in your Bride you bure Brotherhood.

Clare. Or else, you would not have bellow'd the Heire

Of the Lord Baile, on your new Wiae Sonne,

And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alsapoor Clarene is it for a Wife

That these are malecontent? I will proude thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your felte,

You should your judgement:

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

To play the Broker in mine owne beliefe;

And to that end, shortly make to lesse you.

King. Let me, or tarry, Edward will be King,

And not be ty'd into his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleased his Maiestie

To rayle my State a Title of a Queene,

Do me but right, and you shall all confesse,

That I was not ignorant of the said,

And master then my felte hour'd like fortune.

But as this Title honour's me and thee,

So your disabled whom I would be pleasing,

Both clode my toyes with despairs, and with sorrow.

King My Leue,forbeare to have speen that browness:

What danger, or what forrow can befal thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and lose thee too,

Vileflf they seek for hatred at any hands:

Which if they live,yet will I keepe thee late,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I there, yet lay not much, but thinke the more.

Into a Paffe.

King. Now Mexifter, what Letters, or what Newes

from France?

Poet. My Soueraigne Lordinge, no Letters, & few words,

But such as I (without your speciall pardon)

Dare not relate.

King. Goetoo, wepardon thee:

Therefore, in briefe, tell me your words,

As more as thou canst guelse them.

What answer makes King Louis unto our Letters?

Poet. At my depart, these were his very words:

Goe tell false Edward, he suppos'd King:

That Louis of France is sending out his Makers,

To recon it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is Louis so base? beleive he thinke me Henry?

But what said Lady Bess to my Marriage?

Poet. I cleere were her words, yet red with mild disdain:

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widoer shortly,

He were the Widoer, for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she cou'd fylly leffe:

She had the wrong. But what said Hesson, Queene?

For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Poet. Tell him (quoth she)

My mourning Weedes are done,

And I am.read to purr Armour on.

King. Belske the minds to lay the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to their miseries?

Poet. He, more incend against your Maiestie,

Then all the rest, did charg'd me with these words:

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ie vncerne him, he't be long.

King. Had I vnsue that Taytor break out to proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:

They shall have Warres, and pay for their preumption,

But say, is Warwick friends with Margarets?

Poet. I, gracious Soueraigne,

They are to link'd in friendship,

That yong Prince Edward marrieys Warwick Daughter.

Clarence. Belske the elder;

Clarne will have the younger.

Now

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Now Brother King, farewell, and sit you still,
For I will hence to Warwick, my other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your kins.
You that lose me, and Warwick, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerset follow.
Rich. Not I.
My thoughts are such as a further matter:
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the Crown.
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yes am I sure; and again the word can happen:
And haste is needful in this deep state case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf.
Goe leue men, and make prepare for Warre.
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed.
My life in person will straight follow you.
Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.
But ere I goe, Hastings and Stowmetu.
Pubo thee doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance.
Tell mee, if you lose Warwick more then me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather with you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you exercise your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Avoir. So God helpeth Mauometu, as hee proves true.
Hast. And Hastings, as hee suouors Edwards cause.
King. Now Brother Richard, will you stay by us?
Rich. I, in deipth of all that shall withstand you.
King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.
Now therefore let us hence, and loe no howre,
Till we meete Warwick, with his force and powre.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwick and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiers.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all this hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:
Speakes suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?
Clas. Fear not that, my Lord.
Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwicke.
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawned an open Hand, in signe of Love.
Eile might I thinke; that Clarence, Edward, Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine,
And now, what refts? but in Nights Couteourse,
Thy Brother being carelesse encemp'd,
His Souldiers lacking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a tangle Guard,
We may suprize and take them at our pleasure,
Our Souldiers have found the adventure very saffe:
That as Phelip, and Rous Diomed,
With sleight and manshood rode to Rhodin Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal Steeds;
So war, well couered with the Nightes black Mantle.
As nowwarres may beat downe Edward Guard,
And seize himselfe: I say not,slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Lances.
They all cry, Henry.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Matters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is let him downe to sleep.
2. Watch. What, will be not to Bed?
1. Watch. Why no, for he hath made a Solemn Vow,
Neuer to yse and take his natural Rest.
Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite suppress.
2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be no neere as men report.
3. Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here refelth in his Tent?
1. Watch. Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest friend.
2. Watch. Ot it is so? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?
3. Watch. Tis the more honour, because more dange-
rous.
5. Watch. I but give me worship, and quietness,
Ilike it better then a dangerous honor.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1. Watch. Valelue our Halberds did that vp his pa-
sage.
2. Watch. I wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Nighte-foes.

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
and French Souldiers, silent all.

Warn. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guards:
Courage my Matters: Honor now, or never:
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1. Watch. Who goes there?
2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.
Warw. Come, and the rest cry all. Warwick, Warwick,
and set you the Guard, who first tryng, Arme, Arme,
Warw. and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.
Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
out to his Gaze, sitting in a Chair. Richard
and Hastings as before the Stage.
Somm. What are they that theye there?
Warn. Richard, and Hastings: let them goe, here is
the Duke.

K.Edw. The Duke?
Why Warwicke, when wee parted,
Thou call'dst me King.
Warn. But the caese is alter'd,
When you disgrad'd me in my Embassador,
Then I degradest you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Ask, how should you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to serve Embassadors,
Nor how to converse with one Wife,
Nor how to love your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to finde for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to Bower your Iles from Enemies?

K.Edw. Yes,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt. 167

K. Edw. Yes, Brother of Clarence, 
Art thou here too? 
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe. 
Yet Warwick, in delight of all mischance, 
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices, 
Edward will always bear himselfe as King: 
Though Fortunes mislike overthrow my State, 
My minde exceeds the compass of her Wheel. 
*War.* Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King, 
*Takes off his Crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English Crowne, 
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow. 
My Lord of Somerset, at my request, 
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd 
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke: 
When I have sought with Pembroke, and his fellowes, 
He follow you, and tell what answer 
*Law.* and the Lady Zona lend to him, 
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke, 
They lead him on forcibly. 
*K.Ed.* What Fates impose, that men must needs abide; 
It boomes not to refit both winde and tide. 
*Exit.*

*Oxf.* What now remains my Lords for vs to do, 
But march to London with our Soldiers? 
*War.* I, that's the fifth thing that we have to do, 
To free King Henry from imprisonment, 
And see him feasted in the Regal Throne. 
*Exit.*

*Enter Rivers, and Lady Grey.*

*Ri.* Madam, what makes you in this fadain change? 
*Gray.* Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to leane 
What late misfortune befallen King Edward? 
*Ri.* What loffe of some pitch batell 
Against Warwick? 
*Gray.* No, but the loffe of his owne Royall person. 
*Ri.* Then is my Cousaine safe? 
*Gray.* I almoost sayne, for he is taken prisoner, 
Either betrayed by falsehood of his Guard, 
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vswares: 
And I further haste to understand, 
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke, 
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that Foe. 
*Ri.* Thefe Newes I must confesse are full of greefe, 
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may, 
Warwickes my losse, that now hath wonne the day. 
*Gray.* Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay: 
And I the rather waine me from diaprude 
For losse of Edwards Off-spring in my wome: 
This is it that makes me bridde passion, 
And beare with Mildmell my misfortunes croffe: 
*I.* I, for this I draw in many a teare, 
And stop the rifying of blood-sucking fighes, 
Leaff with my fighes or teares, I blaff or drowne 
King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to the English Crowne. 
*Ri.* But Madam, 
Where is Warwick then become? 
*Gray.* I am inform'd that he cometh towards London, 
To see the Crowne once more on Henrys head, 
Guesse thou the reft, King Edwards Friends midst downe. 
But to prevent the Tyrant violence, 
(For truth nor him that hath once broken Pitch) 
Ille hence forthwith into the Sanctuary, 
To sake (at least he beare of Edwards right: 
There shall I rette frome force and fraud: 
Come therefore lest vs flye, while we may flye, 
If Warwick takes vs, we are sure to dye. 
*Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Rich.* Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley 
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, 
Into this cheerfull Thicket of the Parks. 
Thus (and the fache: you know our King, my Brother, 
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hunds 
He hath good vifsage, and great liberty, 
And often but attended with weak guard, 
Come hunting this way to dispers his felffe. 
I have aduersit'd him by secret means, 
That if about this hour be make this way, 
Vnder the colour of his visual game, 
He shall here finde his Friends with Harfe and Men: 
To set him free from his Cephitie. 
*Enter King Edward, and a Hartman with him.*

*Hart.* This way my Lord, 
For this way lies the Game. 
*King Edw.* Nay this way man, 
See where the Hartmen stand. 
Now Brother of Glosfe, Lord Hastings, and the reft, 
Stand you thus clofe to steale the Bishops Deere 
*Rich.* Brother, the time and cafe, requireth haste, 
Your horse fiands ready at the Parks barrier. 
*King Edw.* But whither shall we then? 
*Hart.* To Lyn our Lord, 
And thipt from thence to Flanders. 
*Rich.* Weil geuffe belovre me, for that was my meaning 
*K.Ed.* Steady, I will require thy forwARSEDE, 
*Rich.* But wherefore ay we't is no time to talke, 
*K.Ed.* Hartman, what say thou it thou? 
Will thou go along? 
*Hart.* Better do so,then tarry and be hang'd. 
*Rich.* Come then away, let ha no more ado, 
*K.Ed.* Bishop farwell, 
Sheeld thee from Warwick's Crowne, 
And pray that I may re-possee the Crowne. 
*Exit.*

*Flourish.* 
*Enter King Henry the sext, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Montague,* 
*and Lieutenants.*

*K.Hen.* M. Lieutenant, now that God and friends 
Hue flaken Edward from the Regal State, 
And turn'd my sable State to liberty, 
My fear to hope, my forrowes vndr joyes, 
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees? 
*Lie.* Subjectes may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains 
But, if an humble prayer may preaule, 
I then crave pardon of your Maiestie. 
*K.Hen.* For what, Lieutenant? For well bring me? 
Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindness. 
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure: 
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds 
Conceiue: when after many moody Thoughts, 
At least, by Notes of Household harmonie, 
They quite forget their leffe of Libertie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Enter a Poete

War. What news, my friend?

Poete. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as he beares force) to Burgundie.

War. Vantage news: but how made he escape?

Poete. He was conveyd by Richard, Duke of Gloucester,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the forest side,
And from the Bishops Humfray refuced him:
For Hunting was his daily Exercise.

War. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge,
But let's hence, my Soveraigne, to provide
A false for any force, that may besride.

Exeunt.

Mans. Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:
For doublet, Burgundie will yeild him help,
And we shall haue more Warses before it long.

As Heures late prefiguring Prophecy
Did glads my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart mil-give me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
For with speed we send him hence to Brittanie,
Till former be past of Couill Emnisse.

Oxf. I. for it Edward re-pussesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It fl. He be lo, he shall to Brittanie,
Come thencefore, let's about speedily.

Exeunt.


Edw. Now Brother, Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus fare Fortune makest vs amend,
And sayes, that more I shall enterchange
My warded state, for thence Regall Crowne.
We haue we pales, and now re-pales the Seas,
And brought defred help to Burgundie.
What then remaines, we being thus assau'd
From Rautenspere Hauen, before the Gates of Yorkes,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Rich. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this,
For many mea that flumbale at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lukes within.

Edw. Tuffus man, adventures must not now affraye vs:
By faire or foule means we must enter in,
For futher will our hands separate to vs.

Hast. My Lord, he knockes once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for fairest of defenses;
For now we owe allegiance to Henry.

Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leffe

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Pab. P.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

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Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose, he'll soon find means to make the Body follow.

Hal. Why, Mafter Major, why fland you in a doubt? Open the Gates, we are King Henry's friends.

Majr. I say you so; but the Gates shall then be opened.

He defers.

Rich. A wife from Captaine, and fome perfivaded.

Hal. The good olde man would finde that all were, no fovere not long of him: but being enred, I doubt not but I shall fume perf rave.

Both him, and all his Brothres, unto you.

I enter the Majeft, and two Aldermen.

Edw, Sir, Mafter Major, these Gates muft not be flhut, but in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, fear not man, but yield me vp the Keyes, I'll keepe, y
d
Ford. Edward will defend the towne, and three, and all those friends, that done to follow mee.

March. Enter M. Montague, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich, Brother, this is Sir John Montague.

Our true friends, whereof I be determ'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John; but why come you in Armes?

Majr. To helpe King Edward in his time of ftoone, at every loyal Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thanske God Montague: But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, and only clamye our Dukefdom, till God pleafe to fende the felf.

Majr. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to ferue a King, and not a Duke;
Drummes fhake vp, and let vs march away.

'Tis Drumme keepe to march.

Edw. Nay, fly, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate By what fakfe meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.

Majr. What takfe you of debating? few words,
If you're not here proclaimed your felfe our King, He leаve you to your fortune, and be gone,
To kepe them back, that come to fpoyle you.
Why then we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Edw. Why Brother, wherefore f tand you on nice points?

'Edw. When wee grow ftronger, Then we'll make our Clayme.

Till then, we'll welcome to confeze our meaning.

Hal. Away with frupitious Writ, now Armes muft rile.

Rich, And fay not what minds fhade convent unto Crowne.

Brother, we will proclaim you on hant, The beast thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for as my right, And Henry but ceare the Difame.

Majr. I know my Sovereigne speaks him ifelfe, And now will we be Edward Champion.

Hal. Sound Trumpet, Edward fhall be here proclaim'd; Come, fellow Souldiers, make thoy proclamation.

Fourth, Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland.

Majr. And whome'f god gaves King Edward right,
By this I challenge him to fingle fight.

Throw down his Gavemite.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thanks brave Montague,
And thanks unto you all.
If fortune ferue me, I will ensure this crowne,
Now for this Night, I have a harbour here in York,
And when the morne Sunne shall raffe his Carre
Upon the Border of this horizonte,
We'll fende forwards the fweet and his Mates.
For well I wot, that Henry the fitht Souldier.
Ah, how farward Cornet, how eaill it befrees thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother.
Yet as we may, wee feele both thee and Irvan,y,
Come on brave Souldiers: doubt nor of the Day,
And have no more, doubt not of large Pay.

Enter. Enter the King, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

Sear. What counsels, Lords? Edward from Belge,
With all the Germans, and all the Hollanders,
Hath past his day fetteth through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troops doth much amaze to London,
And many fiddly people flock to him.

King. I, e. a feene men, and hear him be againe,
A little time, and I will trauert our, Where being fofted, Roue can not marke.

War. In Warwick fhire I have true hearted friends,
Now mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I move up: and thou fhone Clarence
Shalt flue there vp in S. Botke, Nolifeke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentleman to come with thee,
Thou Brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Lisette, fhall, find
Men well enuch doe hear what thou command.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well befoard,
In Oxford there shalt move vp thy friends,
My Soveraigne, with the fong Citizens,
Like to his hand, yeret in with the Ocean,
Or modell: Dwan encled with her Nymph, Shall rife in London, till we come to him:
Fate Lords take leisure, and fhake not to reply,
Farewell my Soveraigne.

King. Farewell my fter, and my Troyes true hope
Car. In signe of truthe, I fllie you Highnere fland.
King. Well minded Clarence, howe fortunate.

Majr. Comfort, my Lord, and take I feake thy issue.
Oxf. And thus I feake my truth, and bid adieu
King. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell
Our farewell, sweet Iord, lets meet at Countrie,

King. Here at the Palace will I reft a while.
Coun of ever, what thinkes your Lordfhip?
Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Ever. The doubt is, that he will defolve the reft.
King. That's not my fear, my meed hath got the fame
I have not flippes mine ears to their demands,
Not poal'd off their ftones with flow delays,
My purty hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildneffe hath alay'd their dwellings griefes,
My mercer dry'd their water-flowing reece.
I have not beene defiers of their wealth,
Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies,
Not forward of reence, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more then me?
No ever, theffe Graces challenge Graces:

And

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And when the Lyon farwaw uppon the Lamb,  
The Lamb will never cease to follow him.  
  Showeth, A Lonoaia, A Lancastcr.  
  Herne, Mounke, hoonche, my Lord, what shews are there?

   Ever Edward and his Somdiers.

  Edw. Sets an example to all the King, bear him hence,  
And once againe proclaime vs King of England,  
You are the Fons, that make small Brookes so small,  
Now flows thy Spring, my Sea shali rock them dry,  
And well in much the higher,by their ebbes.
Hence with him to the Tower,let him not speake.

  Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Courant wee our course,  
Where peremptorics Warrick now remaines:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we use Delay,  
Cold biting Winter makes our hopps for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces loyne,  
And take the great-grown Traynor rear-sware:  
Brave Warriors, march maine towards Courant.

   Extenu.

   Enter Warrickes, the Maior of Courant, two  
     Steffengers, and others upon the Wall.

    War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honoure fellow?

    Mef. This, by this at Dunsford, marching hitherward.
    War. How farre off is our Brother Somerdale?
Where is this Post that came from Mowbray?

    Mef. By this at Dunsford, with a plentiful troope.

   Enter Somerdale.

    War. Say Somerdale, what sayes my loving Sonne?
And by thy guilde, how nigh is Clarence now?

    Som. At Somtham I did leave him with his forces,  
And doe expect him here issue two howres hence.
Rich. Then Clarence is as hard, I hear his Drumme.

    Som. It is not, my Lord,here Southam lyes:  
The Drum your Honor hears, marcheth from Warrick.
War. Who should that beblinde vnoon'look'd for friends,  
Somers. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

   March. Flower. Enter Edward, Richard, and Somerdale.

   Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

   Rich. See how the hody Warricke mant the Wall.

   War. Oh ruind spight, is sportfull Edward come?
Where rape our Scouts, or how are they fied,  
That we could hear no newes of his repaire.

    Edw. Now Warricke, wilt thou ope the Cate Gates,  
        Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,  
        Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,  
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages.

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confesse who fet thee vp, and pluck thee downe,  
Call Warricke Patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt full remaine the Duke of York.

    Rich. I thought as leafe he would have faid the King,  
Or did he make the leaft against his will?  
War. Is not a Duke done, Sir, a goodly gift?

    Rich. By my faith, for a poore Earl to giue,  
      He doe thee seruice for so good a gift,  
      War. Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother.

    Edw. Why then'tis mine, if but by Warrenick gifts.

War. Those are no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And Weckeling, Warricke takes his gift again,  
And Henry is my King, Warricke his Subject.

    Edw. But Warricke King is Edward Prince:  
        And gallant Warricke, doe but answer this,  
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

    Rich. Ast, that Warricke had so more force-calle,  
But whereas he thought to Heale the sngle Ten,  
The King was flyer finger'd from the Deck:

    War. You left poore Henry at the Bishops Palace,  
And tooke to you hee mee him in the Tower.

    Edw. Tis even so, yet you are Warrenick full.
Rich. Come Warrenick,  
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when! strike now, or else the Iron cooleth.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,  
And with the other, fling it at thy face,  
Then bear to blow a sylence, to strike to thee.

    Edw. Sayle how thou canst,  
        Hame Winde and Tyde thy friend,  
This Hand, fast wound about thy cosle-black hayre,  
Shall, whilsts thy Head is warme, and new cut off.

              Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing, Warrenick now can change no more.

   Enter Oxfordshires Drumme and Colours.

    War. Oh cherefull Colours, see where Oxford comes,

    Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.

   Edw. So other foes may let upon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt  
Will shewe us some, and bid vs bataille;  
If not, the Cane bring but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rowse the Tradders in the same.

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

   Enter Montague, with Drumme and Colours.

    Mount. Montague, Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.

    Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treson  
Even with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harner masch, the greater Victorie,  
My minde pretyshep happy gains, and Conquest.

   Enter Somerdale, with Drumme and Colours.

    Som. Somerdale, Somerset, for Lancaster.

    Rich. Two of thy Name, both Duke of Somerdale,  
Have hold their Lines unto the Houte of York,  
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

   Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

    War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweates along,  
Of force enoue to bid his Brother Battale:  
With whom, in bright zeale to night,preuails  
More then the nature of a Brothers Love.

    Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, Warrenick call.

    Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:  
I will not ruinne my Fathers House,  
Who gave his blood to lyme the stone together,  
And let vp Lancaster. Why, truethwell thou, Warrenick,  
The Clarence is in hard, to blunt unnaturall,  
To bend the fallat instruments of Warre.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

Against his Brother, and his lawful King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath, were more my pleasure,
Then life, when he sacrificed his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trepass made,
That to replete well at my Brothers hands,
I thee prostrate my selfe till mortall foe:
With resolution, wherefore I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou there abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I deteste thee,
And to my Brother turne my blunting Cheekes.
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends;
And Richard, your base sloppoun upon my faults,
For I will hentforth be no more unthankful.
Now welcome more, and ten times more belaud,
Then if thou never hadst deferr'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.
Warw. Oh paffing Traytor, generous and vntrust.
Edward. What Warwike,
Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight?
Or will we be alr'd the followers those Earls?
Warw. Alias, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently;
And bid thee Battaile, Edward, if thou don't.

Edward. Yet Warwike, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the Field, Saint George, and Victorie.

Exeunt. March. Warwike and his companie folowes.

Ah! Amurall, and every Stout. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwike wounded.

Edward. So, by thou there: dye thou and dye our feare,
For Warwike was a Bugge that fear'd us all.
Now Amurall &st fall, I feake far thee.
That Warwike Bows may kepe thine companie.

Enter.
Warw. Ah, who is right? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, Treach, or Warwike?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my want of strength, my fecke heart shewes,
That I must yield my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe,
Thus yeilds the Cedart to the Axes edge,
Whole Armes gauce lineater to the Princes Eagle,
Vnder whole shade the ranging Lyon lipt,
Whole top-branck outer-perc'd flowers spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubbs from Winters powfull Winde.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deathes black Veyle,
Hauce become as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To search the secret Treasons of the World:
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'd off to Kingly Sepulchres:
For who luid King, but I could digge his Grave?
And who durst smite, when Warwike bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory inward in doft and blood,
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Manneres that I had,
Even now forsake 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 line we how we can, yet dye we mut.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah! Warwike, Warwike, were thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Losses againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a paoust powre,
Even now we heard the newes: ah, couldst thou flye.
Warw. Why beaut we should not flye: Ah, Mounchegnay,
If thee be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand.
And wish thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou loue me not: for, Brother, if thou dost,
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That giveth my Lippes, and will not let me speke.
Come quickly Mounchegy, or I am dead.

Som. Ah Warwike, Mounchegnay hath breath'd his last,
And to the last heppacry'd out for Warwike:
And fad, commend me to thy valiant Brother.
And more he would have had, and more he spake,
Which hundled like a Cannon in a Vault,
That might not be dilligent: but at last,
I well might heare, deliver'd with a groane,
Oh farewell Warwike.

Warw. Sweet left his Soule:
Flye Lords, and save your selues,
For Warwike bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Exeunt. Away, away, to meet the Queens great powre.
Here they breake away to the South.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with
Richard, Clarence, and the ruff.
King. This ferte our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graci'd with wealthes of Victorie.
But in the midst of this bright shining Day:
I flye a black tupsious threarring Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attain his safefull Wettene Bed:
I meane, my Lords, those powres that the Queene
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our Coasts,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon dissipate that Cloud,
And blow it to the Sourse from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For every Cloud engender not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thicke thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well affraid
Her faction will be as strong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our loving friends,
That they doe hold their course toward Twicksbury,
We hauing now the bell at Barnet field.
Will thither haste, for willing neither side,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In every County is we goe along,
Strike vp the Dummery courage, and away.

Exeunt. Flourish. March. Enter the Queen, young Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and
Sudders.

Qu. Great Lords, wife menne's fit and waile their losse,
But cherishly seek to how to redresse their harms.
What though the Maff be now blowne over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding Anchor loft,
And halfe our Sails were allow'd in the Breaud?
Yet lues our Pilot full. Is he meet, that be
Should leave the Helme, and like a Carefull Lad,
With carefull Eyes add Water to the Sea,
And glue more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his maste, the Ship spirts on the Rockes,
Which Industrie and Courage might have fad.
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this!
Say Warwike was our Anchor: what of that?

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The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. Why should thee sue, to fill the World with words.

Cl. What? out thou 
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Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother: He hence to London on a serious matter, Faire ye come there, be sure to hear some strew. 

Cla. What? what? 

Rich. Tower, the Tower, the Tower. 

Cla. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy, Can it thou not speake? O Tristors, Murthurers! They that stab'd Caesar, lust no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If thest sole deed were by, to equal it, He was a Man, this (to stipe? a Child, And Men, ye've spend their fury on a Child, What's worse then Murthurers, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake, And I will speake, that to my heart may burst. Butchers and Villains, bloudy Camballes, How sweet a Planet have you vnitely cromet: You have no children (Butchers) if you had, The thads of them should have Bor'd up remorse, But if you eare chance to have a Child, Looke in his youth to have him cut off. As deathmen you had this sweet young Prince, 

Kng. Away with her, go bear her hence perfecce. 

Ed. Nay, never bear me hence, dispate me here: Here death thy Sword, I parden thee my death: What wilt thou now? I then Clarence lost thou, 

Ed. By heare, I will not do thee so much the life. 

Ed. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it, 

Cla. Did\'st thou not bear me hence I would not do it, 

Twas Sin's . for, but now his Charity. What wilt thou, in, Where is that deu d butcher Richard? Lord harden Richard? Richard, I am to the end, Thou art not here; Murtherer is thy Almendead: Petitioners for Blood, thou ne'er put backe. 

Ed. Away I say, charge ye bear her hence, 

Ed. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince, 

Enter: 

Ed. Where's Richard gone, 

[a. To London all in post, and as I grueful, To make a bloody Supper in the Tower. 

Ed. He\'s founde if anything comes in his head. Now march we hence, discharge the common fort With Pay and Thanks, and let\'s away to London, And see our gentle Queen how well she fares, By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. 

Enter Henry the first, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the stairs. 

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what\'s your Booke so hard? 

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say farther, This sum doth flatter, Good was little better: 

Good Glesper, and good Deuill, were alike, And both preposterous, therefore, not Good Lord. 

Rich. Sirra, leave vs to our leisues, we must conferre. 

Edw. So be it, and wee come not from ye Wolle. So stirr the harmless Sheepe doth yield his Fleete, And next his Throat, vnto the Butchers Knife. 

What Scene of death hath Refine now to Aste? 

Rich. Suspicion always haunts the guilty minde, 

The Thiefe doth fear each bushe an Officer, 

Hen. The Bird that hath bin lined in a bush, With tremble wings with slight breath every bushe; And I the haillie Male to one sweet Bird, Have now the fatal Obied in my eye, Where my poore yong was las'd, was caught, and kill'd. 

Rich. Why what a pretie Folle was that of Crecet, That raught his Sonne the office of a Folle, And yet for all his wings, the Folle was drown\'d. 

Hen. I diseñe, my poore Boy feasur, Thy Father Auen, that dem'd our Countrey, The Sonne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy, The Brother Eder, and thy Selfe, the Sea. Whose enuous Guile did dwelw vp his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My beest can better brooke thy Daggars point, Then can my ears that Tragicke History, But wherefore doth thou come? Ist for my life? 

Rich. Think\'t thou I am an Excuter? 

Hen. A Perfecon I am sure thou art, Is muttering, Innocentoe be Executing, Why then thou art an Excuter. 

Rich. Thy Son I killd for his premition, 

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first I didn't presume, Thou hadst not taund to kill a Sonne of mine: And thus I procelle, that many a thousand, Which now withfart no parcel of my feare, And many an old mans fighg, and many a Widow. 

And many an Ophanes walls-stander-eye, Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands, 

Org huns, for their Parents unlesse death, Shall rue the hour that evre thou was't borne. 

The Oole finck'd at thy birth, an eeuil signe, The Night-Grow ere'd, abiding luckyke time, 

Dog how'd, and hideous Tempell shook down Trees: 

The Rauen rockd her on the Commiss top, 

And charg ring Pies and small Doctres sang: 

Thy Mother fell more then a Mothers pane, 

And yet thought forthlfe then a Mothers hope, To witt an engulfed and deformed lumps, 

Not letis to find such a goodly Tree. 

Teeth fell'd thou thy head, when thou was't borne, To ignure, thou mad'st to bite the wey rid, 

And if the real be true, which I haue heard, Thou canst not—— 

Rich. He beare no more: 

Dye Prophet in my speech, 

Stabb\'d him. 

For this (among all the rest) I was ordain'd. 

Hen. Land for much more laughter after this, 

O God forunge my finnes, and pardon thee. 

Dye. 

Rich. What\'ll the spurring blood of Lancaster 

Sunk in the ground? I thought it would have mounted, 

See how my sword weeps for the poore Kings death, 

O may tuch purple tears be alway shed 

From thote that with the downfall of our house. 

If my speake of Life bete remaining, 

Downe, downe to hell, and say I feint thee thither. 

Sicks him again, 

I that hate neyther pity, jour, not fester, 

Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of: 

For I have often heard my Mother say, 

I came into the world by my Legges forwar. 

Had I not resoun (think we) to make this, 

And lecke their Ruine, that vs'd our Right? 

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de 

O lason bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And so I was, which plainly signifies,
That I should wronge, and base, and play the dogges.
Then since the Heavens have shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Mould to answer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Louv] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.

Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the Light,
But I will form a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such Prophesies.
That Edward shall be fearfull of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be belt.
Ilethrow by body in another roome,
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome. Exit.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Norf, and Attendants.

King. Once more we fit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Doe-men, like to Autumnnes Corne,
Hauie we now'd downe in tops of all their pride;
Three Dukes of Someries, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and endoubled Champions:
Two Cliffords, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberland: two braue men,
Ne're spair'd their Couriers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two brave Beares, Warwick & Montague,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roared,
Thus have we sweppt Sulfurion from our Seate,
And made our Footboole of Security.
Come hither Selfe, and let me kiss my Boy,
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Yeckler, and my selfe,
Hauie in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all about in Summers scolding heate,
That thou mightst respite the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt repute the gaine.

Rich. He blaff his Harrell, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordaine to thicke, to bene,
And heauie to hail some weight, to break my bache.
Worke thou the way, and that shall execute,
King. Clarence and Gifford, lose my lovely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Maiestie,
I Seale with this lps of this sweet Babe.

Cla. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thak'se:
Reth. And that I lose the tree frō whence I sprang it:
Wonnelle the fouling kiffe I give the Fruite,
To say the truth, to Iuode kill his master,
And cried al haile, when he was all harme.

King. Now am I feasted in my soule delights,
Having my Countreys peace, and Brothers Loues.

Cla. What will your Grace haue done with Margare,
Repayd her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Siciles and Jerusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransom.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what reta, but that we spend the time
With fatter 3 trumpets, mostfullly Comickke firewes,
Such as beftis the pleasure of the Court,
Sound Drums and Trumpeters, farwell favre annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting toy. Exit and remitt

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third:
with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the
Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Now is the Winter of our Discourse,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of York:
And all the clouds that lov'd upon our house
In the deepse of some of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruided arms hung vp for Monuments;
Our fairest Altarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches, to delightful Measures.
Grime-vite'd Ware, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in thee of mounting Drizled Seeds,
To fright the Soules of seditious Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber.
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not haf'd with EITHER tricks,
Not made to court an amorous looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely flange, and want loves Mauldy,
To (tho' before a wonton ambling Nymphs)
I, that am curtall'd of this faire Promouyon,
Cheasted of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-beautifull, before my time
Into this breathing World, fairest halfe made vp,
And that so leemly and vomousable,
That dogsge barke at me, as I halte by them.
Why I in this weak piling time of Peace
Hate no delight to passe away the time,
Vulnile to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And defint on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Louer,
To entertaine the faire well spoken dayes,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes,
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesyes, Lubes, and Dramesey,
To for my Brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and sooth,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous.
This day should Clarence closely be mes'd vp:
About a Prophesye, which saves that G.
Of Edwardes handes the maniturer shall be,
Diuere thoughts downe to my soule, her Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Drakenbury guarded.
Brother, good day: What means this armed guard

That withes upon your Grace?
Cla. His Majestie tendering my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to the Tower
Rich. Upon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George.
Rich. Alack, my Lord, that name is none of ye:
He should for that commit your Godfather:
O belike, his Majestie hath some intent,
That you should be new Chafted in the Tower,
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?
Cla. Yet Richard, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophesyes and Dramesey,
And from the Croffe-row plackes the letter G:
And says, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His stude disinfirled should be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyses as these,
Hath mou'd his Highness to committ me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rule by Women:
'Tis not the King that lends you to the Tower,
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence his thee,
That tempes him to this hasty Extremity.
Was it not thee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville his Brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not false Clarence, we are not false.
Cla. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Misprisam Shore.
Hear you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Hastings was, for her deliuerie?
Rich. Humbly complaining to her Devtie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
He tell you what, I thinke it in our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Lituey,
The easily one-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub't them Gentlemewmen,
Are mightie Godfathers in our Monarchy.

Bre. I beseech your Grace to both to pardon me,
His Majestie hath straightly given an charge,
That no man shall have private Conference
(Of what degree louer) with your Brother.
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The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. Euen so,and please your Worthy Brakenbury, you may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no Treason; we say the King Is wise and virtuous, and his Noble Queen Willbrooke in years, faire, and not scolious. We say, that Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pleasing pleasing tongue: And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you Sir, can you deny all this? Bra. With this (my Lord) my feile have neought to doo.
Rich. Naught to do with Mistirs Shore? I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her (Excepting one) be let to do it secretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord? Rich. Her Husband Knaue, wouldst thou betray me? Bra. I do beseech your Grace To pardon me, and withall forbear Your Conference with the Noble Duke. Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey. Rich. We are the Quenes absents, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King, And whatsoever you will improve me in, Were it to call King Edward Widdow, Sifie, I will perform it to infranchishe you.
Meane time, this deep disgrace in Bretherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleasest neither of vs well. Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, I will deliver you, or else I for you:
Meane time, have patience.
Cla. I must perforce: Farewell. Entr Clar.
Rich. Go fare the path that thou shalt ne return:
Simple plains Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly fend thy soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comest hereafter the new delivert Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine: Wele are you welcome to this open Ayre, Here hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must: But I shall loue (my Lord) to give them thanks That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue prouedi as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pitie, that the Eagles should be newd, While Hares and Buzards play at liberty.
Rich. What newes abroad? Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholy, And his Physicians feare him mightily.
O he hath kept an euen Diet long,
And ouer much confound his Royall Person:
Tis very proueni to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Enter Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with publique vy to Heauen.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

That laid their guilt, upon my guiltiefe Shoulders.
An. Thou wast pronounc’d by thy bloody minde, That never dream’d it an ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?
Rich. I grant ye.
An. Doft grant me Hedgehogge, Then God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed,
O he was gentle, mild, and verueous.
Rich. The better for the Kings of heaven that hath him, An. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Rich. Let him thank me, that helped to lead him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou wilt for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place else, if you will hear me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
An. I’ll set beside the chamber where thou lyest,
Rich. So will it Madam still I lie with you.
An. I hope fo.
Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,
To issue that bittencounter of our writers,
And still something into a flower method.
It is not the caufe of the timelcse deaths
Of thefe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was the caufe, and most accuic effect,
Rich. Your beauty was the caufe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did hart me in my sleepes,
To understand the death of all the world,
So I might live one house in your sweete bosome.
An. If thought that, I tell thee Homicide.
Theef Naiies should shent that beauty from my Chekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure 5 beauties wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I flood by;
As all the world is chear’d by the Sunne,
So by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-thaile thy day, & death thy life
Rich. Care not thy felie faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng’d on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrel most unnaturall,
To be reueng’d on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reueng’d on him that kill’d my husband.
Rich. He that benefic the Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
An. His better doth not break upon the earth.
Rich. He liveth, that loves thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. Plantagenet,
An. Why was that he.
Rich. The tellest name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Here.

Spare at him.
Why dost thou spare me.
An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy fake.
Rich. Neuer came poyson from to sweate a place.
An. Neuer hang poyson on a foiwier Toode.
Out of my fight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infecte mine.
An. Would they, were Blastinsects, to strike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death,
Those that shine from mine base drawne fat Tenes;
Shame their Aspicts with store of childish tears:  
Their eyes, which never fled remorseful tears,  
Now, when my Father York, and Edward went,  
To breathe the pietous moan that Rutland made  
When black Jack had Chofla[she]s sword at him.  
Nor when they warlike Father like a Childse,  
Told the deed done of my Fathers death,  
And twenty times, made paufe to sob and weepse:  
That all the tander by had wet their cheeckes  
Like Trees bedad with raine. In that sad time,  
My manye eyes did scarce an humble teare;  
And what theire froreses could not theene exhale,  
Thy Beauty bath, and made them blinde with weeping.  
I never tede to Friend, nor Enemy.  
My Tongue could never learne sweete soothing word,  
But now thy Beauty is proposed my Fee,  
My proud heart feares, and prompts my tongue to speake,  
She looked scornfully at him,  
Teach not thy lip such Sceene for it was made  
For kiling Lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgive,  
Loe here I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Swerd,  
Which thou shalt use to hide in this true belf,  
And let the Soule forth that adorset thee,  
I lay turned to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly begge the death upon my knee,  
I lay upon this brest open thee offers at with this sword,  
Nav do not paufe. For I did kill King Henrie,  
But twas thy Beauty that prevented me  
Nav now dispatch. I was thys Bobbi[yng] Edward,  
But twas thy Heavenly face that tede me so.  
She fell the Sword.  
Take up the Sword againe, or take up me.  
An. Ante Diffenbler, though I wish with thy deeth,  
I will not be thy Executioner.  
Rch. I then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do.  
An. I have already.  
An. That was in thy rage.  
Speke it againe, and even with the word,  
To I sayd, which for thy loue, did killing Loue,  
Shall I by loue, kill a faire true Loue,  
To bring these deathes that thou be necessarie.  
An. I could I know thy heart.  
Rch. "Thou speke as thou speke,"  
An. That thou speke my heart.  
Rch. I come at thee meaner Man was ture.  
An. Well well, put up your Sword.  
Rch. Say then my peace be made.  
An. That thou know for hereafter,  
Rch. But shall Loue be I hope.  
An. All men I hope I live to.  
Wouldst be to wear this suit.  
Rch. Look how my King in compasseth thy finger,  
Even to thy breast incloseth my poor heart:  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And thy poore daunted broken min.  
Rch. By heaven I am at thy gracions foot,  
Thou shall content me. Happinest be ever  
An. What is it?  
Rch. That I may plase to least what I daule design.  
To thine heart, that I daule to be a Mouther,  
And presently repair to Cousin House:  
Where after I have solemnly intred  
At Cherry MOth by thy Noble King,  
And weft his Graue with my Repentant Tears)  
I will with all expidient duty see you.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

If he were dead, what would become of me? -
Gray. No other harms, but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harms.
Gray. The Heauens have blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. All he is wrong; and his minoritie
Is put into the tru' of Richard Glouster,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Qu. Is it condicion he shall be Prince or
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But if it must be, if the King misrule,

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day into your Royal Grace.
Der. God make your Majesty joyfull, as you haue bin
Qu. The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord Derby.
To your good pruyer, it is hastily say, Amen.
Yet, Derby, not wouldstand either your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for your proud arrogiance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not beleue
The emious flunders of this false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weaknede, which I think proceeds
From wayward fickneffe, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby,
Ler. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visitinge his Majestie.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords,
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I madam, he desires to make atonement:
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And fente to warne them to his Royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will not be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not injure it,
Who is it that complaints vnto the King,
That if (forsooth) am I wrong, and loue them not?
By holy Fast, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his care with such diffident Rumours,
Because I cannot flatter, and look faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceu't, and coggle,
Ducke with French nond, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plainest man lie, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With slyke, slyke, deceiving laches?
Gray. To who in all this preence speake your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that halfe the Honesty, not Grace.
When have I sin'd thee? Where done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee on any of your Factions?
A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preserve better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiete a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lowd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter!
The King in his owne Royall disposition,
(And not possibl'd by any Sutor clie)
Ayming (belyke) as your intierest hated,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to bend, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is groome to bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not peurch.
Since suseit lacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a lacke.
Qu. Come, come, you know your meaning Brother,
You enuie my advancement, and my friends:
(Glodder God grant we never may have neede of you.
Rich. Meanite time, God grants that I have neede of you.
Our Brother is imprisone'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobillie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily gaine to enuious thote
That hate come in the vile supseicts.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the meanes
Of my Lord Haflings late imprisonment.
Riw. She may my Lord, for
Rich. She may my Lord Runcie, why who knowes not so?
She may dos more for then denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferements,
And then deny her avyng hant therein,
And lay thote Honors on your highdefert.
What may the not, the may, I mayry may the.
Rich. What marry may the?
Qu. What natures may the? Marre we a King, a
A Barceller, and a handifome striplinge too,
I wis your Grandam had a worsre march.
Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I have too long borne
Your blist embrasing, and your bitter scottes:
By heauen, I will acquit his Majestie
Of those grose taunts that oft I have endur'd,
I liv'd rather be a Courteous seruan made
Then a gross Queene, with this condition,
To be so harted, foorth, and forned st,
Small joy haue in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mrs. And define th that small, God I beseech hym,
Thy honor, faster, and fraste, is due to me.
Rich. What threat ye me with telling of the King?
I will nott in preence of the King:
I dare adventure to bee tome to Tyrde.
Tis time to speake
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Though killed my Husband crem in the Tower,
And Edward in poor Son, at Tewkesbume.
Rich. Eras we were Queenes,
Or your Husband King :
I was a pake-horse in his great affairs:
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his Friends,
To roylize his blood, I spent mine owne:
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then I, or thine.

Rich.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Richard, in all which time, you saw your Husband die,
Were faithful to the House of Lancaster;
And because you were not your husband,
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans, what
Lest thou shouldst forget what is in thee, or in me,
What you have been ere this, and what you are,
Witthall, what I have been, and what I shall.
Q. M. A traitor Villaine, and did thall thou art.
Rich. Poor Clarence did forsake his Father Warwick.
I, and for that were mine (which were pardi.)
Q. M. Which God receave.
Rich. To fight on Edward's part, for the Crown,
And for his meede, poor Lord, he was meede to.
I would to God my heart were Flint's, like Edwards.
Or Edwards' tos and pitsfull, like mine;
I am too childish foolith for this World.
Q. M. Might thee to Hell for shame, and leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, where thy Kingdom is.
Rui. My Lord of Glosters in those buffet days,
Which here you yere, to prove vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King.
So should we you, if you should be our King.
Rich. If I should be, I had rather be a Pedler.
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoy thee the Queen thereof;
For, am thee, and altogether joyfyle,
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Prvates, that fall out,
In flattering that which you hau did pitt of me;
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I be Queen, you bow like violets,
Yet that by you depost, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villaine, do not turne away.
(fight.)
Rich. Faulle wrekched Witch, what mak'it thou in my
Q. M. For repetition of what thou hast mad's,
That will I make, before I let ther goe.
Rii. Werd thou not benched, oue pittance of death?
Q. M. I was: but I doe finde more pame in battill, deme.
Then death yea me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou owt it to me,
And thou a Kingdome, all of you, allegance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you viope, are mine.
Rich. The Caze my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crownthis Warlike Bows with Paper,
And with thy feares drowst it Rulers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gave the Duke a Clowt,
Steep in the faulsticke blood of prettie Ricallad.
His Cates then, from blistermesse of Soule,
Denounced against thee, we all fame upon thee.
Q. M. But God, in wrath, plagued thy bloody death.
Le. So swift in God, to right the innocent.
Rich. O, thou the soule death to say that Babe,
And the most merrie, that ere was heard of,
Rich. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Durf. No man but prophaned revenge for it.
Durf. Neither thymberland, then pretend, wep to see it.
Q. M. What were you starling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Durf. Ye ite the head of Curie preuis to much with Heuen,
That Heuen death, my lovely Edwards death,
Their Kingsdome losd, my wofull Benchth,
Should all but answer for that pestifull Bras?
Can Curles pierce the Clouds, and enter Heuen?
Why then give way dull Clouds to thy quick Curles,
Though not by Ware, by Surfre dye your King,
As out 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 his youth, by like vertymly violence.
Thy selfe a Queene, forme that was a Queene,
Out-luye thy glory, like my wretched Telle:
Long mayst thou live, to wayse thy Chilidren death,
And fee another, as I fee the now,
Deck'd in thy Rightus, as thou art half'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie days, before thy death,
And after many long ned howres of griefe,
Dye thy brother, Wife, not Englands Queene.
Riers and Defet, you were bandes by,
And so fast thou, Lord Halling, when my Sonne
Was stab'd with bloody Daggers.
God, I pray thee,
That none of you may hue his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Have thy Chaine, it hateful willde Hagg's.
Q. M. And leue not these (I say Dog, for I daie hear me.
If Heuen have any grieuous plague in store,
Exceeding thoel that I can with upon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurie downe their indignation
On thee, that doubler of the poore Worlds peace;
The 15th of Conference shall begin new Thy Souls,
Thy Friends inspect for Traytors while thou liest,
And take deeppe Traytours for thy dearest Friends.
No sleepe cloate vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Villese it be while dome tormenting Dichme.
Aff', chestre, with a Hell of ugly Decullus.
Thou clesp mark'd, abvste rooting Hogg's,
Thou that wait feall in thy Natusse.
The flawe of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell;
Thou flander of thy heauen Mothers Wombe,
Thou lashe fedde of thy fathers Loynes,
Thou Rager of Honor, thou dextere-
Rich. Margaret.
Q. M. Richard.
Q. M. I call thee not.
Rich. I try the mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. M. Why to bid, but look'd for no reply,
O let me make the Period to thy Curle.
Rich. This done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Q. M. Thus maye you breth all your Curle against your self.
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why neth it thou sugar on that Boxtel'd Spider,
Whose chaste Web embranches thee about?
Faulle, whos whet a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee surfe this pestoynous Bunch-backs Tosde.
Half, Falce bodine Woman, and thy frantick Curle,
Left to thy harne, thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Faulle flame upon you, you have all mo'd mine.
Q. M. Were you well ther'd, you would be taught thy duty,
Not to ferue me well, you all should do my duty,
Teach me to be thy Queene, and you my Subiects.
Q. M. Peace Matter Marquette, you are misapert.
Your faire new flampe of Honor is scarce current.

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532
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Matily doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.

Rut. We wait upon your Grace.

Enter all but Giffor.

Rut. I do the wrong, and first begin to bristle.
The secret Mischief that I felt abroad,
I lay unto the gracious charge of others.

Clarence, who I in deed have call'd in darknesse,
I do bewespe to many simple Goole,
Namely to Derby, Hollege, Buckingham,
And tell them'tis the Queen, and her Allies,
That shire the King against the Duke my Brother,
Now they beleue it, and withall wise what me
To be reueng'd on Earls, Desert.Grey.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for evil
And thus I closhe my naked Villanage
With odds old ends, stillne forth of holy Writ,
And temne a Saint, when moft I play the devill.

Enter two moreheeres.

But lest, here comes my Excemainents,
How now my hardy flourfiched Mates,
Are you now going to dispaish this thing?

Odi. We see my Lord, and come to have the Warrain,
That we may be admittred where he is.

Rut. Well thought upon, I have it hearde as me:
When you have done, rep'ste to Crofby place;
But firs be faine in the execution;
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For Clarence is well spoken, and pernappes
May move your hearets to pity, if you mark me.

Odi. Tus't, my Lord, we will not fluid to prate,
Talkers are no good doorees, be allur'd:
We goe to wee our bands, and not our tongues.

Rut. Your eyes drop Millifances, when Foolies eyes
Fall Texes:
I like you Leds,about your busindeffe straighth.
Go,go, dispatch.

Odi. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Kerper.

Ker. Why lookeys your Grace so baulty to day.

Clas. O, I have past a mifterable night,
So full of fearefull Dreams, of ugly ligths,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not speare another such a night
Though lowre as may a world of happy daies.
So full of difmall terror was the time.

Ker. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me

Clas. Me thoughtes that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Goouer,
Who from my Cabin tempeed me to walke,
Upon the Hills: There we look'd toward England,
And cirted vp a shouldnfull heady times.

During

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533
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories, An out ward Honor, for an inward Toyle, And of Vile Imagination They often feele a world of self Issees So that betweene their Titles, and low Name, There's nothing differs, but the outward name.

Enter two Merchants.

1. Mach. Ho, who's there?
2. Mach. Who would if thou Fellow? And how can't thou hit her.

2. Mach. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bras. What to booke?

To the better (Sir) then to be tedious: Let him to, let him live. 

Read Bras. I am in this, commanded to deliver The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant; hereby, Because I will not be guiullesse from the meaning. There lies the Duke allepe, and there the Keys. To the King, and figure to him, That I have refug'd to you my charge. 

Exit

1. You may, to a point of wildefulness Far you well.

2. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps? No: he'll stay was done cowardly, when he wakes. Why he shall never wake, untill the great judgement day.

2. Why then he'll stay, we stab'd him sleeping. 2. The viging of that world judgement, hath bred a kind of remorse in me, What? art thou afraid? Not to kill him, having a Warrant, But to be damn'd for killing him, from which No Warrant can defend me.

1. I thought thou hadst bin resolute.
2. So I am not, to let him live.
3. He backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.
4. Noy, I pritty she stays a little: I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change, It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty, How do't thou feelie thyself now? Some ceranse drugges of confidence are yet with me.

1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done. 2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward. 3. Where's thy conference now? 2. O, in the Duke of Gloucesters purfe. 3. When hee opens his purse to give us our Reward, thy Conference flies out.

1. This doth matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it. 2. What if it come to thee againe? He not snedle within, it makes a man a coward: A man cannot sleepe, but it accuseth him: A man cannot sweare, but it checks him: A man cannot lye with his neighbours wife, but it detects him. 'tis a blushing of the spirit, that mutines in mans bosome: It fills a man full of obstacles. It made me once restore a Pussie 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, endeavour to trueth to himselfe, and live without.
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I. iv. 150—285

To know this tone, he is as deep as I.

If God will be angry for the deed,
O know you yet he doth it pubically,

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arms,
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him,

Who make thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant springing brave Plantagenet,

That Princely Soverie was the first dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers love, the Duke, and my Rage.

The Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,

Prouoke with her to the slaughter of thee.

Cla. If you do lose my Brother, hate not me.

I am his Brother, and I hate him well;

If you are hy'd for need, go backe againe,

And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Then Edward will for ydings of my death.

2 You are deceitful,

Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Cla. Oh ho, he loues me, and he holds me deere:

Go you to hate from me,

1 I hope we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that ye princely father Yorke,

Blew his three Sons with his vitorious Arme,

He little thought of this duided Friendship:

Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weep.

Both, both, as he leften vs to wepe;

Cla. O do not flender him, for he is kinde,

Right, as Snow in Haruey?

Come, you deceu't your felie,

Tis he that sends vs to deftroy you here.

Cla. It cannot be, for he be wept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his arms, and wore with sob's,

That he would labour my delivery.

1 Why do he doth, when he desirous you

From this earths thrall'dome, to the ines of heaven,

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your foules,

To countaine me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your owne foules so blinde,

That you will ware with God, by mur'dring me.

O first consider, they that let you on

To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your foules:

Which of you, if you were a Prince Sonne,

Bring penit from Liberty, ye are now,

If two such murthers as your felies came to you,

Would not interr for life, as you would begge

Were you in my dillefre.

1 Relent? na! This cowardly and womanish,

Cla. Not to relent, is bestly, savage, diallith 1

My Friend, lips some purty in thy lookes 1

Of shine eye be not a Flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and interrete for me,

A begging Prince, what begger pittes not,

1 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

7 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stake him.

He droon thee in the Malbome. But within.

1 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:

How faire (like Fortune) would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous murther.

Enter 1. Murderer

1 How now? what meanest thou that thou heldest me not? By Heaven the Duke shall know how flacke you have beene,
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I. MR. I would be know that I had fait'd my brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is stain.

Exit.

I. MR. So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my need, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Flourish.
Enter King Richard, the Queen, Lord Marquess of Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, Woodville.

King. Why so now have I done a good daies work.
You Peers, continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence,
And more to peace my soule shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and Rivers, take each others hand,
Difficult nor your hatred, weare your louse:
By heaven, my soule is purge'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I feale my true hearts Louse.

Hast. So thrive I, as I trulie feare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Left he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden malice, and aword
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I trulie feare you louse.

R. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart,

King. Madam, your selle is noe exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne Dorset, Buckingham nor you;
You have beene faborious one against the other.
Write, love, Lord Hastings, let him kilde your hand,
And what you do, do it vengeably.

Qu. These Hastings, I will never more remember
Our forme; hatred, to thrice I, and mine.

King. Dorset, imbace him:

Hastings, love I Lord Marquess,

Dor. This interchange of none, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be immovable.

Hast. And to fowre I.

King. Now Princeley Buckingham, feale this league
With thy embracements to my wifes Allies,
And make me happy in thy victory.

Buc. When ever Buckingham doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutous love,
Do cherish you, and yours, God punith me
With hate in those: where I expect not louse,
When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
And most affted that he is a Friend,
Deeply, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile.
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

Embrace.

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princeley Buckingham.

Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickly heart:
There wauent now out Brother Gloster here,
To make the blest period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff, and the Duke.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Who freed me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be m'used?
Who spake of Brother-hood? Who spake of love?
What told me how the poore soule did forfake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he refused me:
And said deare Brother lust, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lay me
Even in his Garments, and did gue himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Resurrection, brughth wrathe
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Careers, or your wayting Vassills
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and deface'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straght on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And (vniually so) mung grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Not I (vving alone) speake into my soule
For, hem poore Soule. The proudeft of you all,
Hau hath beholding to him in this life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy suflicie will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come Now, help me to my Cloufet.
Ah King of the Clauens.
Rich. This the fruits of raffines. Mark ye not,
How the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pala, when they did heare of Clauence death.
They did vige it full into the King,
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Act. 3. Scena. I.

Enter the King, Quiver, with the Two
Children of Queene.

Qu. Sir, Good Queene, tell vs, is our Father dead?
Kvet. No Boy.
Qu. Why do we speake so of it? And heare my Breth?
And cry, O Queene, my whipphe Sonne.
Kvet. Why do you looke so vs, and shake your head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Costwayes, or
That out our noble Father were alone?
Kvet. My pretty Cofins, you mustake me both,
I do lament the sicknesse of the Kings,
As loath to lofe him, not your Fathers death:
It was lof't ore to ware one that's left.
Kvet. Then you conclude, (my Queene) he is dead:
The King mine Vnkle is too blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importrute
With earneft prayers, all to that effect.
Doubt. And to will I.
Dut. Peace children peace, the king doth love you wel.
Incapable, and shalow innocents.
You cannot guesse who euid your Fathers death.
Queene. Grandam we can; for my good Vnkle Gloster.

Doubt. Told me the King ioure't to it by the Queene,
Drest i'impeachment to impute him;
And when my Vnkle told me so he were.
And pitied me, and kindly kill my chasse.
Bad me rely on him, as on my fafe,
And he would love me dearly as a childe.
Dut. And that Deyght shoulde make us gentle speake,
And with a veters Vizor hide deepse verce.
He is my fame, I, and then on my fame.
Yet from my dogges, he doas not this direct.
Queene. Thynke you my Vnkie did diuulge Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Queene. I cannot thinke it. Heares, what noise is this?

Dut. Enter the Queene with her houre about her eare,
Rumors over he after her.

Qu. Ah! who shall honor me to wake and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
He owne with blacke diuine against our soule,
And to my life, becomme an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragick violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Rouete is gone?
Why wower not the leaues that want their lap?
If you wil hue, Lament of dyde, be brest,
That our fruit-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdom of mere-changing night.
Dut. Ah for much interest have thy foowe,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husband's death,
And list'd with looking on his Image.
But now two Mourners of his Princeely semblance,
Are cack dispees, by malignant death.
And I for concerne, hate but one Lisle Gloffe,
That greates me, when I see'm, shame in him.
Then sat a Widdow, yelsh, a Mother,
And hall the comfort of the Christen left,
But death hath straight drawn, and led from mine Armes,
And plac'd two Cutches, from my fleche hands,
Clauence, and Edward. O, what can I hear I.
(Those being unt a story onely move)
To over-go thy wark, and drawe thy eare.

Dut. Ah Queen you writ for our Fathers death:
How can we clepe you with our contented eare?
Doubt. O as our father, his dissatifis'd,
Your widdow, wity, I knew! I knew not;
Queene. Give me no help in a sad occasion,
I am not barren to bring forth reproaches.
All Springes reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waters Moone,
May tend on plentiful streams to drown the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my true Lord Edward.
Dut. Ah for our Father for our deere Lord Clauence.
Qu. Both for both, both mine Edward and Clauence.
Qu. What flyes had I but Edward, and hee's gone?
Chl. What flye had we but Clauence, and he's gone.
Qu. What flyes had I, but they? and they are gone.
Chl. Was never widdow had to deere a liffe.
Qu. Were never Orphans had to deere a liffe.
Dut. Was never Mother had to deere a liffe.
Qu. Alas! I am the Mother of their Greefees,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an Edward weepes, and do so I.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Rich. If you have comfort, all of ye have cause.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Buck. My Lord, who euer journeyes to the Prince,
For God sake let not two fly at one house:

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Unleas the Prince doth not want comfortable lodging, and you have some good provision to entertain him, you may go.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Buck. Trust me, madam, that ye shall be refreshed.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Buck. It is, my Lord, a season fit for a journey.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Buck. My Lord, I am not so careless to let you know, that it will not be doing to trust your selfs in a strange place.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Buck. Madam, I desire your company, and so will I go with you.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Buck. My Lord, I am not so careless to let you know, that it will not be doing to trust your selfs in a strange place.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

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Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

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Buck. My Lord, I am not so careless to let you know, that it will not be doing to trust your selfs in a strange place.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.

Buck. It is, my Lord, a season fit for a journey.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Dorset, Halif., and Rest. of the Queen's Courtiers.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queen, and the Daunches.

Arch. Left 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.

Dow. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much grown, since last I saw him.

Qu. But I beseaue, they say my sonne of York
Has almoe ouertane him in his growe.

York. Mother, but I would not have it so.

Dow. Why my good God, it is good to grow.

Qu. Grandam, one night as we did sat at Supper,
My Vnkle Clouster told me how I did grow
More then my Brother. I loooke on my Vnkle Clouster,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do growe space.
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete Flowers are flowre, and Weeds make haue.

Dow. Good faith, and faith, the sayng did not hold
In him that did ouertake the same to thee.

He was the wretchedest thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so fearely,
That this rule were true, he should be gracios.

Qu. And so no doubt he is, my gracios Madam.

Dow. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubts.

Qu. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembered,
I could haue given my Vnkles Grace, a flour
To touch his growth, meeter then he touched mine.

Dow. How my vong York,
I pryshee me heare it.

Qu. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could goe a crouerde two howes old,
I was al two howes agate I could goe so much.

Grandam, this would have beene a bying Iell.

Dow. I pryshee pretty York, who told thee this?

Qu. Grandam, his Nursle.

Dow. His Nursle? why the was dead, ere I was borne.

Qu. It were not the, I cannot tell who told one.

Qu. A parous Boy goe too, you are too threwe d.

Dow. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue cases.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger. What Newes?

Mes. Such newes my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Arch. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Arch. What is thy Newes?

Mes. Lord Rose, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisioners.

Dow. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, Clouster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The Furmage of all I can, I have discouer'd:
Why ye are for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unkonowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Ay me! I see the same of my Hous.
The Tyger now hath leid the gentle Hinde,
Influnting Turanny begins to Jut
Upon the innocent and aweful Throate.

Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Mafface,
See (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dow. A ceas'd, and unceas't wrangling dayes,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My Husband left his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and dowe my sones were toft
For me to joy, and weep, there game and lisse,
And being feasted, and Domencke broyles
Gliese over blowne, themselves the Conquerors,
Make warre upon themselfes, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, faith against faith: O profligous,
And franticke outrage, and thy damned plescen;
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Malam, sweete Lady go,
And thender beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, I religne unto your Grace.

The Seale I kepe, and so besides come,
As well I tendere you, and all of yours.

Qu. Ie condic you to the Sanctuary.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The Furmage of all I can, I have discouer'd:
Why ye are for what, the Nobles were committed,
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Malam, sweete Lady go,
And thender beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, I religne unto your Grace.

The Seale I kepe, and so besides come,
As well I tendere you, and all of yours.

Qu. Ie condic you to the Sanctuary.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpers sound.

Enter young Prince, the Duke of Gloster, and Buckingham,

Lord Cornwall, with others.

Dow. Welcome sweet Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome there Cusin, my thoughts Souzaign.
The wearie most hath made you Miserable.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crostes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearefome, and beaue.

I want more Vnkles here to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the ventur'd vartue of your yeares
Hath not yet end'd into the Worlds descrit:
No more can you diligent with of a man,
Then of his owne doowne, which God be knowes,
Seldom or neuer jumpeth with the heart.

Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sacred words,
But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
God keepbe you from them, and from such false Friends,

Prin. God keepbe me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Main.

Ld. Main. God bleffe your Grace, with health and

happie dayes.

Prin. I thank you, God my Lord, and thank you all:

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I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would urge me, these, have met on the way.
Fee, what a Slug is Hastings, that he comes not
to tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queen, your Mother, and your Brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perused with-held.

Wenn. Fee, what an inordinate and petulant course Is Lord York, Lord, all our Grace perused with us,
Perused the Queen, to send the Duke of York
Into his Princely Brother presently?
If the denial, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak Orator,
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of York,
Armed with at least, but if he be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priviledge
Of blest Sancuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilte of so great a sinne.

Wenn. You are too fencerelle obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Which is but with the greadness of this Age,
You break not Sancuary, in suzning him:
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those, whose dealeings have defended the place,
And those who have the witt to clame the place:
This Prince hath not the witt to clame it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no Priviledge, nor Clerical there;
Of have I heard of Sancuary men,
But Sancuary chilten, ne're tell now.

Card. My Lord, you shall at-re-take my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?


Card. Good Lord, make all the speed he faileth you may,
Say, Vyncke Gorever, if our brother come,
Where 0, all we foirone, till our Coronation?

Wenn. Where it thinketh he be apt to your Royall selfe.
If I may confesse you, some day or two.
Your Hignesse shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your beest health, and recreation.

Wenn. I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did I amuse for build that place, my Lord?

Wenn. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages have redee'd.

Wenn. Is it upon record? or else reported
Succesfully from age to age, the build it is?

Wenn. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Wenn. And but for my Lord, if it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should haste from age to age,
As it were relay'd to all posterity.

Wenn. So wife, fo' young, they say doe never last long.

Wenn. What say you, Vyncke?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter a Messenger to the Duke of Hastings.

Dick. My Lord, my Lo.
Halt. Who knockes?
Dick. One from the Lord Stanely.
Halt. What's a Clarke?
Dick. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Halt. Cannot my Lord Stanely sleepe these tedious Nights?
Dick. So it appears, by that I have to say:
First he commends him to your Noble Table.
Halt. What then?
Dick. Then enthrilles your Lordship, that this Night He dreamt, the Bate had a Steel on his Helmet.
Haste you, the eyes there are two Councillors kept
And may it be determined at the one,
Which may make you all to sue to the other.
Therefore he tends to know your honest pleasure.
If you will ye take Horace with him,
And with as Speedfull to the North,
To keep the staghe, that may your Serene Dames,
Tell all, goe to Howgate, return to your Lord,
Bid him not feare the reputed Councill:
His Honor and his felts are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not have Intelligence:
Tell him his fears are shallow, without influence.
I am his Dreams, and I wonder he's so simple,
To trust the mocky of vainquet blunders.
To free the Bore, before the Bore pursueth,
Were to incende the Bore to follow vs,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chace.
Goe, bid thy Matter isle, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall fee the Bore will we kindly.
Dick. He goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord,
Halt. Good morrow Catesby; you are early rising;
What newses, what newes, in this our hunting Steere?
Cates. It is a fealing World indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand vp
Till Richard ware the Garland of the Realme.
Halt. How ware the Garland?
Dick. Does thou meanes the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Halt. He bave this Crowne of mine cutt from my shoulders,
Before hee fee the Crowne to touche my place?
But canst thouudge, that he doth aspire at it?

Cates. 1.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore, speare man? Fear ye the Bore, and gone so speedy?

Stanley. My Lord good morrow, good morrow, Captains: You may heart on, but by half, I do not like these further Councils, I.

Henry. My Lord, I hold my Life in death as yours, And further, not in my days, I do protest, Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now: Think you, but that I know our state to be, I would be so triumphant as I am, But I am, with my Lord, to the Tower: the day is spent, Henry. Come, and I will go with you, and I Down to your state, your truth, yet better wrath as their Heads, Then some, that have committed, worse than this; But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Merchant.

Merchant. Go on before, I talk with this good fellow. Exit Lord Stanley, and Captains.

How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee? I'faith, the better, that your Lordship please to ask. Henry. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now. Then when thou met't one half, welcome we meet: I was, I going Prisoner out of the Tower, By the suggestion of the Queenes Allies. But now I tell thee, (kepeo to thy selfe) This day those Enemies are put to death.

And I in better state then ere I was.

Page. God hold it, to your Honors good content. Haft, Grenraise fellow: there, drink that for me, Throws him his Purse.

Henry. I thank your Honor. Exit Purseman.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor. Henry. I thank thee, good Sir Jeh, with all my heart, I am in your debt, for your last Exercice: Come the near Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. He waits upon your Lordship. Exit Purseman.

Enter Buckingham.

Buckingham. Now, what, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain? Your friends at Powret, they do need the Priest, Your Honor hath no time, say, they work in hand.

Henry. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, Then on you talk of, came into my mind. What goest thou toward the Tower? Ford. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there.

Henry. Nay, take enough, for I lay Dinner there. Ford. And supper too, although thou know it not, Come will you go? Henry. He's with you upon your Lordship. Exit Ford.

Scene. Tertia.

End.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Sir John Fastolfe, Lord Hastings, Lords, &c., at a Table.

Hlst. Now noble Peers, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Constitution:
In God's Name speak, when is the Royal day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the Royal time?

Hlst. It is, and waits but nomination.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector to succeed me?
Who is most inward with the Duke of Gloucester?

Ely. Your Grace, we thank you, the old Count know his minde.

Buck. We know each o'r. Exeunt for our Hearts.
He knows no more of mine, than of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord; till you or mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are next in line.

Hlst. I thank you, my Grace, I know he loves me well.
But to his purpose in the Constitution,
I have not founded him nor his letter,
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But if you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I give your Voice,
Which I presume he'll take in a gentle part.

Enter Gloucester,

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himself:
Fie! M. Noble Lords, and Counsellors, all good morrow:
I have been a long a-sleepe: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might have beene concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your M. Lord
William, Lord Hastings, had promis'd your part;
I mean'd your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Reb. Then my Lord Hastings, to no small part he staid,
His Lordship knows me well, and you not so well,
My Lord of Ely, when I was fall in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beseech you, lend for some of them,
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Reb. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Cautiously hath found Hastings, in our business,
And finds the tesse Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere gone content.
His Matter Child, as worshipfully he carrieth,
Shall lose the Royalist of Englands Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your felte a while, I goe with you.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for their Strawberries.
His Grace looks cheerfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's nearer a man in Christen-House
Can letter his face, or hate them, then her,
For by his Face thoughtfully he knows me.

Hlst. What of his Heart prevailit you in a test?
By any likelihood he shew'd it to day?

Hlst. Mary, that with no man here he is confined:
For were he, he had shew't it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Ely. I pray you all, tell me what they observe,
That doe compare my death with duell's Drats
Of bannd Witchcrafts, and that he's presse'd
Upon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Hlst. The tender look I bore our Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To shew that I, the Offender, did not extoll:
For my Lord, they have deferred death.

Reb. Then be your eyes the witnesses of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd: behold my Aine
Like a blaffed Sapling, with'd her:
And this is Edward Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Conform'd with that Harlot, Strumpet, Shore,
In this by their Witchcrafts thus have marck't me,
Ild. If they have done this, lead, my noble Lord.
Rich. I due the Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk not to me of it: thou art a Traitor,
Of with his Head: now by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not done, until I see the fame.

Lovel and Ratseloff, looke, that it be done:

Enter, The reft that love me, rife, and follow me.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with the
Lord Hastings.

Hlst. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I too fond, might have prevented this:
Thei did desire, the Boar did rowe our Helmets,
And I did force them, and drenched them:
To three times to day my Foot-Cladde, here did tumble,
And filled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As both to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Purfuantant,
As too stumbling, how mine Enemies
To day at Pontefr bloody were batchard'd,
And my selue secure, in grace and favour.
Oh, Margaret, Margaret, now thy beaute Curfe
Is lighted on poor Hastings, wretched Head.
Re Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinners
Make of a short Minitt, the longs to frey your Head.
Hlst. O momentarie grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for, than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in aye of your good Looker,
Lies like a drunken Savyer on a Maff,
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fals Bowels of the Deep.
Let, Come, come, dispatch, let your Site to exclaim:
Hlst. Oblyoudly Richard, miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull time to thee,
That euer whettted Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Enter.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rented Armour, with another of the same.

Richard. Come, Cousin, Cast thou quaken, and change thy colour, Muchter thou breathe in middle of a word, And then again begin, and stop again, As if thou were disquieted, and mad with terror? Back. Tut, I can counterfeft the deepes tragedian, Speake, and looke backe, and pire on every side, Trouble and flare at wagging of a Straw; Intending deepes indiferption, gally Lookes Are at my feite, like enforced Smiles; And both are ready in thoir Offices, At any time to grace my Stratagemes. But what, is Catchy gone? Rich. He is, and fece he brings the Major along.

Enter the Major, and Catchy.

Back. Lord Major.

Richard. Looko to the Drawe-Bridge there.

Back. Hearke, a Drumme.

Richard. Catchy, o't-looko the Walls.

Lord Major, the reason we have fent. Rich. Looke backe, defend here, there are Enemies. Back. God and our Innocence defend, and guard vs.

Enter Lewis and Ratchell, with Hastings Head.

Richard. Be patient, they are friends; Ratchell, and Lewis. Lewis. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor, The dangerous and wvitulpleated Hastings.

Richard. So dare I lode the man, that I must wepe: I tooke him for the plainest harmless Creature, That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian. Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded The Historie of all her feeker thoughts. So smooth he daw'd this Vice with flore of Vettor, That his apparant open guilt remit. I mean'sht Conversacion with Shrewes Wife, He lod'd from all studies of suspicions. Back. Well, well, he was the counsell d shin't Traitor That euer li'd. Would you imagine, or almost believe, We were not by great pretention To know the faults of the febulous Vettor This day had I fent, in the Councell House, To muchter me, and my good Lord of Glocifer. Major. Had he done so? Richard. What thinkke you we are Turkes, or Infidels? Or that we would, against the forme of Law, Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death, But that the extreme peril of the cafe, The Peace of England, and our Persons safete, Enforced us to this Execution. Major. Now faire behalf you, he defuer'd his death, And your good Grace both have well proceeded, Towarnie the Traitors from the like Attempts. Back. Then I look'd for better at his hands, After a time fell in with Mafftre Sharpes. You had not longe be for fould, Untill your Ladie caine to fee his end, Which now the lowe glide of thirfe our friends, Something against our meeting, I have presente; Because, my Lord, I would have had you hear The Traitor speake, and tirade, the correfte The manner and the purpose of his Tresfons:

That you might well have gignify'd the fame Vnto the Citizens, who haply may Mitcoffert vs in him, and Wayne his death. Then, but my good Lord, your Grace words that famce, As well as I had feene, and heard him speake: And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both, But leo acquaint our disouis Citizens With all your infu proceedings in this cafe. Richard. And to that end we will'd your Lordship here, To wound the Centuries of the earing World, Which, which since you come too late of our intent, Ye wilter what you hearde we did intend. And fo, my good Lord Major, we bid farewell. Exit Major.

Richard. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham, The Major towards Guild-Hall lzies him in all pofte: There, at your meetest vantage of the time, Inferre the Baltardie of Edwards Children: Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen, Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne Heire to the Crown, meaning indeed his Houfe, Which, by the Signe thereof, was learn'd to. Moreover, vrghe his hatefull Luxurie, And beathal apprentice in change of Luft, Whose birth brent with their Servants, Daughters, Wives, Even where his raging eye, or savage heart, Without control, stifled to make a prey. Nay, for a need, thus faire come meere my Person: Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child Of that miscarrie Edward, Noble Truth; My Princeys Father, then had Warrens in France, And by true computation of the time, Found, that the child was not his begote: Which well appeared in Linamentes, Being nothing but the Noble Dukes my father. Yet touch this sparingly, as we enter into, Because my Lord, you know my Mother huse. Back. Doth not, my Lord, he play the Orator, As if the golden ear for whom I plead, Were for my fault, and to my Lord, sube. Richard. If you should such bring them to Baynardes Caftle, Where you shall finde me well accompanied With renown'd Fathers, and well-learn'd Bischopt. Back. I goe, and towards thence four ioure a Clocke. Lookes for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords, To Know what is happened.

Richard. Goe Lewis with all speed to Doctor Shaw, Goe thou to Fryer Punke, but them both Meete me within this houre at Baynardes Caftle. Ext. Now will I goe to take some proue order, To draw the Britis or Clarence out of fight, And to give order, as no manner person Have any time recourse unto the Princes. Extunt.

Enter a Seremon.

Ser. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Husgrif, Which in a fett Hand fainrly is engris'd, That it may be to day read o're in Paulines, And make how well the fequell hanges together: Eleven hours I have spent to write it over, For yeare-night by Cassily was it fent me, The Precedent was full as long a doing, And yet within thirfe fiv hours Husgrif li'd, Vntainted, vnexaum'd, free, at libertie. Here's a good World the while. Who is so groffe, that cannot fee this palppable deuice? Yet.

III. v. 1—III. vi. 11
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at several Doors.

Richard. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, the Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Richard. Touches you the Bastardise of Edward’s Children?

Buck. I do, with his Contract with Lady Lucy, and his Contract by Deputie in France, in vanilasie greenishness of his defile, and his enforcement of the Citie Wuer, his Tyrannie for Trister, his owne Bastardise, as being got your Father then in France, and his relemblance, being not like the Duke.

Richard, I did inferre your Lineaments, being the right Idea of your Father, both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Mind: Layd open all your Victories in Scotland, Your Discipline in Warre, Wildome in Peace, Your Bounty, Vertue, faire Humilitie:

Richard. Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose, Vertous, or delightfully handled in course.

And when my Orisons draw toward end, I bid them that did love their Countries good. Crys, God save Richard, Englands Royall King.

Richard. And did they so?

Buck. No, to God he spake, they spake not a word, but like dumb Statues, or breathing Stones, Stood each on other, and look’d deadly pale:

Richard. Which when I saw, I reprehended them, and aske d the Major, what meaneth this wilfull silence?

His answer was, the people were not vied to be spake to, but by the Recorder. Then he was vrg’d to tell his Tale again.

Thus says the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred, but nothing spoke, in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine owne, at lower end of the Hall, hurly up their Caps, and some teeme voyces cry’d, God save our King Richard:

Richard. And thus I took the vantage of those few.

Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, much is this general applause, and cheerfull shrow.

Argues your wildome, and your loute to Richard:

And even here brake off, and came away.

Richard. What tongue-jeffie Blockes were they, would they not speake?

Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come?

Richard. The Major is here at hand, intend some fear,

But you not spake with, but by rightfull fait:

And look you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand, and hand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord, on that ground He make a holy Defiante:

And not only wonne to our eares,

Play the Maids part, full answer my, and take it.

Richard. I goe : and if you pleast as well for them, as I can lay noe to thee for my selfe, no doubte we bring it to a happy issue.

Richard. Go up to the Leads, the Lord Major knocks.

Richard. Enter the Major, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here, I think the Duke will not be spake withall.

Enter Catsby.

Buck. Now Catsby, what sayes your Lord to my request?

Catsby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord, to visit him to morrow, or next day.

Richard. He is within, with two right reverend Fathers, Daintly bent to Meditation, and in no Worldly suites would he be moulded.

Buck. Returne, good Catsby, to the gracious Duke, tell him, my selfe, the Major and Aldermen.

In deepèst deplaine, in matter of great moment, no lese imposing than our general good, are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catsby. He signifie to much with him right, Exuv.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward, he is not turling a lewed Loose-Bed.

But on his Kings, at Meditation:

Not dialing with a brace of Citizens,

But meditating with two deep Henrys:

Not sleeping, to enginile his idle Body,

But praying to enrich his watchful Soule.

Aand we England, would this verous Prince

Take on his Grace the Sovereign grace thereof,

But fust I fear we shall not winne him to it.

Mavor. Marry God defend his Grace should say no more.

Buck. I fear he will : here Catsby comes again.

Enter Catsby.

Now Catsby, what sayes his Grace?

Catsby. He wonders to what end you have assembled such troops of Citizens, to come to him,

His Grace nor being ward therof before : He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sure I am, my Noble Cousin should suspect me, that I mean no good to him:

By Heauen, we come to him in perfite loue,

And to once more returne, and tell his Grace.

When holy and devout Religious men

Are at their Beside, is much to draw them thence,

So sweet in zeralous Contemplation.

Enter Richard alio, betweene two Bishop.

Mavor. See where his Grace standeth, ween two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue for a Christian Prince,

To flay him from the fall of Vaine.

And see a Bookes of Prayer in his hand,

True Ornament to know a holy man,

Famous Plaunger, most gracious Prince,

Lend favourable ease to our requests,

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Richard. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:

I doe before thy Grace to pardon me,

Who earneth in the service of my God,

Defend the visitation of my friends.

But leaving this, what is your Grace pleasure?

Buck. Enter that (I hope) which pleaseth God about

And all good men of this vengon’d Ille.

Rich. I do suppose I have done some offence,

That frames disgracefull in the Cities eye,

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Richard, 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 reign the Supreme Seat, the Throne Masquehall, The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth, The Lineal Glory of your Royal House, To the corruption of a blest Stock; While in the midst of your sleepie thoughts, Which here we waken to our Country good, The Noble I doth want his proper Limms: His Face deac'd with shames of infame, His Royall Stock gravi with ignoble Plants, And almost shouldered in the swallowing Gulfe Of dae Forgetfulness, and deep Obliuion, Which to cure, we heartily sollicite Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge And Kingly Government of this your Land: Not as Protecor, Steward, Subsisture, Or lowly Factor, for another's gaine; But as effeclively from Blood to Blood, Your Right of Birth, your Emptys, your Dane. For this, contented with the Citizen, Your very Worthfull and loving friends, And by their vehement indignation, In this full Cause come to increase your Grace. Rich. I cannot tell; it to depart in silence, Or but try to speake in your reproach, Bell fitteth my Degree, or your Condition. If not to answer, you might think, Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded To beseech the Golden Yoke of Soveraigne, Which fondly you would here impose on me. If to repose you for this fault of yours, So faine'd with your faithfull lure to me, Then on the other siders check'd my friends, Therefore to speake, and suchmen avoid the fault, And then in speaking, not to incur the lift, Definitly thus I answer you, Your base defers to my thankes, but my defect Venerable, Danmes your high degree, Fruft, if all Obstacles were cut away, And my Path were even to the Crown, As the ripe Revenues, and due of Birth: Yet so much is my pouture of spirit, So mightie, and so manie my defects, This I would rather hide me from my Sistrenet, Being a Backe to breake no mighty Sea; Then in my Sistrenet couet to be hid, And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd, But God be thank'd, there is no need of me, And much I need to helpe you, were there need. The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit, Which mellow'd by the heaving bowers of time, Will well become the Seat of Majestie, And make (no doubts) vs happy by his Reigne. On him I lay that, you would lay on me, The Right and Fortune of his happe Sistrenet, Which God defend that I shou'd wrring from him. 

Buck. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace, But the results thereof are nice, and triallall, All circumstances well considered. You say that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, So say we too, but not by Edards Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady Lewis, Your Mother lives a Wintelle to his Vow; And afterward by Subtature betray'd To Zea, Siller to the King of France. These both put off, a poore Petitioner, A Care-cress'd Mother to a many Sonnes, A Beautie-waning, and disdrelled Widow, Even in the after-noone of her belt dayes, Made prize and purchase of his wasson Eye, Sucs'd the pitch, and height of his degree, To base declension, and lost his Bigannce. By her, in his unvlawfull Bed, he got This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince. More betterly could I expostulate, Saue that for reterence to some alue, I gue a springing limit to my Tongue. Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe This proffer'd benefit of Designes; If not to bileffe vs and the Lord withall, Yet to draw forth your Noble Ansecele From the corruption of abusing times, Into a Lineall true decliued course. 

Mae. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you. Buck. Requit not your mightie Lord, this proffer if love, Cather. O make them joyfull, out their Lawfull suit. Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me? I am visit for State, and Mascheife; I doe befeech you take it not amiss, I cannot, nor I will not yeld it you. Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeale, Latho to depote the Child, your Brothers Sonne, As will we know you your tenderneffe of heart, And gentle, kind, efferiminate remorse, Which we have noted in you toyour Kindred, And equally indeere to all Eftates: Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no, Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King, But we will plant some other in the Throne, To the disgrace and down-fall of your House: And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will entrec no more. Everet. Cather. Call him against, sweet Prince, accept their suit: If you dente them, all the Land will rue it, 

Buck. Will you enforce me to a world of Care, Call them against, I am not made of Stones, But penetrable to your kinde entreaties, Albes against my Confidence and my Soule. Enter Buckingham and the rest. 

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men, Since you will buckle fortune on my back, To breere her burden, where I will or no, I must have patience to endure the Load: But if black Scandal, or foule-fag'd Approch, Attend the sequell of your Imposition, Your meere enforcenent shall acquaintance me From all the impure Ilos and Haynes thereof; For God doth know, and you may partie see, How farre I am from the desire of this. 

Mae. God bleffe your Grace, wee see it, and will say it. Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth. 

Buck. Then I flate you with this Royall Title, Long live King Richard, Englands worthye King. 

Ad. Amen. 

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd, Rich. Even when you please, for you will him to.

Buck.
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Enter the Queen, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset.

Duchess. Who meet we here?

Queen. My dear第一条. I am here. Where is my father?
My sisters are coming. My dear and dear Sir, I am here.

Duchess. God save your Grace both, a happy day.

Queen. As much as you, good Sir, who is here?

Duchess. Nor farther than the Tower, as I guess, when the King doth find the contrary.

Queen. The King? who is that?

Duchess. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.

Duchess. Hath he been bound together by their love, and me?

Queen. I am their Mother, who shall be sact from them?

Duchess. Their Aunt. I am in law, in law their Mother. Bring them to your rights, I bear my blayne, and take thy office from thee, on my perill.

Queen. No, not my, nor I may not leave it so: I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Sir I. Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howe hence, and I'll embrace your Grace of York as Mother, and receiv'd looker on of two faire Queenes. Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster, there to be crowned Richard Royall Queen.

Queen. About my face slander, that my pure heart may have some scope to bear, or else I wrong with this dead-killing news.

Duchess. Of lightfull risings, Of repealing news.

Queen. Be good cheere: Mother, how fares your Grace?

Duchess. Of Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone, Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heels, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt our-stirrup Death, goe troth to that, And live with Richmond from the reach of Hell. Go ye thee, ye thee from this flattering-brow, Left thou encrease the number of the dead, And make me dye the thrall of Margaret's Curte, Nor Mother, Wife, nor England crowned Queen.

Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your counsell, Madame: Take all the least advantage of the howes, You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne, In your behalf, to meet you on the way: Let not the flat of your life be unvailed.

Duchess. I shall be with the last, and not the first, to make me dye the thrall of Margaret's Curte, Or any accursed Ceil beside the Bed of Death.

A Cockatrice hath longe hasten to the World, While unwashed Eyes are much tho't.

Queen. Come, Madame, come, in all haste was sent.

Anne. And with all unwillingnesse will you.

Queen. O would to God, that the inceinte Vergie

Of Golden Meat all, that melt round my Brow,
Wore not in Scale, to leave me to the Brances,

Anonymous left me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God love the Queen.

Queen. Go, goe,poore solitude, I shewe not thy glory,

To feed my humor, with thy sole no harme.

Anne. No why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Her Peers Curte,
When the blood was well warre from his hands,
Which stinn'd from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, who was then the poor fellow's,
When I say I look on Richard's Face,
This was my Wife: Be thou (mirth,) I answer,
For making me, so young, to old a Widow:
And when thou weft, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More noticeable, by the life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by thy dear Lords death,
Lo, or may I repeat this Curte againe,
Within to find a time, my Womans heart
Grosteely grew creature to his honey words,
And proud the subiect of mine owne Soules Curte,
Which blusters hath held mine eyes from rest:
For nores yet one bow now, in his Bed,
Did I enjoy the golden daw of sleepe.
But with his tumourous Dribbles was fill awke'd,
Besides, he hates me for my Father's Wrist,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, intens, pufte thy complaining,
Anne. No more, then with my loue I mounse for yours,
Duchess. Farewell, thou woulst welcomer of glory,
Anne. Atte, poore loue, that taketh thy lesson of it.

Dr.T. Go thou to Richmond: & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angells tend thee,
Go thou to Sandhurie, and good thoughts prolifte thee,
To my Grace, where peace and rest be with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of forrow have I suffre,
And each howes ioy wrackt with a wecke of teene.
Queen. Stay, yet looke backe with me into the Tower.
Pritty, you ancient Stones, shole tender Babes,
Whose Emme hath immur'd within your Walls.
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nuce, old fallen Pley-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foulsitt Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell,

Exit.
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Scena Secunda.

Sound a Stomps. Enter Richard in pompes, Buckinghams, Catches, Ratriffs, Loyals.

Rich. Stand all apart, Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Sovereigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand, Sound.

Thus high, by thy advice, and by thy suffrance, Is King Richard pleased:
But shall we wear these 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 doe I play the Touch, To try if thou be current Gold indeed:
Young Edward lives, think now what I should speak.

Buck. Say on my loving Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King,
Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter confederce! That Edward still should live true Noble Prince. Cousin shou'd will not want to be so dull. Shall be a plain? I with the Stallards dead, And I would have it suddenly perform'd,
What say'th thou now? speak suddenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all icy, kindlest freez'm. Why shou'd I fantasy, that they shall dye? But Grieve me some little breath, some pawle, desire Lord, Before I pitifully speake in this:
I will relieve you herein presently. Exeunt Buck.

Catches. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lippe.

Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Foolies, And rarepifeul Boyes: none are for me, That looke into me with condescende eyes, High-reaching Buckinghams growes circumpect.


Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold Will tempt vnto a clofe expost of Death? Page. I know a discontented Gentleman, Who hath hunte in the hauttie spirit:
Who'd as good as two of our Octors,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Titre.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither.

Boy. Ev'n. The depe remouing wittre Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbor, to my counsails
Hath he to long held out a shame, my Lord,
The and flops he now for breath? Well is it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newest?

Stanley. Know my loving, Lord, the Marquess Dorset
As I hast, is fled to Richmond.
In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catches, rumor is abroad, That Anne my Wife is very gueuesious sick.

I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some chane poore Gentleman, Whom I will marry strait to Clarence Daughter:
The Boy is fooleish, and I scarce not him.

Page. He know how thou dreamtst: I say againe, give out, That Anne, my Queene, is sick, and like to dye,
About it, for it stands me much upon
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: Mother her Brothers, and then marry her, Vnscertaine way of gaine. But I am in So farre in blood, that none will pluck on sone, Tearse-falling Pattie dwells nor in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and thy most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Drove my gracious Lord, Rich. Darst thou refolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then shou'd haft it: two deep enemies, Foes to my Rei, and my sweetest sleepes disturbars, Are they that I would haue slept vpon:
Tyrrel, I mean these Stallards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And foone reliefe you from the fear of them.

Rich. Thou fay'lt sweet Mutique: Hearke, come hither Tyrrell,

Goe by this token: riue, and lend thine Ear, Whi)ers, There is no more but to: say it is done,
And I will lose thee, and prestise thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it right away.

Enter Buckingham.

Back. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde, The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Will let that reft: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Back. He lae the news, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, he is your Wifes Sonne: well, looke

Into it.

Back. My Lord, I chyme the gift, my due by promiss,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawning,
This is done in Herford, and the mooneisbles,
Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if the contry

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Back. What sayes your Hon. grace to my suit request?

Rich. I do remember me, trem the Six

Dae prophecies, that Richmond shou'd be King,
When Richmond was a little peecullck Boy.

A King perhaps.

Back. May is please you to recollese me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troubllest me, I am not in the vaine. Exeunt.

Back. And is it thus? repays he me deepere feruice

With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Heavens, and be gone

To Bremnock, while my heartfull Head is on.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arched deed of pittious maleface

That...
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Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these Continents liy have I laky,
To watch the warming of mine enemies,
A dire induction, and I willst to,
And will to crave, hoping the consequent
To pride of state, of blacke, and Tragicall,
Withdraw the wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter Duchess and Queene.

Que. Alas, my poor Prince! alas my tender Babes!
My noblest, Flowers, new appearing sweets:
If yet your gentle foules flye in the Ayre,
And be not lost in doome perpetuall,
Hourst about you with your aery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hourst about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your tender Babes to Aged night.

Que. So many musickes have crazd my voycer,
That my one-waister tongue is full and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward of Edw., pays a dying debt.

Que. Wait thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the murrals of the Wolf?

Que. Why doth thou dead or thou dyed,
My sweet Sonne?

Que. When dist this sleep, when such a deed was done?

Que. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Que. Dead life, blood fight, poore mortall living ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds Shame, Graves due, by life Visit,
Breefe abstraft and record of redious dayes,
Relt thy smell on England's lawfull earth,
Vuluntarily made drunke with innocent blood.

Que. Alas, that thou wou'dst if soone affoord a Grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy feare.
Then would I hide my bones, pret rest them here,
Ah who hath any care to burse but we?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most recreant,
Giveme the benefite of ligueurite,
And let my greffes foxne on the upper hand
If sorrow can admit Society.

Que. I had an Edward kill a Richard kill'd him:

Que. I had a Hartand, till a Richard kill'd him:

Que. Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

Que. Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Que. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:

Que. I had a Ranelid too, thou hopst it to kill him.

Que. Thou hadst a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.

Que. From forth the kennel of thy warme hath crept
A Hell-bound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lay their gentle blood:
That foule defacter of Gods handy workes:
That reignes in gashed eyes of weeping foules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy warmelet loose to chase vs to our graces.

Que. O pright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnall Curre.

Prayer

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The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Prays on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Puet-fellow with others more.

Mrs. Harriot's wife, triumph not in my words:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Mrs. Bare me with: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I clole me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward.

Young Yorke he is but bone, because both they
Macht not the high perfection of my loft.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that flab'd my Edward,
And the beholders of this frantic playe,
Thad curtate Hasting, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vtvrinely smother'd in their dusky Graues.

Richard yet lines, Hei blacke Intelligencer,
Onely refer'd their Factor, to buy foules,
And lend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Influes his pittious and unspited end.

Earth gates, Hell burnes, Friends rose, Saints pray,
To have him sodainly coney'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.

To prophesier what the future age might come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That boist'rd Spiter, that soule bunch-bach'd Toad.

Mrs. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was:
The flattering Index of a driefall Pageant;
One head'd high, to church'd downright below:
A Mother only mockes with two fair Babes;
A dreame of what thou want, a garish Flagge
To be the syme of every dangerous Shot;
A figne of Dignity, a Breth, a Bubble;
A Queene in lost, only to fill the Scene,
Where is thy Husband now? where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sones? Wherein dost thou Joy?
Who lues, and kneelees, and lays, God save the Queene?
Where be the bending Peers that flatterd thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a most distrested Widow:
For jovial Master, one that wakles the name:
For one being food to lone, one that burnish'd feet
For Queene, a very Crysuffe, 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 woul.
To torrare thee more, being what thou art,
Thou didst virpe my place, and doth thou not,
Virpe the suft proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Neke, bear's, half my burneth'd yoke,
From which, even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burneth of it all, on thee.

With tears, Hee, and Queene of fad mischance,
The English word, shall make me a smile in France.

O, Thou well skil'd in Curfes, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curfe mine enemies.

Mrs. Fortbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day
Compare dead happinesse, with living woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that flae them Fowler then he is:
Best ting thy louse, makes the bad easuer worse,

Resolving this, will teach thee how to Curfe?

Sir. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mrs. Thy wares will make them thoupne,
And pierce like mine.

Exit Margaret.

Dur. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qn. Windy Attunines to their Clients Woes,
Ayere succeders of intelline joyes,
Poor obrest Breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue hope, though what they will impair,
Hope nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dur. If to then, be not Tongue-ty digo 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 exclamings.

Enter King Richard, and his Train.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dur. O Que, that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her a cursed wombbe,
From all the Slaughteres (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qn. Had it shou'd that Forheade with a Golden Crowne
Where's it should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Franche that owe'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers,
Tell me thou Villaine-flure, where are my Children?

Dur. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother Clarence?
And little Nick Plantergent his Sonne?

Qn. Where is the gentle Ruer, Vaughan, Gray?

Dur. Where is knebe Halions?

Rich. A flouris Tribumphs, strike Alarum Drums
Let not the Hauncens heare the Tell-tale women
Rulie on the Lords Anointed, Strike I say,
Eenrised.

Alarum.

Either be patient, and intreat me sayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dur. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. 1, I thank God, my Father, and your selfe,

Dur. Then patiently heare my impiacence.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reprooue.

Qn. O let us speake.

Dur. Do then, but Jie not heare.

Dur. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haft.

Dur. Art thou so bold? I have taile for thee

(To the Gentleman) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dur. No by the holy Rood, thou know it is well,
Thou can't on earth, to make the earth my Hel.

A greatous burneth was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancia.

Thy School-dates frightfull, despis't, rate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of Mashood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, dapple, lively, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful; Kindes in harred
What comfortable hours canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Fearth neghte, but Humfrey Horns,
That call'd thy Grace
To Breakfast once, forth of my company,
If be so disgracios in your eye,
Letter them not, and on no occassion you Madam.

Strike up the Drume.

Dur. I pryshee heare me speake.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

RICH. You speak too bitterly,
DIAB. Heart's disease.
RICH. For I shall never speak to thee again.
DIAB. So.
DIAB. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance
For this warre thou turnest a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreme Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most generous Curfe,
Which in the day of Battle thee more then
Then all the compleat Armours that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the adversati pelly fight,
And there the little found.
RICH. I loved my Children,
Whisper the Spirits of that membre,
And promise them Sweet and Victory:
Bleody thou art, bloody will I rend:
Shame feres thy life, and doth fly death attend. RICH.
Thou hast no more name of the Royall Blood
For thee to bragge, For my Daughters (Richard)
They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens:
And therefore let not their lives.
RICH. You have a daughter call'd Eliza Ancy.
Virtuous and Faire, Royall and Sweete.
DIAB. And must the dye for this? Of her doe,
And Iie corrupt her Maners, stain her Beauty,
Adorn my Self, as false to Edwards bed;
I know over the her Val of Infamy,
So my hate turns all of bleeding daughter,
I will smite the first was not Edwards daughter.
RICH. Wrong not her Byrth she is a Royall Princeffe.
DIAB. To save her life, He may live som to,
RICH. Her life in thine hand, When she byrth,
DIAB. And may ye be as vile, as vile dwell her Brothers.
DIAB. Let all the Birth, good fairtates be opposite.
DIAB. No, to their lives, all friends be contrary.
RICH. All vanquish'd the doome of Definity,
DIAB. True: when wynded grace smacks Definity,
My Babes were defin'd to a farther death,
If grace had believ'd me with a farther life.
RICH. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cofins?
DIAB. Cofins indeed, and by their wynde courant,
Of Comfort, Kingdome,Kindred,Freedome,Life,
Whole hand fuerter lachen'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly)焘e direcction.
No doubt the murderous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy Bune hard heart,
To recuit in the Traitors of my Lambes,
But that full ye of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue should to thy eyes not name my Boys,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a desolate Baye of death,
Like a poore Inky, of Cries and racking teares,
Rull all to perces to thy Rockey Bobbye.
RICH. Madam, I thinke I in my enterprise
And dangerous face of bloody wareres,
As I intend more good to you and yours.
Then cuter you and yours by me were harmed.
DIAB. What good is couse with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good.
RICH. Thaunacement of your children, gentle Lady
DIAB. Vp to some Scarlet, there to lobe their heads.
RICH. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperial Type of this earthy glory.

Q. Flatter my forrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demit to any child of mine.
RICH. Even all I have; I, and my title and all,
Will I withall indow a child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drawest the sad remembrance of those wearened,
Which thou happenter I but done to thee.
Q. Be briece, that is the essence of thy kindnesse,
I longer telling thee to a Kynnestia.
RICH. Then know,
That I am thy Soule, I am thy Daughter.
Q. My Daughters, ye ther thinkes it with her soule.
RICH. What do you think?
Q. Ye ther dost love my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy Soules love didt thou her Brothers,
And from my hearts love, I do thanke the cloth at.
RICH. Be not to halid to confound my meaness:
I meant that with my Soule I bote thy daughter,
And do commend to make her Queene of England,
Q. Well then, who doth please thine like her King,
RICH. Even he that makes her Queene,
Who else should bee her?
Q. What thou?
RICH. Even for How thinkke you of it?
Q. How canst thou woo her?
RICH. That I should learn of you,
As one being bel belacd with her humour.
Q. And who was he that made thee me?
RICH. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
A paine of bleeding hearts: the even ing
Edward and Yorks, then haply will the wepe:
Therefore present to her, a sone time Margaret,
Died to thy Father, steepes in Outlands blood,
A hand-kercheffe, which faie to her did dyne:
The purple spake from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes with thall.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou madst away her Vinkle Cleareesa,
Her Vinkle Cleareesa, (and for her sake)
Mad sl ops compeyance with some other good Anne Anee,
RICH. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To wone your daughter.
Q. There is no other way,
Vnience thou could not 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,
Q. Nay then indeed five cannot chace but hate thee
Having bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.
RICH. Look what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal madadlessly sometimes,
Whereafter hours clues yeafe to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, I gave it to your daughter:
If I have killed the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreafe, I will beget
Mine ylle of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,
Then is the bearing Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pane, fuse for a night of groans,
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like forrow,
Your Children were vexation to your youth,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The loyle you have, it is but a Soone being King,
And if you doe the like, it will make Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept fuch kindnesse as I can.
To ferve your Soone, that with a fearfull foule
Leads discontented Reppe in Fonnaire soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
to high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that cales your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly call this thy Servant-Brother:
Against all ye you be Mother to a King;
And all the Ruines of diftrefeful Times,
Repay'd with double Ruches of Content,
What we have many goodly days to fee:
The liquid drops of tears that you have thred,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearl,
Advantaging their Lour, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bafhfull years, with your experience,
Prent her trecent to bear a Wores Tale,
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Sovereignty: Acquaint the Princeffe
With the sweet fient hours of Marriage joyses:
And when this Arme of mine hath chaffiled
The petry Rebell, dull-brain'd & back-grounded,
Bound with Triumphant Garland will it come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retale my Conquest wonne,
And the fulbe folc Victoire, & Cerfe Searj.

What were I befl to fay, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Oh shall I fay her Vakle?
Or he that fliew her Brothers & her Vakles?
Vnder what Title flie I was fay for her,
That God, the Law:my, honor, and her Lour,
can make herme pleating to her tender cares?
Rch. Inferre fain Englandes peace by this Alliance.
Wch the fliall purchase with old lying waftre.
Tell her the Song that may command, mears.
That at her hands, which the king's King forbids,
say if theflall be High and Middle Queene.
To tale the Title, as her Mother doth.
Say: I will lowe her curtellying.
But how long fhall that title ever laft?
Swerety in force, ym hath here liues end.
But how long fhall her sweet life laft?
As long as Hauent and Nature lengthen it,
As long as Hell and Reckordlikes of it.
Say: I know it to be true, I say it to be true.
But the your Subief, clothes fuch Soveraignety.
Be eloquent in your behalfe to her.
An heift tale fpeads beh, being plainly told.
Then plainly to her, tell my hauing tale.
Plante and not hones, as too hard a ftytle.
Your Reacions are too shallow, and to quicke.
Oon, my Reacions are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (moore Infants) in their graces,
Harpe on that wall, I will hear things breake.
Harpe not on that thing Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Prophane, dishonour'd, and the third vifirpt,
I were.
By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George profhaned, hath left his Lordly Hone.
Thy Garter blemifhed, pawn'd with a Knightly Venue;

Thy Crowne vifirpt, digge'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'rt wære to be beleue'd,
Swears, that isfa, thy Daughter, that thou haft not wrong'd.
Rch. Then by my felfe,
Thy perfelf, is felle-mifra'd.
Rch. Now by the World,
This full of thy foule wrongs.
Rch. My Fathers death,
Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
Rch. Why then, by Heaven.
Heavens wrong is moft of all:
If thou didst it feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vanity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers die.
If thou hadft a fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Thou hadft a fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Had gadd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duff,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wronnes.

What canst thou sweare by now,
Rch. The time to roynat thy Country.
That thou haft wrongd in the time ore paft:
For I may haft many years to waft
Hereafter time, for time paft, wrong'd by thee.
The Children hue, whose Fathers thou haft diuorcer'd,
Vngovenderd youth, that haft工程技术.
To waife it with their age.
The Parents hue, whose Children thou haft haft break'd the Arces,
Old barren Plants, to waife it with their Age.
Weare not by time to come, for that thou haft
Miss'd the day, by times ill-waft repair'd.
Rch. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
So thine I may daungtous Affayters
Of hoiffe Armes: My felle, my leffle confound:
Heauen and ffortune bring me happy hours:
Day, yeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy refle.
Be oppofite all Planets good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts love,
Im Macedon, holy, thoughts.
I tendre not thy beautous Princey daughter.
In her, confilts my Happiness, and thine:
Wait on her, followers to my felle, and thee:
Her felle, the Land, and many Christian foule,
Death, Defolation, Rune, and Decay;
It cannot be auyed, but by this:
It will not be auyed, but by this.
Therefore drave Mother (I muft call you fo)
Be the Attorney of my love to her:
Please what I will be, not what I have beene;
Not my defects, but what I will decrue;
Vrge the Neeceffity and state of times,
And be not pettish found, in great Defignes.
Shall I be complaint of the Sufel:
Lift the Sufel tempts you to do good,
Shall I forget my felle, to be my felle.
If your felle remembrance wrong your felle.
Yet thou didst kill my Children.
But in your daughters would be I bury them.
Where in that Neft of Sufet they will breed
Selles of themfelves, never to be remembrance.
Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
And be a happy Mother by the deed.
I go, write to me very fhortly,
And you fhall vnderstand from me her mind.

Rch. Bear her my true loues kisse, and to farewell.
Releeting Foele, and fhallowing Woman.

How
The Life and Death of Richard the Third. 199

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast
Redef a prudent Naisie : to our Shores
Thro' many doubfull hollow-hearted friends,
Waxm'd, and unforeld to beat them backe,
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admiral:
And there they halt, expecting but the side
Of Suffolk, to welcome them ashore.

Rat. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thyselfe, or Cately, where is he?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rat. Cately, flye to the Duke;
Cat. I will my Lord with all convenient haste.

Rat. Cately come hither, post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither, Dull roundfull Vulane,
Why stay't thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
Cat. Firstam I know, my Lord, I tell you my Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

Rat. True, good Cately, but he meanes leueth
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I see.

Rat. What may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?

Rat. Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I goe?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should pose before,
Rat. My mind is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good my Liege, to please you with hearing,
Nor none to bad, but well may be reported.

Rat. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad;
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the nearest way?

Stan. Once more, what queres?

Rat. Richmond is on the Seas,

Rat. There let him finde, and be the Seas on him,
White-livered Runnage, what doth there be?

Stan. I know not, my mightie Sovereign, but by gufele.

Rat. Well, as you please.

Stan. Sturr'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morten,
He makes his passage, here to play the Crowne.

Rat. Is the Chayre empire? is the Sward unwr'ly'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire wapp'd?
What Here of York is there shene, but we?
And who is England's King, but great Yorks Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Viettle for that, my Liege, I cannot Queffe,

Rat. Viettle for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot Queffe where the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt returle, and flye to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

Rat. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the Western shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippers?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Rat. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should return their Sovereigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Maiestie to give me leave,
Iie murther vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.

Rat. I, thou wouldst be gone, to join with Richmond:
But lie not too thicke.

Stan. Most mightie Sovereign,
You have no cautle to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.

Rat. Go thee now, and murther men, but leave behind
Your Sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads afference is but fraile.

Stan. So deal with him, as I import true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Sovereigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir Edward Courtenay, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates, are in Armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Gausfords are in Armes,
And every house more Competitive
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham,

Mess. If the Biddon Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham Armie is dispers'd and scattered,
And be himselfe wander'd away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rat. I trye the mercy:
There is my Purse, to cure that Blows of thine,
Hast any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Rewarded to him that brings the Trayson in?

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. That Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Lewel, and Lord Marquesse Dorset,
'Tis said my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Britaine Nausie is dispers'd by Tempeast.
Richmond in dorsetshire sent out a Boat
Vnice the shore, to take those on the Banks,
If they were his Affidants, yes, or no?
Who answer'd them, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partes; he mistrusted them,
Hov's fayle, and made his course against Britaine.

Rat. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with fortune Eternery,
Yet to bear downe those Rebels here at home.

Enter Cately.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earl of Richmond
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Is with a mighty power Land at Milford,
Is colder Never, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, where we reason here,
A Royal battle might be made and told.

Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the right march on with me.

Enter Derick and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sit Christopher, tell Richard this from me,
That in the face of the most deadly Burn.
My friend George Stanley is frank in my hold.
If you can, off goes young Georger's head,
The fear of that, holds off my present prey.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.

With all my life, the Quene hath heartily contented
He should espouse to Edwad's daughter,
But tell me, who is so Pencily Richmond now?
Chris. At Penbrooke, or at henford Weft in Wales.
Der. What men of name refer to him.

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Soldier,
Sir Gabi Tuke, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, rode about Pembroke, Sir James Plant,
And Boss of 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 within.
Der. Well, I say thee to thy Lord: I'll keep his hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. Exit.

Enter Buckingham with Halbard Jed.
Exit Execution.

Buc. Will not your Richard let me speak with him?
Sor. No, nor I say, or we therefore be patient.

Buc. Hallo! and Edwards children, Gray & Rovers,
Holy King, Heirs, and day faire some Edwards,
Daughter, and all that have miscarried
By under hand corrupted foule imumne.
If that your moody discontented foules,
Do through the clouds beholding the present hour,
Then for a stage make me my definition.
This is the All-foul'd day (Fellow, just not?

Sor. I'th. kine

Buc. Why then All-foul'd day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I would now fall on me, when I was found
Falle to his Children, and his Wits Allies.
This is the day, where I wish to fall
By the falle Faith of him whom I trusted.
This, this All-foul'd day to my foul All-foul,
Is the determined riht of my wrongs.
That high All-foul, which I dailled with,

Hath turn'd my father's prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in lef.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their owne points in their Maltese boomen.
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my Reck.
When he (quoth he) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetece.
Come leade me Officers to the blockade of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Buckingham with Officers.

Enter Richard, Oxford, Blunt, Harbours, and others, with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Friends
Bristd undersethe the yoke of this man,
Thus farwe into the bowels of the Land.
Have we marcht on without impediment:
And here receive we from our allies stronger
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, blooy, and whynes of Boose.
(That they'd in your Summer Field, dyed the fallow Vines)
Smiles your warm blood like wall & makes his trough
In your embowed holome.
This boose Wine is now even in the Centre of this Life,
Ne'ere to the Tower of Leicester, we are leame:
From Tamworth to chaber, but one dayt match.
In Gods name cheerfully on, contagious Friends,
To reape the Gratitute of perpetuall peace.
By this one bloody trall of sharp Warte,
On. Every man, Conscience is vital men,
To fight against this guile Homabees.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turn to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but those are friends for fear,
Which in his desire we will fly from him.

Rich. All ye by our Enrages, the ths Gods may match,
True Hope is far, and if it with swallow wings,
Fare it makes God, and on each creatures Kings.

Exit Officers.

Enter King Rich., Armes with Norffike, Rain, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, given here is still north field.
My Lord of Surrey, why leve you not had?
Sor. My heart is straights to lighter then my lookes,
Rich. My Lord of Norffike.
Nor. Here most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norffikes, we must have knoues:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I ly to night;
But where to morrow? Well all's one for it.

Who hath defeated the number of the Trattors?
Nor. Six of ten thouend is that of men power.
Rich. Why our Barrack troubles that account:
Besides, the Kings voice is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverse Fation want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction.

Let's
Let's lack no Discipline, make no delay, 
For Lords, to morrow is a busy day.

Enter Richard, Sir William Brandon, Ox- 
ford, and others.

Rich. The weary Sunne, had made a Golden set, 
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre, 
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow. 
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard, 
Give me some Ink and Paper in my Tent. 
He draw the Fortune and Model of our Battle. 
Limit each Leader to his several Charge, 
And part in such proportion our small Power. 
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William to order, 
And you Sir Walter Herbert stay with me. 
The saddle of Pembroke keeps his Regiment, 
Good Captain Blow, beare my goodly, in his Town, 
And by the second hour in the Morning, 
Defend the Earl to serve me in Tent: 
Yet one thing more, good Captain Blow, do for me: 
Where is Lord Stanier quartered, do you know? 
Blow. Vnto me I have mitaine his Colours much, 
(Which well I am afraid I have not done.) 
His Regiment hides a Male at least 
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Rich. If without peril it be possible, 
Sweet Blow, make some good means to speak with him 
And give him from me, this most needfull News. 
Blow. Upon my life, my Lord, it undertake, 
And so God give you quiet rest to night.
Rich. Good night good Captain Blow. 
Count Castleton. 
Let us consult vpont to morrowes business; 
Into my Tent, the Dew is sauer and cold.
They with an end into the Tent.

Lyn Richard, Ratscliffe, Norfolk, and Catches.

Rich. What is a Clocke? 
Cat. It is Supper time my Lord, it is nine a clocke. 
King. I will goe up to night, 
Give me some Ink and Paper. 
What, is any Beater easter then it was? 
And all my Armour laid into my Tent. 
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readiness. 
Rich. Good Norfolk, I see thee to thy charge, 
Vie carefully Watch, choose truly Centinels, 
An' do you, my Lord. 
Rich. Sir with the Lake to morrow, gentle Norfolk. 
Now, I warrant you my Lord, 
Exit. 
Cat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Puruissant at Armes 
To Stanley Regiment: but him bring his power 
Before Sunrising, left his Sonne George fall 
Into the blinde Cause of eternal night. 
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch, 
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow: 
Look that my Stakes be found, & not too hasty: Ratscliffe. 
Cat. My Lord.

Rich. Will the melancholy Lord Northumberland? 
Cat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and humselfe, 
Much about Cockght time, from Troope to Troope 
Went through the Army, cheering vp the Soulecters. 
King. So, I am satisfied: Give me a Bowle of Wine, 
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit, 
Not cheere of Minde that I was wont to have. 
Set it downe. Is Lake and Paper ready? 
Cat. It is my Lord. 
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me, 
Ratscliffe, about the end of night come to my Tent. 
And help to amerce. Leave me I say. 
Exit Ratscliffe.

Enter Dyke to Richmond in his Tent.

Dyr. Fortune, and Victory: fee on thy Helme. 
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford, 
Be to thy Percon, Noble Father in Law. 
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother? 
Dyr. By Attourney, bleefe thee from thy Mother, 
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good: 
So much for that. The silent hours fleaste on, 
And blake darkness breaks within the East. 
In breefe, far to the action but we be, 
Prepare thy Battel early in the Morning, 
And put thy Fortune to th'Abatement. 
Of bloody brooke, and mortal sitting Waire, 
I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot, 
With best advantage to defend the place, 
And so the three in this doubfull shoke of Armes, 
But on thy side I may not be too forward, 
Left being scorne, thy Brother, tender George 
Be execu't in his Fathers sight. 
Due was the leytere, and the fearefull time 
 Cure of the ceremonious Vowes of Love, 
And ample enochace of Sweet Eloquence, 
Wish to long handful of Friends should dwell upon. 
God gave us leytere for the sites of Love. 
Once more Aced, be valiant, and speed well. 
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment: 
He throue with troubled note, to take a Nap, 
Left lesse then be prece to me downe to morrow, 
When I should meet with sitts of Victory: 
Once more, good night kunde Lords and Gentlemen. 

Exeunt. Marcus Richmond.

Othou, whose Captaine I account my selfe, 
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye: 
Put them in hands the braving fronts of wrath, 
That they may crush downe with a heavy fall, 
T'lining helmets of our Adveraries: 
Make vs thy Ministers of Chastitence, 
That we may praise thee in thy vittory: 
To thee I commend my watchfull foule, 
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eues: 
Sleeping and waking, ob defend me still. 

Steps.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the first.

Ch. to Sir. Let me see heavy on thy foule to morrow: 
Think how thou stabble me in my prime of youth 
At Tunkesbury: Dispare therefore, and dye. 
Ghost to Rich. Bearesthall Richmond, 
For the wronged Soules 
Of busater'd Princes, fight in thy behalf: 
King Henry shall Richmond comforts thee. 
Enter the Ghost of Henry the first. 
Ghost. When I was mortall, my Annointed body 
By thee was punched full of holes; 
Think on the Tower, and me: Dispare, and dye, 
Harry the first, bids thee dispare, and dye. 
To Richam. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror: 
Harry that prophesied thou shoul'dst be King. 
Dost comfort thee in steepes: Live, and flouris.

Enter.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Glo. Let me fit heavily in thy tabernacle to-morrow.
I that was washed to death with Fullsome Wine:
Poor Clarence by thy guile bestraw'd to death:
To morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall the edge of Swoed, dispair and dye.
To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heare of York do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Luce and Flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Rich. Let me fit heavily in thy foule to-morrow,
Rivers, that dyd at Pontefret: dispair and dye,
Gray, Think on grey, and let thy foule dispair.
Vaugh. Think on Vaughan and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispair and dye.

A l' Ecru. Awake,
And think the wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake! and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Glo. Bloody and guilty: guilty awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy day.
Think on Lord Hastings: dispair: and dye.

Hast. to Rich. Quiet untroubled foule,
Awake awake:
Arise, light, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghost of the two young Princes.

Ghost. Drive on thy Countin
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruler, shame, and death,
The Nephewes foule bids thee dispair and dye.

Glo. to Rich. Sleep Richard, Sleep Richard,
Sleep in Peace, and wake in Joy.
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Luie, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That weighted Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet house with thee,
Now filleth thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battalle, think on me,
And fall the edge of Sword, dispair and dye.

Glo. to Rich. Thou quiet foule,
Sleep thou quiet sleepe:
Dream of Success, and Happy Victory,
Thy Adversates Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Glo. to Rich. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crown:
The last was I that fell thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battalle think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltymede.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispair: dispairest yield thy breath.

Glo. to Rich. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But Envie thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richards side,
And Rich. fell in height of all his pride.

Rich. Curse me another: Hope, bind to my Wounds:
Hate mercy I sof. Soft, I did but curse me:
O coward Confidence! how doth thou affright me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fre Palest drops stand on my trembling feath.
The Life and death of Richard the Third. 203

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and woreng foole's,
As high read't Bulwarkes, daish before our Faces,
(Richard except) tho' whose we fight against,
Had rather have vs win, then hom 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 the owne, that were the meanes to help him.
A base soule Stone, made precious by the people
Of Englandes Chaires, where he is falsely set
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will afflicte ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do swerve to put a Tyrant down,
You cease in peace, the Tyrant being floute:
If you do fight against your Countries foes,
Your Countries Faith shall pay your pains the lyke.
If you do fight in safegard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all the right,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranlement of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corses on the earths cold face.
But if I thrive, the game of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully, God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratchell, and Caskey.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was strangely mispight in Armes.
K. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He confest and said, the better for our purpose.
K. He was in the right, and did indeed it,
Tell the clocke there.

Clocke Arkes.
Give me a Kalender; Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
K. Then he did faine to shine: for by the Booke
He should have brandt the East an hour agoe,
A blacke day will be to some body, Ratchells.
Rat. My Lord.
K. The Sun will not be sene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lower upon our Army,
I would have these dewy teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me,
More then to Richmond? For the felie same Heaven
That frownes on me, looks fadly upon him.

Enter Northfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunt in the field.
K. Come, buffle, buffle. Capitaine my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the place,
And thus my Battell shall be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Confuding equally of Hills and Hills.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midld;
John Duke of Northolk, Thomas Esle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will allow.

In the maine Battell, whole puissance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheefe Horie:
This, and Saint George to boaste.
What think'st thou Northolk?
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
This found on my Tent this morning.

Jockey of Northolk, be not so bold,
For Doctrine my master a bought and field.
K. A thing denied by the Enemy,
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreamers affright our foules.
For Consciene is a word that Cowards use,
Dauns'd at first to keep the strong in swe.
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, soine braly, let vs trott pell mell,
If your hearts, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I hace intirely
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rafe, and Run-awayes,
A crew of Britannes, and base Lackey Pezantes,
Whose there o're-cloyed Country vomits forth.
To desperare Adventures, and affite Definition.
You keeping fast, they being, you to suck:
You housing Lands, and blatt with weyesious wines,
They would refirme the one, disfrace the other.
And who doth lead them, but a petty Fellow?
Long; kept in Britain at our Mothers cost,
A Muskett, one that never in his life
Felt to smale cold, as over floos in Snowe.
Let's white steeds shynnes the Soldier, in grame,
Ill borne these over-weening Roggers of France,
These famishd Roggers, every of their lines,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond explote)
For want of meane (pooe Rats) shall bang themselves,
I we be conquered, let men conquer vs.
And not the beafted Britannes, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne land and beaten, babble, and chump'd,
And on Record, left them the heres of flame.
Shall thee enjoy our Lande? why with our Wues?
Raffe our daughters? Drum a flour oth
Heerke, I hearthe my Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your iron powders to the head,
Spare your proud Horsefes head, and ride in blood,
Amaze the wekin with your broken baunce.

Enter a Messanger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Off with his forme George head.
Mef. My Lord, the Enemy is put the Marsh.

After the battle, let George Stanley eye.
K. A hundred hearths are great with my bosom,
Advance our Standards, set vpon your Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Inspire vs with the plenm of fiery Dragoons.
Vpon them, Vichirie fits on our helpers.

Alarum, exit Rante. Enter Catsby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Northolk,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the threat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum: t 3

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The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Curt. Withdraw my Lord, I'll beseech you to a Horse.

Rich. Staue, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think there be three Richmonds in the field,
Fie haue I flame to day, in stead of him.

A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Atiam, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard in flame.

Rich. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

End. Couragious Richmond,
Well haue thou acquisite thee: Lo,
Heres these long viciar'd Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haste I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Wear it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of Heavens, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong George Stanley bong?

End. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you pleafe) we may withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are flame on either side?

Dr. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,

Rich. Intere their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclame a pardon to the Soldiers flied,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue taken the Sacrament,
We will vowe the White Rofe, and the Red.
Smile Heauen upon this faire Conjunction,
That long have found'd upon their Enemy:
What Traitor heares me, and sayes no Amen?
England hath long benne mad, and learnt her felfe;
The Brother blindely flied the Brothers blood;
The Father rashly flaughered his owne Sonnes,
The Sonne compell'd, became Butcher to the Site;
All this done'd Yorke and Lancaster,
Dundled, in their dire Disfion.
O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houfe,
By Gods faire ordinance, coneyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be to)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fe'd Peace,
With smilling Plenty, and faire Prosperous days.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce their bloody days againe,
And make poore England weeps in Sreames of Blood:
Let them not haue to raise this Lands increase,
That would with Tresion, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Chapp wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again;
That the may long live herre, God say, Amen. Exit

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eighth.

THE PROLOGUE.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abingdon.

Buckingham.

Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done Since last we saw in France?

Nor: I thank your Grace:

Healthful, and ever since a fresh Adminder

Of what I saw them.

Buck: An inviolably Aque

Send me a Prisoner to my Chamber, when

Those Saints of Glory, those two Lights of Men

Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde,

I was then present, for them false on Horsebackes

Belled them when they lighted, how they clung

In their Embrace, as they grew together,

Which had they,

What four if Thou'd ones could have weighed

Such compounded one?

Buck, All the whole time

I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you left

The view of earthly glory: Men might say

Till this time Pompe was single, but now married

To one about it else. Each following day

Became the next days mater, till the last

Made former Wonders, it's.

To day the French,

All Citizens all in Gold, like Heathen Gods

Stole down the English; and to morrow, they

Made Britaine, India: Every man that Fod,

Shew Alike a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were

As Churbone, all gile: the Maddens too,

Nor wold'to stoyle, did almost sweet to beare

The Pride upon them, that their very labour

Was to Them, a Painting. Now this Marse

Was crye de incomparably: and the ensuing night

Made it a Poole, and Begger. Two the Kings

Equal in stature, were now both, now worth

As preference did present them: Him in eye,

Still him in praise, and being present both,

This said they saw but one, and no Diference

Durf wagge his Tongue to entice, when those Samaes

(For to they parte 'em) by their Heraldie challeng'd

The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did perfoarme.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Be fore thoughts Compaiss, that former fabulous Store
Being now faine, possyble enough, goe creede:
That Birth was belou'd.

Bec. Oh you go faire.

Nor. As I belong to worthy, and affect
In Hones. Honestly, the start of every thing,
Would by a good Discouer forke some lite,
Which Actions felue, was tongsue too,

Bec. All was Royalty,
To the disposing of it sought rebeld,'
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Difinfy his full Function, who did guide,
I meane who led the Body, and the Lumes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:
One center, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Bec. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordr'd by the good Discretion
Of the right Cuerardinal of York.

Bec. The duell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in the fierce Vainity I won'der,
That such a Keesan his with very bulke
Take vp the Feates of the beneficall Sun,
And keep it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propy by Ancestry, whole grace
Chalke Successfull: their way nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Affillants: but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O guesso note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heaven guess for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aur. I cannot tell.

What Hame'st guess given him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Prepe through each part of him: whence he's the that,
If not from Hell? The Duell is a Niggar,
Or he's guuest all before, and he begins
A new He in him selfe.

Bec. Why the Duell,
Upon this French going out, tooke he upon him
(Without the privyty of the King) Appoint
Who should attand on him: He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Councill, out
Must fetch him in, the Papists.

Aur. I do know
Kimesmen of mine, three at the left, that bave
By this, to flocken'd their Effates, that never
They flill around as formerly.

Bec. O many
Have your kithces backes with laying Mannors on'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minifter communcation of
A mott poor issue.

Nor. Greemingly I thinke,
The Peace between the French and vs, not valeues
The Coif that did conclude it.

Bec. Every man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd was

A thing inspird't, and not consulting,broke
Into a general Prophecy, That this Tempest
Dafhing the Garment of this Peace, aabouted
The fadoline breaketh out.

Nor. Which is bussed over,
For France would not the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Aur. Is it therefore
Th'Embassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Mayry is't.

Aur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd,
At a superious rate.

Bec. Why all this Businesse
Our Revard Cardinal cairned.

Nor. Like in your Grace,
Th'states take notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinal. I aduise you
And take in a heart, that wishes towards you:
Honor, and plenteous safety: that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together: To confide further, that
What his high Hated would effect, wants not
A Minifter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull, and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and may be faide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Th'other doth carth. Bofome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholesome. Loc, where comes that Rock
That I aduise yourกำหนด.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The
Cardinal on his passage, twice theses on Buckingham,
and Buckingham on him, both full of distaince.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham: Suyreyote Ha?
Where is this Examination?

Secr. Here's to please you.
Car. Is he in priouis, ready?
Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more. Buckingham
Shall leffen this bigge locke.

Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.

Bec. This Butchers Carre is venem'd,mou'd, and I
Have not the power to mazle him, therefore beff
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggers bookes,
Out-wards a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?

Aske God for Tempes, that's theappliaice onely
Which your disfafe requires.

Bec. I read in his looks
Matter against me, and his eye reu'd
Me as his abect obiect, at this instant
He borsme with some tricks; He's gone to th' King:
He follow, and ou'take him.

Nor. Say my Lord,
And let your Reson with your Cheller question
What is't you go about to clime steep hills
Requires flow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horfe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mette ties him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Bec. He to the king,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This
The Life of King Henry the Eighth

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Arms before him, and

Brandon, Your Office Sergeant execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton,

Artilet twice of High Tresfon, in the name

Of our most Sovereign King.

Buck. Loy you my Lord,
The net has fallen upon me, I shall perish.
Vndes device, and pratteth. 

Buck. I am sorry,
To see you shear from liberty, to looke on
The business present. 'This his Higness 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 white past black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord Abbergray: Fare you well.

Bras. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleased you shall to th'Tower, all you know
How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bras. Here is a warrant from
The King, 'tis a Lord Momentus, and the Bodies
Of the Duke Confessor, John de la Car,

One Gilbert Pecky, his Councillour.

Buck. So, so,
These are the limbs o' th' Plot: more no more I hope.

Bras. A Monk o' th' Charter,

Buck. O Michael Hopkins.

Bras. He.

Buck. My Sunyar is false: the ore-great Cardinal
Hath the-will'd him gold; my life is spand already.
I am the shadow of those Buckingham,
Whole Figure, even this infant Clowd puts on,
By darkning my cleere Sunne, My Lords farewell.

Scena Secunda.

Carnets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinall shou-
der, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Loolet: the Cardinall
places himself under the King feste to
his right side.

King. My life is felle, and the belt heartis of
Thanks you for this great care: I stood o'th'enlen
Of a full-charg'd confederace, and gave thanks
To you that choaked it. Let be cale before vs.
That Gentleman of Buckingham, in person,
Ie heare him his confessions suffisse,
And point by point the Treasons of his Master,
He shall againe relate.

A noys within crying room for the Queen, usher'd by the
Duke of Norfolk, Enter the Queen, Norfolk and

Suffrige clowd knoal. King rides from his State, takes her up, bless and placeth
her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele, I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by vs, halfes your Sais
Never came to vs, you have halfe our power.

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Card. And so, for now,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not pull me, but
By learned approbation of the judges: If I am
I shall by ignorance and tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be.
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
’Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vector mule go through: we must not flint
Our necessary actions, in the laree
To cope malicious Contenciers, which euer,
As such noise Fisher do a Veilell follow
That is new trim’d; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe beft,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow’d; what would so oft
Hunting a greater quality, is crude rpe.
For our beft Aft: if we shall stand till,
In laree our motion will be mock’d d, or carp’d at,
We should take rope here, where we fit;
Or fit State Status only.

K. Things done well,
And with a care, except themsevles from feare:
Things done without example, in their lide
Are to be feard. Have you a President
Of this Commissioun? I beleue, not any,
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And Riche them in our Will. S xt pat of each?
A trembling Commissioun: why we take
From every Tree, Iop, baake, and part oth Timber:
And though we leave it with a route thus hackt,
The Ayre will drink the sop. To every County
Where this is question’d, let our Letters, with
Free pardon to evert man that has denye
The force of this Commissioun: pray look too’t;
I put it to you care.

Card. A word will you
Let there be Letters visit to every Shire,
Of the King’s grace and pardon: the greaved Commons
Hardly conceiv’d of me. I let be now d,
That through our Intercessioun, this Renovement
And pardon corne: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. Exit Secret.

Eater Surveyer.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. It grievances, many:
The gentleman is Lord, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound: his trayning lch,
That he my furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And never fecke fire out of him selfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispat’d, the minds growing once corrupt,
They tyme to vicious former, ten times more uguy
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold moffat wonders: and when we
Almost with reason shewing, could not finde
His house of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits, put the Graces
That once were his, and, become so blacke,
As if before & hell. Sir by y, you shall haire
(Thys was his Gentleman in trouf) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recit’d prates, whereof
We cannot feel too hule, heare too much.

Card.
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Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you know in a careful manner, here collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kim. Speak freely.

Sir. First, it was vastly with him, every day
It would infect his speech: 'Tis that the King
Should without these days, he'll carry it so
To make the Speaker his, the very words I've
Heard him utter to his Sonne in Law.

Lord Arnearng, to whom by oath he promised
Repose upon the Cardinall.

Card. Pillage your Highness's word.
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not fenced by his wish to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stitches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with Charity.

Kim. Speak on.

How gruesome was his Tittle to the Crowne
Upon our failure, to this day not hath he heard us,
As you; me speak aloud?

Sir. He was brought to this,
By a wile the Prebende of Nicholas Houns.

Kim. What was that Houn's?

Sir. A Chamber Fryer,
His confessour, who led him every minute
With words of Sovereignty.

Kim. How know I'll thou this?

Sir. Not long before your Higness' journey to France,
The Duke being at the Bed, within the Parish
Saint Lawrence Paulines, did other demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I trouble,
Men fear the French would prove pernicious.
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Saw, that was the least indeed, and that he doubted
Would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, 'fay'se he,
Hath lent to me, with willing me to permit
To de la Carr, my Chaplaine, a choice howre
To hear from him a matter of some import.
While after under the Communicions Scale.
He solemnly had taken, that what he spoke
My Chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should viter, with devout Confidence,
This paufly, enta, dempe, neither the mon's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him frame
To the loute of 's Commaund, the Duke
Shall governe England,

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's Secretary, and left your Office
On the complaint of Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And pay not your nobler Soule; they take heed,
Yet, heartily be your selfe,

Kim. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sir. On my Soule, I speake but my truth,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Duels illuvions
The Monke might be decieved, and that was dangerous
For this to ruminate on this fare, would
It forced him some danger, which being beleu'd
It was much like to do: He answer'd, 'Tuth,
It may due me no damage, adioing further,
That had the King in his last Sicknedde faild.
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Lolest heads
Should have goe off.

Kim. Hid? What so ramcke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; cant thou say further?

Sir. I can my Liegde,

Kim. Whence?

Sir. Being at Greewich,

About Sir William Blumer

Kim. I remember of such a time, being my sworn fer-
The Duke returnd him: But on what then?

Sir. If (quoth he) I live; this had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought. I would have plaid.
The Duke my Father menace to act upon

Th'Vvagcr Richard, who bring at Saturdy.
Made lust to come in's presence; which he granted,
(As he made sense of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

Kim. A Grant Trystor,

Card. Now Midamay, may his Highnes line in freedom,
And this man out of Dution.

Queen. God mendall,

Sir. They're something more would out of thee; what

Sir. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stiched him; And with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on this all, neuring his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he could vs'd, he would ouerge
His Fathers, by as much as a performance
Do's an unholine purpose.

Kim. Their's a reason,
To thrust his knife to vs; he is attack'd,
Call him to present trial: if he may
Funde mercy in the Law, his his; if none,
Let him not seek of vs: By day and night
He's Trystor to th' height.

Ende.

\begin{quote}
Facer L. Chambeleinae et L. Sandys, 
L. Ch. T. Decr. pot. pro spes de Francia should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
\end{quote}

\begin{quote}
L. Sen. New titles, Though they be more to ridiculous,

\begin{itemize}
\item [Nay le'tem be vunamly'] yet are follow'd,
\item [L. Ch. As farre as I yet, all the good our English
Have got by the late' Commaund, is but merely
\item [A fiscer a two: a face, (but they are three one)]
\item [For when they hold on'; you would swear directly]
\item [Their very nos had been Councellours]
\item [To Pagan or Catherines, they kepe Stase to]
\item [L. Sen. They have all new legs,]
\item [A lisme one; one would take it]
\item [That wherefore of tenn peace before, the Spanen]
\item [A Spring-halts rain'd among'em]
\end{itemize}
\end{quote}

L. Ch. Death my Lord,

Their clothes are alter such a Pagan cut not't,
That sure th' have worse out Ch.: interdome how now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lolest?

\begin{quote}
Enter Sir Thomas Lolest.

Lolest. Faith my Lord,

I hear of none but the new Proclamation,
That's a cap't upon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

\end{quote}
Scene Quarta.

Hobbes. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a larger Table for the Gifts. Then Enter some Brides, and others: other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Gifts, as one Dowt, at an other Doors enter Sir Henry Gunford.

Sir Henry Gunford.

A general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicats
To faire content, and you: None here he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry:
As fit, good Company, Good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people,

Enter L. Chamberlain, L. Sandys, and Lowell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir Henry Gunford.

Sandys. Sir Thomas Lowell, had the Cardinal
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Bankett,ere they refell,
I thinkt would better please em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Low. As your Lordship were but now Conслед,
To one or two of thee.

Sandys. I would I were,
They should finde easie penance.

Low. Fint how easie?

Sandys. As easie as a downed bed would afford it.

Cham. Swce: ladies will it please you sir; Sir Harry
Place you that side, He take the charge of this
His Grace is enting.

Low. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plaid together, makes cold weather;
My Lord Sandys, you are one will keep em wakly:
Pray fit between the faire Ladies.

Sandys. By my faith,
And thake your Lordship: by your leaue faire Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wide,worfe me:
I had it from my Father.

An Bcl. Was he mad Sir?

Sandys. O very mad, exceeding mad,indee too;
But he would bine none, wit I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well faid my Lord;
So now you are freely feasted: Gentlemen,
The penance yee on you; if these two faire Ladies
Passe away froming,

Sandys. For my little Cure,

Let me alone.

Hobbes. Enter Cardinal preystly, and takys his State.

Card. Yare well ome my faire Guests,that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to conforme my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sandys. Your Grace a Noble.

Card. My Lord Sandys,

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I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sam. The red wine fist maffit me
In their fairest cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Take vs to silence.
An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord Sancs.
Sam. Yes, if I make my play;
Here's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For this to such a thing.
An. B. You cannot shew me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers descharg'd.
Sam. I told you Grace, they would take anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not:
By all the laws of Warr 'are privilidge'd.

Enter a Servant.
Cham. How now, what is it?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem; they have left their Barge and landed,
And hither made, as great Embassadors
From foraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlane,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine as full upon them. Some assist hum-
Alto, and Tables remov'd.
You have now a broken Banquet, but we't mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shew you a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hoberey. Enter King and others as Masters, habited like
Shepheardes, offer'd by the Lord Chamberlane. They
passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully jostle
him.
A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speake not English,thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That haunging heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet here where they could do no leffe,
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)
But leave their Pockes, and under your faire Conduct
Grace leue to view thefe Ladies, and entreat
An hour of Revels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord Chamberlane,
They have done my poore house grace:
For which I pay'rn a thousand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Chaf. Ladies, King and An Bullen
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O Intuer,
Till now Intuer knew thee.

Mufick. Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they? 

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it,
Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaves Gentlemen; here Ile make
My royall choice:
Kyn. Ye have found him Cardinal,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord;
You are a Churceman, or ile tell you Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is grown a so pleasant.
Kyn. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prechee come hither, what faire Ladies thet?
Cham. An's please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Billens Daughter, the Viscount Relford,
One of her Highnesse women.
Kyn. By Heaven she is a daughter one, Sweet heart,
I was unmannely to take you out,
And not to kill you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it one round.
Card. Sir Thomas Lonel, is the Banker ready
It's Privy Chamber?
Lou. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated,
Kyn. I feare too much.
Card. There's frether aye my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kyn. Lead in your Ladies ev'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I must yet to have you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal! I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drink to these faire Ladies, and a meature
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dreame
Who's best in favour. Let the Musick knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets.

Altus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at four tall Doors.
1. Whether away so fast?
2. O, God save ye.
Edn. to the Hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. He save you
That labour Sir. Altis now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the Prisoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray speake what he's happen'd.
1. You may guesse quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truly is he,
And condemned without.
2. I am forry for it.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how paff it?
1. He tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and allledged
Many harshy reasones to defeat the Law.
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofs, confessions

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NOR build their rills on the graves of great men:
For then, my good life, blood must cry against him.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I use, although the king have mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that loud me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble Friends and Fellowes, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying
Goe with me like good Angells to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steele fall on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name,
Lowd. I doe befeech your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were bid signifie me, now to forgive me frankly.
Back, Sir Thomas Lowell, as I thee forgive you
As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Emu shall make my Grace,
Commend none to his Grace:
And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vows and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forlacke,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his years;
Lust belou'd and longing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he, fill up one Monument.
Low. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my Charge up to Sir Nicholas Dams,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Prepare yere;
The Duke is comming. See the Barke be ready,
And his with such furniture as fitts
The Greatestnesse of his Person,
Back, Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let st a lone, my State now will but mocke me.
When I came Father, I was Iord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham: now, most Edward Bolan;
Yet I am not, by the way, Acuiter,
That never knew what I truth meant: I now seeth it;
And wish that bold with make 'em one day groan for.
My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against Wurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his Servant Banjoller,
Being diffirent, was by that wretch beraul,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him,
Henry the Seuen is succeeding, truly tryting
My Fathers life; like a most Royal Prince
Before me. my Humours and out of tunes
Made my Name once in a Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy: at one Brooke he's taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say a Noble one, which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father,
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Verses, by those Men we loked most
A most vnnatural and faithlesse Servite
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that care me,
This from a dying man receave a certaine:
Where you are liberal of your loues and Counsellors,
But use you not loojes; for those you make friends.

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And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rib in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to finke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forlack 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 felt.
I have done, and God forgive me.

Event Duke and Traime.
1. Othus is full of pity; Sir, it calls
I fear, too many curfes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guildie, 'tis full of woe; yet I can give you inckling
Of an ending evil, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keep it from vs:
What may it be you do not doubt my Faith Sir?
2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceive it.
3. Let me have done.
I do not talk much.
2. I am confidant;
You shall Sir: Dut you not of late days here
A buzzing of a Separation
Between the King and Katherine?
1. Yes, but he held.
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour and all those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2. But that flander Sir,
I found a truth now: for it grows a gen
Further then it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him neere, have out of malice
To the good Queene, possesse him with a couple
That will invade her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is struid, and lately;
As all think for this busines.
1. Tis the Cardinal;
And merly to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not bellowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopp spake of Toledo, this is purposed;
2. I think
You have hit the marke; but is not cruel,
That she should feel the limits of this: the Cardinal
Will have his will, and the muttull.
1. Tis worth.
We are too open heere to aggrande this.
Let's thinkke in proue more.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the 1° for your Lordship sent for, with all the
news I had, I say well cloven, sudden, and surprized.
They were young and handsome, and of the left bred on the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of our Lord Cardinall's Commission, and many power took
them from me, with this reason: his master would be fardre-
fore a Subsid, if not before the King, which ap'd d'our minutes,
1. I fear he will indeede; well, let him have them; hee
will have all thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well meet my Lord Chamberlaine.
Cham. Good day to both your Grace.
Suff. How is the King imploidy
Cham. I left him private.
Fall of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What is the cause?
Cham. It fernes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
His crept too neere his Confession.
Suff. No, his Confrence
He's crept too neere another Lady.
Nor. This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blude Pelle; like the eldies Senne of Fortune,
Turnes what he left. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he do no more.
Hee I ever know himselfe else.
Nor. How hollie he works in all his busine.
And with what zealie! For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (of the Queens great Nepe vs)
He dues into the Kings Soule, and there leeters
Dangers, doubts, and things on the Conscience,
Fears, and desperates, and all these for his Marriage,
And out of all these, to solace the King.
He consells a Divorce, a lobre of her.
That like a Jewell, he's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet never fell her soule,
Other that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Even of her,
That when the greest Stroke of Fortune falls
Will blest the King: and is not this course pinous?
Cham. Heauen keep me from such counsels is not true
These newes are every where every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart wepes for it. All that do re
Lookke into these matters, lest this name end,
The French Kings Suffer. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long hase slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his flautery,
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartly, for our deliverance;
Or this impemious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all men's honours
I see like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what patch he plaice.

Suff. For me; my Lords,
I hope him not, not fear him there's my Credite:
As I am made without him, so lie stand,
If the King pleafe, his Curies and his Blessings
Touch me, sticketh th'ere breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I knew him: so I loose him
To him that made him proud: the Pope.
Nor. Let's in
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, you beaure vs company?

Cham. Excuse me
The King he's lent me otherwhere: Besides
You shall finde a most anfit time to disturb him:
Health to your Lordships.

Nor.

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Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy & favour to you; You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded For ever by your Grace, which hand and he raised me.


Camp. My Lord of Turke, was not one Doctor Face In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Releue me, there is no illusion spread then, Even of your felfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How told me?

Camp. They will not Sikke to say, you enuade him; And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous) Kept him a fortraine manfall, which to grant him, That he ran mad, and dye.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him:

Wol. That is Christian care enough for being Murmurers, There's places of rebuke. He was a Fool; For he would needes be vertuous. That good Fellow, If I command him followes my appointment, I will have none to none etes. Leave this Brother, We lute not to be grip'd by meane persons.

Kim. Delitche this with modestly th' Queene.

Exe Cardinall.

Enter Anu Boundary, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither there's the pang that piches. His Highnesse, hauing lude so long with her, and the So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever Pronounce disdounour of her; by my life, She is no more to lerne doing: Oh, now after So many course of the Sun endurad, Still growing in a Mayesty and pompe, the which To luse, a thousand fold more bitter, then This sweet at first acquere. After this Precifie. To gue her the suad, it is a pitty Would move a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hardy temper Melt and lamenfent for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better She're nochad knowne pompe; though't be temporall, Yet if that quartell. Fortune, do dismane It from the bearer, 'tis a suffrenc, panging As foule and bodies iustur."
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Cham. Lady;
I shall not fail to approve the faire conceit

The King hath of you. I have persuaded her well,

Beauty and Honor in her, as long as she

That they have caught the King: and who knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a lemma,

To lighten all this lie. I'll to the King,

And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlain.

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this is: See, see,

I have been begging five years in Court

(Am yet a Courtier beg begly) nor could

Come past between too early, and too late

For any suit of pounds: and you, (of hate)

A very fresh Fish here; way, way upon

This compt'd fortune: have your mouth full up,

Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tafts! Is it better? Forty pence, no;

There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)

That would not be a Queen, that would be the not

For all the mud in Egypt, have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old L. Well, I know my fame. I could

One-moment the Lasciv: The Marchoness of Embrook?

A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect?

No other obligation? By my Life,

That promises me thousands; Honours and fame

Is longer then his fore-skirt: by this time

I know your backe will bear a Dutche, Say,

Are you not strong then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your selfe match with your particular fancy,

And leave me out on'. Would I had no being

If this slucre my blood a knot: it faine me

To think what followers.

The Queene it comforteth, and we forgetfull

In our long absence; pray do not deliver,

What here ye'have heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me —— Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Scenars, and Cornets.
Enter two Pergers, with five flaire windes; next them two

Scribes in the houres of Delfon; after them, the Bishop of

Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Elly,

Rochester, and S. Alfeth. Next them, with some small

distance, follow a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the

great Scale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bea-

ring each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman with bare

headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a

Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great

Silver Fiddles: After them, side by side, two Cardinals,

two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King take

place under the Clerk of State. The two Cardinalls sit

under him at Judges. The Queen take place some dis-

tance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on

each side the Court in manner of a Constable; Below them

the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the

Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

v 3

Cord.

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The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

that longer you defer the Court, as well
for your owne quiet, as to redlie
What is enfeated in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hand is taken well, and fully: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royal Seffon do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produced, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.
Wal. Your pleasure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to speepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long have dream'd it), certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears,
He turns to speakes of fire.
Wal. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you areumble; Nay before,
Or God will punishe me. I do declare
(Induced by parent Circumstances) that
You are my Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge. For is it so
Have blonwe this Coaule, between my Lord, and me;
(Whet: Gods dew quencheth) therefore, I say againe,
I vitally abort; yes, from any Soule
Relieue you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malefactor, For, and thank not
As all a Friend to truth.
Wal. I do proteste
You speak not like your felowe, who every
Houre bond to Chastity, and displayed the effects
Of disspotion gentle, and of wilde heart,
One stopping woman powre, Madam you do me wrong
I have no Spieene against you, nor inuincible
For you, or any: how faire I have proceeded,
Or how faire further (Whet! be) is warried
By a Commission from the Congreg.
Yes, the whole Congregacion. Nor, you urge me,
That I have blonwe this Coaule: do deny it.
The King is present: He be knowne to him,
That I gaines my Deed, how he may be wound,
And wittilylye my Faithfull, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth; the know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to false me, and the Cure is to
Remove these I thought from you. The which before
His Highness shall speakes in, I do beseech
You (gracious Madam) to unthynke your speaking,
And to saye no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weake
Toppes your cunning, Yare meek, & humble-enough'd
You figure your Place, and Calling, in full seering,
With Meckenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cram'd with Arrogance, Spieene, and Pride.
You honord Fortune, and his Highness favor,
Conceitlye in owre Repepes, and now are mounted
With Proweres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domestickes to you) truey your will, as't please
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honor, then
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
I do refuse you for my Judge, and here
Before you all, Appelle into the Pone.
To bring my whole Coaule for his holieffice,
And to be judge by him.
She Curses to the King, and offeres a depart.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

The beneke of my Conference, enter'd me:
Yes, with a spinning power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which for'd such way,
That many mad confiderings, did throng
And preiff in with this Convene, finall I thought
I lood not in the time of Hauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceu'd a male-shilde by me, should
Do no more Offices of life tooo; then
The Graue doeth to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or elde where they were made, or shortly after
This would had say'd them. Hencr I took a thought,
This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy me bel Hyhe oth's World) Should, not
Be gladded in by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Reallnesse stood in
By this my Issues tale, and that gane to me
Many a growing thou: thus bulking in
The wild Sea of my Conference, if th'there
Toward this remedy, wherein we are
Now present abre for to, that is to say,
I mean to restifice my Conference, which
I now did looke full like, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learned. Fist I began to praisse,
With you my Lord of Lorde, you remember
How under my oppression I did reece
When I first would you.

B. Law. Very well my Lidge.

Kwn. I have spoke long, be please'd your felte to say
How fare you thinke me.

L. So please your Highnesse,
The question did at first so flutter me,
Bear a State of mighty moment in,
And conference of daily thing, that I committ
The daungit Constilce which I had to doubts,
And did entrease your Highnesse to this cours,
Which you are running here.

Kwn. I then mende you,
My Lord of Canterburie, and got your leave
To make this present SUMIcions unfolckt.
I left no Reverend Person in this Court;
But by particular content proceed
Vnder your hands and Seal, therefore goe on,
For no dislike the world against the percion
Of the good Qwenne; but the harpe thorny points
Of my slaggiid reasons, drives this forward;
Proove but my Marriage lawfull, by my life
And angular Dignitie, we are contented
To w scare our mortall State to come, with her,
(Katherin our Qwenne) before the prinicell Creature
That's Pariage oth's World

Camp. So please your Highnesse,
The Qwenne being abient, 'is needfull sinnesse,
That we adowne this Court till further day;
Meane while, must be an earnest motion
Made to the Qwenne to call backe her Appeale
She intende into his Holiness.

Kwn. I may perceive
Thefe Cardinale trife with me: I abhorre
This dilatary fesh, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and wellbeloved Seruant Cramer,
Prehie returne, with thy approche: I know.
My confort comes along: brake up the Court
They, let on.

Excerpt: in manner as they enter'd.

v 3
Enter Queen and her Women as at worship.

Queen. Take thy Lance wench,
My Soul growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and dispair if thou canst leave working:

**SONG.**

Oh!borne with his Lance made Treet,
And the Mountain tops that stirs,
Brow themselves where he did long.
To his Majesty, Plants and Flowers
Ever spring; as Sunne and Sheares,
There had made alasing Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Bowers of the Sea,
Flung their heads, or thus lay.
In sweet Majestie so just,
Killing ere, and grace of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And ye please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They would me say to Madam.

Queen. Pray their Grace
To come hither: what cause their business
With me, a poor weak woman, faire from favour?
I do not like their comming; now I think not,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous
But all Hoods, make out Monks.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wof & Campbell.

Wolf. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. You. Grace find me here part of a Housewife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with my reverent Lords
But May ye please your Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it here.

There's nothing I have done yet of my Conscience
Defense a Corner: would all other Women
Could speak this with as free a Soul as I doe
My Lords, I care not (so much 1 am happy
About a number) if my actions
Were tried by euery Tongue, euery Eye saw em,
Envy and base opinion let against em,
I know my life to beeu. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly. Truth lets open dealing.
Card. I am written in many secret Rhymes and Trifles.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin:
I am not such a Truant face my comming,
As not to know the Engange I have li'd in:
(ows)
A strange Tongue makes my caufe more strange supishi-
Pray speake in English, the publice are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, let the publice Masters take
Relieve me he's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'll some I ever yet committ'd,
May be abolish'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my inte Gryt thouk bred,
(And servuce to his Majesty and you)
So deep supishi, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Acculation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
(like free and honest men) our just opinions,
And comfort to our caufe.

Camp. Most honourn Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he fill bore your Grace,
Forgotten (like a good man) your late Censure,
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offer's I do, in my great, signe of peace,
His threat, and his Council.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honnet men, (pray God ye prouf so)
But how to make ye foudainly an Ausare
In such a pouoint of weight, to encrea mine Honour,
(More encrea my Life I fear) with my wakke wit;
And to fram men of gravitie and learnings
In truth I know not. I was yeer worke,
Among your Maid's, full kin (God knower) looking
Either for such men, or an Bustle
For her sake that I have beene, for I see
The laft fit of my Greatesse; good your Grace
Let me have time and Council for my Caufe.
Alas. I am a Woman friendtere, hope eele.

Madam,
You wrong the Kings line with these feares,
Your hope and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for your profit can I think you ilda,
That any English man dare guie me Council
Or be a knowne friend gainst his Highness pleasure,
(Though he be growne to desparate to be honest)
And be a knave? Nay forto, my Friends,
They that will weigh out my Affections,
They that my truth must growth to, I see noth,ere;
There are (as al my other combers) far hence
In mine owne Country Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace

Would leave your greeces, and take my Council.

Queen. How Sil?

Camp. Put your men as caufe into the Kings protection,
Here's hang and much grasse: I will be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Caufe:
For the tryal of the I am incastr ye,
In your way disguist.

Mad. Heels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye with for both, my ruine?
Is the my Christian Council? Our upon ye.
I heass is abouie all ye; there fits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage miselves it.

Queen. The more shame for ye holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule two uereend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall rea, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Memories for any Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cardinall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lof among ye, laught as, (cond)
I will not ye bee in my secrets
The Life of King Henry the First.

I have more Charity, But say I want dye; T. the need, for heavens sake take heed, least at once. The burthen of my sorrow, fall upon ye. 

"W., Malan, this is a more distraction, You turn the good we offer, into every other, Ye turn it into nothing, Woe upon ye, And all the idle Pretensions. Would you have me (if you have any slouty any Patty, If ye be any thing but Churchmen habits) Put my face into foolish words, that hastes me? Alas, his banish drove his Bed already, His Love, too long ago, I am old my Lords, And all the Folenish I hold now with him is only my Obedience. What can happen To me, without this wretched head? All your Souldiers Make me a Cansel like this.

Comp. Your fears are worse.

"W. Have you hid that thing (let me speake my selfe, Since Virtue find no friendly, Why a stranger? A Woman (I dare lay without a Category) Neuer yet branded with Saliuation? Have I, with all my full Affections

Still met me not? Lord's hath next Heave? Obey'd him? Bin out of Hand in a superstitious to him? Alas, forgot my Prayers to contenue him? And so you was rewarded? To not well Lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her Happen, Our dreame shall be a joy, beyond his pleasure; And to that Woman (when she has done most) Yet will I add an Honor; a great Patience.

Cnr. Madam, you wondrer from the good We speak at.

"W. My Lord, I dare not make my selfe so guilty, To guides, willingly give Noble Title Your Mallet wald do no thing but death Shall I renounce my Dignities.

Cnr. Pray hear me.

"W. Would I had neuer tried this English Earth, Or felt the Flatterst that grow upon it.

Ye have Angel, Moses, but Heauen knows her hearts. What will become of the now wretched Lady? I am the most unhappy Woman living. Alas (poore Wendles) where are now your Fortunes? Snowdrack vnpon a Kingdome, where no Pity, No Friends, no Hope, no Kind weedle for me. Alas, man, I dare not. I will not. But give me the Lilly That once was Mistick of the Field, and flourished, He sang my heart, and perished.

Cnr. If your Grace could but be brought to know, our Ends are honnest, You'd feel more comfort. Why should we good Lady Upon what cause wrong your? Alas, our Places,

The way of our Protection is so litit; We are to Care such forowres, not to low them. For Goodness sake, consider what you do, How you may hurt your selfe. I vitally Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience, So much they hate it. But to Habborne Spirits, They jeal and grow, as terible as a Hseret. I know you but a Gentle, Noble temper, A soul so even as a Calme; Pray think vs. Thole we professe Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.

Comp. Madam you must finde it. You wrong your Vertues

With these weak Womans fears. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, there calls Such doubts as false, Come from it. The King loves you, Beware you looke it not: For if you please To truth in your banishment we are ready To vie our worthy Subjects in your tenance.

"W. Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgive me; If I have done any selfe unmanerly, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a frendly answer to such perdon. Nor in my tenure to his Maiestie, He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers While I shall have my life. Come renewed Fathers, Bellow your Councils on me. She now begins That little thought when she the first turning here, She should have bought his Dignities so deere. Exeunt

Scene Seconda.


Nor. If you will now write in your Complaints, And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall Cannot stand underthem. If you come The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall sustaine more now disgraces, Without ye bear some alacrity.

Syr. I am joyfull. To meete the least occasion, that may give Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, To be strong'd on him.

Sof. Which of the Petrels Have uncomend'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? When did he regard The flample of Noblemene in any person Out of himselfe? The same Sir Lords, you speake your pleasures: What he defends of you and me, I know. What we can do to him (though now the time Gives way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot Barre his sercefe soth King, never attempt Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft Over the King's Tongue. Nor. Or else he not.

Sof. His spell in that is our: the King hath found Matter against him, that for euer imbraces The House of my Language. No, he's feeled (Not to comeoff) in his displeasure. Sur. Sir,

Syr. I should be glad to hear such Newes as this Once every houre.

Nor. Release it, this is true.

In the Duence, his contrary proceedings Are all entiled: wherein he appears, As I would with mine Enemy.

Sur. How came

His prachtics to light?

Sof. Molt thrald greily.

Sur. How how?

Sof. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miserried.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did interreat his Heliosis
To lay the judgement o'th'Divorce; & if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My Lord King is th'engaged in affection to
A Creature of the Queene, Lady Anne Boleyn,
Saw. He's the King this?
Saw. Believe it.
Saw. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his anower way. But in this point,
All his trickses foundere, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death, the King already
Hath married the faire Lady,
Saw. Would he had.
Saw. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I professe you have it.
Saw. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction,
Saw. My Amen too't.
Nor. All men.
Saw. There's order gien for her Coronation:
Marry this is aye by yonge, and may be led
To some eares unrecounted. But my Lords,
She is a gellant Creature, and compleete
In minde and feature. I percieved me,from her
Will fall some blieving to this Land, which shall
In it be memorie'd.
Saw. But will the King
Digge this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbide.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Saw. No no:
There be noe Wafers that buzz about his Nofe,
Will make this thing the looser, Cardinal Campion,
Is going away to Rome, hath'tane no leave,
He's left the cause o'th'King unhanded, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd He's at this.
Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry He,lowder.
Nor. But my Lord
When returnes Cromwell?
Saw. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Hauz satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christenden: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation: Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This fame Cromwell's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings business.
Saw. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-byshop.
Nor. So I beleue.
Saw. Til lo.
Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.
The Cardinal.
Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gaut' you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in't Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he 'twa'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde & heede
Was in his countenance. You be bad
Attend to this advice, in the morning.
Card. Is be ready to come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Card. Leave me a while.
Exit Cromwell.
It shal be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Boleyn No: He no Anne Boleyn for him,
There's more in't then faire Village. Bullen?
Nor. Weel, no Bullen: Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchonelle of Penbroke?
Nor. He's discontented.
Saw. May he heare the King
Does with his Anger to him.
Saw. Sharpe enought,
Lord for thy Jutice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman
A Knights Daughter
To be her Misfit Misfits? The Queene, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must inuoke it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well decretion? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our caue, that she shoule yee th'bofome of
Our hard rold' King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Archone; Crommer, one
Hath crawld into the fauour of the King,
And in his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King reading of a Statute.
Saw. I would lower something I would see the fight,
The Matter-car'd on't heart.
Saw. The King, the King.
King. What pikes of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, t's name of Thief.
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?
Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a fodeane, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fall gate, then flops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon, he calls.
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We have seene him set himselfe.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he lent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put warningly)
Forsooth an Inventory, thus importing
The seuerall parcels of his Plate his Treasure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houldeh, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Paraffition of a Subject.
Nor. It's Heauen will.
Some Spiritus put this paper in the Packet,
Tooble your eye withall.
King. If we did thynke
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplation was about the earth, and fast on Spiritual objects, he should fill
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His Thoughts are below the Moon, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes this Seat, whispers Lowell, who goes
to the Cardinal.

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Euer God blest your Highness.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly thoughts, and bear the Inventory
Of your beast Graces in your mind; so the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from Spiritual busy life, a brief pause
To keep your easy Audito, true in that
I deceased you till Husband, and am gild
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Officers I have a time; some
Whiske your, from part of Sunne, which
I bear'th State; and Nature does require
Her times of recreatio, which performe
Her fairest sonne, among it my Brethren mortall,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Car. From time to time your Highness rose together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said then,
And'st a kind of good decree to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father loud you,
He said this, 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
Implo'd you where high Profits might come home,
But paid my present Hauings, to bestow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this mean?

Sworn. The Lord increase 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 may confesse't, say well then,
If you are bound to vs, or not. What say you?

Car. My Sovereigne, I confesse your Royal graces
Shewd on me daily, how bene more then could
My studious purposes requisite, which went
Beyond all mans endeavours. My endeavours,
Have ever come too short of my Deire,
Yet still with my Ablit tires. More owne ends
Have beene more grant to, that more then they pouncted
To th'good of your selfe Sacred Patron,
And the profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heep'd vpon me (poore Vnderseuer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Pray'ers to heauen for you, my Loyality
Which more h's, another shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd
A Loyal, and obedient Subject is
Therin illustrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the All of it, as'th'country
The favourer is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand head's open'd Bounties to you,
My heart drop't Love, my power rain'd Honor, more
On you, than any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As'wer in Loues particular, be more
To my friend, then any.

Car. I do profess,
That for your Highness good, I enter labours
More then more owne: that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And theowt from their Soule, though penals did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more hou'd) yet my Duty,
A-dost a Rocke against the chiding Fount,
Should the approach of this wilde River brake,
And fond enflaken your.

King. 'Tis Nobly spok'n:
Take notice Lords, he's a Loyal breff,
For you have feeen him open'. Read o'er this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you haue.

Every hour, foreign upon the Cardinal, the Nobles
strong after him, jeyding, and whishing.

Car. What should this mean?

What Godame Anges' this? How have I read it?
He parted Pounting from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Upon the daring Hundman that has gudied him:
Then make him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fee the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper he's vndone me: 'Tis an Accompt
Of all that world of Westh I have drawnge together
For more owne ends, (Indeed to game the Pippemome,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Put for a Feare to fall by. What croffe Quell
Made me put this manet Secret in the Packet
I fear the King? Is there no way to care this?
None newe device to bear this from his Braines?
I know 'twill flire him strongly: yet I know
A way, if it take the right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? To the Pope
The Letter (as I live) with all the Basnife,
I went too Holomcic. Nay then, farewell?
I have touchd the lighest point of all my Greatmeat,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter to Woff'y, the Duke of Norfolk and Suffelke, the
Earle of Starry, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Ner. Hear the Kings pleasure Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seale presently
Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe
To Aerter-house, my Lord of Wincheber,
Till you hear further from his Highness.

Car. Sir,

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority so weighty.

Sof. Who dare croffe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(To enforce your will) know, Officers Lords,
I dare, and mutt deny it. Now I feele
Of what couere Mettle ye are molded, Boury,
How eagerly ye follow my Diugreses
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

As it is told ye, and how fickle and waxson
Ye appear in every thing may bring my nurse:
Follow your envious courtesies, men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for tem, and no doubt
To time will find it's fit Rewards. That Scale
You ask with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his own hand gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirm his Goodness,
To do it by Letters Patent. Now, whil'st taketh.
Sir. The King that gave it.
Car. It must be humble then.
Sir. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieft.
Car. Proud Lord, thou willst:
Within the late torture houses, Torey durt better.
Have burnt that Tongue, then false so.
Sir. Tiny Ambition
(Thou Scarlet) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-Law,
The heads of all the Brother-Cardsinals,
(With thee, and all thy beth parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of us. Plague of your politic,
You sent me Deputies for Ireland,
For from this Senate; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gavest him:
Wh'il thou great Goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd them with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his defects. He was innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble luste, and foule Caufe can witness,
If I could many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little Honesty, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Holll Master,
Dare not a founder man then Sunse can be,
And all that loose his followers.
Sir. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieft) protects you,
Thou sing't i'll seele
My sword in thee blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to bear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we loose thus tamely,
To be thus I d'd by a piece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobline: let his Grace go forward,
And dare with his Culp, like Larket.
Card. All Goodness.
Is payd to thy Soule.
Sir. Yes, that goodness
Of gaining all the lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Cardinal) by Exortion;
The poor drudges of your intercepted Packet
You want to th Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you provoke me, shall be off notorious.
My Lord at Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of your forfif'd Noblilte, our citizens,
(Whom, if the hue, will force be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his fhone, the Articles
Collected from his life. He steale you:
Wrote then the B从未t Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay Killing in your Armes, Lord Cardinal.
Car. How much the harmes, I could deplye this man,
But that I am bound in Charlie against it.

Nor. Thesef Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings land;
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And (posthife, shall my innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sir. Thise cannot face you:
I thank ye Memory, yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall,
Now, if you can bluf, and crie guiltie Cardinal,
You saw a little Honethe.
Wol. Speak to Sir.
I dare your worst Obloquies: If I bluf, it
Is to fee a Nobleman wants manner.
Sir. I had rather want chothe, then my head;
Hast at you,
First, that without the Kings silent or knowledge,
You would not to be a Traitor, by which power
You make the bull, nor all the Bishops.
Nor. Then, I haue all you want to Rome, or else
To Foraigne Prince, kgs & &c men
Was all interb'd in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Saf. Then, that without the knowledge
Father of King or Counsellor, when you went
Ambassadors to the Emperor, made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Sea.
Saf. Item, You sent a large Commission
To Gregory de Caffada, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and Ferens.
Saf. That you one false Ambition, you have causd
Your holy: Hat to be thumps on the Kings Cone.
Sir. Then, That you have sent numerable Substancce,
(By what meanes, I got, I leave to your owne conscience)
To sumse Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for Diuinesse, to the meer avowdng
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which faire they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with:
Chrm. O my Lord,
Prefete not a talking man too farre: in Virtue:
His faults by open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So solace of his great selfe.
Saf. I know it.
Saf. Lord Caronnall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done so late
By your power Legislin within this Kingdome,
Fallen into the compass of a Premecete
That therefore such a Write be laid against you,
To forfet all your Good, Laws, Liberties,
Caues, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And so weel*e lead you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your flubborne anwer
About the giving backe the Great Sea to us,
The King shall know it, and (for doubte) that thanks you.
So fare you well, my little Lord Caronnall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.
Wol. So farewell, to the little good you bære me.
Farewell! A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man: to day he putts forth
The tender Leases of hopes, to mowe Blondines,
And beares his blufing. Honors thicke upon you:
The third day, comes a Froft, a killing Froft.
And when he thinks, a good easie man, full luke

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His Greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But fare beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
As length before me, and now he's left me weary,
And old with Sickness, to the mercy
Of a rude tempest, that must for ever hide me:
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feel my heart new opened. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is a want of that smile we would alwaye see,
That sweet Aposhel of Princes, and their trine,
More ganges, and tears then warres, or women hauie;
And when it falls he fall like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwel standing amazed.

Why how now Cromwel? Why how now Cromwel?
Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.
Card. What, amazed?
At my misfortunes? Canst thou Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am not amazed.
Crom. How does your Grace.
Card. Why well:
Nay to truly happy, my good Cromwel,
I know my fell now, and I feel within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A full, and quiet Conference. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thank your Grace: and from their shoulders
These rude Pullers, out of my way, taken
A load, would make a Naw, (too much honor.)
O'tis a burden Cromwel, is a burden
Too heafty for a man, that hopes for Heauen.
Crom. I am glad your Grace,
He's made that right wise of it.
Card. I hope I have:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soul, I seele)
To endore more Miseries, and greater fare
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What News abroad?
Crom. The heautilities, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King?
Card. God bleffe him.
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choien
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Card. That's somewhat los'd.
But he's a Learned Man. May he continue
Long in his Highest favour, and do Justice.
For Truths-fake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
When he's run his course, and sleepes in Beflings,
May have a Tombe of Orphans scars wepte on him,
What more?
Crom. That Cromwel is return'd with welcome;
Influ'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
Card. That's News indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in speecche long marrie'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Coronation.
Card. There was the weight that pull'd me downe.
O Cromwel,
The King he's gone beyond me; All my Glories
In that one woman, I have lost for ever.

No Sun, shall ever after throne Honors,
Or gild against the Noble Troopes that weighted
Upon my smilies. Go get thee from me Cromwel,
I am a poore false man, worthy now
To blasth Lord, and Maitre. Seke the king
(That Sun, I pray may never set) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will flirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull Seruice persisst too. Good Cromwel
Neglect him not, make thee now, and proude
For thine owne future Statte.
Crom. O my Lord,
Mull I then leave you? Mull I needs forgo
So good, to Noble, and to true a Master?
Bear witness, all that are not hearts of Iron,
With what a Heart Cromwel Prays his Lord.
The King shall have my Seruice: but my prayers
For euer shall be yours.
Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to find a steere
In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me
(Out of thy honor truth) to play the Woman,
Let's day our eyes: And thus faire hear the Cromwel,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be
And sleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I thoughtest
Say Weller, that once tord the waves of Glory,
And found all the Depths, and Shortes of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his waye) to sit in:
A face, and for one, though thy Master wish it.
Mark but my Fall, and till that Rutline:
Cromwel, I charge thee, Ring away Ambition,
By that name tell the Angels how can we enroll
The Image of his Maker: hope to win it?
Lawe thy Edifice, cherish thy Letters that hate thee;
Corruption was not more than Heuitly.
Still in the right hand, easy gentle Peace
To silence tunny Tongues. Be still, and farse not;
Let all the ends thou syne'rt at, be thy Counsell,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then at thou fall it (O Cromwel)
Thou fall it a blested Martyr.
Serve the King; And prysyer lead me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the least pency, to the Kings.
My Robe,
And my Ingresity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Cromwel,
Had I but serv'd my God, withall the Zeale
I serv'd my King; he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1. Y'sre well met once again.
2. So are you.
3. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne, pale from her Coronation.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

1. 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Trisill.
2. 'Tis very true. But that time order'd sorrow,
This general joy.
3. 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure have theayer at full their Royal minds,
As let them have their rights: they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Sheaves,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
4. Neuer greater,
Not He affaire you better taken Sir,
5. May I bold to sake what that contains,
That Paper in your hand.
6. Yet, in the List
Of those that claim their Offices this day,
By outcome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high Steward: Next the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshall: you may resile the seat.
7. I thank you Sir: Had I not known those colds out
I shou'd have beene beholding to your Paper:
But I believe you, what's become of Katherine
The Princess Dowager? How goes her businesse?
8. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Lords, and Respected Fathers of his Order,
Held a Cate Court at Dunstable; five miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princess lay, to which
She was of en tries by them, but appear'd not
To be for that, nor for Appearance, and
The Kings late Sciple, by the maine sifent
Of all these Learned men, he was moste
And the late Marriage made of none eftso
Since which she was return'd to Kynsmation,
Where she remains now safe.
9. Also good Lady,
The Trumpets sound; Send sound,
The Queene is coming. He-hoys.

The Order of the Coronation.

1. A Lord, Church of Trumpets.
2. A Page of Eigs.
3. Lord Chancellor, with Purf and Mace before him.
4. Quarels at pump.
5. Man of London, carrying the Mace. Then Gost, in
his Coat of Arms, and in his head he bore a Calf Copper
Crane.
6. Marquess of Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,
A Crown of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surry, Tenant
of the Rock of St. John, with the Duke, Crowned with an
Earl, Countess, &c. of Eigs.
7. Duke of Suffolk, on the First-Estate his Coronet on his
head being a white, a black, a red and white, and a St. George
With laurel. The Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Mall and
Crown on his head. Collars of Eigs.
8. A Levye, for the House of the Cinque Ports, under it
The Queene is in a Palf, in her brea, richly adorned with
Rich Broches. On which sit the Bishops of London,
and Windsor.
9. The Duke of Suffolk, in a Coronet of Gold,
With laurel, bearing the Queens Traine.
10. Certain Trumps or Countereys, with plaine Circulars of
Gold, of Riches Flowers.
Extent, from going over the Stage in Order and State, and
Then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2. A Royal Train believe me: These I knew:
Who's that that bears the Scepter?
3. Marquess Dorset,
And that the Earl of Surry with the Rod,
4. A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolk.
5. 'Tis the first: high Steward.
6. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
7. Yes,
8. Heaven bless thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, I have a Soule, she is an Angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he declares that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience,
9. They that bear
The Cloath of Honour over her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
10. Those men are happy,
And so are all, and so is she.
I take it, she that carries up the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Duke eff of Norfolk.
1. It is, and all the rest are Counsellors.
2. They Coronets say so. Those are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
3. No more of that.
4. Enter a sherd Gentleman.
5. God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?
Among the crowdsh Abbey, where a finger
Could not be weild, nor more: I am affild
With the woore lankniece of their joy.
6. You for the Ceremoniy.
7. That I did.
8. How was it?
9. Well worth the seeing,
10. Good Sir, I speak it to you.
11. As well as I am able. The rich fireame
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
To a preuffled place in the Queue. To fall off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat downe
To retell a whole, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich Chair of State, oppressing freely
The beauty of her Person to the People.
Believe me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the truest of, such a noble stud.
At the throwes made at Sea, in a fluete Tempell,
A few, and to so many Times. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) fly up, and had their faces
Blinde, this day they had beene looed. Such joy
I never saw before. Great lady shd women,
That had not bath a week to go like Rambles
In the old town of Warre, would make the preale
And make men receale before em. No man living
Could say this is my wife there, all were wone
So strangely in one piece.
2. But what followd it?
3. At length, her Gracie roset, and with meddle pages
Came to the Alter, where the kinsid, and Saint-like
Calf her faire eyes to Heaven, and pray'd denoultly.
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishops of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edward Controvers Crown, the
Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblems
And nobly on her with which perform'd, the Queue
With
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

With all the chapterd Mufcike at the Kingdome. 
Together sang Ye Drum. So flourished, 
And with the same full Stare paire back againe 
To Yorke-Place, where the leat is held. 

1. Sir, 
You must no more call it Yorke-place that's past. 
For since the Cardinals fell, it is Yorke loth, 
Now to the Kings, and called White-Hall. 

2. I know it, 
But 'tis to late ye alter'd, that the old name. 
Is fitth about one. 

3. What two Reuended dy Shops 
Were those that went on each side of the Queen? 
Steeple and Gardiner, the one of Winchester, 
Newly prefer't from the Kings Secretary: 
The other London. 

2. He of Winchester 
Is held no great good lover of the Archibishop, 
The vextuous Cranmer. 

3. All the Land kneveth that 
How ever, yet there was no great breach, when it comes 
Cranmer shall finde a place, will not shrink from him. 

2. Who may that be, I pray you? 
The Good Duke Cranmer, 
A man in much efuceme with th'King, and truly 
A worthy Friend. The King has made him 
Mater of th'lewell House, 
And one already of the Privy Council. 

2. He will defend more. 

3. Yes without all doubt, 
Came to the House of Parliament, 
Thall go my way, 
Which to th'Court and there ye shall be my Guest. 
Something I can command. As I walke thither, 
Thall ye tell more. 

Bath. You may command vs Sit. 

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, lack, lead between Griffith, 
her Gentleman's fler, and Passamore her Woman.

Griff. How do you the Grace? 
Kath. O Griffith, lacke to death: 
My Legges like loaded Branches bow to the Earth, 
Willing to leave their burdens: Reach a Chair, 
So now (as thinkes) I feele a little ease. 
Didd thou not tell me Griffith, as heavyl'd thee, 
That the great Childe of Honour, Cardinal Woffy, 
Was dead? 
Griff. Yes Madam: but I thinkke your Grace 
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gauze no care roote. 
Kath. Pre thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd. 
If well, he left before me happily 
For my example. 
Griff. Well, the voyce goes Madam, 
For after the stout Earle Northumberland 
Afeorde him at Yorke, and brought him forward 
As a man forcibly taint'd, to his Answer, 
He fell sicke soodainly, and grew to ill 
He could not fit his Mule. 
Kath. Alas poor man. 
Griff. At last, with eafe Rode, he came to Leicester,

Lodge'd in the Abbey; where the reverent Abbot 
With all his Counsell, honourably rescewed him; 
To whom he gave thes words. O Father Abbot, 
An old man, broken with the toares of State, 
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye. 
Give him a little earth for Charity. 
So went to bed; where egerly his sicknesse 
Parl'd him still, and after nights after this, 
About the house of Mght, whilst he humbltely 
To ordered he his fall, full of Repentance, 
Confound Meditations, Tears, and Sorrows, 
Kath. So very he rest, 
His Lady's eye genly on him: 
Yet thinke faile Griffith, give me leave to speake him, 
And yet with Chargy, it was a man 
Of an unbounded Fomasse, euer rankling 
Himself with Princes. One that by flog, on 
Ty'd all the Kingdome. Symon, was furecly v, 
His owne Opinion was his law. Philpinter is 
He would fay intryshes, and be euer double 
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neter 
(But where he went to the King, it falt full, 
His Promises, were as set he was, 
Mighty; 
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing: 
Of his owne body he was ill, and gave 
The Clergy, yet example. 
Griff. Noble Madam: 
Mens eumil manners live in Dafffe, their Vertue 
We wrote to Veres, he is to rise your Highness: 
Her he speakes his good newes? 
Kath. Yes good Griffith, 
I were malicious el, 
Griff. This Cardinal, 
Though from an humble Stocke, undauntedly 
Was fation'd to much Honor. From his Cadle 
He was a Schooller, and a rap, and good one: 
Exceding wise, faire spokene, and part waching; 
Lofty, and fowre to them that loud them not. 
But, to those men that taught him, sweet as Summer. 
And though he were unfristed in getting. 
(Which was a fine) yet in bellowing, Madam, 
He was not most Princeely: Ever witnesse for him 
Those twenites of Learning, that he read in you, 
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which fell with him, 
Vvilling to out-loure the good that did it. 
The other (though vnfristed) yet to famous, 
So excellency in Art, and Skill in sitting, 
That Chriftendome shall ever speake his Virtue. 
His Outswowth, he'd Happn effe upon him: 
For then, and not till then, he fell humbltely, 
And found the Blessedness of being little. 
And to add greater Honors to his Age 
Then man could give him: he dy'd, fearing God. 
Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald, 
No other speaker of my living Actions, 
To keep mine honor, from Corruption, 
But such an honest Chronicles as Griffith, 
Whom I most hasted Living, thou haft made mee 
With thy Religious Truth, and Modellee, 
(Now in his After's) Honor: Please be with him. 
Passamore, be near me still, and fee me lower. 
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith, 
Cause the Musitian play me that sad note 
I nam'd my Knell; with it I corporating.
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The Life of King Henry the Eight.

On that Candlehill Harmony I go too.
Sad and sorrowful Musicks.
Gruf: She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down quiet.
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Uplift.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, five Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Brances of Bayes or Palms on their hands. They first Come unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a Garland over her Head, at which the other three remove Corset. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other two who observe the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two who likewise observe the same Order. At which (as it were by insurrection of the same sort) signes of recognition, and behold up her hands to heaven. And (in their Dancing round) carrying the Garland with them.

The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirit of peace, where are ye? Ay ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness, behinde ye?
Gruf: Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not y'Ub I call for,
Say we none enter since I slept?
Gruf: None Madam.
Kath. Nay! Say ye not even now a blessed Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Call thousand beams upon me, like sun?
They promise me eternal Happiness,
And brought the Garlands (gruf) which I seele
I am not worthy yet to wear, I think stately.
Gruf: I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreams
Poffesse your Fancy.
Kath. But the Musicke leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.
Musicke ceaseth.
Pas. Do you noe
How much her Grace is altered in the检ing?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?
Gruf. She is going Wench. Pray pray.
Pas. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mas. And like your Grace.--
Kath. Your Majesty's Fellow,
Defence no more Reuerence?

Gruf. You are too liame,
Knowing the will not lose her wonted Graceteuse
To vie to rude behawor. Go to no more.
Mas. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My heart made me so hastily. There is sauing
A Gentlemen from the King, to see you.
Kath. Admitt him entrance to this place.
But this Fellow
Let me entere againe, Exit Messer.

Enter Lord Captextum.

Mas: Good Lord, you are not in your heart.
You should go to the Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
Your Royal Highness, and your name Captextum.
Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Places now are should strangely
With me, since I now know you.
But pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady
First mine own owne service to your Grace, the next
The Kings requesst, that I would vist you,
Who greets much for your weakneffe, and by mee
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartly entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
To like a Parson after Execution;
That gentle Phyticke given in time, had I could me:
But now I am past all Comferts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam in good health.
Kath. So may he tuer do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wommes, and my poor name
Bash'd the Kingsdom. Patience, is that Letter
I could you write, yet fent away?
Pas. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, most humbly prye you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Most willing Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodneffe
The Modell of our chaffe loyes: his yong daughtar,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Bringing him to give her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope the world doth deare well; and a little
To lose her for her Mothers sake, (for shee would,
Heauen knowes how deeuely.
My next poore Petition, is
that this Noble Grace would have some pitie
Upon my wretched women, that so long
I have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare say
(And now I should not lie) but will deliver
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honest, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And such noble men are happy that shall have two
The left is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages. duly paid 'em,
And something more to remember me by.
If he should despise it, he may lose his longer life
A noble men, we had not parted thus,
There are all whole Contents, and good my Lord;
By that you lose the deceret in this world,
As you with Christian peace to soules departed,
Standt those poore peoples Friend, and vige the King
To do m. this left right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loose the shadow of a man.

Kath. I thank you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humbrous unto 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. Gruffyd farewell. Nay Patience,
You must not know me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vist with Hones, and weep me over
With Maiden Flowers, though all the world may know
I was a chasse Wife, to my Grace: Embalmme me,
Then lay me forth (although enquirest) yet like
A Queen and Daughter to a King entere me.

Lanctome.

Extract leading Katharine.
Enter Gardner Bishop of Winchester a Page with a Torch before him by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clock, Boy, 'tis not.
Boy. It hath brooke.
Gard. They should be hours for necessitie, Not for delights: Times to repose our Nature With comforting repose, and not for vs To waffe their times. Good house of night Sir Thomas. Whither folowe? Lorn. Came you from the King, my Lord? Gar. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Princemore With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lorn. I must to him too
Before he go to bed. He take my leave.
Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell: what's the matter? It seemes you are in halfe: and of there No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that wakke (As they lay Spirits do) at midnight, have been a wilder Nature, than the businesse That seekes dispatch by day.

Lorn. My Lord, I love you! And dutt commend a secret to your care Much weightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor They lay in great Extremity, and tear'd She'll with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruite fit 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.

Lorn. Methinks I could
Cry the Anes, and yet my Conscience says She's a good Creature, and given Lady doe's Defense our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Hear me Sir Thomas, ye're a Gentleman Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious, And let me tell you, it will be for weell, I will not Sir Thomas, commend his name, Till Cromer, Cromer, Cromer, hands, and goes.

Sleep in their GRAVES.

Lorell. Now Sir, you speak of two. The most remark'd th'Kingdome as for Cromer.

Befored that the Jewell-Houfe, is made Mafter Of 'Och'Rolls, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sirs, It stands in the gap, and Trade of more Preferments,

With which the Line will load him. Th'Archbyshop Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak One syllable against him? 

Gard. Yeves Sir Thomas, There are that Dare, and I my selfe have vented, To speake my mind of him: and indeed this day. Sir (I may tell you) I think I have Jentiff the Lords of Council, that he is (For I know he is, they know he is) A moff Arch-Hereti Que, Bredine That does infect the Land: and which, they moust Have broken with the King, who hath so farre Given earne to so contempt, of his great Grace, And Princely Care, towards his more, Misfortunes.

The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Our Reasons I sayd before him, had commanded To morrow morning to the Council Board He be commended. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your Affairs I hinder you too long; Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardner and Page.

Lorn. Many good nights, my Lord, I leff your tentant,

Enter King and Suffolk.

King, Charles, I will play no more to night. My minde mones not, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never wish of you before.

King. But little Charles, Nor shall not when my Fancie on my play is.

Now Lorn, from the Queen whacks the Neuer.

Lorn. I could not personally delire to her What you commanded me, but by her woman, I sent your Message, who returnd her thankes In the great it humblest, and desir'd your Highness Most heartly to pray for her.

King. What day'll thou Ha? To pray for her? What is she crying out? Lorn. So fild her woman, and that her sillence made Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady, Suff. Godly smite her of her Butterhead, With gentle Trumps, to the gladding of my Mother. Your Highness with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charleis, Prouer to bed, and in thy Prayres remember The tale of my poor Queen, Leave me alone.

For I must thinke of that, which company Would not be friendly too, Suff. I will your Highness A quiet night, and my good Miftris will Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night. Exe Suffolk. Well Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denys.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbyshop, As you commanded me.


King. 'Tis true: where is he Denys? Den. He attendeth your Highness pleasure.

King. Bring him to Vs. Lorn. This is about that, which the Byshop speakes; I am happily about it.

Enter Cramner and Denys.

King. Awayd the Gallery. Lorn frett us off. Ha! I have gud. Be gone.

What? -- Exeux Cramner and Denys. Com. I am heartfull, Wherefore fromets his shins? "This is his Mysell of Terror. All's not well.

King. How may my Lord? You do desire to know wherefore. I sent for you.

Com. It is my duty To attend your Highness pleasure.

King. Pray you stile Me your and gracious Lord of Canterburie: Come, you and I must walk a turne together, I have News to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand. At my good Lord, I grace at what I speakes. And am right fome to repeat what followes. I have, and most unwillingly of late. x 2

V. i 1-98

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Heard many grievous. I do say my Lord
Greeuous complaints of you; whilst being consider'd,
Hate moon'd V's, and our Counsellor, that you shall
This Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your self,
But that till further Trau', in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you, a Brother of us
Is fit we thus proceed, or else no wroth
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Melt throughly to be winnowt, where my Chaffe
And Come shall flie slander. For I know
There's none stands under more calumetious tongues,
Then my selfe, a peace man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity was rooted
In vs thy friend. Give me thy hand, (and vp)
Prythee do walk: now by my Holyame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have guineas to your Petition, that
I should haste some pains, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Actuators, and to have heard you
Without assurance further.

Cran. Molt dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty:
If they shall fail, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o'er my person, which I waite not,
Being of those Vertues vacante. I feare nothing
What can be paid against me.

King. Know you not
How your face stands in the world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practice
Must bear the same proportion, and me ever
The luffice and the Truth oth question carries
The dew oth Verdick with it; at what ease
Might corrupt minde procure, Knowes as corrupt
To invease against you: Such things have bene done. You are
Possibly oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of a great Size. Were you of better lucke,
Plast inpear'd Witterly, then your Master,
Whole Minifter you are, whitehe be lieued
Upon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no lease of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protest mine inconstancy, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more pester, then we give way too:
Keep coming to you, and this Morning fee
You do appear before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you
The bell periwakions to the contrary
Fail not to vie, and with what vemencie
This occasion shall infrue you: If unjustices
Will render you no remedy, this King
Deliver them, and your Appeal to vs
There make before them. Looke, the good man weeps:
He is honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I swere he is true-hearted, and a foul
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I bade you. Exit Cranmer. He has strangled his Language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent women. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Ie not come backe, the ydings that I bring
Will make my boldness, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shadys thy person
Vnder their blested wings.

King. Now by thy lackes
I geueth thy Message. Is the Queene delivered?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, my Liege,
And of a lovely Boy: the God of heaven
Both now, and ever bless' he: Tis a Gylle
Promisses Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Defires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; tis as you like,
As Chere is to Cherry.

King. Lowell, Loy. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Markes.
Exit King.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, He ha more,
An Ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will have more, or feould it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gylle was like to him? Ie
Have more, or else vnsly: and now, while'ts hot,
He put it as the issue. Exit Lady.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Counsell, pray'd me
To make great haf. All fail? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who wants there? Sure you know now?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet, I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doller Butt.

Cran. So.

But. This is a Peer of Malice: I am glad
I came this way to happily. The King
Shall understand it presently.

Enter Butt.

Cran. 'tis Butt.

The Kings Physitian, as he past along:
How earnestly he call his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
( God tane their hearts, I never fought their malice)
To queanish mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else to doore: a fellow Councillor
' Monge Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butt, at a Windows sides.

But. He shew your Grace the strangest fight.

King. What's that Butt?

But.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Butts. I think your Highness is worth many a day.
King. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord.
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury, Who holds his State as doth amongst Purseants, Pages, and Foot-boys.
King. Ha! Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they do one another?
Tis well there's one about em yet: I had thought They had paired so much honestly among you, As least good manner; as not thus to suffer A man of his Place, and soierce our favour To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures, And at the door too, like a Poet with Packets: By holy Mary (Butts) there's knavery; Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtains close: We shall hear more anon.

A Convoys Table brought in with Cheyver and Solettes, and placed within the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, stands himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand; A Seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's State. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfille, Surrey, Lord Chamb. 

Speak to the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Secretary; Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Plead your Honours, The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gard. 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.
Crom. I assent.
Cham. My good Lord Archibishop, I'm very sorry To fit heere at this present, and behold That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men In our owne natures frail, and capable Of our Belth, few are Angels out of which frailty And want of wise words, you that beil shall teach vs, Have mildly moost your title, and not a little; Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in Filling the whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines (For so we are informed) with new opinions, Diuers and dangerous; which are Herefies; And not reformed, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformacion must be sodaine too.
My Noble Lords; for thase that tame wild Horses, 
Ease 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But top their moutthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em, Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer Out of our eares: the booklees and childish pitty To one mains Honour; this contagious sickness?
Farwell all Physickes; and what followes then?
Commotions, vprores, with a general Taint Of the whole State; as of late days our neighbours, The vpper Germany can dearly witness
Yet freshely pitted in our memorie.

Cham. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progress
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my Authority, Might goe one way, and Safety, and the end Was ever to do well, and there living
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords) A man that more decrees, more flares against,
Both in his private Consciencie, and his place, Defacer of a publique peace then I doe: Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart With leffe Allegance in it. Men that make Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment; Dare bite the beth, 'tis doe before your Lordships, That in this case of Illictce, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely vrge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord, That cannot be you are a Counsellor, And by that vesture no man dare accuse you. (mene.)
Gard. My Lord, because we have busines of more import.
We will be firs with you, 'Tis his Highness pleasure And our confers, for better stryll of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe, You shall know how many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I care) you are provided for.
Crom. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thank you, You are always my good Friend, if you will passe,
I shall both find your Lordship jugde and lour.
You are to me self. I see your end,
'Tis my vnderstanding. Lord meekness, Lord Become a Churchman, better then Ambition: Win praying Soules with modesty again.
Cast none away: That I shall cleare my selfs,
Lay all the weight yet on your patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe confidence,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Secretary, That is the plainest truth; your painted glosse disconver To men that understand you, words and weaknesse.

Cham. My Lord of Winchester, ye are a little,
By your good fauour, too sharpe: Men so Noble, How ever faultly, yet should finde respect
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To lead a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary, I cry your Honour mercies; you may work
Of all this Table say fo.
Crom. Why? my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Secte? ye are not found.
Crom. Not found.
Gard. Not found. I say,
Crom. Would you were halfe so honest,
Mens prayers then would fecke you,not the sectes.
Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much,
Furthe for thase my Lords,
Gard. I have done.
Cham. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be commiss to th' Tower a Prisoner;
There to remaste all the Kings further pleasure.
Be knowne to vs: you are all agreed Lords;
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

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All. We are.
Crst. Is there no other way of mercy
But must needs to go 'Towres my Lords?
Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let come o'th Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.
Crst. For me?
Must I go like a Traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him in his Tower.
Crst. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Looks there my Lords,
By venture of that King, I take my cause
Out of the gripe of cruel men and gave it
To a most Noble Judge, the King my Master.
Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeiter.
Swif. 'Tis the King's Ring, by Heau'n I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rockling,
Twofold fall upon our felices.
Nort. Do not shackle your Lord
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out of it.
Crst. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whole honestly the Diuell
And his Disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye now have at.

Enter King feasting on them, takes his State.
Gard. Dread Sovereign,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In daily thanks; that gane vs such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but understanding,
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe syrone of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of dear respect,
His Royall felle in Judgement come to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.
Kim. You were ever good at Iadgane Communions,
Bishop of Wrechoffer. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin, and faine to hide offences,
To me you cannot teach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoere thou tak'st me, I am sure
Those half a cruell Nature and a bloody
Good man fits doone; Now let me see the proudfull
Her, that dares most, but wagh his finger at thee,
By all that's holy, he had better fortune,
Then but once thinke his grace becomes thee not,
Sir. May it please your Grace,
Kim. No Sir, it do not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
And wisedome of my Counsellor, but find none:
Was it discretion, to let this man,
This good man, few of you defende that Tyme...
This honest man, as he is a lowlie Four-boy
At Chamber store? and one, as great as you are
Whys, what a shame wast this? Did my Commission
Bide ye to loose your felices? I gave ye
Power, as howe was, Counsellours to my turn,
Not as a Groomer, There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then integrity,
Would you him to the remit, had ye meant,
Which ye shull never have while I live.
Cham. That tare
My most dear Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
I let my tongue ecstasy all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be any men's) meant for his Tyranny,
And irre parution to the world then malicious,
I'm sure in me.
Kim. Well, well my Lords repled him,
Take him, and vie him well; he's worthy of it,
I will say thus much for him, it's a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiekt; I
Am for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends for frame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
I have a Suite which you must not deny mee,
That in a faire young Maid that you want Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and anowre for her.
Crst. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I defer it,
That am a poore and humble Subiekt to you?
Kim. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your friender,
You shall have two noble partners with you; the old
Duchesse of Nesfield, and Lady Marquesse Dores: will
these please you?
Once more my Lord of Wrechoffer, I charge you
Embrace and loute this man.
Gard. With true heart,
And in due, I do it.
Crst. And let Heauen
Witness he of heare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,
Kim. Good Man, th' other sayfull tears theye true
The common voyce hee is verified.
Of thee, which I say, thus: Do my Lord of Canterbury
A fine service, and I see your friend for ever:
Come Lords, we shall tune away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye om. Lords, one remains;
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Sore and Tumult within; Enter Foster over and
his man.
Part. You'll leave your nove anon ye Readers
do take the Court for Pariss, Garden: ye ruda, Siutet,
leave your piping:
Within, Good M. Porter I belong to th Lorde.
Part. Belong to th Gallowes, and he had no Rogue;
Is this a place to roaste in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
Raus, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em
I'll thrust your head ye must be leaving Christendom?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes breezy,
you rude
Raskalls?

A. No, Sir, I say Sir he patients, his imperfectible,
Vuln. He see whee you come and do the done with Commotions,
To teaser 'em, as 'to make'em emperors.
On May-day Morning when 'twill never be:
We may as well pull against Poinche in a flare 'em.
Par. How got they them, and haggl'd 'em.

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The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Man. Alas! I know not, or how gets the Tide in?
As much as one found Cadgell of foure foote,
(Youe see the poore remainder) could distribute,
And so to this Sir.
Part. Youd nothing Sir.
Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Gay, nor Celebrate,
To move 'em downe before me; but if I had any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
If, or thee, Cackold or Cackold-maker:
I let me u't hope to see a Chirge againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God hate her.
Wife. Do you hear M. Potter?
Part. I shall be with you presently, good M. I appy,
Keep the door close suh.
Man. What would you have me doe?
Part. What should you do?
I knock 'em downe by th' doore? Is this the Message
to m.Jtter in ? Or haue ye done it afoe; and
I go.
Part. The Sponnes will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow whom I note the door, he should be a Brasier
by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dog-days now reign'm in Norfolk; all that hand about him are under the Line, they need no other patience: that Fire-Drake did it hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; bee blouds there like a Matter-piece to blow vs. There was a Hubbard-share Wife of small was, place him, that tall'd upon me,
till her prickt passenger fell off her head, for kindling
such a combust; in the State. I met the Meteor once,
and hit that W. man, who croued out Clubbes, when I
might see from 2; yestony Firemen twice draw to
her face, which were the hope of the Lord and where the
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to 'th' broome Staff to me, I defied em
all, when sodainly a Plate of Boys behind'em, lou'th hot,
delurt 'sh a Sworve of Pibbles, that I was tame to
chaw more Honour in, and let em was the Wolke, the
Duel was amongst'em I shucke partly.
Part. There the youngs that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bunten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limhouse,
then desire Brothers are able to endure. I have some
of'em in Limbs Patron, and there they are like to dance
these three days, besides the running Banquet of two
Beadle's, plait to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.
Cham. Mercy o'me: whis a Multitude are here?
They grow full too; all in, all in; they are coming.
As if we kep a Fair here? Where are those Poets?
These lazy knaves? Yr haue made a few hand fellows? Theres a stamable riffle amongst all these.
Your Faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall have
Great core of roomo no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Chrsitening?
Part. And I please your Honour.
Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; I ley ye all
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Holy and Heavenly thoughts fill Counsellor:
She shall be loud and fear'd. Her own shall blest her;
Her Poes shone like a Field of beaten Corse,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good grous with her.
In her eyes, Every Man shall eat in safety,
Vader his owne Vine what she plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly knowne, and those about her,
From her shall read the purest way of Honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by Blood.
Not shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The kind of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Athes new create another Hycke,
As great an admiration as her felt.
So shall she leave her Beneficence to One,
(When Heaven first call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the Issued Athes of her Honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And to Hand fix't. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him,
Where e'er the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatest of his Name,
Shall be, and mak'en newe Nations. He shall flourish,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and blest Heaven.

Km. Thou speakest wonders.

Cres. She shall be to the happiess of England,
An aged Princesse; many days shall see her,
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 have her, yet a Virgin,
A modi vnposdt. Lilly shall the psafe
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Km. O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing,
This Oracle of comfort, he's so pleas'd of 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 Maier,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. I read the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and the modi thankye.
She will be fickle els. This day, no man think
'Has buffenest at his house; for all shall say:
This little-One shall make it Holy-day.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

Thus to one, this Play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their Ease,
And sleep an All or two; but they we scare
Who's frighted with our Tempest: so its clear,
They lay is naught. Others to bear the City
About extremely, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee have not done neither; that I scare
All the expell'd good more like to see.
For the Play at this time, so excitts
Our merciful construal of good women,
For such a one we bore't ern: If they sense,
And now to her, I know no well a while.
All the best men are ours: for 'tis a play.
If they hold, when other Ladies hold 'em play.
The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the Scene: From Isles of Greece
The Prince Orgilas, their high blood chas'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel Warre: Sixty and nine that were
Their Crowns, their Regall, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their tow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong enuies
Their rauih'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike freight: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave Pavillions Priams fixgated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with massie Staples
And correspondence and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And bither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actor's voice; but sufted
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes are the roses and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.
THE TRAGEDIE OF TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

TROYLUS. [Aside.] All here my Vadeo, He warme againe.

Why should I warre without the wall of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troylus altho' none.

Pan. Will this gentrere be mentended?

TROYLUS. The Greeks are strong, & skilfull to their strength,
Fierc'e to their skill, and to their fierce & lytle Valiant:
But I am weak, than a woman's tear;
Tamer then the wind, & ignorant of sense
Leefe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilfull as an arachis Infant.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, Hee not meddle nor make no farther. Here that will have a cake out of the window, must needs carry the grinding,

TROYLUS. Have I not married?

Pan. The grinding; but you must carry the boling.
TROYLUS. Have I not married?

Pan. The boling; but you must carry the leaung.
TROYLUS. Still have I married.

Pan. It, to the leaung it, but heere yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading,ickening of the Cake, the tasting of the Oan, and the Boling; may, you must play the cooling too, nor my chance to burne your lipes.

TROYLUS. Patience be'feile, what Goddeffe er the boole,
Dath keller blissethe boole, then I shoule:
At Prizes Royall Tails does I fre,
And upon gessay monies any thoughts.
So (Tristus) then shoule come, when shes is thence.

Pan. Well;
She looked yettermore, then more, I saw her louke,
Or any woman's eye.

TROYLUS. I was anon to tell thee, when my heart,
As well and with a high, would one in swance,
Lealt Hellen, my Father should perceive me:
I have (as when a Snake doth light a crofte)
Burnt the signe, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that the view is setting gladneffe,
Is like that mark, Ere weere to falle in sadneffe.

Pan. This shoule have greate: somewhat darker then
Hellen, we shoule, there were more comparison betweene the Women. But for my part I am my selfe woman, I would not (as they terme it) praise it, but I would
The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida.

His too hard's a labell for my Sword,
But Pandarum: O Gods! how do you plague me?
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's so subtle to be wood'd to woe,
As she is Hubbard's, chalk against all paste.
Tell me Apollo for thy Delphic Lour.

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is India, there live lies, a Pearly,
Between our Ilium, and where the sences.
Let it be said the wild and wandering flood,
Our felie the Merchant, and this sizing Pandar,
Our doubltfull hope, our country and our Basket.
Aurnum. Enter Aneas.

Aneas. How now Prince Troilus?
Therefore not a field?

Troilus. Because not there; this woman's answer'd.
For womanish is to be from thee.
What news from the Field, my Lord?

Aneas. That Paris is return'd safe, and hurt.
Troilus. By whom, I pray?

Aneas. Troilus by letter, and at a fart to seconde,

Paris is gett'd with Meneue-honne.
Aurnum.
Aneas. Backe what good sport's out of Towne to day,
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport about, are you bound thither?

Aneas. In all swift hath.

Troilus. Come goo we been together.

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cress. Who were thole went by?

Man. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.
Cress. And whether go they?

Man. Up to the Eastern Tower,
Whole height commands as subdued all the vallie,
To see the battell: Eeuler what paleace,
Is a Verse for, to day was not's.
He chides Andromache and strooke his Armor,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre.
Before the Sunne rife, hee was honeste lyre,
And to the field goe's he, where every flower
Did as a Prophet wake what it forsoaw,
In Helen's wrath.
Cress. What was his cause of anger?

Man. The noise goe's this;
There is among the Grecians,
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Helen,
They call him Ares.

Cress. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very man of war, and strong alone.
Cress. So do all men, unless they are drunken, sick or have no legs.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many heaths of their particular adducations, he is as valiant as the Lion, curst as the Bear, flow as the Elephant: a man into who in nature hath broden rumours, that his valor is crurst moody, but fully faced with defection there is not man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor man man attaint, but he carries some flame of it. He is melancholick without cause, and merry against the hair, he hath the joyns of everything, but every thing go out to-mor, that he is a gowter Briareus, many hands and no voice, so parvilled Anya, all eyes and no fight.

Cress. Is this not that man that makes me smile, make Helen angry?

Man. They say they yesterday cop'd Helen in the baettell and brooke down the dickand & flame where
The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pand. Ile be worne 'tis true, he will weep you answere a man borne in April, 

Sand a retiret.

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his care, answere a nestle against May.

Pand. If he do, let them, as they passe toward illium, 

good Neece do, sweet Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pand. Here, here, here, he's an excellent place, here we may sicc nothougly, Ille to yourself all by their names, 

as they passe by, but make Troylus about the rest.

Enter Aeneas.

Cres. Speak not so low'd.

Pand. That's Aeneas, is not that a brave man, here's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but make Troylus, you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pand. That's Antenor, he has a thro' which I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one of the founder judgment in Troy whofoun, 

and a proper man of person, when comes Troylus? Ile shew you Troylus, anon, if he come you shall see him now at me, 

Will you give me the nod?

Pand. You shall ice.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Enter Helen.

Pand. That's Helen, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. One thy way Helen, there's a brave man Neece, 

Obrase Helen! looke how he lookes there's a counseignore not a brave man?

Cres. Obrase man!

Pand. Is nought doth a man heart good, looke you what has he, are on his Helm, looke you, younder, do you see? Locke you there! There's no thing, laying on, take it off, who ill as they say, there he backs.

Cres. We chide with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pand. Swords, anything he cares not, and the dwell come to him, as all one by Gods lust doth ones heart good. You er comes Paris, younder comes Paris: looke yer younder Neece, if not a painett man to, if not? Why this brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? Here's not hurt, why this will do Helen, heart good now, he? Would I could see Troylus now, you shall Troylus now.

Cres. Whole thes?

Enter Helenus.

Pand. That's Helenus, I maruell where Troylus is, that's Helenus, I looke he went not forth to day this Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight Vulcans?

Pand. Helenus no eyes he fight indifferent, well, I marvell where Troylus is; harke, do you not harte the people ere Troylus is Helenus a Priest.

Cres. What incking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pand. Where you younder? That's Dogberry, This Troylus! This man Neece, hem! Brave Troylus the Prince of Chuslane.

Cres. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Mark him, not him: Obrase Troylus: looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blooded, and his Helm more hacket then Helenus, and how he looke;
Troilus and Cressida.

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way, had a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goodwife, she should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris is dute to him, and I warrant, Hector to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Scourers.

Cref. Hector comes more.
Pan. Affe,feade, dolts, chaffe and brain, chaffe and brain, people after meat. I could have and thus the eyes of trojans. Neat lookes, neat lookes; the Eagles are got, Crowes and Daws, Crowes and Daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, then Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cref. There's among the Greeks Ashfolds, a better man then Troilus.

Pan. Achilles a Drayman, a Porter, a very Camell.
Cref. Well, well.
Pan. Well, well! Why have you any disputation have you any eye? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good fortune, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, war, youth, liberty, and justice? The Spice, and all that teases a man?

Cref. I am a man and then to be bakk'd with no Date in the eye, too then the man dotes out.

Pan. You are not another woman, one knows not at what word you lye.

Cref. Upon your backe, to defend my keely; upon my wit, to defend my wits; upon my legge, to defend mine honesty, my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these waies I lye at, as a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cref. Mine, he rich you for that, and that's one of the chesell't. These you too? I cannot word what I would not have but, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, whilst I swell past hiding, and then it's past watch.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are fuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instandy speake with you.
Pan. Where?
Boy. At your owne house.
Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.
Fare ye well good Neece.

Cref. Adieu Nekle.
Pan. He be with you Neece by and by.
Cref. To bring Nekle.

Pan. I, a token from Troilus.
Cref. By the same token to you a Bowl. Eart and Wordis, toves, guses, truss, Kneetes full brainstorm, he offers in another erumertis.

But more in Troilus thousand fold I fee,
Then in the glasse of Pedlar's prace may be;
Yet holde it off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, notes faule eyes in the dooinge;
That fire behold, knowes to sight, that knowes not this;
Men praise the thing ungaign'd, more than it is.
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love not to weare, as when defeate did fue;
Therefore this manner out of love I teach;
"Attachment, as command; engaine'd, desist,
That though my bees Content of love doth feed barren,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear, &c."
Troylus and Cressida.

And thou most reverend for thyfetcht-skait life,
I gue to both your speeches: which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Brufles: such againe
As venerable Nefir (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of eyes, strong as the Axletre
In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greeks ears
To his experience tongue: yet let it please both
(Tho' Great, and Wife) to hear Piffers speake.

Age. Speak Prace of Tiber, and be't of leffe expect:
That matter needlesse of impertifte burchen
Duisde thy lips: then we are confident
When ranke Punier open his Matteke lawses,
We shall heare Musfike, Wit, and Oracle.

Wif. Troy yet vp on his bailes had bene downe,
And the great Hellers sword had lack'd a Matter
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglegt,
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vp on this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the fiate,
To whom the Forrager shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
This unworthy fliewes as freely in the Maske.
The Heavens themselves, the Planetes, and this Center,
Obtained degree, privity, and place,
Inuifure, couer, proportion, feacion, forme,
Offe, and cufomme, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and splendr'd.
Amidt it the other, whose medal cufome eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,
And paffle like the Command ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In eunill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what perfections, what mutiny?
What ragion of the Sea?flaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Wondrles Frigates, changes, horros,
Dust, and carkes, rend and derrminate
The veins, and marred exile of States
Quite from their fiate O, when Degree is flak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high degrees)
The enterprises is fike. How could Communers,
Degree's in Schoole, and Brothers-hoods in Cities,
Take license from despicable shores,
The primogeniture, and due of Bythia,
Preogratece of Age, Crownes, Sequesters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn tone that firing,
And heare what Discord followes: each thing mette
In mete opporquence. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their holmes higher then the Shores,
And make a fappe of all this fold Globe:
Streets, which should be Lord of sinmbecity,
And the Gate where should strike his Father deed:
Force should be height, up, under, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlesse lanes, Justice recives)
Should beft behoveme, and to should fufce too.
Tien every time a lad in trile on Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (as vnderall Wolfes,
So doobly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perfection in vnderall prey,
And all, eat up handelwes.

Age. Agamemnon:
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
Followes the choosing:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a porpofe
It hath to clime. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one flep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beareth: to every flep
Expanded by the fith pace that is fike
Of his Superior, grows to an enuisous Feauer
Of pale, and bloodiffe Emulation.
And'tis this Feauer that keeps Troy on ftope,
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakaffe, lies, not in her strength.
Ne'd, Most witty had Piffers here discovert'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is fike.

Age. The Nature of the sicknese found (Ulysses)
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,
The linew, and the fore-hand of our Hosts,
Having his ear full of his estoy Fame
Grows danti of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our defignes. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy Bed, the one-long day
Breaks fcarlill lefts,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which Standrener, he imitation calls)
He Pagazans vs. Sometimes great
Atemmenon, Thy topleffe deputation he puts on;
And like a frutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-strings, and doth thinke it rich
To hear the wooden Dialogue and found
Twist his fchettch twoing, and the Scalfage,
Such to be putted, and one-reited lemming
He adys thy Greatnese in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Clime aiening.
With tearsimes univall'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Tope drops,
Would teemes Hyperboles. At this fully fluffe,
The large Achilles (on his pref' bed tolling)
From his deeps Chefl, luaghe out a lowd applausse,
Cries excellent, 'tis Atemenon will
Now play me Nefir; hum, and heare thy voice
Ache, being drell to some Oration:
That's done, as nece to the extreme end
Of paralely: as like, as Vlcan and his wife,
Yet god Achilles full cries excellent,
'Tis Nefir go, now play him (me) Patroclus,
Arring to anwser in a night-Alarume,
And then (foroath) the fainace defects of Age
Mujbe the Scene of morth, to couch, and spit,
And with a paffe fumbing on his Grorge,
Shake in and out the Rivier: and at this sport
Sir Valour does: cress, Oenouch Patroclus,
Or, give me rids of Steele, I shall plie all
In pleasure of my Spinee. And in this fation,
All our abilities, gifts, nature, shapes,
Seecedals and generalls of grace exact,
Achietments, plotts, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speche for truce,
Succeffe or loffe, what is, or is not, fufes
As fufes for their two, to make paradoxes.

Nefir. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as Piffes fayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall yvoy, many are infcet:
Aetis is grownne felle-will'd, and bear's his head
In such a eyne, in full as proud a place
As great Achilles, and keeps his Tent like him
Makes fathion Fafia, sailis on our face of Warre

Bold

I. iii. 61—191

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Troylus and Cressida.

Troyles to his himsef.

An. Trumpets blow loud,

Note thy Biafe voice through all the hefew Tents,

And every Grecian of mettie, let him kno.

What Troy means feacly, shall be spoke stond.

The Trumpets sound.

We have great Argumentation here in Troy,

A Prince call'd Heiler, was his father:

Who in this dill and long continu'd Truce

Is rouly grown.

He had made a Trumpeter,

And to this purpose spoke. O King, Prince, Lords,

If there be a song. The song of Greece,

That holds his bonny, higher than his rate,

That reckles his pride, much then he dare his spill,

That knows his Value, and know not his care,

That knows his Miles more then men delfine,

(With truntt to mes to her owen up (her heart)

And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth.

In other times they were him this challenge

Heiler, in view of Troyan, and of Grecian,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

He hath a Lady, wife, lover,mer,

Then every Greek did compasse his names,

And will to morrow with: Time be call'd,

Moway between you, and must walkes of Troy,

To rowse a Grecian that enure at home.

If any come, Heiler full honest face:

Honest, heely by Troy where he,ly is,

The Grecian Dames are in brave, and not worh

The Splinter of a Lance: E'en to moote.

As. This shall be told out Ladies Lord Amen.

If none of them have looks in such a kind,

We left them all at home; But we are Southerns,

And may that Souther an meete receave these proue.

That meanes not, hath not, or is not in fadie:

If then one is, or hath, or nearest to me,

That one meets Heiler. who else he be.

Nof. Tell him of Nyster, one that was a man

When Heiler Granfriare fatale is he old now,

But if there be not in our Grecian mould

One Noble man, that hath one spark of Fire

To swerve for his Loute, tell him from me,

He hides my Sweet breae in a Gold Bearer,

And in my Vantage put this, writes: I am, I am,

And me, for with him, that my Lady

Was faster then he Granfriare, and she shal.

As may be in the world thy youth in Fland.

Ile pawse the truth with my three drops of Blood,

As. Now heares for, but such is hoaste of youth.

Wifs. Amen.

As. Fare Lord Eceu.

Let me touch your hand:

To our Paullian first I shall you shiff:

Adolfs shall have word of this matter,

So shall each Lord of Greece from Troy to Troy

You shall shall Fart with us before you goe,

And hide those welcome of a Noble Lee.

Front.

Clare of Trier, and Neyer.

Nef. Nell, What layes I type?

Psfs. I have a yung conception in my brain.

Bey ouer time to bring it to some place.

Nef. What is t?

Psfs. This is:

Blant wertis true hard knots the fede bred

That both to this maturitie blyny ep
Troylus and Cressida.

In ranke Achiller, must or now be stopp,
Or shedding brea at a Nursery of like eul
To over-buik vs all.

Neft. Well, and how?

Ufis. This challenge that the gallant Helles fends,
How ever it is sped in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achiller.

Neft. The purpose is in periprfectus even as substance,
Whole groftlinet little characters summe vp.
And in the publication make no straine,
But that Achiller, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (Apollo knows)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,
I, with celerity, finde Helles purpose
Pointing on him.

Ufis. And make him to the anwer, thinke you?

Neft. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may else oppoze
That can from Helles bring his Honor off,
If not Achiller; thought it be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this trial, much opinion deuels.
For here the Troyans take their deare Repete
With their first Pallace: and trust to me Piffet,
Our imputation shall bee boldly poiz'd
In this wilde Action. For the success
(After particular) shall give a sounding
Of good or bad, unto the Generali:
And in each Index, although small prizes
To other Subsequent Volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the Gyant-maie
Of things to come at large. It is suppo'd,
He that meets Helles, suffer from our choyce;
And choise being navvalse all of our foules,
Makes Merit her election, and doch boyle
As twere, from forth vs all: a man child
Out of our Venetam: who miscarryng,
What heart from hence receuys the conquering part
Todifferent a strong opinion to themselves,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no leffe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directly by the Limbes.

Piff. Give pardon to my speech:
There are't meet, Achiller meet not Helles:
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlst Wares,
And ake pencehance they fell: If not,
The letter of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not content,
That ever Helles and Achiller were
For both our Honour, and thome Sanc in this,
Are dregd with two strange Followers.

Neft. I see them not with my oyle eyes: what are they?

Piff. What glory our Achiller shares from Helles,
(Where he not proud) we all should warre with him.
But he already stra mislent,
And we were better parch in Afrome Sonne,
Then in the pride and fast torn to one of his eyes
Should be disp Helles fates. If he were fayd,
Why then we did our making pinch in
In tame of our bolt min. No, make a Lusty,
And by deceice let blackwach Afrom draw
The fate to fight with Helles: Among our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick the great Myrmond
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fai,
His Crep, that prouder thes bills Iris bonds.
If the full brainklette Achiller come fat off,
Wt will drelle him vp in voyces of the fault,
Yet do we under our opinion fall.
There have better men. But hit or miss,
Our projectis life this shape of fence affumes,
Auch implo'd, pluckes downe Achiller Plans.

Neft. Now Piffet, I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Achimmeron, go we to him straight:
Two Cunes that came each other, Pride alone
Must tare the Mufflers on, as were their bone. 

Enter Achiller and Thersites.

Ach. The first?

Ther. Achimmeron, how if he had Biles (ful) all over generally,

Ther. The second?

Ther. And these Biles did runny, say so; did not the General sun, were not that a botchy care?

Ach. Dogge,

Ther. Then when there would some matter from this, I see none now.

Ach. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Some, cantst thy heart heere?

Ther. To the corre.

Ach. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrel, beer-witted Lord.

Ther. Speake then you howlde leauen speake, I will heare thee into hantamonst.

Ther. I shall leste ay thy free thy selfe in we and hollowet,

Ach. Tho I think you, and I shal keel cun in Cossation,

Ther. Doe thou thinke I have no seake thou strik'll?

Ach. The Proclamation.

Ther. Doe thou proclam it so, I thinke.

Ach. Do not Pintomate, go o'er my first getch.

Ther. I would thou didst cast of hand to foote, and I had the faste厅ting of thee, I would make thee out the loste-

Ach. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou gumblett & raiseth by heare on A.

Ach. And thou art as full of mayst as graces; as C.

Ther. Do thou proclame the Douce, it is fool.

Ach. The Proclamation.

Ther. Doy thou proclame it at once.

Ach. I shalte thinke thou.

Ther. I shal Cast.

Ach. Caste.

Ther. He would put them into fitters with his fisht, as a Salterbress.

Ach. Thou hast a Cresse.

Ther. Do, do.

Ach. Thou stooled for a Witch.

Ther. Do, do, thou hast a woman Lord: thou hast no more braine then I have in mye elbowes.

Ach. Takes me at Proffessor, beauty I, that thou bast at him

Ther. The first.

Ach. Thou shouldst think him.

Ther. Caste.

Ach. He would port them into fitters with his fisht, as a Salterbress.

Ach. Thou hast a Cresse.

Ther. Do, do.

Ach. Thou stooled for a Witch.

Ther. Do, do, thou hast a woman Lord: thou hast no more braine then I have in mye elbowes.

Ach. Takes me at Proffessor, beauty I, that thou bast at him

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Troylus and Cressida.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Acti. Well, why do I do it.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whom some eat you take him to be the Aes.

Acti. I know that fool;

Ther. I, that but foolish knowest not himself.

Aes. Therefore I bear thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, what meditations of wise he writs: his exactions hate costs thus long. I have babbled his brain more then he has beaten my bones; I will buy none Sparrows for a peny, and his Minister is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Acti.) Aes who wears his wit in his belly, and his gaites in his head, tell you what I stay of him.

Acti. What?

Ther. I say this Aes

Acti. Nay, good Aes.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Acti. Nay. I must hold you.

Ther. As I will stop the eye of Helias Needle, for whom he becomes to fight.

Acti. Peace foole.

Ther. I would have peace andquietnes, but the foolo will not: here, that, that, looke you there.

Aes. O thou damned Curte, I shall

Acti. Will you let your wit answer a Fool.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a foolo will shame it.

Pat. Good words Theris.

Acti. What's the quarrel?

Aes. I bad the eye Owle, gore learnt me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayes upon me.

Ther. I desire thee not.

Aes. Well go, go, go too.

Ther. I refuse bee voluntary.

Acti. Your last sentence was sufficiency, twas not voluntary, no men is beaten voluntary: Aes was here the voluntary, and you as under an Impresse.

Ther. E'tis, a great deal of your wit too lies in your finnes, or else there be lians. Helias shall have a great catch, he knocks out either of your brains, he were as good crack a sullen but not with a kennel.

Acti. What with me to Theris?

Ther. Ther. Theris. Thyself, and old Nefer, whose Wit was modest ere their Grandfathers had aises on their toes: you like death: Omer, and make you plough up the waite, Acti. What?

Aes. Ye good foot, to Acti, to Aes, to—

Aes. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words Theris.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Acti. Brooch bids me, shall I?

Acti. There's for you Patrollos.

Pat. I will see if you hang'd like Cloposse he come any more to your Oents; I will keep where there is wit flitting, and leave the faction of foolos.

Exi.

Pat. A good man.

Acti. Many this Sir is proclam'd through all our hysto.

Ther. Shall Helias by the fate issue of the Sunne,

Will with a Trumpet, twict our Oents and Troys

To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,

That has a thomaske, and such a one that dare

Maintain I know not what: this truth. Farewell.

Acti. Farewel well who shall answer kind.

Acti. I know not, it's put to Lottayse neither.

He know his man.

Acti. O meaning you, I will go desire more of it. Exi.

Enter Primm,Helias, Troys,Ares and Helias.

Prism. After so many hours Jone, speakes his sent,

Thus once agains (As Nefer from the Greeks,

Delutes Helias, and all damage eie

(As honour, lofe of time, trauale, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what els decrees that is confounded

in not discreetnes of this comming Warre)

Shall be broke of. Helias, what say you too.

Helias. Thought not his seeker feet the Greeks then I,

As Iare as toucht my particular yet tread Prims,

There is no Lady of note folkes heare.

More spunge, to facke in the leafe of peace,

More steady to cry out, who knows what follows

Then Helias: is the sound of peace is surrayt,

Surely secure: but modest Doubt is said

The season of the weather: aent that researches

To th'botteme of the world. Let Helias go,

Since the full sword was dromne about this question,

Every sylve tolle mongst many the island diseases,

Hath bin as decent. Helias. I mean of ours:

if we have lost by many sexes in ours

To guard a thing not on our worth to vs

(Read in our name) the sale and re.

What meres is in that strait which doeth

The yeeling of her wp.

Troy. Priy, Puy, Dromos;

Weigh you the worth and in your of a King

(Or great as our dread Father) in a Scale

Of common Ountes? Will you with Counters summe

The part proportion of his inactive,

Andbuckle in a waite most fancifull,

With spaines and inches of dramme,

As leisure and reasons Puy for godly shame?

Helias. No matter though you bee so sharp at reasons,

You are to empy of them, should not our Father

Bear his great array of his attayres with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that relath to him.

Troy. You are for dreames & flabbers brother Prie.

You furre your glories with reasons there are your reasons

You know an enemy intends you harms,

You know, a sword implant d'js penitent,

And reason flyes the object of all harms.

Who maswell then when Helias beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do det

The very wings of reason to his heels:

Or like a Starre disord'rd. Nay, if we take of Reason,

And flye like hidden Mercurie from Ioue,

Let's shut our gates and fleche; Miniod and Honor

Should have hard hearts, wold they but for their thoughts

With this trama'd reason: reason and reproof,

Makes Liues pale and lathhood dereft.

Helias. Brother, he is not worth

What the doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's truth, but as its valued?

Helias. But value dwells not in particular will,

It holds his effmarse and digestive

As well, when'ts precious at it false;

As in the prizer: Tit's made idolatie,

To make the servise greater then the God,

And the will doth that is inable to

To what infidiously it falsy affects,

Without some manner of affected merit.

Troy. I like to day's Wt, and my election

Is led in the conduct of my Will

My
Fray Luis and Gresilda.

My Will emboldned by mine eyes and ears,
Two creased Pylos 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and judgement. Hooy may I think,
(Although my will itisfie what it elects)
The Wisch choi, ther can be no nation
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour,
We came not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant,
When we hauce (pow'd them) nor the remainder Viands,
We do not throw in varewel each one,
Because we now are full. It was thought meer
Pow should shewe some vengeance on the Greekes ;
Your breath of full content belles his Salies,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
And did him feruite; he toucht the Ports dezir'd,
Andas an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captaine,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freimuthged
Wrinkles Apollis, and makes stable the morning
Why keepe we here the Grecians keep our Aunt ?
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Peasie,
Whole price trash launch'd about a thousand Ships,
And was Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'lowch, 'twas weddomme Paru entet,
(As you must needs, for you all clede, Go, go)
If you confess, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And clede ineflemible; why do you now
The sile of your proper Weddommes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Begge the commistion which you prad,
Richer then Sea and Land O Thei most malle bale!
That we haue solene what we do fear to keepe.
But Theeues unworthy of a thing so solene,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our Natsume place.

Enter Caffandrea with her boute about
her ears.

Caf. Cry Troyans, cry.
Prum. What noise? what threate is this?
Troy. Unour madder, I do know her voyce.
Caf. Cry Troyans.
Prum. Thei Caffandrea,
Caf. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.
Helt. Peace, , , , , ,
Caf. Virgins, and Boyes, mid-ege & wrinkled old,
Soft infante, that nothing can hur cry,
Adress my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A mony of that maffe of moates to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy muft not be, nor goodly Illion Stand,
Our first-brand Brother Paris burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a wo;
Caf. cry, Troy burnes, or ele let Helen goe.

Ext. Helt. Now youthful Troyals, do not these lie flains
Of disunion in our Sifer, wole
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of the faceless in a bad cause,
Can quell the fame? 

Troy. Why Brother Helt?
We may not trake the crafte of each one
Such, and to other the other doit dont some it,
Nor once dect the course of you mends;
Because Caffandrea mad's her brandishd opars
Cannot dissuade the goodmene of a quarrel,

Which hath our feerual Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more toucht d, then all Procons, horses,
And I forbide ther should be done among vs
Such things as might offend the weakefl spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elife might the world convince of leuttie,
As well my under-taking as your counsells:
But I attie the gods, your full content
Gauze wings to my properrion, and cut off
All fees attending on to dire a proved.
For what (als) can thee my single armes?
What propagation is in one mass volour
To fand the pulp and eminity of thole
This quarrell would exist? Yet I proteff,
Were I alone to paffe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have well,
Paru should not retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the parfiturl.

Prn. Paris, you speake
Like one be-fotted on your sweet delightful,
You have the honey still, but thees the Gail,
So to vallant, to prose praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty bringes with it:
But I would have the soyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd of in honourable keeping her.
What Tracion were it to the rantack'd Quene,
Digne to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to drinner her professon up
On sheues of bale compulsion? Can it be,
That to derogate a straine as this,
Should once fet tooting in your generous bosomes?
That's not the meanest spirits on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or in word to draw,
When Helen is defended: none more to Noble,
Whose life were ill bellow'd, or death unam'd,
Where Helen is the lubied. Then (I say)
Welt may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parallel.

Helt. Paris and Troyus, you haue both paid well.
Who are the wife and the son now in hand,
Hauze glozd, but sper. Scarcely not much
Unlike young men, whom Arithile thought
Vnit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you allege do more conduc
To the hot passion at dilempt you blood,
Then to make wp a free determination
Twice right and wrong: for pleasure, and reuenge,
Hauze clerc more deffe than Audors, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature causes
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
Whatnerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife isto the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that greeat mindes of partial indulgence,
To their benumbed wills refit the fame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and rustic.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Laws
On Nature, and of Nation, spake aloud
To have her backe returnd. That to persiffl
In doing wrong, extrucates not writing,
But makes it much more base. Hilles opinion
Troylus and Creidsa.

I this in war of truth: yet near the ele".
My piteously brethren, I propose to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our estoyt and future dignities.

Then why there thou in the life of our delight?
Wert it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heavenly liberalies,
I would not with a drop of Trojan blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Helen,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurr to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose pient courage may beare downe our foets,
And fame in time to come anniversary.
For I presume brave Helen would not looke
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As doth upon the face-head of this action,
For the wide worlds renewew.

Hell! I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great Prænus,
I have a roiling challenge sent among it
The dull and fashions nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amontage to their dreadfull spirits:
I was aduentur'd, their Great general slept,
Wist'le emulation in the ame creste;-
This I presume will wake him.

Enter Threstes, Prince.

How now Threstes? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy stature? shall the Elephant Aax carry it thus? he bears me, and I traffe at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could bear him, whilst he rul'd at me: Scoote, he learn to conceive and raise cruely, but I see some issue of my piteful extremities. Then thers' Achile, arate Engineer, If I may be not taken till these two understand it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. Thus our great tunder-faster of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the King of Gods: and Modey, honoure all the Seguence craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little lefle the little wit from them that they have, which short-our-smindgives it selfe knowes, it is abundant fearie, it will not according to deliver a flye from a Spider, without drawing the salty iron and cutting the water: after that, the vengeance on all the Camp; and partly the earth, for that we thinkes is the curse dependant on those that were for a placket. I have said my prayers and dwelt, entice, say Amen: What ho! my Lord Achile.

Enter Paraclesus.

Par. Who's there? Threstes, Good Threstes come in and sallle.

Then, If I could have remembered a guard counterfeit, thou wouldst not have flite out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy selfe upon thy selfe. The common cutte of mankind, follie and ignorance be thin in great reuerence; heauen biffle thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not nere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then ifhe that laies thee fay thou art a faire course, He be fwayne and sworne wpon't he never threwed any but Lazards, Amen. What's Achile's Answer?

Par. What thou devent? wait thou in a prayer?

Then, the heavens hearde me.

Enter Achile:

Achile. Who's there?

Par. Threstes, my Lord.

Achile. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheekes,
my digestion, why haft thou not set up thy selfe into my Table, so many measers? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Then, Thy Commander Achile, then tell me Paraclesus, what's Achile's Answer?

Par. Thy Lord Jove: then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knowet Paraclesus: then tell me Paraclesus, what art thou?

Par. Thou must tell that knowit.

Achile. O tell, tell.

Then, He declin the whole question: Agamemnon commands: Achile, Achile is my Lord, I am Paraclesus knowet-
and Paraclesus is a fool.

Par. You refall.

Ther. Peace fool, I have not done.

Achile. He is a prould'd man, procede Threstes.

Then, Agamemnon is a fool: Achile is a fool: Ther-

Achile. Decline this come?

Then, Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achile. Achile is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon. Ther-

Achile. Is a fool to furce such a fool: and Paraclesus is a fool posseus.

Par. Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Pylus, Neoptolemus, Asex, and Cadmus.

Then, Make that demand to the Creator, it fulfillis me thou art. Looko, who comes here?

Achile. Paraclesus, He speake with no body: come in with me Threstes.

Enter. Par. Withinhis Tent, but ill disposed my Lord.

Achile. Let it be knowne to thirsht that we are here
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertiments, writing of him:
Let him be told, for perchance he thinke
We dare not move the questions of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Par. I shall foray to him.

Diff. We favor him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not fickle.

Achile. Yet, Lyonickey, fickle of proud heart, you may call it: Melancholyly if it favour the man, but by my head this pride; but why, why, let him shew vs the cause?

A word my Lord.

Nef. What moves Asex thus to bay at him?

Pyl. Achile hath intertiged his Foole from him.

Nef. Who, Threstes?

Pyl. He.

Nef. Then will Asex lacke matter, if he have lost his Argument.

Pyl. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument Achile.

Nef. All the better, their faction is more on, with then their faction; but it was a strong couneff that a Foole could dilinate.

Pyl. The amitise that wiselome knits, not folly may easfly vnite.

Here

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Here comes Patroclus.
Nef. No Achilles with him?
Nef. The Elephant with Neptune, but none for patience:
Nef. His legs are legs for necessaries, not for flight.
Nef. Achilles bids me say he is much forry.
Himselfs more then you ore untested.
Nef. I am not much, but he thinks he is.
Nef. He is too much, you do not think he thinks himself is better than you.
Nef. What is he more then another?
Nef. It is no more than he thinks he is.
Nef. Is he too much, you do not think he thinks himself is better than you?
Nef. No question.
Nef. Are you not as much as you think you are as strong as you look.
Nef. What should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.
Nef. You are as much as you think, and your virtues are that proud, eases up himselfe Pride is in his owne self, his owne strength, his owne Chronicle, and what else proue of his but the devote, decloures the deede of pride.
Nef. He is much.
Nef. I do not think, and I hate the injudging of others.
Nef. Yet I know in mine own self not the rage?
Nef. Achilles is as well as I am to morrow.
Nef. What's his end?
Nef. He doth receive on this,
But comes on the streamer of our foes.
Without obstinacy or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in felse admission.
Nef. Why, will he not upon our faire requent,
Nef. He makes important; poolest he is with greatness,
Nef. Thus smalls as nothing, for requentsake onely
To call upon him: he hopes it is no other,
Nef. Hold in his blood such fastern and not discoerne,
Nef. This truss, his mentall and his able parte,
Nef. Has in commotion rages,
Nef. And batter gainst it felse; what should I say?
Nef. He is so playly proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.
Nef. Let Achilles goe to him.
Nef. Dear Lord, goe you and greatee him in his Tent;
Nef. I'll say he holds you well, and will be led
Nef. At your requent a little from his selfe.
Nef. O Agamemnon, let it not be fo.
With entertaining great Hiperion.
This L. goe to burn in perpetual fire.
Nef. Our H's is well, he rubs the verme of him.
Nef. And how his silence drunks up this applause.
Nef. If go to him, with my armed fire, I'll path him out the face.
Nef. O no, you shall not goe.
Nef. And be as proud with we'll please his pride, let me goe to him.
Nef. Not for the worth that hangs upon our querral.
Nef. A patricke infallent fellow.
Nef. How he observes himselfe.
Nef. Can he not be forcastable?
Nef. The Rauen chides blacknife.
Nef. He let his humors bloud.
Nef. He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.
Nef. And all men were a my minds.
Nef. We would be out of fashioned.
Nef. A banner not best it, a should eate Swords
Nef. shall pride carry it?
Nef. As I would, you'd carry halfe.
Nef. As I would have ten thir.
Nef. As I will knele him, he'll make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.
Nef. Forceth with them with pourses, pouring inop in his ambition is dry.
Nef. My L. you seeke too much on this dislike.
Nef. Our noble General, doth not doe so.
Dum. You must prepare to fyght without Achilles.
Nef. Why, this manner of him doth him harme.
Nef. Here is a man, but its before his face,
He will be silent.
Nef. Wherefore should you so?
Troylus and Cressida.

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?
Ser. That’s too indeede fit: marry Sir, at the request of Parce my L. who’s there in person: with him the morrow comes, the heart blood of beauty, loose invisible foule.
Pa. Who? my Cressida, Ser. No sir, Helena, could you not finde out that by her accentures?
Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troylus: I will make a complementall assault upon him, for my bussinesse sutees, Ser. Sudden businesse, there’s a flewed phrasie indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company, faire fishes in all faire measure faire guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.
Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.
Pan. You shewe your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here’s go-ay broken Muficke.
Hel. You have broke it crying: and in my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Hel. he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truly Lady no.
Hel. O sir.
Pan. Rude in fonth, in good sooth very rude.
Paris. Well sir my Lord: well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I have binne to my Lord deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.
Hel. Nay, this shall not hEDGE vs out, wicke hear ye Fing certainely.
Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasante with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most eletee made friend your brother Troylus.
Hel. My Lord Pandarue, howe sweete Lord.
Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.
Hel. You shall not bob or out of our melody:
Pan. If you doe, our melancholy upon your head.
Hel. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that’s a sweete Queene Buth.
Pan. And to make a sweete Lady lad, is a soower offence.
Hel. Nay, that shall not feuer your turns, that shall is not in truth l. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he defyres you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excufe.
Hel. My Lord Pandarue?
Pan. What faire my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?
Hel. What exposeth in hand, where fupps he to night?
Pan. Nay but my Lord?
Pan. What faire my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.
Hel. You must not know where he fupps.
Pan. With my dipoper Cressida.
Hel. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come your dipoper is facke.
Pan. Well, itl make excufe.
Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida no, your poore dipoper’s facke.
Pan. I spe.

Pan. You
Troylus and Cressida.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus and Cressida.  

Pan. How now, where's thy Master, at my Cousen Cressida?  

Cress. No fit, he stays for you to conduct him thither.  

Enter Troylus.  

Pan. O where he comes? How now, how now?  

Troy. Sirra walk off.  

Pan. Have you seen my Cousin?  

Troy. No Pandarus: I talk about her doore.  

I like a strange foule upon the Stigian banke,  

Staying for waitage. O be thou my Charm,  

And give me swift transportance to those fields,  

Where I may swallow in the Lilly beds  

Propos'd for the defoure. O gentle Pandarus,  

From Cupid's shoulder plucke his painted wings,  

And fly with me to Cressid.  

Pan. Wilt shine here the Orchard, ile bring her fris.  

—Exit Pandarus.  

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whistles me round,  

The imagin'd relish is to sweeete,  

That it imbins my fence: what will it be  

When that the wary pallare taffe indeed  

I owes thrice repeated Nisus? Death I fear me  

Sounding disduniton, or some joye too swift  

Too futile potens, and too sharp in sweeteasfes,  

For the capacite of my ruder powers;  

I fear it much, and I doe fear besides,  

That I shall looke diffucion in my joyes,  

As doth a base rate, when they charge on heapes  

The enemy flying.  

Enter Pandarus.  

Pan. She's making her ready. Sheeke come freights you  

must be witty now, the deoes to blube, &tches her winde  

so short, as if she were fiad with a spriate: ile fetch her;  

This is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath to fiare  

as a new tane Sparrow.  

—Exit Pand.  

Troy. Even such a passion dote! imbrace my be lance  

My heart beats christer then a fassours pufle,  

And all my powers doe their beslowes looke.  

Like vallage at banaware encompassing  

The eye of Hathre.  

—Exit Pandarus and Cressida.  

Pan. Come, come, what needs you blube?  

Shames a babie; here she is now, sweeter the oaths now  

hers, that you have sowe to me. What are you gone-a-gaine,  

you must be wachen or be made tame, must  

you come your wayes, come your wayes, and you slew  

backward weele per you Ith his: why doe you not fly to  

your currate, & let's see your picture.  

Abide this daye, but from thee to offend daye high  

iwerse doute you'd close loones: So, sub re, and kniffe  

the eames, she be now, a kniffe in steel-sawme? build thee  

Cupid's selfe, the eyes sweeter. Nay, you still fight your  

flakes out upon you, The Paltoun, as the Terlel, for  

all the Duckesh Rive get too, too.  

—Exit.  

Pan. You have bereft me of all words Lady.  

—Exit.
Troylus and Crysida.

Craf. More dreys then water, if my teares have eyes.
Troy. Fearsakes make discels of Cherubins, they never see truly.
Craf. Blinde fears, that seing reason leads, finds safe losting, then blinde reason, tumbling without feare; to fear the world, oft, cares the source.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehent no fear,
In all Copia Pageant there is presented no monster.
Craf. Not nothing monstres neither.
Troy. Nothing but our vender takings, when we vowe to wepeles, fear in fire, Ease rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Misrule to devise imposition enough, then for vs to vndergoe any dificultie imposid.
This is the monstrositie in lowe Lady, till the will is infinite, anduite execution confr'd where the defit is boundless, and the act a flume to limit.
Craf. They lay all Lowes (swear more performance then they are able, and yet seke an ability that they never perform; weighing the perfection of ten, and blasting what they be, this is a truth, and not true Troylus.
Craf. Will you walke in my Lord?
Pan. Enter Pandarus.
Craf. Well Vackle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a Braye of you, youe give him me be true to my Lord, he flinch, chide me for it.
Troy. You know now your hostages your Vuckles word and my firme word.
Pan. Nay, I give your word for her too: our kindred though they be longe tre they are woode, they are con-

My sole distresse by my deare beast,
And, if a fable of my heart be true,
Stop my teares, if mine eyes have feares.
Pan. Pretty yfaste.
Craf. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,
T was not my purpose thus to beg a kisse;
I am almarid, O Heness, what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave my Lord,
Troy. Your louseeue Crosidus?
Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morning.
Craf. Pray you content you,
Troy. What offend you Lady?
Craf. Sir, move owne company.
Troy. You cannot thinke on my selfe.
Craf. Let me goe and trye;
I have a kind of felle recedes with you;
But an vilkndite felle, that it felle will leave,
To be another foute. Where is my wit
I would be gone: I speake I know not what,
Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speaks even fo wisely.
Craf. Perch mee my Lord, I newe more craft then loye,
And fell to roundly to a large confession,
To Angle tonguethoough, but you are wife,
Or else you lose not; but with the wise and loye,
Exceedes many might; that come with gods above,
Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman
As it can, I will presume in you,
To feede for aye her happe and flymes of loye,
To keepe her content in light and youth,
Outluding beautes outward, with a munde
That doth renewe witter then blood decrees:
Or that presumption could but thus concune me,
That my integrite and truth to you,
Might be allotted with the substance and weight
Of such a unwittend purriquit in lovers
How were I then raptur'd but alas,
I am as true, as truths simplicitie,
And simplicier then the infamous of truth.
Craf. In that I sware with you.
Troy. O veracious fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right:
True swaines in love, shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troylus, when their times,
Full of prettyness, of oath and big compare;
Wants timely, truth titt'd with iteration,
As true as steele, as plusage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate
As Iron to Adament: as Ear to th'Centers;
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authenicke authour to be cited)
As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verfe,
And fanfule the numbers.
Craf. Prophet may be you.
If I be fallte, or sweares a baire from truth,
When time is old and hast forgott it falte;
When water drops haue worne the Stones of Thys
And blinde oblivion Swallowd Cities vp?
And mightie States charactere are graunted
To disuc nothing: yet let memory
From faile to falte, amonge faile Maids in loue,
Vpraid my falshede, when they use was as faile:
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as fandie earth
As Foxe to Londe, as Wolf to Heifers Calfe;
Hard to the Hinde, or Snares to the other Sonne;
Yes, let them lay, to flieke the heart of falshede,

III. ii. 70—202
Troilus and Cressida.

As false as Cressida.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: seal it, seal it. Ille be the witness here! I hold your hand; here my Cousin, if ever you prove false to me another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all petty ill-got betwixt be call'd to the world's end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conflow men be Troilus, all false women Cressida, and all brokers betwixt, Panders: 

Try. Amen. 

Cres. Amen. 

Pan. Amen. 

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your prettie encounters, prettie is to death: away. 

And Cypri grants all long-side Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere. 

Exeunt,

Enter Philo, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, 

Chiron and Calchas. Finish.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you, 

That advantage of the time prompts me aloud, 

To call for recompence: appear it to your minde, 

That through the sight I bear in things to loose, 

I have abandon'd Troy, left my paffion, 

Jason's a Traitor now, expos'd my felfe, 

From certaine and poffett conveniences, 

To doubtfull fortunes, frequeint from me all 

That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition, 

Made tame, and muff familiar to my minde; 

And here to doe you service am become, 

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted, 

I doe beseech you, as in way of falle, 

To give me now a little benefit: 

Out of thole many regrefted in promife, 

Which you fay, due to come in my behalfe. 

Why would't thou of vs Trojan make demand? 

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Aeneas, 

Yester day tooke: Troy holds him very deare. 

Oft haue you (often have you, thankes therefore) 

Defid my Cressida in right great exchange, 

Whom Troy hath full demacr'd: but this Aeneas, 

I know is such a well in their affaires; 

That their negotiations all must flake, 

Wanting his management: and they will almoft, 

Give vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam, 

In change of him. Let him be fent great Prizes, 

And let him buy my Daughter: and her preference, 

Still quite strike off all fervice I have done, 

In most accepted paine. 

Ach. Let Diomedes bear him, 

And bring vs Cressida hither: Cales shall have 

What he respects of vs good Demed 

Fornith you likly for this entrechage; 

With this word, if Helen will to morrow 

Be anwser'd in his challenge. Ares is ready. 

Don. This shall I vndervake, and 'tis a burthen 

Which I am prou'd to beare. 

Exit. 

Enter 2 chilies and Patroclus in their Tent. 

Kiss. Achill flau'ds the entrance of his Tent; 

Pleas't it our General to passe strangely by him, 

As if he were forgot: and Princes all, 

Lay neglect and booke regard upon him; 

I will come haf, 'tis like hee quell'th me,
Salutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turns not to it selfe,
Till it hath trauell'd, and is married there
Where it may see it selfe; this is not strange at all.

Whil. I do not frame it at the passion,
It is familiar; but at the Authors will,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no may be the Lord of any thing,
(Though man and of him there is much confusion,) Till he communique his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he beheld them launched in the applause
Where they are extended, who like as much curst\rate
The royce againe, or like a gate of fleete,
Fronting the Sunne, sectines and renders backe;
His figure, and his heart. I was much rapte in,
And apprehended here immediately:
The wriken one Aias,
Heauen wut what a man, there's very Horat, (are)
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things they
Must abide in regard, and dear in efe.
What things aginst must decree in the extreme,
And prooe in worth, now shall we fee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him.
Aias renown'd? O heauen, what dothe men doe,
While some men leave to doe:
How some men creep in kitcht fortune hall,
Whiles others play the Idiots in their eyes:
How one man etas into another's pride,
While pride is fealing in his warroneille
To see the ferean Grecian lords; why, euen already,
They clap the rubber basket on the shoulder,
As his face were on a braue Hector's...breath,
And great Troy thinking.

Achil. I doe believe it:
For they past by me, as mylers doe by beggars,
Neither gave me too good word, nor look:
What are my decree forget?

Whil. Time hath (my Lord) a vallet at his backe,
Witien he puts alues for oblivion:
A great fis dementile of gratuities:
Those fremps are good decrees past,
Which is for ought desmall as they are made,
Forgot as doome of day, preference, decre of my Lord,
Keepes honest hauing, to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rufle male,
In monumentall mockne: take the infant way,
For honour travel in a straight to narrow,
Where one bugues a breast, keepeth then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue, if you give way,
Or hedge slide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:
Or like a gallant Horat fellt in fast tank,
Lye there for penamet to the abid, meere
One, run, and trampled on: then what doe they do present,
Though lest he then yours in part, most one top your saw:
Fortune is like a fashionable Horat,
That lightely flakkes his parting Gueff by th hand:
And with his armes streighten, as he would ey
Grappes in the commett, the welcome ever fainfulls.
And farewells goes out fighting: O let not yewrie folks
Remontration for the thing: it was for beauties, wise,
Heigh birth, vigor of bone, defect in stare,
Love, friendship, charity, are sucteets all

To envious and calumniating tine.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one content praiser new borne gaudes,
Though they be made and mudded of things past,
And goe to stuff, that in a little guilt,
More laud then guilt circul't.
The present eye praises the pres not object:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Grecians be to worship Aias:
Since things in monno begins to catch the eye,
Then what that this: the city went out on thee,
And still it light, and yet it may a none.
If thou would but entembole thy selfe alone,
And safe thy reputation in thy Tent:
While glonomes decree but into etfe fields of late,
Made emulous miffions amongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Marco to faction.

Achil. Oh this my prince,
I have strong reasons.

Whil. But gainst your private
The reasons are more potent and heroycall.
'Tis knowne Achi! that, you are in love
With one of Prome's daughters.

Achil. I do believe it.

Whil. If that is a wunder?

The prudence that is in a vastfull State,
Knowes almoost every grate of Pheeres geld:
Findes bottome in untellectual lonesse:
Keepes place with thought; and almoost like the gods,
Doe thoughts vistull in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myrrhyn (with whom relationsh
Duefliner meddle) in the foule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuane,
Then breath orpen can give expresse to:
All the commere that you haue had with Troy,
As perfuelty is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it in Achilis much,
To throw down Heles then Athene.
But it must generoy play, for now at home,
When fame shall in her Iust I found her trumps;
And all the Greciell Citties shall tripping sing,
Great Hellas father did Achilis winne.

But our great Aias bruely bere doo me him.
Facewell my Lord: I say your louter speake,
The foule lides are the see that you should break.

Parr. To this effect. Achilis have I moud you:
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth dito an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little flounce to the want;
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweere, rouze your selfe; and the weake wanto roll
Shall from your necke volono his uncerous sould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shoue to arey syre.

Achil. Shall I use fight with Hollow?

Parr. 1 and perhaps receeat much honor by him.
Achil. I feemy reputation is at flake,
My fame is throndly gored.

Parr. Then beware:
These wounds are heale ill, that men doe give themselves:
Onmission to doe what is necesiary,
Seales a contumacy to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague sudelty stains
Euen then when we fit idely in the famine.

Achil. Goe call Iher's bither sweet Parthena,

III. iii. 108—235

603
Troylus and Cressida.

He send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To suing the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To send and tell vnarm'd: I haue a woman's longing,
An appetit that I am fickle withal,
To see great Hector in his weedes of peace; Enter Thersi.
To tale with him, and to behold his wagh,
Even to my full of view. A labour fau'd.
Thersi. A wonder.
Ajax. What? Thersi. Ajax goes vp and downe the field, asking for
himselue.
Ajax. How so? Thersi. Here must fittingly to morrow with Hector,
and is so propherically proud of a heroicall cudgelling,
that he raises in saying nothing.
Ajax. How can that be?
Thersi. Why he flakkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
bride and a bride; sumonates like a holieff, that hath no
Aristamuch but her braine to set downe her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should
say, there were wit in his head and two'd out; and so
theria: but he is as coldly in him, as fine in a flint,
which will not flie without knockeing. The mans
vndone for ever: for if Hector brake not his necke at
combat, he can't break himselfe in vaine-glory. He knows
not mee: I find, good morrow Ajax: and he replies,
thanks Agamemnon. What thinke you of this man,
that takes me for the General? Hee's grown a very
land-fyld, languageifie, a moniter: a plague of op-
ipion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Leather.
Ajax. Thou must be my Ambassador to him Thersi.
Thersi. Who, I: why heele answer no body: he pro-
selues not answeringe; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his songe in's armes: I will put on his perfection; let Pa-
trellus make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of Ajax.
Ajax. To him Patreclius: tell him, I humbly desire the
valiant Ajax, to inuite the moft valorous Hector, to come
vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
person, of the magnimious and moft illuftrious, fire or
feasen times honour'd Captain, General of the Grecian
Army Agamemnon,Act. do this.
Patreclius. Low bleffe great Ajax.
Thersi. Hum.
Part. I come from the worthy Achilles.
Thersi. Ha.
Part. Who moft humbly desire you to inuite Hector
to his Tent,
Thersi. Hum.
Part. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.
Thersi. Agamemnon.
Part. My Lord.
Thersi. Ha.
Part. What by you don't.
Thersi. Goe buy you with all my heart.
Part. Your answer for.
Thersi. If a morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for
me ere he has up.
Part. Your answer for.
Thersi. Fare you well with all my heart.
Ajax. Why, but he is not in this tyme, is he?
Thersi. No, but he's in tune thus: what musique
will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know
not: but I am sure none, unless the Fuller Apollo get his
newes to make callings on.
Ajax. Come, thou shall beare a Letter to him
straight.
Thersi. Let me carry another to his Hori: for that's
the more capable creature.
Ajax. My minde is troubled like a Fountain flir'd,
And my fett wild not the bottome of it.
Thersi. Would the Fountain of your minde were clear
againe, that I might water an Aft as it I had rather be a
Ticke in a Sheep, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Ajax with a Torch, at another
Paris, Dethnom, Anxver, Durned the
Grecian with torches.

Paris. See hoa, who is that there?
Durned. It is the Lord Ajax.
Ajax. Is this the Prince there in person?
Paris. He is good occasion to dye long.
As you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Durned. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Ajax.
Paris. A valiant Grecian, take his hand,
Withdrowe the proceede of your speech within,
You told how Durned in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.
Durned. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce,
But when we meete you smir'd, as blacke defiance,
As I can thinke, or courage execute.
Durned. The one and other. Durned myselfes,
Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meets,
By Turne, Ie play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force; purfuite and pollui.
Ajax. And thus shalt hunt a Lyon that will dye
With his face backward, in humane gentleness.
Welcome to Troy: now by Anchises life,
Welcome in deedie: by Turne hand I swear,
No man should loue in such a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Durned. We sympathize. Turne leet, Ajax leet
(If to my faward his fate be not the glory)
A thousand and compleat courses of the same,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.
Ajax. We know each other well.
Durned. We doe, and long to know each other worse.
Paris. This is the moft, delightful gentle greeting;
The noblest bestall laste, that ere I heard.
What business Lord to early?
Paris. I wante was for to the Kings but why, I know not.
Ajax. His purpose meets you? it was to bring this Greek
To Calchas houte; and there to render him,
For the enrold Agamemnor, the faire Cresilis:
Hast thou your company? or if you peale,
Haste there before vs, I constantly doe think
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother Troyis lodgeth there to night.
Roule him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I tare
We shall be much to welcome.
Ajax. That if he doe you.
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then Cresilis borne from Troy.

Par. There

III. iii. 236—IV. i. 47

604
Troilus and Cressida.

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so:
Or, Lord, weel follow you.

Ceff. Good morrow all.

Par. And tell me noble Cressi; faith tell me true,
Even in the foule of sound good fellowship.
Who in your thoughts mettis taze Helen most?
My life, or Montespan.

Cressi. Both alike.
He metis well to bear her; that doth steeke her,
Not making any scruple of her foyleure,
With such a hell of pane, and would of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not palliating the saffe of her dishonour,
With such a costly loffe of wealth and friends;
He is a pulling Cuckold, would drinks up.
The less and drear of a fast torned piece:
You like a lether, out of what shyn oynters,
Are plentis poyz'd, each weighe no lelle nor more;
But he sike, which heater for a whiore.

Par. You are too better by our country-woman.

Cressi. She's bitter to her country; I rare not Paris,
For every false drop in her bandy venter,
A Grecians hie heth faken: for every scurpel,
Of other contaminated armi weight,
A Trojan hath bene flame. Since the could speake,
She hath not giten so many good words breath,
As for her, Gierkes and Troians suffered death.

Par. Fare Deviend, you doe as chapman doe,
Duple prate th' thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this venture well;
Weeke not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troil. Deere trouble not you selfe; the morne's cold, Cress. Then twweet my Lord, hee call mine Vuckle down;
He shal within the Gree.

Troil. Trouble him not:
To bed he shall sleepe; kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as full attachment to thy fraces,
As infants empty of all thought.

Cressi. Good morrow then.

Troil. Pray heer now to bed.

Cress. Aye you were: now you are mine?

Troil. Or Cressi, but that the busie day
Walk by the Larks, hath round the ribbold Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cressi. Night hath beene one breve.

Troil. Before the miste with venomous Wighte thes.
As bisiously as hell but flies the gapers of man,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought;
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cressi. Prishee carrie, you men will neuer carrie;
O foolish Cressi, I might have feld hoffed,
And then you would have turned. Here, ther's one up.

Par. What? in what do you alon the open ere?

Troil. It is your Vuckle. Enter Pandarus.

Cressi. A pretence on him; now wil he be mocking I shall have in a sale.

Par. How were you now? how goe masten-heads?
Fare you mad? what is your mans Cressi?
Cress. Go hang your selfe, thou naugthy mocking Vuckle.

You bring me to do—but then you flower me too.

Par. To do what? to do what? let her say what?
What have I brought you to do?

Cress. Come, come, before you heart ye lente be good, nor suffer others.

Par. Hah, alas poore wretch a poore Christ, a hall not Cepat to night? would be not (a naughty Master); if sleeping long, beat him. One breve.

Cressi. Did not I tell you? would be were knoche at head. What's that at done? good Vuckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you against in to my Chamber.
You smile and stooke, as if I meant no badly.

Troil. Ha, ha.

Cressi. Come you are deceit'd, I think of no such thing.
How canst thee knoche: pray you come in. R春节, I would not halfe Troil have you see here.

Par. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Cressi. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Par. Who's there my Lord? say by you toke I knew not: what neveresse with you so early?

Cressi. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Par. Fare what should Cressi do here?

Cressi. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him: It doth import him much to speake with me.

Troil. Is he here say you? is more then I know, He be sworne: For my owne part I came in last: what should he do here?

Cressi. Who pay then? Come, come, yooell doe him wrong, are you ware: yooell be to true to him, to be talle to him: Do not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. How now, what is the matter?

Cressi. My Lord, I scarce have leasure to salute you,
My matter is so fath: there is at hand,
Pass your brother, and Desbonas,
The Grecian Disoent, and our Anteuser.
Deliberate sta, and for him thrath with,
Ere the shiel late, without this house,
We must give up to Desbonas hand.

The Lady Cressida. It is so concluded so.

Par. By reason, and the generall state of Trols.
They are at hand, and ready to effect:

Par. Hee has the Grecians at the mee nege,
I will gone ease them; and my Lord a'erte.
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.

Cressi. Good good my Lord, the severest nature
Hauent more, yet on ephemorme.

Enter Pandaras and Cressida.

Par. It is pulitte? no frater goe but left: the distell
Take Autheuer, the youg Prince will goe mad: a plague
Upon Autheuer; I would he bad polikee.

Cressi. How now, what's the matter? who was here?

Par. Ah, ha!

Cressi. Why figh you so profoundly? what's my Lords
gone? refine ears Vuckle, what's the mater?

Par. Would I were as deep in the earth as I am above.

Cressi. O the gods! what's the matter?

Par. Pray the goe as in: I would thou bad'it here beene
born, I knew then would it be his depth: O poor Gentileman: a plague upon Autheuer.

Cressi. Good.
Troylus and Cressida.

Crc. Good Voickle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Author; thou must to thy Father, and be gone from Troylus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

Crc. O you immortal gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Crc. I will not Voickle: I have forgett my Father: I know no touch of consanguinity:

No kin, no lour, no blood, no foole, so neree me,

As the sweet Troylus: O you gods divine!

Make Troyfide name the very crown of falsehood!

If must the loath Troylus: time, once and death,

Do to this body what extremity you can;

But the strong safe and building of my love,

Is at the very Center of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weep.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Crc. Trace my bright heire, and scratch my praisd cheekes,

Cracke my deere voyce with fobs, and brake my heart

With founding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy, Exeunt.

Enter Pariss, Troylus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Author and Discord.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix

Of her delierie to this valiant Grecce
Comes faft upon: good my brother Troylus,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And hafl to her the purpose.

Troy. Walk into her house: I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;

And to his hand, when I deliver her,

Think it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus

A Priest, there offering to his heart.

Par. I know what's to do, and would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.

Please you walk in, my Lords. Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Crcffid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Crcffid. Why tell you me of moderation?

The griefe is line, full perfect that I saue,

And no leffe in a leffe as strong

As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?

If I could temporise with my affection,

Or brow it to a weake and colder pallat,

The like alaiment could I give my griefe:

My love admits no qualifying crde; Enter Troylus.

No more my griefe, in such a precious loffe.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet duchke.

Crcffid. O Troylus, Troylus!

Pan. What a pair of speculaces is here? Let me embrace too; oh, if, as the goodly saying is O heart, beauteous heart, why fighst thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not easelv smart by friendship; nor by speaking: there was never an erier time; let us call away nothing, for we may lose to haue neede of such a Vertue: we feite, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Crcffid. I loute thee in so strange a partie;

That the blest gods, as angry with my lanee,

More bright in zeal, then the devotion which

Cold lips blow to their Deities take thee from me.

Crcffid. Haue the gods emine?
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
But I can tell that in each grace of it,  
There lurks a still and dumb-distrouscing dwell,  
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.  
Cres. Do you think I will?  
Try, no, but something may be done that we will not:  
And sometimes we are due in to our fates,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Perishing on their changeful course,  
Aenoa with. Nay, good my Lord?  
Try. Come, knife, and let us part.  
Paris waves. Brother Try...  
Try. Good brother come you hither,  
And bring Aenoa and the Grecian with you.  
Cres. My Lord, will you be true?  
Try. Who I? alas it is my wife, my fault:  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I, with great truth, catch more simplecise:  
While I come with cunning guild their copper crowners,  
With truth and plausible I do wear mine bare:  

Enter the Grecian  
Fears not my truth; the morrall of my wit  
Is plain and true, that's all the reach of it.  
Welcome to Diomed, here is the Lady  
Which for Anteo, we deliver you.  
At the port (Lord) I lie gue to thy hand,  
And by the way profess thee what thou art.  
Enter she faire; and by my oath, faire Grecian,  
If thou stand at mercy of my Sword,  
Name Cresid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam's is in Ilion?  
Dio. Fare Lady Cresid,  
So please you favour the thanks this prince expects:  
The luft in your eyes, heaven in your cheeks,  
Pleases your faire village, and to Diomed  
You shall be not off, and command him wholly.  
Try. Greek, thou dost not we come curteously,  
To thine the sake of my petition towards  
I prating her. Tell thee Lord of Greece  
Shes is as faire high looking, of thy prais,  
As thou unworthy to call other than.  
I charge thee see her well, even for my charge:  
For the dreadful State, if thou do not,  
(Though the great bucke, Achilles be thy guard)  
Ile cut thy throat,  
Dio. Oh be not morded Prince Tryllus!  
Let me be prindled by my place and regge,  
To be a speake free? when I am hence,  
Ile answer to my lute, and know my Lord;  
Ile nothing done on charge: to her owne worth  
She shall be pride; but that you say, be'to;  
Ile preshe in it my spirit and honor, no.  
Try. Come to the Port. He tell his Diomed,  
This braue, shal not make thee to hide thy head:  
Lady, give me your hand, and as we walkes,  
To our owne felues bend we our needful talkes.  
Sound Trumpet.  
Par. Haste, Hectors Trumpet.  
Aene. How have we spent this morning  
The Prince swift thinkes me tardy and taimble,  
That fowre to ride before him in the field.  
Par. This Tryllus faultes come, come to held with him.  
End.  
Dio. Let us make ready straight.  
Aene. Yes, with a Bridegrooms fresh ascension.
That At euery i
An
l
t
to
de
And daughters of the game.

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeetes, Helenus and Attendants. Flourish.

The Trojans Trumpet.

Agg. Yonder comes the troope.

Flourish all you rate of Greece: what shall be done
To baff that victory commands? or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extreme
Peruse each others: or shall be divided
By any trope, or orders of the field: Hector bad ask?

Agg. Which way would Hector have it?

Agg. He cares not, heelee obeay conditions,

Agg. 'Tis done like Hector, but secretly done,

A little prouudly, and great deal displeasing

The Knights oppos'd.

Ene. How Achilles for, what is your name?

Achel. I cannot Achilles nothing.

Ene. Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this,

In the extremity of great and little:

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all;

The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:

And that which looks like pride, is curteous:

This Aese is halfe made of Hector's bloud;

In loue whereof, half Hector ablaze as home:

When heere, halfe hand, halfe Hector, comes to fecke

This blende Knightes, halfe Troian, and halfe Greece.

Achel. A maiden battail then? O I perceive you.

Agg. Here is for, Dismiss: goe gentle Knight,

Stand by our Aese: as you and Lord Aeetes

Content upon the order of their fight:

So being rather to the vextreme.

Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,

If she feare their fire, before their-stroke begin.

Ple, they oppos'd already.

Agg. What Trooves is that same that looks so heavy?

Ple. The yourself Sonne of Priam;

A true Knight; they call him Troyas;

Not ever was, yet matches, firme of word,

Speeching in deadees, and deedelesse in his tongue;

Yet hee not proud, one being provok'd, some calmd.'

Hoy. Yea, hand both open, and both fire:

Yet giveth not still judgement guide his bounty,

Nor Davies an impaire thought with breath:

Many as Helen, but more dangerous;

For Hesper in his blaze of wrath subscribes

To render death: but hee, in heste of action,

Is more unscourte and wellbeing,

They call him Troyas: and on him erect;

A seconde hope, as fayrely built as Helen.

Thus fares Aeneas, one that knows the youth;

Even in his staches: and with private foule,

Did in great Ilion thus tranfalte him to me. 

Aeneas. They are in motion.

Nestor. Now Aeneas hold thine owne.

Troy. Hector, thou sleepest, awake thee.

Agg. His blows are well disposed, these Aeneas, tripe.

Diss. You must not more.

Nestor. Princes enough, to please you,

Aeneas, I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

Diss. As Hector please.

Hector. Why then will I no more;

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sister Sonne;

A conten german to great Priamus feeds;

The obligation of our blood for buds,

A gene simulation, twixt vs twaine;

Were thy commision, Greeks and Trojan:

This thou couldst fly, this hold a Grecian all,

And this is Troy: the fowtes of this Legge,

All Greeks, and this all Iow my, Mothers blood

Ruts on the deeter checker, and this after

Bounds in any fathers: by Iow multation,

I know not where, from me a Grecian member

Writen my sword not imperease manie

Of our ranke feede: but the iud gods gamsy,

That any drop thou borost from thy mother,

My lastest Aunt, should by my mortall sword

Be drained. Let me embrace thee Aeneas,

By whom that thunders, thou hast thine Armes;

Hecules would have them full upon him thus,

Cozen, all honor to thee.

Aeneas. I thank thee Hector.

Thou art no gentile, and too free a men:

I come to kill thee Cozen, and brave hence

A great fatall, earned in thy death.

Hector. Not given to irkable,

On whole right thrill, same well, ever bowld (O ye)

Gripe, this is but: could I promise to revenge,

A thought of added honor, comme with Hector.

Aeneas. There is experience here from both the sides,

What further you will do?

Hector. Weele answer it.

The sife is embracer:

Aeneas, farewell.

Aeneas. If I might in encounters, noble effiffes,

As told I have the chance: I should excite

My famious Caus to our Grecian Taxes.

Diss. The Agamemnon comes with, and great Achilles,

Doth long to see vinegar in the valiant Hector.

Hector. Agamemnon call my brother Trajan to me:

And signe this hys, this meeting interview

To the expresse of our Trajan.

Defire them hence. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:

I will goe care of thee, and see your Knights.

Agg. To the Armistice, and the rest.

Aeneas. Great Agamemnon comes to meete vs hence,

Hector. The worthes of them, tell me name by name:

But for Achilles, mine owne searching eye.

Shall finde him by his large and prosperous eye.

Aeneas. Worthy of Armes: and come as one

That would be of such an extreme,

But there is no welcome: venderfand more cleere

What's past, and what's to come, is fight'd and huskes,

And formelesse mine of obliuation;

But in this extreme moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing.

Bids thee with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome.

Hector. I thank thee most impierious Agamemnon.
Troilus and Cressida.

ACT I. 

Scene I. 

Achilles. Behold thy fill. 

Heæ. Nay, I have done already. 

Achilles. Thou art to bresce; I will the second time, 
As I would thy thee, view thee, lumbe by lumbe. 

Heæ. O like a bookke of sport thou teaste me oere: 
But there's more in me then thou vnderstand it. 

Why dost thou so appeale with thine eye? 

Achilles. Tell me ye Heægen, in which part of his body 
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there, 
That I may gave the local word a name, 
And make distinct the very beholds, where-out 
Heæ in great sport, W. Answer me heægen. 

Achilles. It would differ the blind Gods, proudman, 
To answere such a question a Stand agame; 
Think it thou to catch my life so hastily, 
As to降临iminate in nice contenture 
Where thou with hit me dead? 

Achilles. I tell thee yea. 

Heæ. Wilt thou the Oracle to tell me, 
I do believe thee; hes forethguard she well, 
But I do not kill thee there, nor there, nor there, 
But by the fore that fished Mars his hymne, 
He killed thee every where, yet one and one. 

You wilfull Grecians, ponde me this bragg, 
His abundance drews tolly from my lips, 
But he endeavoure do match one of our vnds, 
Or may I never— 

Achilles. Do not chafe thee Cæsair: 

And you Achæs, let thse threats alone 
Till accident, or purpose bring you too, 
You may every day enough of Heæ's 
If you have tasmacke. The pensile state I earce, 
Can casie interest you to be once with him, 

Heæ. I pray you let us see you at the field, 
We have heard peling Wares since you consumed 
The Grecian cause. 

Achilles. Doft thou interest me Heæ? 

To morrow do I mean thee to asath, 
Toought, all Friends; 

Heæ. Thy hand upon that match, 

Achilles. First, all you Peeters of Greece go to my Tent, 

There in the full consume you: Aways, 
As Heæt's leasure, and your bygnites shall 
Concurre together, lowelially interest them, 
Beste abord the armes, ye the Trumphants blow, 
That this great Soother may his welcome know. Exeunt 

Troy. 

Achilles. Tell me I beseche you, 

In what place of the Field doth Calchas keepe? 

Uffæ. As Mendows-Tent, most Princely Troyes, 

There Dian doth feast with him to night, 
Whoso neither lookses on heaves, nor on earth, 
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view 
On the faire Cressida, 

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much, 
Aft we part from Agamenties Tent, 

To bring me thither? 

Uffæ. You shal command me for: 

As gentle tell me, of what Honour was 
This Cressida in Troy, bad she no Louer there 
That wastes her absence? 

Tro. Of sir, to such as boasting chew their scarces, 

A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord? 

She was belou'd, the loud, the is, and dooth; 

But still sweet Love is food for Penteuans tooth. 

Exeunt, 

Enter Achilles and Parrocus, 

Achilles. Hehe his blood with Grecish wine to night, 

Which

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No, not a whit. Enter Achillæ.

Pil. Here he comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave Helen! welcome Princess all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight.

Achil. Commands the guard to tend on you.

Hél. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord,

Hél. Goodnight sweet Lord Diomede.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quench'd! sweet sniffs,
Sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcome, both at once, to those
that go, or tarry.

Ag. Goodnight.

Achil. Old Néstor carrieth, and you too Dioménd,

Keep Helen company an hour, or two.

Diom. I cannot Lord, I have important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Helen.

Hél. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch he goes to Chalcia Tent,

He keepes you company.

Ther. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hél. And to good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. Exeunt.

Ther. That fame Dioménd's a false-hearted Rogue, a
most miftak'ne Judge; I will no more trust him when he
leert, then will I a Serpent when he hiseth: he will spend
his mouth & promis, like Brabiler the Hound; but when
he performes, Althornsomertell'st he, that is prodigious,
there will come some change: the Sunne borrowers of the
Moone when Dioménd keeps his horrid, I will rather
leeue to see Helen, then not to dogge them: they say,
he keeps a Troyan Drab, and viest the Traitor Chalcia
his Tent. He alter—Nothing but Letherie! All
incontinent Vaires. Exeunt.

Enter Dioméd.

Diom. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Diom. Dioméd. (I think) wheres your Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Víffer.

Pil. Stand where the Torch may not discover vs.

Troy. Crestfis comes forth to him.

Diom. How now my charge?

Crest. Now my sweet gardian: harkes a word with you.

Troy. Yes, Io familiar?

Víffer. She will sing any man at first fight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, he can take
her life: he's noted.

Diom. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Diom. Nay, but doe then; and let your chinde be
coupled with your words.

Tre. What should the remember?

Pil. Lift?

Crest. Sweete howy Greek, tempte me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguerie.

Diom. Nay then.

Crest. I'll tell you what.

Diom. Fo, fo, come tell a spin, you are a forsworne. —

Crest. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Diom. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Crest. I prissebe do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me do not any thing but that sweete Greeks.

Diom. Co"
Good night, Troilus.  
Hold patience, Ulysses.  
How now Trojan?  
Ulysses.  
Diomed.  
Not, no, good night: I be your fool no more.  
Thy better must.  
Hark one word in your ear,  
O plague and madrife.  
Ulysses. You are mused, Prusse, let us depart. I pray you,  
Leave your displeasure; could it charge it false  
To withbull enemies: this place is dangerous.  
The same might deadly: I seek thy goe.  
Behold, I pray you.  
Nay, good my Lord, proceed.  
You now to great distraction: come my Lord  
I pray thee stay.  
You haue no patience, come.  
I pray you stay; by hell and hell torment,  
I will not speake a word.  
Aid to goe, do not.  
Nay, by your part raignier.  
Do thou greenhouse thee? O wittred truth.  
Why, how now Lord?  
By heare I will be patience.  
Crest, see how Greecee.  
Fare, adie, you pater.  
In faith, do not: come hither once againe.  
You make my Lord at something: will you goe?  
You will break out.  
She strokes his cheke.  
Come, come.  
Nay stay, by swore I will not speake a word.  
There is betweene my will, and all offences,  
A guard of patience: stay a little while.  
How the dwell; Luxurie with his fat rumpe and  
Potato founter, stickles the thee together: frye lechery, frye.  
I will now the sharpe.  
Let me see.  
Infir, I will: I never truth me selfe.  
Give me some token for the suretly of it.  
I lecke you one.  
You haue sworne patience.  
Fear me not sworne Lord.  
I will not be my selfe, nor have cognizance  
Of what I see: I am all patience.  
Enter Creidil.  
Now the pledge, now, now, now.  
Here Diomed, keepes this Sleeue.  
O beautie! where is thy Faith?  
My Lord.  
I will be patience, outwardly I will,  
You seeke upon that Sleeue; behold it well:  
He would me: O faire wench I give me againe.  
Whose was?  
I am no matter now I have a gainge.  
I will not meete with you to Morrow night:  
I perceive Diomed villain some more.  
Now the sharpe: well said Whetsone.  
I shall haue it.  
What, this?  
I, that.  
O all your gods! O prettie, prettie pledge  
Thy Master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me, and fightes, and takes my Clothe,  
And guessest all daintie kisse to it;  
As I kisse thee.  
Nay, doe not snatch it from me;  
He that takes that, takes my heart withall.  
I had your heart before, this followes.  
I did I weare patience.  
You shall not have it Diomed: faith you shall not:  
I give you something else.  
I will have this: whose was it?  
It is no matter.  
Come tell me whose it was.  
Twas one that lod me better then you will.  
But now you haue it, take it.  
Whose was it?  
By all these men waiting women pond:  
And by her selfe, I will not tell you who:  
I will now worship it in my Helme,  
And grieve his spirit that does not challenge it.  
Went thou the dwell, and worke it on thy horse.  
It should be challenging.  
Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paid: and yet it is not.  
I will not keep my word.  
After then farewell,  
Then never shall mocke Diomed againe.  
You shall not goe: some cannot speake a word,  
But it faste fits you.  
I do not like this feeling,  
Not by plane: but that which not me please,  
Nay a bed.  
What shall I come? the hour.  
I come: O I sawe, come: I shall be plagued.  
Farewell till then.  
Good night: I prye you come.  
I will farewell one eye yet looks on thee;  
But with my heart, the other eye, doth fee:  
Ah pour our free, this fault in vs I finde:  
The eftor of our eye, directs our minde,  
What eftor leads, must err: O then conclude,  
Mistres swaid by eyes, are full of turpitude.  
A proofe of strength the could not publish more,  
Vuelve the fay, my minde is now turn'd where.  
All done my Lord,  
This.  
Why stay we then?  
To make a recordation to my soule.  
Of every syllable that here was spoke  
But if I tell how these two did coze:  
Shall I not, in publishing a truth,  
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:  
An eiperence so obstinately strong,  
That doth insert that tett of eyes and ears;  
As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
Creased only to caluminate.  
Was Creidil here.  
I cannot contemne Trojan.  
She was not sure.  
Most sure the was.  
Why my negation hath no taste of maddency  
Nor mine my Lord: Creidil was here but now.  
Let it not be beleu'd for womanhood:  
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage  
To fubborne Critics, apt without a theme  
For depravation, to quare the general sex  
By Creidil rule. Rather think this not Creidil.  
What hath the done Prince, that can forse our mothers?  
Nothing as all, vuelve that this were the:  
Will he stagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?  
This she? no, this is Diomed Creidil.  
If beautie have a soule, this is not she.
Troylus and Cressida.

If foules guide voyes, if voyes are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight;
If these be in writing, this felte,
This is not fe: O madone of discourse!
That care sets vp, with, and against thy selfe
By foule authoritie: where reason can resuel
Without perdition, and loffe all reason,
Without resolt. Thus is, and is not Cressid:
Within my soule, there doth conduc a fight
Of this strange nature, that a ching insepurate,
Dudes more wider, then the side and earth.
And yet the fraticious breath of this division,
Admis to Otritor for a point as fulble,
As Arachnes broken woofe to enter:
Inflance, O inflance! strong as Pintoes garees,
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
Inflance, O inflance, strong as heaven a selfe:
The bonds of heaven are fip, diffold'd and loos'd,
And with another knot fine finger tied;
The fractions of her faith, oors of her lour:
The fragments, speres, the bits, and greatzie reliques,
Other one-eaten faith, are bound to Damoc
Vif. May worthy Troylus be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth aspre?
Thus was a Caskate: and that shall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fixt a sole.
Harkke Greek: as much as I doe Cressid love;
So much by weight, hate I her Damoc,
That Iesse is mine, that heele heare in his Heine:
Were it a Cardes compon'd by Populian skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreading spout,
Which Shipmen do the Hurricano call
Confrong'd in maffe by the slamingly Fenne,
Shall daze with more clamoure Neptunes ear
In his diligent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on Damoc.
Thus: Helio tickle it for his concupis.
Troy, O Cressid! O false Cressid false, false:
Let all earths hand by thy named name,
And theye feenme glorious.
Vif. O contoyne your selfe:
Your passion divers eates hitheer.

Enter Emu.

Emu. I have beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hestor by this is arming hime to Troy.
May your Guard, flies to conduc you home,
Troy. Have with you princes: my curiosous Lord adow.
Facerall resold faire: and Damoc,
Brand stand and wear a Caille on thy head.
Vif. To bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept of me this hanks.
Facerall trysles, Exce, and dlyles.
Thar. Would I could meete that rogue Damoc,
I would look like a Lusen: I would bode,
Patriarch will passe any thing for the intelligence of
his whose: the Patent will not doe more for an Almond,
Then hee a comnosous doble: lecherly, lecherly,
Full vearles and lecherly, nothing else be his fashion.
A burning dulce take them.
Thus felte.

Enter Helier and Adromache.

And when was my Lord so much vengently tender'd,
To stop his cares against adornament?
Vharm, xharm, and doe not fight to day.
Helier. You shrive me to offend you: get you gone.

By the cruel slaying, Gods, let goe.
And. My dreams will sene proud ominous to the day.
Helier. No more I say.
Enters Cressid.
Cress. Where is my brother Helier,
And. Here sity, arm'd and bloody in intent.
Confort with me in loud and deere petition:
Purse we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shape, and formes of slauh.
Cress. O, its true.
Helier. He did my Trumpet found.
Cress. His notes of alle, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Helier. Begon I say: the gods have heard me seares.
Cress. The gods are deafe to hot and puemt vowes;
They are polluted offings, much abhord
Then spotted Luiers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perforsed, do not count it holy;
To hurt by being iinj: it is as lawfull?
For we would count gue much to as violent theate,
And rob in the behalfe of charite.
Cress. It is the purpose that makes theghe the vowes
But vowes to every purpose must not hold:
Vhsnme sweete Helier,
Helier. Hold you till I say;
Cress. Where is the weather of om fate?
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holdhorne forre more precautions, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now young man? mean'th thou to fighte to day?
And. Cressidara, call my father to periwaide.

Enters Cressidara.

Helier. No faith young Troylus doth thy hauette your:
I am to day with Vaine of Chasteity.
Let grow thy sinnes till thys knotts be strong;
And tempert not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vharm thee, goe; and doute thou not brave boy;
He stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brothar, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fis A Lyon, then a man.
Helier. What vice is that good Troylus chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the capture Creastian falls,
Even in the fauore and winds of your faire Sword
You bid them rife, and huke.
Helier. O'tis faire play,
Troy. Fools play, by heauen Helier,
Helier. How now? how now?
Troy. For chloue of all the gods.
Let's leave the Hermit Pyt, with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venem'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to mithfull works, reicm them from ruth.
Helier. Pries fassaife, fir.
Troy. Helier, then his warres.
Helier. Troylus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troy. Who should with-hold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Billing with fieri trunchon my retire;
Not Priasus, and Hecube on knees:
The eyes one gaited with recrece of teares:
Hee or my brother, with your true word drawn
Oppof'd to hinder me, should ftop my way:
But by my ruine,

Enter Priasus and Cressidara.

Cress. Lay hold upon him Prias, hold him fast:
He is thy crouse: now shou loofe thy fay,
Thou on him leami, and all Troy outhe,
Fall all together.

Pris. Come Heaven, come, goe backe.

Thy withe had dreamest: thy mother had heard visions: Cæsandra had foreseen, and my selfe,
And so a Prophet suddenly awoke,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hel. Amen is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeces,
Esch in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pris. I, but thou shalt not goe.

Hel. I must not break my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deseert,
I let me not shame clesped:
But give me leave
to take that course by your content and voice,
Which you do here tobed me, and all Pris.

Caf. O Pris, yeedite not to him.

And, doe not deseert falter.

Hel. Addam who I am offended with you:
Upon the lure you bate out, get you in.

Exit Addamache.

Tri. This fowle, dreaming, sleepeth at these girls,
Make all their bedcovertse.

Caf. Farewell, clespe Hel.

Look how they doue dreame, how they eye turns pale,
How they whyould do bleeke at many vents:
Harke how the Troye soares; how Hecuba cries out;
How poore Addamache flisht her dooms forth;
Behold disfacion, freone, and a wazement,
Like wilieffe Annexes one another metre,
And all cry Hel. Heliers dead: O Helier!

Tri. Away, away.

Caf. Farewell: yes, goe: Helier take my leve;
Thou doughty selfe, and all our Troye deseerte.

Exit. Hel. You are a voyd, my Lige, to her eare time.
Go in and chirr the Towne, weeke forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell them you at night.

Pris. Farewell: the gods with ferefull stand about thee.

Addam. They are at it, harke; proud Diumed, beleue
I come to loose my arms, or winne my steeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Tri. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor girls.

Tri. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorson tucke, a whorson racefully tucke,
So troubled me; and the fowlelsh fortune of this girl, and
What one thing, what another, that I shal leave you one
'tis dayes: and I have a sheate in mine eyes too,
And such an aske in my bones: that whils a man were curf,
I cannot tell what to think on't.

What saies there then?

Tri. Words, words, mere words, no spaces from the rest.

The effect doth operate another way.

Godwells to wonde, there turne and change together:
My louse with words, and errors still the seeedes;
But edices another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Tri. Hence brother laske, ignomiue and shame
Pur lupeth hime, and the eye with my name.

A Lurem. Euboea.

Enter Themist in exeunt.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing another, He
Goe looke on: that dillimbling abumnable varlet Dam-
mede, has got that fame scuriei, dozing, foolish yong knavesSleee of Troye, ther in his Helme: I would taine
see me thereof; that tyme yong Troye sile, that looke
thee who they, there might, with this Dyne, backe to the dillimbling
lurous drabe, of a fowlewise errant, Oth's three foote,
the politie of thele craft: strenuous sile a cakel
al old Moule eaten day cheere, Nefer, and that same dog
foxe Pless of not proud with a Blackerry.
They set me vp in policy, that smal telle care Aax
against that dogge of a bad a konte, Addier.
And so to the curre Aax pleuss the curre Addier, and will noe aume
to day. Whereupon, the Greeces began to proclaim
barbarisme; and pillese growes upon an ill opinion.

Enter Diumed and Troye.

Sothore come: Silence, and other.

Tri. Eye note for should we tnow take the River Suis,
I would sour all.

Diu. Thou dost it still retire:
I do not feie, but adustigous case
With drawe me from the odds of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy where Greecian: now for thy wheare
Troyan: Now there celue, now the Silence.

Lewr. Do not Helier.

Heli. What art thou? Greek that thou hast Heliers match:
Art thon of blood, and honoure?

Ther. No. No. I am a rascall: a scuriei thailaking
a very filthy rogue.

Hel. I doe beleue thee, line.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me,
but a plague breaketh necke. Ie frightening me: what's beco-
me of the wenching rogues? I think they have
swallowed one another. I would laugh at their mar-
cle.---yet in a for, leecherie as tufl: De scete them.

Exit.

Enter Diumed and Servants.

Dis. Goe, Goe, my servant, take them tothe Themis Hoste.

Present the faire Segrega to my Lady Creffid:
Fellow, command my seruice to her beauty
Tell her, I have chantel the amorous Troyan,
And am her Knight by prove.

Ser. I goe my Lord.

Enter Agammem, Aga. Remember, the seere Pelamoun
Hath brate downe Menoe: bastand Mageria
Hath Dierus prizered,
And standes Calamis, wife washes his beare,
Vpon the puled courtes of the Kings race,
Kyon, sone of Cicon, Pecocus in the Halle;
 Amphipus, and Thos deadly hurt;
Patroclus care of his selfe, and Pelamoun
Sore hurt and brained; the dreadfull Sagitary
Appraisus our numbers, faile we Diumed
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nefet.

Nefet. Go beare Parnaboe body to Addier,
And bid the facele pare a Arms arm for shame:
There is a howling Helier in the field:
Now here he fightes on Galahs his Horie,
And there lackes worker and the there a wrete,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled fheals,

After
Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder, And there the straying Greeks, ripe for his edge, Full downe before him, like the mowers swath; Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes; Desirous to obeying appere, That what he will he doeth, and doeth so much, Tho' a piece or two is called impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage, young Prince! great Achilles is strong, weeping, crying, railing vengeance, Paracles wounds have rau'd my drowst blood, Together with his mangled Asymphrion; That novelle, handleffe, hate and chyp, come to him; Crying on Helier. Axs hath lost a friend, And foam'd at mouth, and he is mad, and at it: Rearing for Troylus; who hath done to day, Mad and fantastic execution;

Engaging and redemming of himselfe.

With such a carelesse force; and forcelse care, As if that luck in very sight of cunning, bad mee win all.

Enter Axil.

Axil. Troylus, thou coward Troylus. Exit.

Die. I there, there.

Nef. So, so, we draw together. Exit.  

Enter Axil.

Axil. Where is this Helier? Come, come, thou boy, quality, thou my face: Know what is to comte Achilles anger. Helier, where's thy Leier? I will none more but Helier. Exit. Enter Axil.

Axil. Troylus, thou coward Troylus, thy head be.

Enter Diomed.

Dem. Troylus, hey, what's Troylus?  

Axil. What would it thou?  

Dem. I would correct him.  

Axil. Were it the General, thou shouldst have my face, Ert that correction: Troylus hey, what Troylus?  

Troylus.  

O, traitor Diomed! Turn thy false, false treason, Ay, any thy life thou mayst live for my face.  

Die. He, he, thou there?  

Axil. He fight with him alone, stand Diomed.  

Die. He is my priz, I will not looke upon; Troylus, Can easily you engag Greeks, haue at you both.  

Exit Troylus.

Enter Helier.

Helier. Hey, Ye Trois? Or well bought my youngest brother.  

Enter Axil.

Axil. Now do I see thee; base at thee Helier.  

Helier. Peace if thou wilt.  

Axil. I do desire thy curtaining proud Troylus, Be happy that thy sores are out of thee. My self and every one behinds thee now, But thou art still hearted of mine agane: I tell thee, there is thy fortune.  

Exit.  

Helier. Fare thee well:  

I would have beene much more a freer man, Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?  

Enter Troylus.

Troylus. Axe hath taken. Even fort it lie?  

Ne,y by the face of yonder glorious heaven, He shall hate e're him. I be tame too, Or hang him off: fate neste me what they;

I weare not, though thou end my life to day.  

Exit.  

Enter one in Armour.

Helier. Stand fast, thou Greek,  

Thou art a goodly maker:  

Now wilt thou not I thy armour well,  

He, suit it, and unlock the meet smooth,  

But thee be misth at it: wilt thou not best abide?  

Why then flye on, I have thee for thy hide.  

Exit. Enter Achilles with Asymphrion.

Achil. Come here about me you my Myrmidons: Mark what I say; attend me when I whistle.  

Strike not a sroke, but keep ye felle in breath;  

And when I have the bloody Helier bound,  

Empale him with your weapons round about:  

In fettle manner execute your armes.  

Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;  

It's decreed, Helier the great most dye.  


Theseus. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it; now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my double here'd sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the game; were horses hot.

Exit Paris and Menelass.  

Enter Bafard.

Bafard. Turne flame and fight.  

Here, what art thou?  

Bafard, A Baflard Sonne of Pramis.

Here, I am a Baflard too, I am Bafard of crus, I am a Baflard begot, Baflard in truth, Baflard in mind, Baflard to valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one Baflard take heed, the quarter's most ominous to us: if the Sonne of a whose fight for a where, he temptes judgement: farewell Baflard.

Bafard. The diuell take thee coward.  

Exit.  

Helier. Most pitifull care to faire without;  

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life,  

Now is thy days work done: I take good breath.  

Roll Sword, thou haue thy fill of blood and death,  

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looketh Helier now the Sonne begins to set;  

How vigour might come breathing at his hectar,  

Even with the vail and darkning of the Sunne,  

To close the day up, Helier's life is done.  

Helier. I am alas! forget this vantage Greek.  

Achil. Strike fellowes strike, this is mine Hecke.  

So illon fall thou: now Troy sike downe;  

Here lies the heat, thy arrows, and thy bone.  

On Myrmidons, say you my name,  

Achilles hath the mighty Helier Caine.  

Retreat.  

Hakre, take ye our Grecian parts.  

Gree. The Troian Trumpeters sounds the like my Lord.  

Achil. The dragon wing of eight ore-speades the earth  

And Hyltikes like the Amines perpetates  

My holy Sword, that frankly would have tied,  

Plesid with this damny bed; thus goes to bed.  

Come, tie his body to his hores tyle;  

Along the field, I will the Trojan trite:  

Sound Retreat.  

Exit.  

Enter Aias, Menelass, Nefer, Diomed, and the rest marching.

Aias.  

Hakre, Hakre, what fount is that?  

Nef. Peace Drink.
Troylus and Cressida.

Des. The bruiser, Hector's flame, and by Achilles.
Ach. His fate, ye gods befall him.
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray Achilles see vs at our Tent,
In his death the gods have vs befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our shameful wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Amos, Paris Achemon and Daphnis.

Ame. Stand here, ye are my masters of the field,
Never go home; here that we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hector is flame.
Ach. Hector, the gods forbid.

Troy. Here's dead and at the murthleers Hector's tail,
In briefest fort, dragg'd through the flamefull field
A Frownse on you heavens, effect your rage with speede:
Sit gods upon your thrones, and rule at Troy.
I say at once, let your brieke plaiges be mercy,
And linger not our sure defractions on.

Ame. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Host.
Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speake of flight, or fear of death,
But dare all immenities that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so? or Hector's wife?
Let hum that will a streetechauze eye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
There is a word with Priam turne to done;
Make well, and Nodes of the maides and wives;
Coolle statues of the youth; and in a word,
Scars Troy out of it felle. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you wile abominable Trelts,
That proudly uplift on our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
To through, and pright you, and thou great fixed coward:
No space of Earth shall funder our two hostes,
He haunts thee, like a wicked contention still,
Infantile hobgoblins with astray thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort gone:
Hope of revenge, shall hide our wondrous woe.

Exeunt Pandarne.

Pand. But hear ye? hear ye?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignominie, and shame
Purstit thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine skinkbones: oh world,
world, world! thus is the poor agent dispatche:
Oh traitorous and bawds; how mayly are you set aworking,
And how ill required? why should our indescrib., be so deft,
And the performance so lost? What Verfe for it?
What influence for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth fing,
Till he hath left his honey, and his finge.
And being once fudgd in armed tale,
Sweere honey, and free note together fail.
Good traders in the flegg, set this in your painted cloathes,
As many as be here of Panders shill,
Your eyes half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or is it you cannot weep yet give some groane?
There's not for me yet for your skinkbones:
Brothers and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
Son's two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is thus:
Some calld Goose of Winchester would hifie
Till then, lie here, and seek for your sales:
And at that time be prest of you at dispos.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

V. ix. 1—V. x. 57

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The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Marvellous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen.

Before we proceed any further, hear me speake.

All. Speak, speak.

1. Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dye then to famish.

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. Cit. First you know, Coriolanus is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know it, we know it.

1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and we lave Corne at our own price.

It's a Verdite?

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 satisfies one, would release vs. If they would yeale vs but the superfluitie while it were wholoforne, we might guesse they releaved us humane: But they think we are too deere, the leannes that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is an innumer-

ity to particularize their abundance, our sufferance 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 proceed especially against Coriolanus?

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

1. Cit. Consider you what Service he has done for his Country?

2. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him a good report for's, but that he pays himselfe with beeng proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done Fanoulshe, he did it to this end: though soft conference men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be parli proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

2. Cit. What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him; You must in no way say he is contentious.

1. Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusa-

tions he hath faults (with surpluse) to tyrre in repetition.

Show't methim.

What shows ethere? The other side 's City is in stirr, why they praying here? To the Capitol, All. Come, come.

1. Cit. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath al-

ways lord the people.

1. Cit. He's one honest enough, wold at the rest were so.

Men. What work's my Counsellors in hand?

All. Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter

speake I pray you.

2. Cit. Our purpose is not unknowne to th' Senate, they have had thinking this fortnight what we intend to do, we now shall new ene designs: they say poor Sutters have strong breaths, they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why Matters my good Friends, mine bene-

fit Neighbours, will you yield your fel lows?

2. Cit. We cannotSir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care

have the Patricians of you for your wants.

Your suffered in this death, you may as well

Strike at the Heeres with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman State, whole course will on

The way it takes: causing ten thousand Curbes

Of more strong line alluder, then can euer

Appease in your impindment. FoeslieDeath,

The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and

Your access to them (not armes) must helpe.

Alacke, You are transport'd by Calamity

Thecher, where more attends you, and you slander

The Haines o'th State you care for you like Fathers,

When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they nere can't do for us yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses creame'd with Graine; Make Edicts for Vittorie, to support Vittors; repeale daily any whooleone Act established against the rich, and proude more piercing Statues daily, to chaine vp and retaine the poor: If the Wares eate vs not yffe, they wills and there's allitheloue they bear.

Men. Either you must

Confesse your felows wondrous Malicious,

Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you

A Statue Tale, it may be you have heard it,

But since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To scale a little more.

2. Citizen. Well.

Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke

To lobbe off our disgrace with a tale:

But and't please you deliter.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members

Rebell'd against the Bally; thus accuss'd it;

That onely like a Gullie it did remane

Yeth
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Joth Bacall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st it to won some vantage,
But make you ready your three best clubs, and club,
Rome, and her Rais, are at the point of base-
The one side must have baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius.

Mar. Thanks, What's the matter you discontents rogue
That rubbing the poor Ich of your Opinion,
Make your felos Scabs.

2. Cit. We have enuy your good word,

Mar. He, that will glue good words to ther, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curtes,
That like not Peace, nor Wast? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that traffls to you,
Where he should find you Illvs., finds you Hates:
Where Foxes, Glee ye are: No lurk, no,
Then is the coal of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstones upon the Sun. Your Vories is,
To make him worthy, whole offence nobles him,
And curse that Injuice did it. Who defends Greatnes,
Defentes your Hate: and your Affections are
A fickleu Appetite; who defres most that
Which would encrease his eaul. He that depends
Upon your favour, founds with times of Leele.
And bowes downe Oakes, with rusthes. Hang you stubb ye:
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him wilde, that was your Gaitand. Where's the matter,
That in these several places of the Civt,
You say against the Noble Senate: tho
(Vnder the Gods) keep thee in awe, which else
Would desper on our anuer: What's then seeking?

Mar. For our trust ther our censes, whereof they say
The Civt is well fad.

Citar. Hang em They say?

They lift by these, and pretence to know
What's done ith Capuloll: Who's like to rise,
Who thresuer, who declines: Side ficitions & give out
Conciebral Marriages, making partners strong,
And teeching such as flnd not in their liking,
Follow then called Sions: They say then's gain enough
Would the Nobles be so bold to stand ther rash,
And let me use my Sword, I'd make a Quartie
With thousands of these quarter'd flies, as high
As I could tick my Lance.

Mar. Nay these are almost thoroughly prefadved: For
though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they peisng Cowardly. But I brefeech you,
What saies the other Troosp?

Mar. They are disposed: Hang em;
They said they were an hungry, bith forth Provereus
That Hunger broke stone walls that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Come for the Richomen onely: With these broods
They vended their Complainting, which being awed and
A petition granted them, a strange one,
To bereate the heart of generosite,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns 4th Mowre,
Shooting their Emulation.

Mar. What is granted them?

Mar. The Tribune to defend their vulgar widows
Of their owne choice, One's Immus Bratins,
Siciumi Felicit, and I know not. Sthath,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The rabbles should have first vnooest the City Ere to present'd with me; it will in time Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames For Injunctions arising,  

Menen. This is strange.  

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments,  
Enter a Messenger hastily.  

Mess. Where's Caecil Martius?  

Mar. Hearc: what's the matter?  

Mess. The newes is fit, the Volcyes are in Armes.  

Mar. I am glad on's, then we shall see means to vent Our muffled superstity. See our bell Elders.  

Enter Scipio Pescius, Annius Brute in Comynis, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.  

1. Sen. Martius' tis true, that you latey told vs.  
The Volcies are in Armes.  

Mar. They have a Leader,  

Tullus Aufidius that will put you too't:  
I time in enuing his Nobility:  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would with me only he.  

Com. You have fought together?  

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by their ears, & he  
upon my patie, I'd revolu to make  
Onely my wares without. He is a Lion  
That I am proud to hunt.  

2. Sen. Then worthy Martius,  
Attend upon Comynis to these Warres.  

Com. It is your former promisse,  
Mar. Sir it is,  

And I am conftant; Titus Lucinius, thou  
Shalt see me once more stake at Tullus face.  
What art thou tisset? Stand't it out?  

Tit. No cause Martius,  
I leane upon one Cutch, and fight with tother,  
Ere Ray behind this Bifinefe,  

Men. Oh true-bred.  

Sen. Your Company o'th Capitol, where I know  
Our greatre Friends attend vs.  

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Comynis, we must followe  
you, right worthy you Priority.  

Com. Noble Martius,  
Sen. Hence to your homes be gone,  
Mar. Nay let them,  
The Volcyes have much Corne: take these Rats thubber,  
To graue their Granners. Warshipfull Mutinous,  
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.  

Exeunt.  

Citizens ready away. Meet Scipio & Brutus,  
Scip. Was ever man so proud as this Martius?  
Brut. He has no equal,  
Scip. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people,  
Brut. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.  
Scip. Nay, but his taurts.  
Brut. Being mord're, he will not spare to gird the Gods,  
Scip. Bemoke the modell Moone.  
Brut. The present Warres desoure him, he is growne  
Too proud to be forgott.  
Scip. Such a Nature, tickled with good success, dis-  
daines the shadow which he treads on at Moone, but I do  

wonder, his insenence can brooke to be commended vn-  
der Comynis?  
Brut. Fame, at the which he syrnes,  
In whom already he's so giue'd, cannot  
Better be hel'd, nor more attain'd then by  

A place below the firft: for what misities  
Shall be the Generals fault, though he perfornce  
To th'Heav'n of a man, and giddy centure  
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he  
Had borne the biffinefe.  
Scip. Behide, if things go well,  
Opinion that so flickes on Martius, shal  
Of his demerits rob Comynis.  
Brut. Comets halfe all Comynis, Honors are to Martius  
Though Martius earn them not: and all his faults  
To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed  
In ought he merit not.  
Scip. Let's hence, and here  
How the disparch is made, and in what fashion  
More then his fingularity, he goes  
Upon this present Athon.  
Brut. Let's along.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corilees.  

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsaille,  
And know how we proceede.  

Auf. Is it no yours?  
What ever hauz bin thought one in this State  
That could be brought to bodly a8, ere Rome  
Had circumstan't: tis not foure dayes gone  
Since I heard there, these are the words, I thinke  
I hau the Letter here: yes, here it is;  
They have preft a Power, but it is not knoune  
Whether for Earl or Wch: the Dearth is great,  
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,  
Comynis, Martius you old Enemy  
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
Thefe three feade on this Preparation  
Whether'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.  

1. Sen. Our Armes in the Field:  
We neuer yet made doubts but Rome was ready  
To answer vs.  

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,  
To keepe your great pretences sayed, till when  
They needs must shew themselves, which in the baching  
It feem'd appea'd to Rome. By the divocery,  
We shall bee Dioced in our syrme, which was  
To take in many Townes, ere (almoft) Rome  
Should knowe we were a fou.  

2. Sen. Noble Aufidius,  
Take your Comission, heye you to your Bands,  
Let vs alone to guard Corilees  
If they let downe before's; for the remove  
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde  
Th'st least nor preprad for vs.  

Auf. O doubt not that,  
I speake from Cereanities. Nay more,  
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,  
And onely bitherward. I lease your Honors,  
If we, and Cane Martius chance to meete,  
The sweare betweene vs, we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.  

All. The Gods asist you.  

Auf. And keep your Honors safe.  


All. Farewell.
Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Marcius:
They set them down on two low stools and seats.

Volumnia. I pray you daughters, on a more comfortable seat: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should send you away in that dress; but as he is my Sonne, I must lay the blame on the Man, and as he is but tender-bodied, and the only Sonne of my body, whereas the rest of my children were not so fitch in their way; when for a day of Kings entertained, a Mother should not let him an hour from her beholding; considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was not better then Picture-like to hang by the wall, if renound made it not shine, was pleasant to them to see, whereas he was like to shine true: To other Wars he lent him, from whence he returned, his browes bound with Oakes. I tell thee Daughters, I spung not more in joy at first hearing he was a Marci-child, then now in first seeing he had promisid me a man.

Virgilia. But had he died in the Bastinado Madame, how then?

Volumnia. Then his good report shoulde haue beene my Sonne, I thereon would have found if. Hear me professe sincerely, had I loued ony man in my loue alike, and none likee desire then that, and my good Marcius, I had rather have lived dye Nobly for their Country, then one voluputuesly fatter out of Amon.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Virgilia came to visit you.

Virgilia. Beeleepe you give me leave to returne my leave.

Volumnia. Indeed you shall not.

Me thinkes, I haue taken your Husbandes Draunme: See him playe a Amnes downe by thewaare:

(At children from a Beatre) She Volumes himing him:

Me thinkes I can take the tapes thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare

Though you were born in Rome, his bloody brow

With his madd hand, then wiping, forth he goes

Like to a Harrel man, that taskd to move

Or all, or loue him hereby.


Volumnia. Away you Faule; it more becomes a man.

Then galls the Trophie. The breaths of Herow:

When she did lectke Hilleon, look'd not loueless

Then Hecates brough, when it spit forth blood

At Grecean sword, Camerowe, tell Volumnia

We set fit to bid her welcome.

Exit. Gent.

Volumnia. Heauenly bleffe my Lord from fell Amnion.

Virgilia. Hee best Amnion head below his knee,

And treads upon his necks.

Enter Volumnia with an Amnion, and a Gentlewoman.

Volumnia. My Ladies both good day to you;

Volumnia. Sweet Madam.

Virgilia. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Volumnia. How do you both? You are manifest house-keeper.

What are you lowing here? A fine statue in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Virgilia. Thank you Ladyship; Well good Madam.

Volumnia. He had rather see the swords, and hear a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolemaster.

Volumnia. A my word the Fathers Sonne: He sweareth to a very pretty boy. A my troth, I lookd upon him a Wensdaye bate an house together: he's such a comendable coun-
tenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, as when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it aung, and oth-
er and oute he comes, and up against catch it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how twa, he did set his teeth, and tear it. Oh, Volumnia, how he mammockt it.

Virgilia. One on his Fathers deeds.

Volumnia. Indeed Is, to a Noble child.

Virgilia. A Cracke Madam.

Volumnia. Coane, lay aside your watches, I must have you play the idle Husbandwife with me this afternoon.

Volumnia. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores.

Volumnia. Not out of doores?

Volumnia. She shall, she shall.

Virgilia. Indeed no, by your patience; Ie not over the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Wars.

Volumnia. Fye, you unsay your fortune most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virgilia. I will with her speedly strength, and visit her with my prayers: but I cannot go thereto.

Volumnia. Why I pray you,

Virgilia. Try not to false labour, now that Ie were ease.

Volumnia. You would be another Prudent; yet they say, all the yreame the llpum in Vicser abside, did but full Achilles

full of Mothers: Come, would your Cambrick were felable as your finger, that you might loose pricking it for paine. Come you shall go with vs.

Volumnia. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not.

Volumnia. In till is go with, and I tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Volumnia. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Volumnia. Verily I do not cet with you there came newes from the wars.

Volumnia. Indeed Madam.

Virgilia. In assent it's true: I heard a Senators speake it.

Thucus the Volscians have an Army forth, against who

Communs the Generall is gone, with one part of our Ro-

mane power. Your Lord, and Titus Larentius, see set down before their, you senators, they nothing doule pressuring, and to make it breve Wars, This is true we mine Honor, and so pry go with vs.

Volumnia. Give me excuse good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Volumnia. Let her alone Lady, as she is now:

She will but distract our better mirth.

Volumnia. In troth I thinke she would.

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Lady.

Prythee Virgilia turne by the illustreous doores, And go along with vs.

Virgilia. No At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,

I will you much mirth.

Volumnia. Well then, farewell.

Summers Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Larentius, with Drunam and Co-

lours, with Captaines and Soldiers, as

before the City Coriolanus: to them

Menturer.

Martius. Yonder comes News:

A Wager they haue met.

Let. My horse to you. at.

Marc. Try done.

Let. Agreed.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Mar. Say, has our General met the Enemy?
Mef. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lar. So, the good Horus is mine.

Start. Ile buy him of you.
Lar. No, Ile not fear, nor give him: Lend you him I will
For half a hundred years: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?
Mef. With this rate and halfe.
Lar. Then shall I see the Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I pray thee make me quick in work,
That we with smockings swords may march from hence
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow the blast.

They Sound a Paryshe: Enter two Senators with others
on the Walls of Corocanus.
Julus Aufidios. Is he within your Wallers?
1 Senat. No, nor a man that fears you left then he,
That’s leffer then a little: Down a parry she.
Harke, our Drumme
Are bringing forth our youth: We’ll break our Wallers
Rather than they shall speake up to our Gates,
Which yet termis flute, we have but pin’d with Rustics,
They’re open of themelues. Harke you, farre off.

There is Aufidios. Lift what work he makes
Amongst his cowen Armie. Mar. Oh they are up.
Lar. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volscus.
Mar. They feare not, but flie for their City.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proffite then Shields.
Advance brave Time,
They do disdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me sweet with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, He take him for a Volscus,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their Trenches.
Enter Marus (singing).

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shamer of Rome: you heard of Byles and Plagues
Pleasure you o’er, that you may be abor’d
Farther then seene, and one infect another
Against the Winder, a mile: you foules of Criepe,
That bese the Gates of men, how haurt you run
From Slaves, that Ape would bease; Plutes and Hells,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home.
Or by the fires of heaven, Ille leave the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too: Come on,
If you’d hand fault, we’ll beate them to their Wires,
As they to our Trenches follow.

Another Alarum, and Marus followes them
to gates, and is shut in.

So now the gates are open: now prove good Seconds,
Tis for the followers Fortune, widows them,
Not for the Byers: Mark me, and do the like.
Enter the Citi.

1 Sol. Foole, hardinelle, not I.
2 Sol. Nor I.
3 Sol. See they have shut him in. Alarum continue.
Mar. To th’ spot I warrant him. Enter Titas Larus.
 Txt. What is become of Marus?
Al. Slaies (Sir) doublet.
1 Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heedes,
With them he enters: who upon the fodsaine
Casts to their Gates, he is humillie alone,
To answer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who tenderly out-dares his fence-pill Sword
And when it bowes, stand it vp: Thou art left Marus,
A Carboule more: as big as thou art.
Weare not so rich a Jewell. Thou art’souldier
Lent to Careless will, not fierce and terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
They mad’d thine enemies shaker, as if the World
Were Feuerous, and did tremble.

Enter Marus. Blastings, lamented by the Enemy.
1 Sol. Looke Sir.
Lar. O’tis Marus.
Let’s fetch him up, or make some tide alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romans with fooses.
1 Rom. Thus will I carry to Rome.
2 Rom. And I this.
3 Rom. A Murrain on’t, I took this for Silver. extemp.
Others came in this a parry, and

Enter Marus, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here their masters, that do prize their hours
At a crack’d Dracune: Cathiones, Leadeth Spottes.
Trens of a Deaf, Dubletses that Hungmen would
Buy with those that wore them. These base bluffs,
And yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And have, what may the General make; To him
There is the men of any foules haste, Aufidios,
Piercing our Romans: Then Valiant Titus take
Comemtatory Numbers to make good the City,
Will I wish those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Comunius.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed’st,
Thy exercite hath bin too violent,
For a second course of Fight,
Mar. Sup’raise me not:
My workes hath yet not war’d me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physickall
Then dangerous to me: To Aufidios thus, I will appeare
Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune, (and light]
Fall deep in louse with thee, and her great charmes
Mighty thy Opponent swords. Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leas,
Then sho the place hight. So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthiest Marus,
Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers in’ Towne,
Where they shall know our minds. Away,

Exeunt
Enter Comunius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Crom. Breath you my friends, well taught, we are come
Like Romans, neither foolish in our bands,
Nor Cowardly in retire: Butelewe Sirs,
We shall be charg’d againe. While we have brooke
By Interims, and connying gifts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Lade their course, as we with our own,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountering,
May gue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The Citizens of Corocanus have yielded,
And given to Larus and to Marus Battali:

1 Sol.
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can syde your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing: if any such be here,
As it were fire to doubt, how love this painting
Wherein you see me lin'd, & if any feare
Leffen his perfon, then an ill report:
If any think, brake death out-wights bad life,
And that his Countries deere them himselfe,
Let him alone: Or fome to minded,
Waste thus to exprefs his disposicion,
And follow Martial.
They all fhou and make their froud take him up in their
Armes, and call up their Capt.
Oh me alone, make you a fword of me:
If these flowers be not outward, which of you
But fourr Places? None of you, but a
Able to bear against the great Ajaxian
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number.
(Though thanks to all) muff I leave all from all:
The relf fhall bear the bufeniffle in fome other fight
(As can't be obey'd) pleafe you March,
And fourf fhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this effentiation, and you fhall
Dunde in all, with vs.

Exit Com.

Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this effentiation, and you fhall
Dunde in all, with you.

Exit Com.

Enter Com. and Ajaxian as general louers.
Men fight with none but thee, yet for I do hate them.
Worfe then a Promfes-breaker.

As. We hate alike:
Not Affickfe owns a Serpent I honre.
More then thy Fame and Fray: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firft Budge eje the others Slue,
And the Gods deone him after.
As. If I flye Com. hollow me like a Ha.
Mar. Within thefe three hours Tubb:
Alone I fought in your Cazars wall.
And made what works I pleas'd: I'm not my blood,
Wherein thou feele me make, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to the hightest.
As. We'thou thefellay.
That was the whip of thy brag'd Pregy.
Thou should't not rafe me here.
Here they fight, and certaine Pences rune in the style
Of Ajax. Martial fights for thee drawn in breadth.
Oflieous and not valiant, you have binnd.me
In your conditioned Seconds.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Fiercely, Alarum. A Retreat is founded. Enter at one Door Coriolanus, with the Romanes: As another Doore Martius, with his Arms in a Scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Workes, Thou'lt not beleue thy deeds: but He report it, Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend and shrym, I'dt end admire: where Ladies shall be frugibed, And gladly quak'd, herse: more: where the dull Tribunates, That with theuffling Plebeans, hate thine Honors, Shall fly against their hearts: We thank the Gods Our Rome hath such a Souldier. Yet can't I shew to a Morrel of this Feat, Having fully done before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Parfuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh General: Here is the Steed, wet the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray no more, no more.

My Mother, who he's a Charter to extoll her Blood, When she do's prayse me, grieues me: I have done as you have done; this's what I can, Indeed as you have beene: that's for my Country: He that he's but effect'd his good will, Hath quenched his mine Art.

Com. You shall not be the Gaue of your deareing, Rome must know the value of her owne: There was a Concealement worse then a Theft, No lefe then a Tradurent, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the spurre, and to prize your vouch'd, Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you, In signe of what you are, not to reward What you have done, before our Armie hear me. Martius. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not: Well might they felter against Ingratitude, And tent themselfes with death: of all the Horset, Whereof we have t'a good, and good store of all, The Treasure in this field achiev'd, and Citie, We render you the Tenth, to be tak'n forth, Before the common distribution, At your onely choyse. Martius. I thank you Generall: But cannot make my heart content to take A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand upon my common part with those, That have beheld the doing.

A long silence. They all cry, Martius, Martius, call up thay Captains and Lawnes: Cominns and Lartius stand here.

May thee fame Instrument, which you prophan, Never found more; when Drums and Trumpets shall be held aton great plasteretes, let Courts and Cities be Made all of off fac'd soothing: When Stene growses foist, as the Parifites Silke, Let him be made an Overture for thy W'nes: No more I say, for that I have not wath'd

My Note that bled, or say; I'd CR one debile Wretch, Which without note, her's many else have done, You think me too much in ascensions hyperbolical, As if I cou'd my little should be directed In prayer, faw'ct with Ly's.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruel to your good report, then gratefull.

To vs, that give you truly: by your patience, If gainst your felle you be inces'd, wee put you (Like one that means his proper harme) in Maneles, Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne, As to vs, to all the World, That Cassius Martius Wears this Wares 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 Corioli, call him, With all the Applause and Clavon of the Host:

(Marcus Cassius Coriolanus, Searce this aduation Neably ever? Fleury's, Trompet's sound; and Drumme.)

Ommet, Marcus Cassius Coriolanus. Martius. I will goe waft: And when my Face is faire, you shall perceive Whether I bluf, or no: how best I thank you, I mean to finde your Steed, and at all times To vnder cef't your good Addition, To th'fairesnesse of my power, Com. So do our Tent: Where ere we dose repose vs, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius Molt to Corioli backe, send vs to Rome. The best, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours, Lartius. I shall, my Lord. Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me: I that now refus'd most Pridely gifts, Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall, Com. Take't, yeours; what's it? Martius. I sometime lay here in Corioli, At a poore mens house: he wa'd me kindly, He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner: But then Affidow was within my view, And Wrath and Shame in my pritie: I request you To give me some Hoist freedome, Com. Oh well begg'd: Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should Be fre, as is the Winde: deliver him, Titus. Lartius. Martius, his Name. Martius. By Justice forges: I am weene, hee; my memory is tyr'd: Have we no Wine here? Com Goe we to our Tent: The blood upon your Village dryes, its time It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A florish. Cornets. Enter Titus Affidow bounde, with two or three Souldiers.

Affid. The Towne is ofne. Groined. 'T will be deliuer'd backe on good Condition. Affid. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a V'nce, be he that I am, Condition? What good Condition can a Treatie finde I'd part that is at mercy five times, Martius, I have fought with thee: so often hath thou best me: And would it doe so, I think, should we encounter
Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Serenaus & Bruttus.

Men. The Agurter tells me, wee shall have Newes to night.
Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius. Serie. Nature teaches Bratts to know their Friends. Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe sue? Serie. The Lambe. Men. I'll draw out him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Marcus. Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that bears like a Bear. Men. He's a Bear indeed, that lives like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall take you.

Well. Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you two have not in abundance?

Men. This is a strange Do: you two do know how, you are confin'd here in the City, I mean of vs with right hand File, do you? 

Bru. Why? he were we confin'd. Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Well. Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deal of Patience:

Give your dispositions the reins, and bee angry at your pleasures, (at the least) if you take it at a pleasure to your, in being so: you blame Martius for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe, very little alone, for your bestes are many, or else your actions would growe won- drous finge: your abilities are to Intend like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could cast your eyes towards the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interious survey of your good felues, Oh that you could.

Well. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brast of un- meriting, proud, violeant, selfish Magistrates (alias Fooles) as in any Rome.

Serie. Mercaturs, you are knowen well enough.

Men. I am knowne to be a humours Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of play- ing Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favou- ring the first complaint, ha'ly and Tindike like upon, to truant motion: One, that covers more with the Boot- cocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, man, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Wales men as you are (I cannot call you Languagers), if the drink you give me, touch my Pa- far adverly, I make a crooked face at it. I can say, your Worthippes have deliver'd the master well, when I find the Alfe in compound, with the Miserous part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that you are erecte good men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Mycrocome, follows it that I am knowen well en- nough too? What harme can your bleome Conspicui- ties gleane out of this Charactar, if I be knowen well en- nough too.

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your elenes, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore Iauuses capes and legges: you ware out a good wholesome Forenoon, in hearing a cause between an Orendge wife, and a Forrest- feller, and then returne the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chuse to bee pinched with the Collarke, you make faces like Mun- ners, set vp the bloodie Flagg against all Patience, and in roasting for a Chamber-pot, dismiss the Controversie, being the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knowes. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understand to bee a perfecte gyber for the Table, then a necessary Benchet in the Captiol.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such fidiculous Subiectis as you are, when you speake belung into the purpose. It is not wortho the waggling of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to buffe a Borchers Cuffion, or to be intomb'd in an Alfe Packe-saddle: yet you musttber saying, Martius is proud: who in a sheele effimation, is worth all your predecessor, since, Democritus, though per- advenure some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hang- men. Godden to your Worthipps, more of your conversa- tion. Come, I wish my Braine, being the Hearidmen of the Beafly Plebeians, I will be bold to take my luse of you.

Bru. and Serie. Afdde.

Enter
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Volumnia.

How now (as my fairest) Ladye, and the Moone were thee Earethly, no Nobles; whisth doe you follow your Eyes to lift?

Volumnia. Honorable Mumium, my Boy Marcius approac:
 for the love of Jove its goe.

Mum. Ha? Marcius comming home?

Volumnia, 1worthy Mumium, and with most prosperus
probation.

Mum. Take my Cappe Jipiter, and I thanke thee:
howes Marcius comming home?


Volumna. Look, here is a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Mum. I will make my very housse reele to night:

Virgili. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I fain't.

Mum. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estates of sev-
ner years health: in which time, I will make a Lippe at
the Physician: I the most lucrative Preperation in Galen,
is but Emperick acquit; and to this Preteruaria, of
no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded?

whe was he come to home wounded?

Virgili. Oh no, no, no.

Volumnia. Oh, he is sound, thanke the Gods for't.

Mum. So doe it too, if it be not too much: brings a
Victorie in his Pocket: the wounds become him.

Volumnia. At's Brows: Monecum, hee comes the third
time home with the Oaken Garland,

Mum. Has he duck'd such a soundly loudy?

Volumnia. Titus Lavinus writer, they fought togethe, but
Afso don't off.

Mum. And I was time for him too, Ile warrant him that:
and he had play'd by him, I would not have been so
fiddious'd, for all the Cheifs in Carioles, and the Gold
that's in'tem. Is the Senate poiffet of this?

Volumnia. Good Ladies let's goe. Yet, yet, yes: The
Senate has Letters from the General, wherehe gives my
Sonne the whole Name of the Water: he hath in this
action out done his former deeds doubly.

Volumia. In truth, there's wondrous things spok of him.

Mum. Wondrous! I, warrant you, and not with-
out his true purchasing,

Virgili. The Gods graunt them true.

Volumnia. True? now waw.

Mum. True? Ile be sworn they are true: where is
hee wounded, God fayre your good Wiefhip? Marcius
is comming home: hee has more caife to be proud:
where is he wounded?

Volumnia. His Shoulder, and ith's left Arme: there will be
large Circature to shew the People, when hee shall stand
for his place: he received in the repuile of Taurum feen
hurts ith's Body.

Mum. One ith's Neck, and two iths Thigh, there's nine
that I know.

Volumnia. Hee had, before this left Expedition, twenty
five Wounds upon him.

Mum. Now it's twenty four: every gash was an
Enemies Graute. Heakte, the Trumppers.

A fire, and a fire.

Volumnia. These are the Vifiers of Marcius:
Before him, hee carres Nowise:
And behinde him, hee leaues Thers:

Death, that darke Spirit, in its steuc Arme doth lye,
Which being aduan'd, declines, and then men dye,

a A Salmon. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lavinus: be-
tween them Coriolius, crow'd with an Oaken
Garland, with Captaines and Soul-
diers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Coriolius Gates: where he hath women,
With Fame a Name to Marcius Came.
These in honor follow: Marcius Came Coriolius.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolius,
Sound. Flute/.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolius.

Cor. Oh no more of this, it does offend my heart; pray
now no more.

Com. Look, Sir your Mother.

Cor. Oh! you have, I konw, petition it; all the Gods
for my properise.

Kneele.

Volumnia. Nay, my good Souldier, ye:
My gentle Marcius, worthy Came,
And by deeds so chironeum Honor nearly nam'd,
What is it; (Coriolius) shall I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

Cor. My gracious silence, bayle: 
Would thou have laugh'd, had I come Comuli's home,
That weep it to mee triumph? Am my desire,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles weere,
And Mothers that take Sones.


Com. And live ye yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon,

Volumnia. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home and welcome General,
And ye are welcome all.

Mum. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heacie; welcome:
A Cars begin at very root on his heart,
That is not glad to fee thee,
You are three that Rome should doe on:
Yet by the saith of them, we have
some old Grab-tree's here at home,
That will not be gratified to your Rallsish,
Yet welcome Warriors:
Vee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooleys, but folly.

Cor. Ever right.

Com. Monecum, ever, ever.

Herald. Guea way there, and goe on,
Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne houle I doe aide my Head,
The good Patriarches must be visitt,
From whom I have receiv'd not onely greaip's,
But with them, change of Honours,
Volumnia, I have lodg'd,
To fee inherited my very Wifhes,
And the Buildings of my Fanck.
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cach upon thee.

Cor. Know good Mother,
I had rather be their feruant in my way,
Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

Flute, Sound.

Enter in State, as before.,

Enter
Enter Brutus and Scipio.

Brutus. All tongues speak of him; and the blested sights Are speculac'd to see him. Your prattling Nurse Into a rapture lets her baby cry, While the charms him: the Kitchen, Alcibiades pinnes Her snuff; Lock'd round about her ears, he necks, Clambring the Walls to eye him; Stalls, Balkes, Windows, are smother'd vp, Leaders fall'd, and Ridges hord's With variable Complixions, all agreeing In easterneffe to fee him: field-thorne Flamings Doe preced among the popular Thronges, and puff To winne a vulgar Elation: our eyd'd Dames Commit the Warre of White and Damascus In their nicely gawded Checkers; roth wanton foyle Of Phased burning Killest: such a poother, As if that whatsoever God, who leadeth them, Were flyly crept into his humane powers, And gave him gracefull poffure.

Scipio. On the fuddaine, I warrant him Confull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.

Scipio. He cannot temp'rate transport his Honors, From where he shold begin, and end, but will Lose th' hefe he last wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scipio. Doubt not, The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Upon their ancient mallice, will forget With the Staffe cause, the hefe his new Honors, Which that he will give them, make I as little question, As he is prov'd to doo.

Brutus. I heard him foarely, Were he to stand for Confull, never would he Appear i'th Market place, nor on him put The Naples Vefure of Humilitie, Nor thew-as (as the manner is) his Wounds To' th People, beg their flaming Breaths.

Scipio. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it, But by the fuite of the Gentry to him, As the defire of the Nobles.

Scipio. I have no better, then haste him hold that purpo: se, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis must like he will.

Scipio. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred He still hath hold them: that's a power he would Have made them Mules, silde their Pleaders, And dispropriated their Freedoners, holding them, In humane Action, and Capacitie, Of no more basis nor fitness for the World, Then Cannibals in their Warre, who have their Pround Only for bearing Boruthens, and face blowes For fincting under them.

Scipio. Thus (as you say) juggelled, At some time, when his treating Insolence Shall teach the People, which time shall not want, It can be put upon; and this is an insire, As to set Dogges on sleepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol: 'Tis thought, that a Marcus shall be Confick: I have seene the durnbe men threong to fee him, And the blind to heare him speake; Matrons fong Gloses, Ladies and Mards their Scarfes, and Handkerchers, Upon him as he pal'd: the Nobles bended As to Jone Statue, and the Commons made A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showers: I nev' twas the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitol, And carry with vs Ears and Eyes for'th' time, But Hearts for the euent.

Seic. Have with you.

Exeunt.

Enter two Officers, to lay Ceifions, as it were, in the Capitol.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Confullips?

2. Off. Three, they say, but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance prow'd, and loves not the common people.

2. Off. 'Tis faith, there's beene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who're loued them; and there be many that they have loued, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they have you no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus nether to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in his disposition, and out of his No: ble carelinesse lets them plainly feel.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he were indifferently, twist: doing them any other good, nor harme: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing vndone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seeme to affiect the maligne and displeasure of the Peo: ple, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their lone.

2. Off. Hee hath defured worthy of his Country, and his silent is not by such ease degrees as sho. who haung beene supple and courteus to the People, Bon: netted, without any further deed, to have them all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planned 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 kind of ingratitude injury: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giving it selfe the Lyce, would pluck repose, and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

1. Off. No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Servant. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Velle: wings, Commonia the Confick: Scenium and Brutus take these places by themselves: Corio: lanus stands.

Serv. Having determin'd of the Voltes, And to send for Titus Lartius: it remains, As the same Point of this our after-meeting, To
To gratifie his Noble licence, that hath
This flood for his Country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Confail, and left Generall,
In our well-succeeded Successors, to report
A little of that worthy Work performed
By Martinus Cassius Carolum : whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember,
With Honors like himself.

Sed. Speak, good Cassius:
I came nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our lates defence for necessitie,
Then we to stretch it out. Matters with People,
We do requit your kinder cares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeld what parts paffes.

Sed. We are come here upon a solemn Treaty, and
have hearts resolved to assist and advance the Theme of
our Assembly.

Brutus. We will not suffer them all be left to do, if
he remember. Kindness to the People, then he hath
here to purchase it.

Men. That's so, that's so. I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to heare Cassius speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the stretch you give it.

Men. He loves your People, but yet him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Verthie Cassius speake,
Carolum refer, and efters to get away.

Nay, keep your place. The
Sed. Sir Cassius: water shame to heare,
What you have nobly done.

Cassius. Your honor, friends;
I had rather have my Wounds whole again,
Then here.'s I know what I got them.

Brutus. Sir, tis not your fault: the blame of it?

Cassius. No, Sir; yet on,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You shold not, therefore hars not; but your People,
I love them as they weigh;

Cassius. stay now it come,
Cassius. I had rather have one scratch my Head in the Sun,
When the Abru was struck, then did I do.

To heare my Nobs manly meet

Men. Malice of the People,
Your multiplying Sps, how can they be lighter?
That's shoul'd and to one good when you do see
He had rather venture all his Limes for Honor,
Then on the hazards to heare. Please Cassius.

Cassius. I shall have yet three deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be writ't delicately, and well,
That Value is the chieftest Virtue,
And most dignifies the hauer.

The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be fingly counter-pol'd. At fenteene yeares,
When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he brought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dicatur,
Whom with all people I point at, as, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shane he drove
The brazled Lippes before him: he befrind
An o're-pr'ell Roman, and 'tis Coriolus view
Slew three Opponies; Tarquins felte he mer,
And Brucile him in his kose: in that dayes feares,
When he might a looking in the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd bell man in the field, and for his need
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entered thus, he wand'red like a Sea,
And in the brunt of fenteenee Battlest since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Gauland: for this left,
Before and in Coriolus, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he flowed the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Vellfell under sfye, to men obey'd,
The fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths Name,
Where it did mark it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was stunn'd with sprayng Casquets, or he entred
The mortall Gate of the City, where he painted
With flame and death did sculp: aye dede came off,
And with a sudden re-in-jion cement Brucile
Caroles like a Planet; now all his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gapierce
His reade face then stria flat his doublet-sleeve
Reppincked what in fells was forgane.
And to the Battle came he, where he did
Ronne reeking o're the lines of men, as it were
A perpetuell sponde, and till we cail'd
Both Field and Court out, he neuer floid.
To eafe his brate with painting.

Men. Worthy man.

Sed. He was not but with measure fit the Honors
which we deffit him.

Cor. Our spondees he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common Muck of the World; he counts leffe
Then Milenie is felle would give, regard's he deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's a right Noble, let him be call'd Titus.

Sed. Call Coriolanus,
Off. He does appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd to make thee
Confult.

Cor. I doe owe them all my Life, and Seruices,
Men. It then remailes, that you doe speake to the
People.

Cor. I doe before you,
Let me o're-leape that endowe: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, (and did eafe, and eftress them)
For my Wounds sake, to give their suffrage:
Pray you that I may passe this doing.

Sed. Sir, the People must have their Voyages,
Neither will they have one set of Ceremonie,
And so proceed not.

Pray you goe to the Cotherm,
And speake to your Peere Declars have,
Your Honor with your forme.

Cor. It is a part that I shall blin in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that

Cor. To brag won them that I did, and thus
Shew them thi'ming Skarrers, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hyre
Of their breath only.

Men. Doe not stand upon;
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confuls,
With we all Loy and Honor.

Sed. To.

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Senat. To Coriolanus come all joy and Honor.

Tulliy Courts.

Then EXcuss. Meante Sichinin and Bruniu.

Brunt. You see how I adde to sue the people.

Sicin. May they perceive his intent: he will require them
As he did contenuate what he requeseted,
Should be in them to give.

Brunt. Come, we'll informe them
Of our proceeding here on th Market place,
I know they do attend us.

Enter some or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ou gikt
not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may Sir if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in our tules to do it, but it is
a power that we have not power to do: For, if he shew us
his wounds, and tell us his deeds; we are to put our tongs
in those wounds, and speake for them: So it be tel
vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the
multitudes to be ingratitude, were to make a Monst of the
multitudes; of the which, we being members, should
bring our felues to be monitions members.

4 Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little
helps will welfare: for once we fled vp the Conre, he
himselfe flucke not to call vs the many-headed Multi-
tude.

5 Cit. We have beene call'd so many, not that our
heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some
bold; but that our wits are doufertely Couderd; and trus-
ly I thinke, if all our wites were to suffe out of one Scull,
they would fly East, West, North, South, and their con-
tent of our direct way, should be once to all the points
or Conpare.

6 Cit. Thank you Sir: Which way do you judge my
wit would flye.

7 Cit. Nay your wit will not to loose us, another
mans will, 'tis strongly waid vp in a blocke-head: but
it were as liberty, 'twould sue Southward.

8 Cit. Why last way?

9 Cit. To lose is the fester, whare being, I see
parts melted away with rotten strows, the time it would
resume for Confortable Cate, to help to get thee a Vote.

10 Cit. You are nearer without your tricks, you may,
you may.

11 Cit. Are you all readie to giue your voyces? But
that is no matter, the greater part careth so much, If he
were to shewe to the people, there was never a woorther
man.

Enter Coriolanus in a garson of Humility, with
Affection.

Here he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, make
his behauiour are not to thy stregther, but to come
by honore where he shal be once, by tares, & by thorns.
He's to make his reproche by particular, with these none
one of vs has a simple Honor, in giuing him our own
voices with our own tongues, therefore follow me, and he
directly you bow you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Cit. Oh, that you are not right, have you not knowne
the worthie men have done?

Plague upon't, I can see't not:
My tongue to such a pace. Look Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Vertece, when
Some certaine of your Beethoven did, and cause

From the noise of our owne Drummen.

Men. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to think upon you.

Coriol. Think you upon me? Hang 'em,
If you would they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Diuines lose by em.

Men. You'll marre all,
He leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholome manner.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Coriol. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keep their teeth close: So,here comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing here.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too.

2 Cit. Mine owne defece.

2 Cit. Your owne defece.

1 Cit. But mine owne defece.

2 Cit. How not your owne defece?

Coriol. No Sir, I saw never my desire yet to trouble the
poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must think if we give you any thing, we
hope to game by you.

Coriol. Well then I pray, your price shal'Comitship.

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Coriol. Kindly Sir, I pray let men have I have woudes to
flew you, which shall bee yours in private: you good
voice Sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha' a worthy Sir.

Coriol. A March Sir, there is in all two worthy voyces
begging: I have your Almes, Adieu.

2 Cit. But this is something aside

2 Cit. And 'tware to give apart: but I's no matter.

Exit two other Citizens,

Coriol. Pray you now, it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may bee Comitfull, I have here the
Customarie Gowne.

1. You have defended Nobly of your Countrie, and
you have not defended Nobly.

Coriol. Your Asignia.

2. You have bin a couer to her enemies, you have
bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loued the
Common people.

Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous,
that have not bin common in my Love, I will shewer
my sworne Brother the people to cause a deeuer elimina-
tion of them, it's a condition they account gentle: & since
the wifedom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat,
then my Heart, I will pracie the infaminous nod, and be
off to them most counterfeitly, that is fitt, I will counter-
fer the bewtchement of some popular man, and giue it
bountifull to the defeaters: Therefore before you, I may
be Comitfull:

Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore
give you our voices hearthly.

1. You have receaved, many, woudes for your Coun-
triev.

Coriol. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing
them, I will make much of your voyces, and to trouble
you no farther.

1. The Gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:

Better is it to dose, better to strefue,
Then erase the higher, which first we do defeuer.

Why in this Woolfishe tongue should I stand here,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Their needleſſe Vouches: Cuitume calls me tooe.
What Cuitume wills in all things, should we doo?
The Duft on antique Time would ye vſwre,
And mountaunoſt Error be too highly heare,
For Taupt to eke peere. Rather then It is to,
Let the high Office and the Houfe go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come my Vouches. Thy Vouches? for thy Vouches I have bought,
Watch for thy Vouches: for thy Vouches, brave
Of Wounds, two dozen oddes: Battalies thrice fxe
I have feen, and heard of: for thy Vouches,
Have done many things, same leſſe, same more:
Your Vouches? Indeed I would be Confuſl.

2. Cit. Here he's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honſle mans Vouches.

3. Cit. Therefore let him be Confuſl: the Gods give
him his, and make him good friend to the People.

A. Amen, Amen. God faue thee, Noble Confuſl,
Couri. Worthy Vouches.

Enter Marcus, with Bruttus and Sceonin.

M. Sen. You have stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes enſue you with the Peoples Vouches,
Remains, that in the of Field arraigned,
You shoue doe meet the Senate:

1. Cori. Is this done?

Sceonin. The Cuitume of Requity you have discharge d:
The People doe admitt you, and are fummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cori. Whereat? at the Senate-house?

Sceonin. There, Coriul. Cori. May I change thefe Garments?
Sceonin. You may, Sir.

C. Sen. That I straight do, and knowing my falfe again,
Repair to that Senate-house.

M. Sen. Ie keep you company, Will you along?

Bruttus. We flie here for the People.

Sceonin. Fare you wel. Expect Coriul. and M. Sen.

He's ha to it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Bruttus. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you defame the People?

Enter the Tribunes.

Sceonin. How now, my Matters, have you chofe this man?

1. Cit. He has our Vouches, Sir.

Bruttus. We pray the Gods, he may deferue your loues,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Vouches.

2. Cit. Amen. Sir, to my poore unworthy boche,

3. Cori. Certainly, he flour'd vs downe-right.

1. Cit. No, his kind of speech, he did not mock vs:

2. Cit. Not one among them, faue your fillae, but fayes
He vs liv'd fearfully: he shou'd have shew'd vs

4. Mark's of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for country,

Sceonin. Why to did I am lare.

All. No, no, not one man live.

3. Cit. He saie he had Wounds,
Which he cou'd shew in priuate:
And with his hat the wining in is for, me,
I would be Confuſl, fayes he: aged Cuitume,
But by your Vouches, will not be permitt me.

Your Vouches thene: when we pronounced that,
Here was, I thank you for your Vouches, thank you:
Your most sweet Vouches you now have left your Vouches,
I have no further with you, Was not this mocketer?

Sceonin. Why euer were you impatient to see't?

Bruttus. Or being it of our children friendmets,
To yield your Vouches?

Sceonin. Could you not have told him,
As you were left fnd: When he had no Power,
But was a poore servant to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever stake again
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear,
That body of the Weale: and now arming
A place of Potency, and way of the State,
He should ill maliciously reman,
Felt For truth? silence, your Vouches might
Be Corefe to your felues. You should have faid,
That as his worthy deeds did change no leffe
Then what he bold for: to his gracious nature
Would thinke upon you, for your Vouches,
And tranflate his Mallice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sceonin. Thus to have faid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclinations from him plac'd
Euyer his gracious Promise, which you might
As cou'd call'd you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have giv'n him his fair nature,
Which eaily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, fo putting him to Rage,
You shou'd haue part'd him of the advantage of his Choller,
And part'd him vnfeeleed.

Bruttus. Did you perceive,
He did follicite you in free Contemps,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contemps shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to cruſh?: Why, had your Bodies
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Judgments?

Sceonin. Have you, ere now, deny'd the skater:
And now againe, of him that did not take, but mock,
Bellow you sad for Tongues?

3. Cit. Here is not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. Cit. And will deny him:
Ie haue foue hundred Vouches of that sound.

1. Cit. I twice five hundred & their friends, to piece'em.

Bruttus. Cret you hence unintantly, and tell those friends,
They have a Choler a Confuſl, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Vouches
Then Doggers, as are oft ten best for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so,

Sceonin. Let them assemle, and on a safer Judgments,
All retook your ignorant election Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate you: bevides, forger nor.
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weeds,
How in his Suit he cou'd do your Loues,
Thinking up on his Serviers, looke from you,
Th'apprehension of his present Portances,
Which most gobblingly, ygraciously, he did fashion
After the ineuerate Hate he beares you.

Bruttus. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labord (no impediment betweene)
But that you must call your Elecution on him.

Sceonin. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should, made you against the grace
To Vouch him Confuſl, Lay the faults on vs,

Bruttus. 1
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Brut. I spare us not: Say we read Lectures to you, How youngly he began to weare his Countreys, How long continued, and what flocke he spredges of, The Noble Houfe o' th' Martians: from whence came That Aemus Marcius, Numaes Daughters Sonne: Who after great Heilidow here was King, Of the fame Houfe Publius and Quintus were, That our belt Water,brought by Conduits hither, And Nobly nam'd, to twice being Cenfor, Was his great Ancestor.

Senec. One thus defended, That hath befide welf in his perfon wrought, To be fet high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Skaling his prefent bearing with his paft, That he's your fixed enemy, and reooke Your fuddain approbation.

Brut. Say you were had don't, (Harpe on that fall) but by our putting on: And presently, when you have drawn your number, Repair to't Capitoll. 

[Exeunt Plebeians.]

Brut. Let them go on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard, Then flay falt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature, he fall in rage
With their refudal, both obferve and anfwer
The vantage of his anger.

Senec. Toth'Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the flume o' th'People
And this fhall feeme, as partly theirs, ownne,
Which we have goulde on-ward.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Corin. Enter Corinianus, Merneck, all the Crewes, Common,Time Latiis, and other Senators.

Corin. Toth' Annidius then had made new head,
Lates. He had my Lord, and that it was which caused
Our twister Composition.

Corin. So then the Volcuses fland but as at first,
Readie when time flall prompt them, to make roade
Upon a gaine.

Corin. They are worne (Lord Corinall) fo,
That we fhall hardly in our age see
Their Banners waile againe.

Corin. Saw you Annidius?

Lates. On safegard he came to me, and did curfe
Against the Volcuses, for they had fio delay
Yeilded the Towne: he is return'd to Antium.

Corin. Spoke he of me?

Lates. He di'd my Lord.

Corin. How? what?

Lates. How often he had met you Sword to Swords:
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your perfon mort: That he would penfe his fortunate
To hopefull relutation, fo he might
Be call'd your Vangerther.

Corin. At Antium lives he?

Lates. At Antium.

Corin. I wish I had a caufe to feke him there,
To opprife his hartly fully. Welcome home,
The Noble Houfe o' th' Martians: from:
Brind, thare are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o' th' Common Mouth. I do depife them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble lufferance,
Scorn. Paffe no further.
Corin. Halt! what is this? 

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on. - No further.

Senec. What makes this change?

Mens. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paft'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. Common, no.

Corin. Have I had Childrens Voyces?

Senec. Tribunes give way, he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incend'd against him.

Senec. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corin. Are there your Heads?

Mens. These haue Voyces, that can yield them now,
And (tragh disficate their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Muther why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not let them on? 

Senec. Be calm, be calm.

Corin. It is a purpofe thing, and grows by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Noble:
Soft'en, and live with fuch as cannot rule,
Nor celer will be ruined.

Brut. Call's not a Plot:
The Peope cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corin was given them grace, you reprefend,
Scandal'd the Supplicants: for the People, call'd them
Tis iffleathes, flatterers, foes to Nobleme.</textarea>
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As for my Country, I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs Come words till their decay, against those Mæsals Which we did dissemble to viety ther way, To catch them. I say, if you speak a thousand as, if you were a God, To punish; Not a man of their Infortune. Speak. Tis well we let the people know it. More. What, what! His Choller? Cor. Choller? Were I a patient at the nightittle sleep, By none, twould be my mind. Speak. In is a mindle that shall remain a poison Where it is: not pay off any further. Coro. Shall remain? Hear you this Triton of the Minnoti? Mark you I his absolute Shall? Cam. Twas from the Canon. Cor. Shall! O God! but most stronge Patriarchs; why You grace, but we sklile Senarors, have you thus Gritt Hads here to vome to no Officer, That with his peremptory Sall, being but The home, and noisie o'th' Moovers, wants not spirit To say, he'll turne your Current in a ditch, And make your Channel his? if the hauve power, Then rule your Ignorance: If none, awake Your dangerous Lestor; if you are Learnd, be not as common Folles; if you are not, Let them haue Cunions by you. You are Plebeians, if thay be Senarors: and they are no leff, When both your voices blended, the great it tale Moilt palliates thern. They choose their Magistrate, And for a one as he, who puts his Shall, His popular Shall, against a graier Bench Then curen shone in Greece, By Ione himselfe, It makes the Confuls base; and my Soule akes I know, when two Authotaries are vp, Neither Suprem, How foon Confusion May enter, twist the gap of Both, and take The one by the other. Crow. Well, on'th' Market place. Coro. Who ever gue that Conculfell, to gire forth The Conso's th' Store-houle gratis, as twas v'd Sometime in Greece. Mem. Well, well, no more of that. Cor. The thing that the people had more absolute powre I fey they norsifts disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State. Brm. Why shall the people gue One that speakes thus, their royce? Coro. Hee gue my Reasons, More worth then their Voyres. They know the Conse Was not our recumercne, setting well afor'd They're did feruice for't; being pret'th' Warre, Even when the Navelli of the State was touch'd, They would not thred the Gases: This kindes of Service Did not deuere Conse gratis. Being th' Warre, There Mutuines and Revolts, whereat they heau'd Most Vsions spoke not for them. Th' Accusation Which they have often made against the Sense, All caus vntothe, could not be the Nature Of our so frake Donation. Well, what then? How shall this Bofome-multplied, digest The Senators Coquettes? Let deeds expresse What's like tobe their words, We did requet it, We are the greatest pol, and in true fear They gue their demands. Thus we debafe The Nature of our State, and make the Rabble Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time Breake ope the Lockers th' Senate, and bring in The Crowes to pecke the Eagles. Mem. Come enough. Brm. Enough, with our measure. Coro. No, take more. What may be wound by, both Divine and Humane, Scale what I end withall. This double worship, Whereon part do's disidence with caule, the other Infulit without all reason: where Centsy Title,wifedom Cannot conclude; but by the see and no Of general Ignorance, it milt on: Hest Necessities, and gue way the while To writhe Siughrine. Purpose to bar'd, it followes, Nothing inrome to purpose. Therefore beseech you, You that will be feffe fearful, then discreet, That lose the Fundamentall part of State More then you doubte the change on't: That preferre A Noble Life, before a Long, and With, To impace a Body with a dangerous Phisicke, That's sure of death without it: as once pluckt out The Multitudinous Tongue, let them notice The sweet which is their poyson. Your dillenor Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State Of that Integrity which should increas:et, To the poor, who trust not in the powerful God It would for th'ill which doth controul. Brm. Has it now enouth. Speak. Has't spoken like a Traitor, and shall answere As Traitors do. Coro. Thou wretch, dost say one-wheelee thee: What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience faileth Toth' greater Bench, in a Rebellenion: When what's not meere, but what must be, was Law, Then were they chalen in a better house, Let what is meere, be faile it must be meete, And throw their power: i'd do't, Brm. Manned Trixtion. Speak. This a Conful? No. Enter an Addes. Brm. The Eddes hoe: Let him be apprehended: Speak. Go call the people, in whole name my Selfe Attach'te as a Traitorous: Innovator: A Foot' th' Habits. Wacle. Obey I charge thee, And follow to thine answere. Coro. Hence old Groat. All. We! Serys him Com. Ag'd fri, hands off. Coro. Hence rotten thing, or I shall make thy bones Out of the Garments. Speak. Help ye Citizens. Enter a rable of Pleasants with the Addes. Mem. On both sides more refpe't. Speak. Here's aces, that would take from you all your power. Brm. Seize him, Addes. All. Downe with him, downe with him. 2 Mem. Weapons, weapons, weapons: They all knowle about Coriolanus. Tribunes, Patriarchs,Citizens: what ho: Sicinius, Bruti, Coriolanus, Citizens. All. Peace, peace, peace, filly hold, peace. Mem. Fie, that's abuse of me, I am out of breath, Confusions needes, I cannot speake. You Tribunes Toth'people:Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicinius, Speaker.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Act I. Scene i.

Coriolanus. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my selle take vp a brace o'th' bell of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Coriolanus. But know 'tis oldes beyond Arithmetic, and Manhood is call'd Foulness, when it stands Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth reach Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare What they are vs to beare.

Men. Pray you be gone: I'll trie whether my old Wit be in request With those that hauie but little: this must be patch

Wit Cloth of any Colour.


Patri. This man his mars'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter Neptune for his Trindens, Or Issus, for a power to Thunder. his Heart's his Mouth: What his Brest forges, that his Tongue mu1d vent, And being angry; does forget that ever He heard the Name of Death, Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Men. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire I Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabbles againe.

Sicinius. Where is this Viper,

That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself.

Men. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicinius. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath revil'd Law, And therefore Law shall (come him further Triall Then the severitie of the publike Power, Which he so feys at naught. I & Ct. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall fare out,

Men. Sir, Sir.

Sicinius. Peace, Peace.

Ore. Do not cry hue andes, where you hold but hunt With modest warrant.

Sicinius. Sir, how come it that you have holpe To make this rescue?

Men. Here be me speake? As I do know

The Confults worthininesse, fo can I name his Faults.

Sicinius. What Confults? what Confults?

Men. The Confult Coriolanus.

Brutus. He Conful.

All. No, no, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes lease,

And yours good people,

I may be heard, I would craue a word serio,

The which shall turne you to no further harme,

Then to much losse of time.

Sir. Speak beseemly then,

For we are pertinently to dispatch

This Viporous Tisitor: to elect him hence Were but one danger, and to keep him here Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,

That our renowned Rome, whose great gratitude Towards her defered Children, is enroll'd

In Ieues owne Bookes, like an unnatural Dam Should now este vp her owne.
Sc. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Act. Oh he's a Limbe, that he's but a Disease
Mortal, to cut it off: to cure it, ease.

What he's done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath left.

(Which I dare vouch, is more than he hath
By many an Ounce) he drop'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Country,
Were to vs all that don't, and suffer it
A brand to extend a World.

Saw. This is clean came.

Brut. Mereley away:
When he did lose his Country, it honour'd him.

Act. The femme of the foot
Being once gangied, do't not then respect
For what before it was.

Brut. We belie his name no more:
Purse him to his house and pluck him thence,
Least his infallion be of catching nature,
Spread further.

Act. One word more, one word:
Their agued-footage, when it shall find
The name of vnkind incivility, will (too late)
Ty the Ledion punk 4 too sheele.
Proceed by Proceeds,
Least passes (as he believ'd) break out,
And take great Rome with Romans.

Brut. If it were so?

Act. What do ye talke?
Have we not had a taste of his Obdience?
Our Edges sowne: our fectorsistol'd: come,

Act. Confirme this: He ha's, he brend: ith' Warres
Since a could draw a sword, and a school'd
Inboulted Language: Mealce and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Give me leave,
He go's a him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vnsall peril.

1. Sc. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove to bloody: and the end of it,
Vuketome to the Beginning.

Sc. Noble Menemous, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maffers, lay downe your Weapons,
Brut. Go not home.

Sc. Meet on the Market place we'll attend you there:
Where if you bring not Martyr we'll proceed
In a full way.

Act. He bring him to you,
Let me deffire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Saw. Pray you let's to him.

Exequy Oanes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull about mine eares, present me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horles heelesee,
Or pile ten heiles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe fretch
Below the beam of light: yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Pompion.

Nobl. You do the Nobler,

Cor. I mule my Mother

Do's not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Weiten Vassales, things created
To buy and to sell, to turne bare heads
In Congregations, so yawn, be thil, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance foold vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I take of you,
Why did you with me mildre? Would you have me
Falle to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vulp. Oh first, first,
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had wore it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vulp. You might have bane enough the man you are,
With thuing lefle to be so: Leffer had hun
The thing of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croffle you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vulp. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenious and the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have but too rough, something too rough: you must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,

Velleffe by not doing, our good Citizens
Cleave in the midst: and perish.

Vulp. Pray be content'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a straine, that leads my ye of Anger.

So better vantage.

Act. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus forgo to th' heart, but that
The violent & third time change it Physick.
For the whole State, I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can tearfully bear.

Act. What must I do?

Men. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repeat, what you have spake.

Cor. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muff I then dowe to them?

Vulp. You are too absoluate,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speake, I have heard you say,
Honour and Policy, like vnuested Friends,
Phil' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, whi each of them by other loye,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Trust, trust.

Act. A good demand.

Vulp. If it be Honour to your Warres, to seeme
The fame you are not, which for your self ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leffe or worse
That it shall hold Companionshipp in Peace
With Honour, in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like requite.

Cor. Why force you this?

Vulp. Because, that
Now it lies you on to speake to th' people
Not by your owne instruction, nor hy'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but rooted in your Tongue;
Though but Ballards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bonounes truth.
Now, thy this no more dishonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which ell would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would diflbe without Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at fakle, requit'd
I should do in Honour. I am in this

b 3

Your

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Your Wife your Sonne. Those Senators, the Noble, And you, and rather throw our general Laws, How you may frome, then spend a favor upon 'em', For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard Of what that might might ruine.

Theat. Noble Lady. Come goe with vs, speake faire, you may faile so, Not what is dangerous pretent, but the loose Of what is past.

Volumn. I pry thee now, my Sonne, Go to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus farre haung freth tch (here be with them) Thy Knee buffing the hones: for in such businesse Action is eloquence, and the eyes of thy ignorant More learned then the ears, weighing thy head, Which of en thus correcting thy thion heart, Now humble as the reeplt Mulberry, That will not hold the handling: or say to then, Thou art their Soldier, and being bled in bycles, Hast not the left way, which thou doa it contince Were fit for thee to live, as they to clare, In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame Thy fely (forloth) hereafter thems to fare, As thou hauft power and perfon.

Theat. This but done, Each as the speakers, why their hearts were yours: For thou hast Pardons, being ask'd as thee, A word to little purpose.

Volumn. Prythec now, Go, and be thid: although I know thou hadst rather Follow thine Eneone in a jesse Guife, Then flatter him in a Bower. Enter Coriabius.

Here is Common. Coro. I have bereft thee Market place: and Sit his fit You make strong passe, or defend your selfe By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Theat. Onely take speeche. Coro. I think 'twil sferce, if he can thereto frame his speeche.

Volumn. He must, and will.

Prythec now say you will, and go about it.

Coro. Must I goe shew them my embarr'd Sence? Mut it with my safe Tongue give to my Noble Heart A Lye, that it must bear well? I will not: Yet were there but this single Ploa, to lofe This Mould of Martun, they to shift should grind it, And owai's against the Winde. Tod's Market place: You have put me now to such a part, which never I shall discharge that Life.

Coro. Come, come, we'll prompte you. Volumn. I prythec now sweet Sonne, as thou hast said My prais to make thee first a Souldier: for I have my praise for this, performeth a part Thou hast not done before.

Coro. Well, I must don't: A way my disposition, and possest me Some Harlot; for I'm. My throat of Warre be tur'd, Which quarr'd with my Drumme into a Pope, Small as it, a Drum, or the Virgin voyce That Blaine Lillie's Blacke: The smiles of Knaves Cast its o' my cheekes, and Schoole-boys Teases take vp
The Glasse of my fight. A Beggar's Tongue Make mention through my Lip, and my Arm's Head Who about him in my worst d like his
That hath exceed an Almose. I must not,
Least I success to honor none but truth,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inhereit Baitseffe.

Volumn. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, is it my more dishonor,
Then tigut of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather see thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Statteffe: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantesse was mine, thou stak't it from me:
But owse thy Pride thy selfe.

Coro. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ie Mountebanks their Loue,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Command me to thy Wife, Ile returne Cofull,
Or neuer truft to what my Tongue can do
1th way of Flattery further.

Volumn. Do your wills.

Exit Volumna.

Coro. Away, the Tribunes do attend you. You are self.
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I hear more strong
Then are upon you yet.

Coro. The words, Mildly. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by intimation:
Will answer in mine Honour.

Memon. 1, but mildly.

Coro. Well mildly be it then, Mildly.

Enter Scinius and Brutus.

Brut. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrammcall power: if he evade vs there,
Inforce him with his sway to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Austins
Was not distributed. What will he come?

Enter an Edict. Edict. Hee's comming.

Brut. How accompanied? Edict. With old Memonus, and those Senators
That always favours'd him.

Scin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voice, that we have pronounced, set downe by
Edict. I have: 'tis ready.

Scin. Have you collected them by Tributes?

Edict. I have.

Scin. Affirme p. entirely the people hisher:
And when they hear mee say, it shall be so,
I thight and strength of th'Comes mee be either
For death, for time, or Banishments, then let them
If I say fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Influting on the oldie preogatue
And power on th' Truth's th' Cause.

Edict. I shall informe them.

Brut. And when such tone they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confud's
Inforce the present Exeuction
Of what we choose to Sentence.

Edict. Very well.

Scin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giue them.

Brut. Go about it,
Put them to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd
Enter to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chalst, he cannot
Be remaungd to Aggrace, then he speaks

What?
What's in his heart, and that is there which lookest
With to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Demetrius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicinius. Well, here's he comes.

Marius. Calmly, I do beteach you.

Coriolanus. I, as an Hobbier, that fourth poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by th' Volume.

Theroldus. O Goddes.

Keep Rome in safety, and the Chiefe of justice
Supplied by worthy men, plant peace amongs
Through our large Temples with y'heaves of peace
And not our fretness with Warre.


Marius. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edicts with the Plebeians.

Sicinius. Draw heere ye people.

Edicus. Lift up to your Tribunes. Audience.

Peace I say.

Coriolanus. Fift heare me speake.

Both them. Well, say; I Peace here.

Coriolanus. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine here?

Sicinius. I do demand,

If you submit to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer Lawfull Centurse for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Coriolanus. I am Content.

Marius. Lo Citizens, he sayers he is Content.

The warlike Service he's a done, consider: Thinke
Upon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues that holy Church-yard.

Coriolanus. Scratches with Briars, searets to move
Laughter onely.

Marius. Consider further:

That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious founds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.

Sicinius. Well, well, no more.

Coriolanus. What is the matter,

That being past for Comitall with full voyce:
I am dothounour'd, that the very hour:
You take it off again.

Sicinius. Answer to us.

Coriolanus. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicinius. We charge you; that you have contribu'd to take
From Rome all Stations Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Coriolanus. How? Traitor?

Marius. Nay temperately: your promisse.

Coriolanus. The fires of thou well hell. Found in the people:

Call me their Traitor, thou inhuman Tribune.

Within thine eyes fact two thousand thousand deaths
In thy hands clutchst: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou liest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicinius. Marke you this people?

All. To th' Rocke, to th' Rocke with him.

Sicinius. Peace.

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have forsook him do, and heard him speake:

Besting your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing lawes with freeth, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him.

Even this for crimnal, and in such capitall kinde
Defeates the extremeft death.

Brutus. But since he hath deed well for Rome,

Coriolanus. What do you prate of Service.

Brutus. I take of that, that know it.

Cassius. You?

Marius. Is this the promisse that you made your mother.

Sicinius. Know, I pray you.

Coriolanus. He know no farther:

Let them pronounce the death Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Ficing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercy, at the price of one faire word,
Nor check my Courage for what they can gue,
To have t with saying. Good morrow.

Sicinius. For that he belshes

(Come much as in him lies:) from time to time
Him d against the people; seeking means
To placke away their power: as now at last,
Great Hobbile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of decended justice, but on the Minillus
That doth distribute it. In the name s'th' people,
And in the power of the Tribunes, we

(Euen) from this infant) banish him our Cassius.

In perill of precipitance
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, nearer more.

I enter our Rome gates. I'th Peoples name,
I say it shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo: let him away:

Hee, banish'd, and it in. ill be fo.

Sicinius. Hearre me my Masters, and my common friends.


Cassius. Let me speake:

I have borne Comitall, and can sweare from Rome
Her Enemies makes upon me. I do pleaue
My Countries good, with a respect to one tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives estimate, her wombes unseale,
And treasur of my Loyalties: then I would
Speak that.

Sicinius. We know your drift. Speake what?

Brutus. There's no more to be said, but it is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countre.

It shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo.

Coriolanus. You commonry of Cass, whose breath I hate,

As to keepe a th rotten Remains: whole Loues I prize,
As the dead carcasses of emburdened men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you
And here remaine with your uncertaintie.

Let every feele Rumor shake your hearthes:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispair: I have the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feel)es,
Making but reperation of your feltes,
Still your owne feuels deliver you

As most abated Captures, to some Nation
That wone you with oute bliwres, defying
For you the City. Thus I turne my beke;

There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cassius.

They all bent, and threw up their Cape.

Edicts.
Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Noble of Rome.

Corin. Come, brace your terrors a brief farewell: the breath
With many head—butts make away, Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say. Extremities was the utter of spirits,
That common chance. Common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all Boats alike.
She'd Murthership in floating. Fortunes blower,
When most flunkake home being gentle wounded, stakes
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make immoveable
The heart that could detain.

Vrg. Oh heavens! Oh heavens!

Corin. Nay! I pray thee, woman.
Vol. Now the red Perilience Glake at Traders in Rome,
And Occupation, pestil.

Corin. What, what, what?
I shall be loud when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Rejoie ne that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of Hercules.
Six of his Labours you'd done, and said
Your Husband's much lost. Cominius,
Droope, weal, weal! Are well my Wife, my Mother,
I do! well yes. Toold and trust Menenius,
Thy tears are traitor tears; shameless man,
And venomous to thee eyes. My sometime, General,
Haste (see the Scene, and shall sometime
Heart-budging ip clastes. Tell these lad women,
'Tis fun to write insinuate flounces,
As tax to laugh at'em. My Mother, you wrought well
My hazards, still have borne thy father, and
Rehears not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lovely Dragon, that he came
Makes fracases, and talk of more then see: thy Sonne
Willor exce the Common, or be caught
With cautious hoors and practice.

Vol. My self alone,
Whether will thou go? I take good Cominius
With thee awhile. Determine, on some course
More than a while expel, to each chance
That flate's other way before thee.

Corin. O Contest!

Vol. He follow theer a Moneth, teifie with thee
Where thou shalt tell, that thou mayst here see of
And we of thee. So of the time thintlnth
A cause for thy ltones, or thou shall not fend
Or the the vff would, to see a simple man,
And bold advantage which both ceste coude
In absence of the reader.

Corin. Fare ye well:
That half yeares upon thee, and thou art too tall
Of the warres surffers, to goe rone with one
That's yet unbruis'd: I bring me but at gate,
Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother,
And My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and finde. I pray you come:
While I remaime about the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and newer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Vrg. That's worthy
At any care 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 wish thee, every foot.

Corin. Give me thy hand, come. Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Tinius,
with the Edie.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & we're no further.
The Nobility are vested, whom we see haide
In this behalle.

Tinius. Now we have shewne our power,
Let vs see humber after it is done,
Then when it was a doing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.
Tinius. Do line their home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Vrg. Let's not meet this,

Sicin. Why?

Vrg. They say he's mad.

Sicin. They have taken note of us: keep on your way.

Vrg. Oh pate well met.

Tinius. They should displeased that God requirg your love.

Vrg. Peace peace, be not too loud.

Vrg. If that I could for weeping, you should have,
Nay, and you shill have home. Will you be gone?

Vrg. You shill stay too. I would I had the power
To stay to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you manke?

Vol. I foole, as that a flanne. Note but this Foolk,
Was not a man say Father: Ha! thou Foxhoup
To be banish'd that blacke more blowes for Rome
Then thou holp, take vords, words,
In. Oh! Obleh! Heagons! w

Vol. MORE Noble blowes, then cever y' wise words.
And for Rome good. Hettell us what you gete
Nay but thou shalll stay too; I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Vol. Very. What there Heidt make end of thy posterity
Vol. Baffard, and all.

Sicin. The Wonders that he does barre for Rome
Mennt, Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
At he began, and not vanquit himself.

The Noble knot he made,

Sicin. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? Twas you incant the table.
Cards, that can induce as full as his worth.
As I can of these Mysteries which heaven
Will not haue earth to know.

Sicin. Pray let's go.

Vol. Now pray for get you gone.

You have done a brave deede: Eie you go, heare this:
As faire as dueh the Capvroll excerce
The meanes house hone: to faire my Sonne

This
This Ladies Husband here; this (do you see) Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all. How Well well, well I leave you. Sigh. Why stay we to be bated With out that wants her Wits, Exit Tribune. 

Volun. Take my Prayers with you. I would the Gods had nothing else to do, But to confirm my Curfices. Could I meet't em But on a day, it would enlodge my heart Of what byres heavy too's. 

Mercur. You have told them thence, And by my teeth you have cause: you! Sup with me. 

Volun. Angers my Meate: I suppe upon my selfe, And to shall fritte with Feeding: Come, let's go, Leave this fam-puling, and lament as I do, In Anger, these likes: Come, come, come. Exit Mercur. Fri. for Fri. 

Enter a Roman, and a Poete. 

Rom. I know you well, and you know mee: your name I thinke is Abst. 

Poes. It is so far, truly I have forgot you. 

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are, against em, Know you mee yet. 

Poes. Nescio me. 

Rom. The same far. 

Poes. You had more Beard when I left saw you, but your favour is well appeard by your Tongue. What's the News in Rome? I have a Note from the Volcean place to finde you out there. You have well faust me a days journey. 

Rom. There hath bene in Rome strange Infradictions: The people, against the Senatorus, Patricians, and Nobles. 

Poes. Hath bin: is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, for they are in a most warriorlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the heart of their division. 

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyve so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe apstinence, to take al power from the people, and to plague from them their Tribunes for ever. This yses glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the zeit breaking out. 

Vol. Coriolanus banquet? 

Rom. Banish'd. Fri. 

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicander. 

Rom. The day fenters well for them now. I have heard it said, this laste time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when she's faire out with her Husband. Your Noble Twain Auffidus well appeare well in these Wares, his great Opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country. 

Poes. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Businefe, and I will merrily accompany you home. 

Rom. I shall eaves this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Howe are your Army ready fae you? 

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centunions, and their charges diligently billeted already in thenthertainment, and to be on foot in six hours warning. 

Rom. I am joyfull to heart of their readinesse, and am the man I thinkes, that shall fitt them in pretent Action, So, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company. 

Vol. You take me my part from me for, I base the most 

cuse to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. 

-Enter Coriolanus in more. 

Vol. Enter Coriolanus in more: Supper, Life, good, and merrily. 

Coro. A goodly City this Antium. City. 

Tis I that made the Wolde worse. Many and here Of sheepe faire Ediles fore say Wares 

Have I heard grewe, and drop. Then knew me one, Left thee thy Wares with Spite, and Boyes with Stories 

In puny Battell fly me. Stay you fir. 

-Enter a Citizen. 

Cit. And you, 

Coro. Direct me, if ye be your will, where great Auguf- 

tus lies. Is he in Antium? 

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, as his house this night. 

Coro. Which is his house, heelee, you? 

Cit. This house before you. 

Coro. Thank you sir, fare well. 

Exit Citizen. 

Owle World, thy flippery turner friends now sat sworn, 

Whole double bononies seemes to weare one heart, 

Whole Hores, whole Bed, whole Meale and Excercise 

Are full together: where Twain (as thee in Lour, 

Vie, pareable, shall within the house, 

On a diffusion of a Dorn, break out 

To bitterset Emity: So tellt Foes, 

Whole Passions, and whole Plets have broke their sleep 

To take the one the other, by some chance, 

Some tricke not worth an I ge, shall growe dearer friends 

And inr-rings their yellars. So with me. 

My Birth-place have I, and my bones upon 

This Eminent Tower: Ile enter, selfe I fly me 

He does faire Lufthes: ife give me way, 

Ile do his Country Service. 

Exit, 

My wife playes. Enter a Servemman, 

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What secure is here? I know thy Fellowes are asleep. 

Enter another Servemman. 

2 Ser. Where's Cassimny Mealt for him: Coro. Exit 

Enter Coriolanus. 

Coro. A goodly House: 

The feast indel, but I appeare not like a Guefe. 

Enter the first Servemman. 

1 Ser. What would you have Friend? whence are you? 

Here's no place for you: Pray go to the door: 

Coro. I have heard of no better entertainment, in be- 

ing Coriolanus. 

Enter second Servemman. 

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Has he the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such Companions? 

Pray get in out. 

Coro. Away. 


2 Ser. Are you so bittre? He have you talkit with ano- 

Enter 3 Servemman, the 1 meet him. 

3 What Followes this? 

1 A stragge one as fare Look's I look: I cannot get him 

out of house: Prythee call my Master to him. 

What have you to do here fellow? Pray you aid the house. 

Coro. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your forth. 

3 What are you? 

Coro. A Gentleman. 

3 A muchlous poore one. 

Coro. True, so I am. 

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take up some other Fa-

nion,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.


Enter Aenius with the Seruving man. Aen. Where is this Fellow? Cori. Here's, I have beaten him like a dogge, but for I have wronged the Lord within. Aen. Silence can't thou? What wouldst Pethine name? Why speakst thou? Speak me: What's thy name? Cori. If I were not yet known you were, and feyning me, doth not think me for the man I am, scarce fittith commands name me thy felle. Aen. What is thy name? Cori. A name vnnatural to the Volcians ezre, And hark in found to thine. Aen. Say, what's thy name? Thou haft a Grim appearance, and thy Face Bears a Comunicion: Though thy Fackles torne, Thou wast a Noble Vessel. What's thy name? Cori. Prepare thy brow to frowne; know'd I yet me? Aen. I know thee not? Thy Name? Cori. My name is Cori Marilious, who hath done To thee particulairly, and to all the Volcians Great hurt and Mischief: thereto witnisse may My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Service, the extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my native Country, are requested: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witnisse of the Valiant and Difpearance Which thou shouldst be assure, only that name remains, The Cruelty and Envy of the people, permitted by our disadvent, who shall have all that fowre, may I haft together to thee. And for the sense of Staces to be Hoist out of Rome. Now this extremity, I bringh'nd to thee, I was not at Hope (Milake me not) to loose my life for it I haft the death, of all the Manly world I would not have loosed thee. But in mote spight To be full man of my Country and Dadders. Send me before this, here: Then if thou hast A heart of wreake in thee, that will revenge Thine owne part in warre, and top those mains Or this Seene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misterye thy turne: So fivest, That thy revengefull Servants may prove As Benefites to thee. For I will fight Against my Canker Coundry, with the Spleene Of all the vnder Friends. But if it be, Thou don't opposed, and that to prove more Fortunes This art't y'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to live most weare and present My threat to thee, and to thy Ancient Maitre: Which not to cur, would shew thee bare a Foulfe, Since I have ever followed thee with hate, Drawne Tanes of Blood out of thy Countries brest, And cannot live but to thy blayne, vnleffe It be to do thee seruice. Aen. Oh Marins, Maris! Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from thy heart A route of Ancient Envy. I Iisper Should from yond clowke speak the thinge thinge, And say'tis true! I' do not beleue them more Then thee all Noble Maris. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ais an hundred times hath broke, And fearst the Moone with splinters: here I slee The Anuile of my Sword, and do contref At hytely, and as Nobly with thy Tous, At euer in Ambitious strength, I did Comprend against thy Valour. Know thou this, I lovd the Maid: I married: never man Would truste my raign: But that I see thee here Thou noble thing, more dances my heart, Then when I fist my wedd Miffis law Befride my Thesfield. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We have a Power on foot: and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawnse, Or looke mine Arme for: Thou hast belewe out Twelve syeeral times, and I have nightly since Dreams of encounters twist thy velle: and me, We have beene downe together in my close, Vanbuckeling Helmes, fittin each others Throat, And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worship Maris, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that Thou art since Banddi, we would murther all From twelve, to instinctive: and powning Waste into the bowells ofagneatfull Rome. Like a bold Blood o're-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our Friendly Senators by th'hands Who now are here, taking their leave of mee, Who am prepaid against your Territorys, Though not for Rome's sake. Cori. You blest be me Gods. Aen. Therefore most absoleute Sir, I shoull have The leading of thine owne Reuenge, take Th'Henhalf of my Comission, and let downe As bell that are experience's since thou knowst It Thou Counties strength and weaknese, thine own wiles Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or sudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, era delopy. But come in. Let me commend thee there, to theo that shall Say yes to thy deliere. A thousand and welcome, And more a Friend, then era an Enemie, Yet Marism that was much: Your hand most welcome. Exeunt

Enter two of the Seruengs.

Here's a strange alteration? By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a Cudgell, and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him. What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, one would let y' a Top. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some thing in him. He had a kind of face me thought I cannot tell.

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tell how to resume it.

1. He had, looking at it, were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.
2. So did I, be it my own. He's simply the rarest man in the world.

I think he is: but a greater folder then he, You won't one.

2. Who my Matter? Nay, it's no matter for that.

3. Worth fix on him.

Nay not for neither: but I take him to be the greater

Squallour,

Fain look ye, one cannot tell how to say that for the Defence of a Town, our Generall is excellent.
1. If, and for an affright too.

Enter the third Scurvingman.

1. I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as

live to be a condemned man.

Bath: Wherefore? Wherefore?

Why here's he that was sent to thrace our Generall,

Cauis Marius:

Why do you say, thrace our Generall?

I do not say thrace our Generall, but he was always good enough for him.

So we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say to his friends.

He was too hard for him directly, to say the Truth on's before Caroles, he scotch it, and scorn him like a Carabado.

And he had bin Cannibally gurn, hee might have boy'd and eaten him too.

But more of thy News.

Why he's to made on here within, as if he were

Son and Here to Mars, set at upper end of that Table: No question ask him by any of the Senators, but they stand bale before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Master of him, Sanche his himselfe with a hand, and turns up the white of the eyes to his Discourse. But the bottome of the News is, our Generall is cut th'middle, & but one hale of what he was yeasterday. For the other ha's hale, by the interest and grants of the whole Table. He'll go he says, and foile the Porter of Rome Gate by the ears. He will move all downe before him, and leave his passidge poul'd.

And he's as like to do as any man I can imagine.

Dooyt! he will do't: for look you sir, he has as many

friends as Enemies: as Friends as it were, durt not (look ye sir) them selfe's as we terke it; his

Friends, whil'st he is in Directiae.

Directio: What's that?

But when they shall see fit, his Creft vp against, and the man in blood, they will out of their Barridges (like

Comes after Raine) and revell all with him.

But when goes this forward?

To morrow, to day, pretend, you shall have the Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of other Peas, and non executed re they wipe their lips.

Why then you shall have a thrilling World againe: This peace is nothing, but to cut Ironengresce Taylor, and breed Bullad-makers.

Let me have Warre say I, it exceeds peace as faire as day do's night: it's frightfully walking, audible, and full of Joy. Peace, is a very Apoplogy, Lachargie, madd, deafe, sleep, insensible, a getter of more baffled Chil-

dren, then warres a destroyer of men.

2. This, and as warres in some sort may be said to be a Ransomer, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Carbolids.

1. And it makes men hate one another.

3. Reason, because they then lefe neede one another: The Warres for my money. Hope to see Romans as cheaper as Volcans. They are rising, they are rising.

Bath: In, in, in, 

Enter the two Tribunes, Semion, and Bruttum.

Semion. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tane, the present peace, And quietnesse of the people, which before We're in wilder hurry: Here do we make his Friends Bulb, that the world goes well: who rather, had, Though they themselves do labour by it, behald Difquent numbers pleasing streets, then see Our Trademen-sing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Aemilianus.

Brutus. We dwell too sanely good time. Is this Aemianus?

Sem. 'Tis he, for Ohe is grown most kind of a Lady.

M. Hale to you both.

Sem. Your Carollus is not much mirth, but with his

Friends: the Common Wealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

M. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temper'd it.

Sem. Where is he, heare you?

M. Nay I hear nothing: His Mother and his wife, hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preferre you both.

Sem. Goodness our Neighbours,

Bnu. Goodness to you all, goodmen to you all.

1 Our fathers, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both,

Sem. Loe, and thine.

Bnu. Farewell kind Neighbours:

We wish the Carollus had bow'd to us as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Bnu Tho. Farewell, farewell.

Excett Citizens.

Sem. This is a happier and more coming time,

Then when thee Fellowes ran about the streets,

Crying Confusion.

Bnu. Cauis Marius was

A worthy Officer th'Warre, but Infident,

Orecome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking

Self-lonings;

Sem. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance

Other, I think he not so.

Sem. We should by this, to all our Lamentation,

If he had gone forth Conull, found it so.

Bnu. The Gods have well prejudice it, and Rome

Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Aedile.

Aed. In worthy Tribunes,

There is a Slave whom we have put in prison,

Reports the Vexation, that all the Powerfull

are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre,

Destroy, what lies before'em,

Sem. 'Tis Aemianus,

Who hearing of our Marius Banishment,

Threw forth his horses againe to the world

Which were in-bell'd, when Marius stood for Rome,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And durst not once peep out.

Sext. Come, what talk you of Mætius?
Brut. Go let this Rumor whipt, it cannot be,
The Voles dare break with vs.
Mæt. Cannot be?
We have Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Left you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sext. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Brut. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mæt. The Nobles in great entertaines are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turns their Countenances,
Sext. Tis this Slave:
Go whip him forth the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.
Mæt. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliver'd.
Sext. What more fearfull?
Mæt. It is spake freely out of many months,
How probable I do not know, that Mætius
Toyn'd with Auffidus, leads a power 'grand Rome,
And vowes Revenge as spacular, as betwixt the
Young'st and oldest thing.
Sext. This is most likely
Brut. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may with
Good Mætius home again.
Sext. The very strike out.
Mæt. This is vukely,
He, and Auffidus can no more attone
Then violent'nt CONTRARIETY.

Enter Mætius.

Mæt. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful Array, led by Caio Mætius,
Affoaded with Auffidus, Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O're-born their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Commoners.

Com. Oh you have made good worke.
Mæt. What newes? What newes?
Com. You have help to ravish your owne daughters,
To melt the City Leaders upon your pates,
To see your Wives disdenn'd to your Noles.
Mæt. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your rhetorches, whereon you flood, confind
Into an Augurs bower.

Brut. Pray now your newes:
You have made faire worke I fear me: pray your newes,
If Mætius should be toyn'd with Volcanes.
Com. He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him
Against vs Brites, with no leffe Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-Bies,
Ct Butcher's killing Fyres.
Mæt. You have made good worke,
And your Apron men: you, that flood so much
Upon the voye of occupation, and

The breach of Garlick-eyeers.

Com. Ho! Ho! make your Rome about your cares.
Mæt. As Hercules did make downe Mellow Fruit:
You have made faire worke,
Brut. But is this true for?
Com. I, and you'll look pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smillingly Rcunts, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perilous confant Foolsers: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him,
Mæt. We are all randone, yulefe
The Noble man hauce mercy.
Com. Who shall take it?
The Tribunes cannot don't for shame: the people
Dereve such pity of him, as the Wolf.
Doe's of the Shepheardes: For his beatr Friends, if they
Should sty be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had dreied'd his hate,
And threent they'd like Enemies.
Mæt. Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should continne it, I have not the face
To say, before you ceade. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafty; you have crafted faire,
Mæt. You have brought
A T'emblyn upon Rome, such as was newer,
Smea'ble of helps.
Tri. Say not, we brought it,
Mæt. How W'as't we? We loud'd him,
But like Brasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way into your Clutterers, who did hoote
Him out o'Chitty.
Com. But I feare
They Truste him in againe. Tullim Auffidus,
The second name of men, obyes his point
As if he were his Officer: Delperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Mæt. Here come the Clutterers.
And is Auffidus with him? You are they
That made the Ayre unknowne, when you caust
Your flaming, grea' Caps, in hooking
At Coriolana Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a hope upon a Souldiers head,
Which will not pulse a whisper: As many Confreres
As you threw Caps up, will be cumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into oue cole,
We haue deferd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hearre fearfull Newes.
1 Cit. For mine owne part,
When I said banish't him, I said 'twas pisty.
2 and fo did I,
3 and fo did I: and to say the truth, I did very man-
ny of vs, that we did we did for the bell, and though we
were willingly contented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.
Com. Yare goodly things, you Voyces.
Mæt. You have made good worke
You and your cry. Shall to the Capitolll?
Com. Oh I, what else t

Exsect book.

Sext. Go Mætias get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so faire to leone. Go home,
And there no signe of Fears.

1 Cit.
Enter Menenius Fanensis, Sevius Britius, the two Tribunes with others.

Menen. No, ille not get you hear what he hath said. Which was sometime his General; who loved him in a most sincere particular; he call'd me Father: But what else if Corvo, can banish him? A Man before his feet, to Ilullus, and kneel The way into his mercy: Nay, the way to To beere Comuni speaks, Ille keep at home. Com. He would not进去 to know me.

Menen. Do you desire? Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I urg'd of our eldest child, and the drops That we had ridded together, Corinon. He would not answer to: Forbad all Names, He was a kind of Neth mag, Itellele, Tho he had forg'd himiselfe same 0th fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so? you have made good works: A paire of Trumbes, that I have wreak'd for Rome, To make Coles change: A Noble necessity. Com. I minded him, how Revell twas to pardon When it was like expected. He replied, It was a bare petition of State To one whom they had so far'd. Menen. Very well, could he say lile. Com. I offered to awaken his regard For his private friends. His answer to me was He could not be so to prickle them, in spite Of his home mutly Chafe. He laid, twas folly For one poor grace or two, to leave wolumn And still to move th' offence.

Menen. For one poor grace or two? I am one of those this Mother, Wife, his Child, And this brutes Fellow too: we are the Grains, You are the mighty Chafe, and you are flesh About the Grone. We e'vr be butts for you. Scein. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your syde In this so necessary helpes, yet do not Vpbraids with our elffre. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the instant Arrie we can make Might flop our Countryman. Menen: Not: let me meddle. Sicin. Pray you go to him. Scein. What should I do?

Menen. Only make trial what your loue can do. For Rome, towards Martius. Menen. Well, and say that Martius returne men, As Cominius is return'd, whereat: what says? But as a discontented Friend, greenly-floes With his vkn吝hefle, Say's be to? Sicin. Yet your good will More bane that shows from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Menen. Ille vnderst'k': I thike he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good Cominius, much vehemee.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

He was not taken well, he had not done,
The Venetians made our blood cold, and then
We pow'd on the morning arc waste.
To giss or to forgive, but when we have flung
Their Pope, and the Consequences of our blood
With Wine and Fooding, we have supper'd.
Then in our Fiend-like Falls: therefore Ie watch him
Till he be dierc to my request,
And then Ie set upon him.
[24] You know the very mode into his kindnde
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith Ie proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, have knowledge
Of my success.

Comm. The enter here he.

Sen. Not.

Comm. Tell you he don't in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Lourry
The Glauber to his pitty. I knecl'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Riser did affume
That with his speechfelle hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his conditions:
So he swor there was want, volitelle his N. Mr. Models,
And his Wife, who (as I heart) means to solficate him
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And without faire successe betall them on.

Exeunt

Enter Cinna with the Watch and Guard.

Cin. Stay, whence are you,
At the stile, and go back.

Cin. You guard like men, it is well By your leave,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speake with Coriolanus.


Cin. You may not passe, you must return: our General
Will no more here from you.

Cin. You'll your Rome embark'd with fire, before
You speake with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heared here your Generall take of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lotts to Blankes,
My name hath touch'd your eares: it is Memmeus,
1 Be it so, go back, the nature of your name,
Is not beare passe.

Men. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louter: I have beene
The booke of his good Acts, where men have read
His name vsurp'd, I'd hapefully amplified
For he euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheere) w. all the fire that verity
Would with all hapling offer. Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle upon a doleful ground
I have rumble past the throw, and in my prais
Have (almost) stopp'd the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must have leave to passe.

[25] Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf,
as you have wittered words in your owne, you should not
passe here euen, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
hate charity. Therefore go backe.

Mem. Pity me Fellow, I remember my name is Memmeus,
always faction'd on the party of your Generall.

Howsoever you are bin his Lier, as you say you
have, I am one that telling true waield him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Men. His he don't can't trust tell For I would not
speake with him, till after dine.

You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you should haunt Rome, as he do's. Can you,
When you have pulpit out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your
enemy your shield, think to from his reuenges with the
case groves of old women, the Virginal Palms of your
daughters, nor with the Walsh intercession of such a dote,
yay'd Dorsant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow out
the intendt fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weak e breath as this. No, you are decd, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of stregue
and pardon.

Men. Sirs, if thy Captaine knew I were here,
He would vie me with effimination.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not,
Men. I mean thy Generall,
2 My General care not for you. Back I say, go forth.
I let forth your halfe punte of blood. Backe, that's the vmost
of your having, backe.

Men. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Antinomy.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now you Companion. He say an arrant for you:
You shall know now that I am in effimination: you shall
perceive, that a Tacke gardant cannot officie me from my
Son Coriolanus, but my entertainment with him; if thou
hadst not the flate of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship and crueler in suffering,
behold now prettily, and towond for what to come upon you.
The glorious Gods is in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no where than by thy old
Father Memmeus do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art presing
fire for vs: looke thee, here's water to quench it,
I was hardly moved to come to thee. But being afflu'd
none but my felle could moue thee, I have bene like wise
out of your Gates with fightes: and ensoure thee to par
done thee, and thy petitionary Counsimen. The good
Gods shalve thy wrath, and turne the dags of it, vs.
This Vally here: This, who like a blocke hath denied
my acces to thee.

Cin. Away.

Men. How? Away?

Men. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are suspended to others: though I owe
My Reseue properly, my resiliation lies
In Volcanic brevets. That we have bene familiar,
Ingratie forgeries shall poison rather
Then pity: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Many cases against your sisters, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet to I love thee,
Take this almage, I writ it for thy sake,
And would haue sent it. Another word Memmeus,
I will no more thee speake. This man Antinomy
Was my belou'd in Rome: yeath thou behold'st

And, You keep a constant temper,

Mem. The guard and Memmeus.

Men. Now sir, is your name Memmeus?

Mem. To a spell you fee of much power:
You know the very home againes;

1 Do you hear how wee are flet, for keeping your
greatnest backe?

Men. I neither care for thee would, nor thy General:
for such things as you. I can scarce thinke that's any way's
to do. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it
not

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not from another. Let your General do his work. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery encroach 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 Oake not to be winde-shaken. Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Auscupio

Corin. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hostill. My partner in this Acton, You must report to the Volcanick Lords, how plainly I have borne this Business.

Aus. Ouly these ears you have respected, Stoppe your ears against the general noise of Rome: Never admited a proud whisper, nor not with such ends That thought them sure of you.

Corin. This is an old man, Whom with a strait'd heart I hauent sent to Rome, Lest I should, among the names of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their lateel refuge Was to send him: for whole old Loure I have (Though I had lowly to them,) lost of more effect The fault Conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him one's, That thought he could do more: A very little I have yielded to, Fathers & slaves, and Suits,

Not from the State: But please friends hereafter Will I tend thee to. What thou slost is this: Shall be remitted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made! I will not.

Enter Virginia, Volcena, Valeria, young Martius, with Attendanck.

My wife come, farmall, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and other hand The Grandchild to his blood. But out affection, All bond and prude of Nature breaks; Let it be Vertuous to be Obfinate.

What is that Curs'd worth? Or those Douse eyes, Which can make Gods forsworne? I mely, and am not Of stranger each then others: my Mother bowes, As of Olympus a Mole-hill shold

In supplication Nod: and my yong Bellath an Aspect of interest with Great nature exes, Deny not. Let the Volcanick Plough Rome, and barrow Italy. Ile neuer Be with a Golling to obey in'th: but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin Virgul. My Lord and Husband.

Corin. Thefe eyes are not the fame I wore in Rome. Virgul. The sorrow that deluges vs thus changd, Makes you think so.

Corin. Like a dull Acton now, I have forgot my part, And I am out, even a full Disgrace. Bell of my Enk, Forgive my Tyanny: but do not fay. For that forgive our Romans. O a life Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge! Now by the seious Queen of Heennes, that kiffe I carried from thee dear; and my true Lippete, Harb Virgul's te, since. You Gods, I pray, And the most noble Mother of the world Leave unfasted: Sunk my knife e'th, last,

Knees of thy depper duty, more impression shew Then that of common Sonses. Pishom. Oh stand up blest! Who'd with no faster Cathion then the Flint

I kneele before thee, and unproperly Shew duty as mith,ken, all this while, Between the Child, and Parent.

Corin. What's third your knees to me?

To your Corrected Sonne?

Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Filipe the Stares, Then, let the murmous winde Stike the proud Cedars, ganish the fiery Sun: Mured impollibility to make.

What cannot be, flight worke.

Volcena. Thou art my Master, I hope to frame thee.

Do you know this Lady?

Corin. The Noble Sister of Publialia;

The Moone of Rome. Challe as the fickle

That's curst by the Tross, from purestart Snow, And hangs on Diana Temple. Deere Valeria.

Volcena. This is a pitee Epitome of yours, Which by thy interpretation of full time, May fely like all your selfe.

Corin. The God of Souldiers.

With the content of suprême issue, informe Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst proue To flame unvulnerale, and stcke th'Wares Like a great Sea-marke standing every flaw, And saugling that e'ye theee.


Corin. I bechech you peace:

Or if you'd alke, remember this before; The thing I have to score to grace, may never Be held by you denises. Do not but me

Dilate my soldiers, or caputale.

Againe, with Romans Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I become venalral: Defile not'th'ally My Rates and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volcena. Oh no more, no more:

You I acue you will not grant vs any thing: For we have nothing else to aske, but that Which you alreadly: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardneffe, therefore heare vs.

Corin. Auscupio, and you Volcenas, for weell Heart sought from Rome in private. Your request?

Volcena. Should we be silent & not speak our Raiment And state of Bodes would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile, Thunke with thy selfe, How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither: since that thy fight, which should Make our eies flow with thy greats dance with comfort, Continues them wiepe, and shake with Fear & forrow, Making the Mother, wife, and Child to fee, The Sine, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries B weels out; and to poore we

Three enmities most capittal: Thou barreling us, Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we?

Ask all how can we, for our Country pray? Whereato we are bound, together with thy vision:

Where to we are bound: Alack, or we must looche The Country our deere Nurse, or else thy perion Our confort in the Country. We multi finde An euident Calamity, though we had Our with, which face should win. For either thou Mith as a Faire Raine C order be led With Miracles through our streets, or else:

Triumphanty tread on thy Countries ruine,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And bear the Palm, for having bravely fled
Thy Wife and Childrens Blood: For my selfe, Soone,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot persuade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then, seek the end of one; thus shall no sooner
March to assaile thy Country, then to trade
(Trust too's, thou shalt not on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world,
Verg, I am none, that brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name hunting to time.
Boy, A shall not tread on me: I am away
Till I am bigger, then let light fall,
Corin. Not of a Woman's tenderesse to be,
Requires not Child, nor woman's face to see:
I have fate too long.

Vivum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
His were in my, that our request did tend
To face the Romans, thereby to deloy
The Voices whom you ferre, you might condemn vs
And our glorious and our honour.
No, nor will that is thy receiue them: While the Voices
May say, this mercy we have shewed: the Romans,
Thus we receaved, and each in either side
Glue the All to time, and trye to Blff
For making up this peace. Though now it (great Soone)
The end of many warres were came: but this certaine,
That if those conquer Rome, the benet.
Which thus shall thereby escape, is full a name
Whole repetition will be dogged with Cares:
Whole Chronicle's current, the man was Noble,
But with his lost Attemp't, he wip'd out:
To destroy his Country, and his name remans
To whom the Accation is, Speake to me Son
Thank it affe. the fine Frames of Honor,
To imitate the grace: the Gods,
To bear with Thunder the wide Checkers in Aye,
And yet to change thy Sphery with a Boul.
That should be fast an Oakle. Why do't not speake?
Tank. It thou is Honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Spoke those Boy,
Perhaps thy couldshinelle will move him more
Then can our Reasons. There no man in the world
More bound to a Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one of the More: Touch'd, though the like,
She'd thy deere Mother any cuterie. Yes
Is the poor, yet fond of no second brood.
Has's clock'd thee to the Waters: and false the home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requiel's viuall,
And sparte me backe: But, if he be not so
Those are not home, and the Gods will plague thee
That the dwell from me the late Muse, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
Downe liake, let vs shew him with honourable knees
Tous his name Coriolanus longs more prate
Then pitty to our players. Downe: an end,
This is the lift. So we will come to Rome,
And speed amongst our Neighbours: Nay, behold's, this
Fly't that cannot tell what he would have,
But woole, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Do's, and feign an Petition with more strength
Then shorfull to deny. Come, let vs go:
Then this fellow had a Voice in his Mother,
Hi Wife is in Coriace, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
I am built until our City be afe, & then I'll speake a little
Hold her by the band fliet,
Corin. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this transurlall will be
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beloike it: Oh beleue it,
Most dangerously you have with him preuailing,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Anfuidus, though I cannot make true Wares,
I am content peace. Now good Anfuidus,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A Mother leffe or granted leffe Anfuidus?
Aye, I was most withall.

Corin. I doe be fore you were:
And for, is no little thing to make
Mien eyes to sweat compasssion. But (good Sir)
What peace you make, aduise me: For my part,
He not to Rome, He back: with you and pray you
Stand to me in this case: Oh Mother! Wife
Aye, I am glad thou hast for thy selfe, & thy Honor
A difference in thee: Out of that He workt
My selfe a forner Fortune. 
Corin. I by and By; But we will drink togethe.
And you shall beare
A better witness baske then words, which we
On like conditions, will have Counter-feit'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deforne
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Co-federate Armes
Could not have made this peace.

Enter. Anfuidus and Saturn. Where?

Sat. See you where a Great with Capitoll, you't conter
Sear. Who's by of that?

Sat. It is probable, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man.

Aeae. There is difference between a Grub & a Butterflie,
yet your Butterflie was, a Grub: this Marmite, is
proven from Man to Dragon. He has wings, he's more
then a creeping thing.

Sear. He low'd his Mother dearly.

Sat. So did he me: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eighty old hinde, The tastche
of his face, flowers ripe Grapes, When he walks, he moves
like an Engine, and the ground Shakes before his Tread-
ing. He is able to pierce a Coffer with his eye: Talks
like a krell, and his Law is a Battre. He fits in his State,
as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids done is,
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Henesse to Throne in.

Sear. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Sat. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy
his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more
mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Typer, that
shall our poor City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sear. The Gods be good winto vs.

Sat. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good
winto vs. When we bandied them, we reproved not them;
and he returning to break our necks, they repelled not vs.

Exit. A Messenger.

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We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Com. The People will remaine vncertaine, whiltst
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Surerior heyre of all.

Aef. I know it:
And my pretent to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being fo beightened,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flatterry,
Seducing to my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neverknowne before,
But to be rough, unanswerable, and free.

3. Com. Sit, his stouttree
W't en he did Rand for Conflay, which he left
By lacke of flooing.

Aef. That I would have spook to:
Bening ban'd for, he came into my Harth,
Prefumed to my knave his Threat: I took him,
Made him loynt-Seruant with me: Gave him way
In all his owne defiles. Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish
My brat and free men, ser'd his designdements
In mine owne person: to holpe to reape the Fame
Whith he did end all his; and took some pride
To do my fells this wrong: Till at the last
I sent this Follower, nor Partner; and
He would'd me with his Courtenance, as if
I had ben Mercenary.

1. Com. So he did my Lord:
The Army maruell'd at it, and in the laft,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leff Spoile, then Glory.

Aef. There was it:
For whic h my firewells shall be bretch upon him,
A fai drops of Women swine, which are
As cheapes as Lyes; he bow'd the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action: therefore shall he dye,
And he renewed in his fall. But herke,
Drummes and Trumpets sound, with great
Flowers of the people.

1. Com. Your Nature Towne you enter'd like a Puffe,
And had no welcome home, but he returns
Splitting the Ayre with noyse.

2. Com. And patient Poole,
Whose children he hath flame, their base throats tearre
With giving him glory.

3. Com. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresseth himself: or oue the people
With what he would say, let him feel your Sword:
Which we will seconde, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall busy
His Reasons, with his Body.

Aef. Say no more. Here come the Lords,
Enter the Lords of the Cit.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Aef. I haue not defended it.

But worthy Lords, haue you with heede preserved
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1. Lord. And greewe to hearest:
What failes he made before the lift, I thinke
Might haue fourde Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and gue away
The benefit of our Curies, subtisturing us
With our owne charge: making a Treaty, where
There was a yielding; this admits no excute.

Aef.

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FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of Tius Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators all. And the
emperor Saturnius and his followers at one door,
and Caesar and his followers at the
other, with drums &colours.

Saturnius,

O noble Patricians, bearers of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And all true men, my loving followers,
Please my success in Tale with your swords.
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That were the Imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my fathers honours live in me,
Not wrong mine Age with this indignation.
Be patient, Romans, friends, followers,
Fathers of my Right:
Let Caesar live, Caesar Sonne,
With justice in the eyes of Rowall Rome,
Keep then their passage to the Capitol:
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The Imperial State to Vindice conquerante
To Justice, Conscience, and Nobility:
Fisclet Defeat in pure election fiame.
And Rome, fight for Freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus as soon as the Crowns.

Plains, that shine by Facons, and by friends,
Amidst joyall for rule and empire:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we flung
A speciall Praty, here by common voyce,
In Election for the Roman Empire
Caesar Andronicus, succeeded Rome,
For many good and great defecrs to Rome.
A Noble man, a braver Warrior,
Not this day within the City walls.
He by the Senate is accosted home.
From very Wares against the barbarous Clothes
That with his Sonnes (stored to our fear
Hast yeold a Nation strong, trained up in Armes.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Few times he hath return'd
Fleeing to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with honours spolettes,
Restores the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Tius, flourishing in Armes.

Let us interreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthy) you would have now succeede,
And in the Capitol and Senate right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abase your strength,
Dismay your followers, and at Sates should,
Please your defers in Peace and Humble ease.
Saturnius. How sayst thou the Tribune speakens,
To calm my thoughts.

Saturnius. Marcus Andronicus, so I do appee,
In thy virtuofe and integrity:
And to the Loue and Honour thee, and thine,
The Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,
And how (with what my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Louer, Rome, and Rome such ornament,
That I will hence dismeye my loving friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Loue,
Commit my Cause to balance to be weighed.

Exeunt All.

Saturnius. Friends, that have beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I sake you all, and hence Dismay you all,
And to the Love and Honour of my Country,
Comment my selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as suit and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the Gates, and let them in.
Wife, Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
Flourish.
They go up into the Senate house.

Enter a Captain.

Ces. Romans, take up the good Andronicus,
Patrio of Venice, Rome's well Champion,
Successe, fell in the Battales that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he endeavoured with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets. And then enter two of Titus
Sentries. After them, two men bearing a coffin covered
with black, then two other Sentinels. After them, Titus
Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Guards, or
her two Sonses Chiron and Demetrius, with Armes the
Nurse, and others as many as can be.
They feare the people.

Andronicus. Hail Rome!
Victorious in thy mounting Weeks.

Lor.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

As the Banes that hath discharg'd his daughter,
Reunites with pious, loving, and unifying rage,
From whence at first the weight of her Anchorage:
Cometh Andronicus bound with Lavall's bowers,
To relit his Country with his tears,
Teares of true joy for his return to Rome,
Though great the work of this Captal,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romains, of love and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Half of the number that King Priamus had.
Behold the poor remains slue and dead!
These that Sullaine, let Rome reward with Louse:
These that I bring into their blessed home,
With burial amongst their Ancestors.
Here Goathes, have given me leave to thentheh Sword:
Titus unkind, and carelessly of thine own;
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet.
To crown on the dreadful floor of Sicz,
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There grisee in silence as the dead are won,
And sleep in peace, slaine in your Countries wares:
Of seated receptacle of my joyes,
Sweet cell of verite and Nobline,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Luc. Give vs the prooved prisoner of the Goathes,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Aemides Fratrum, sacriifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the flames be not vapour'd,
Not we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I gave you him, the Noblest that Surviv'd,
The eldest Son of this dißtress'd Queene.

Luc. Stay Romaine Brethren gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Titus, the tears I shed
A Mothers tears in passion for her fonse;
And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
O thanke my sonnes be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thee Triumphs, and returne
Captains to thee, and to thy Romaine yeade,
But quall my Sonnes be saughird in the streets,
For Valiant doing, in such Countries caye.
O if to fight for King and Common-vaile,
Were piety in thine, is it in thine:
Andronicus, a name to thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou dare meete the nature of the Gods?
Darest thou that which in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Noblines true badge,
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first born Sonne.
Tit. Patient my telle Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Goathes beheld
Alive and deade, and for their Brethren's sake,
Religiously the vik a forfeiture:
To this your fonse is mark'd, and die he must
Tappetis their growing flame's that are gone.
Luc. Away with thee, and make a fire bright,
And with our swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Aemides.

Titus. O cruel and ignitious piety.
Chor. Was ever Seytha halle fo barbarous?
Dem. Oppose me Seytha to ambitious Rome,
Aemides goes to tell and persuade
To remit unless Titus through his lookes,
Then Madam stand safe and lost, and hope with all,
The false same Gods that smote the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of Harque revenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent.
May fumes Tamora the Queen of Copena,
(When Goatha were Goatha, and Tamora was Queen)
To quell the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rigthes, Aemides limbs are lop'd,
And intrails feede the incendiary fire.
Whole smoke like in cense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interce Brethren,
And with low'd Laurins welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let he ta and let Aemides
Make this his lastest farewell to their foes.

Flourish,
Then SoundTrumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour reft you here my Sonnes,
Romans readiest Champions, repose you here in blood,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lye no less than these house not eneuy,
Here grow no damned grudges, here are no frowne,
No noyse, but silence and Eternal sleep.
In peace and Honour reft you here my Sonnes:

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. In peace and Honour, true Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Faire:
Loc at this Tombe my tributary teacher:
I render to my Brethren Obsequies.
And as thy feast I kneele, with tears of joy
Sheed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleffe me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Rome belieth Citizens applaud'd.
Tr. Kind Rome,
This hall thou longly refer'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, out-lie thy fathers doyes:
And Fames eternal date for vouches praise.
Marz. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumphes in the eyes of Rome.
Tr. Thanks Gentle Tribue,
Noble brother Marzus.
Mar. And welcome, Nephews from faccestfull wars,
You that famne and you that sleepe in Fame:
Fare Lords you; Fortunes are all alike in all,
That your Countries servile drew your Swords.
But later Triumphs is thys Funeral Pompe,
That lath aspire to Salis Happiness.
And Triumphs ouer chance in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whole friend in justice thou haft erer been,
Send thee by me their Tribue and their trust,
This Palitament of White and statisfie Flue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceaft Empiroz Sonnes
Be Caused then and put it on,
And heape to set a head on heades Rome.
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then that that Drakes for age and frebeeft.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

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Sam. Thanks Noble Titus, Father of my life,

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I do forget

The lead of thee, and of thysworthable Defers,

Roman's forgets thy Feast to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperor,

To him that for you Honour and your State,

Will vie you Nobly and your followers.

Sam. A goodly Lady, true of the Huc

That I would choose, were I to choose a son; I

Cheere up faire Queenie that cloudy countenance.

Though chance of worse

Hath wrought this change of cheer,

That continu'd to be a flame in Rome;

Primely shall he trye every way.

Rel on my word, and let not your content

Drone all your hopes: Madam be comforted you,

Can make your Greater then the Queen of Gothies?

Lord you are not displest with this?

Las. Not I my Lord, fithe true Nobilitie,

Warrant such words in Princely euterie.

Sam. Thanks sweete Lucina Romies lesst vs goe

Hapitoff the heart we se our Passions free,

Proclaime our Honors Lords with Tramble and Dume.

Pasi. Lord Titus by your leave, this Musie more.

Tit. How doe? Are you in England then my Lord?

Pasi. I Noble Titus and relief to me,

To see my selfe with Joc, and this right

Mon. Sworne covenants of our Roman oaths,

This Prince in thulce heart, but his nature.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucina live.

Tit. Traeyons agst, where is e Empereours Guarda?

Treson my Lord, I am in surpliff'd.

Sam. Surpris'd by noone.

Pasi. By him that sufferly may

Bear his brother's death on all the world away,

Affus. Brothers help to convoy her hence away,

And with my Sword I clepe this doore fast.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ie frone bring her backe,

Affus. My Lord you passe not here.

Tit. What wills the Boy, stifte me in my way in Rome?

Mosc. Help Lucina helpe.

I left him.

Luc. My Lord you are vnvioll, and more then to,

In wrongfull crepital, you have flame your son.

Tit. Not thou, nor he are any fonnes of mine,

My fonnes would never to disfavour me.

Troyton before Lucina to the Emperour.

Luc. Deal if you will, but not to be his wife,

That is another lawfull promis I owe.

Later all the Empereors with Tamars and her two

sonne, and Armin the Mover.

Empe. No Trust, no the Empereour needs her not,

Nor she, nor anye of thy flockes,

He trust by I reture him that mocks me once,

Thee neuer: nor thy Troytonis haughty fonnes,

Confederates all, thus to do therournce.

Was none in Rome to make a title

But Saranies? Fell well Andronicus.

Aggit the Deeds, with true proud bragge of thing,

That I swoll I beg'd the Empire at thy hands,

Tit. O monitions, what reproachfull words are these?

Sam. But goe thy wayes, goe put he that changing piece,

To him that flourished for her with this Sword:

A Valiant sonne in law thou shalt enjoy.

One, fit to banish with thy lawfull Sonnes.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To cutt in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razes to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore lovingly _Tatius_ Queene of Gothes,
That like the flately _2 love more_ or her Nanphis
Dost over the Gallant dames of Rome,
If thou be pleasd with this my fowste choyse,
Belied I choose thee _Tatius_ for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speak Queene of Gothes doth thou applaud my choyse?
And here I swear by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and bounty are in heere,
And supra burne to bright, and every thing
Inexed in _Hymenean_ stead,
I will not retale the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Palace till from this place,
Heede elypos that Bride along with me,
_Tatius_. And here in fight of heaven I Sware
If _Saw smearance_ Queene of Gothes,
She will a Hand-maid be to his defire,
A Louing Nurse, a Mother cothia youth.
_Sawem_. Attend Faire Queene,
Panthean Lords, accompaught,
Your Noble Emperor and amanously Bride,
Send by the beares for Prince _Sawem_,
Whose wife done hath her Fortune Conquered,
There flall we confonnemwe Spousfull rites.

Exeunt.

_Tatius_. I am not bid to waife upon this Bride:
This when we'th want to walke alone,
Dishonoured that and _Challenged_ o' wrongs?

Enter _Marcus_ and _Titans_ Sonnes.

_Mar_. O _Titans_ see! I see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel, flame a vertuous Sonne,
_Tit_. A foolish Tribune, an Noble of mine,
Nor that, nor thesse Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Worthy brothers, and worthy Sonnes._Sawem_.

_Loue_. But let us giue him burial as becomes:
Glue _Titans_ burial with our Bretheren.
_Tatius_. Traysors away, he's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fue hundred yeares hath flood,
Which I have Supposed ye coued.
Heere none but Soulsdiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repole in Fame: None safety flame in braules,
Bury him where you can, come on sheere,ere,
_Tatius_. My _Love_ is this impiety in you,
My _Nephew_, _Marcus_, dead pleased for him,
Himselfe was buried with his bretheren.

_Titans_ two Sonnes speakes.

And thr'll on him we will accompany.

_Tatius_. And thr'll! What villain was it spake that word?

_Titans_ Sonnes speakes.

That would wont'd it at any place but here.
_Mar_. No Noble _Titans_, but interest of thee,
To pardon _Titans_, and to bury him.

_Tatius_. _Marcus_, be thou half stroke upon my Crell,
And with these _Four_ more Honour thou wilt wounded,
My _Love_ I depeute you ever one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. _Sawem_. He is not his office, let _vs_ withdraw.
2. _Sawem_. Not _I_ tell _Titans_ boose be buried,
_The Brother_ and the Sonnes knowe.

_Mar_. Brether, for in that name doth nature please'd.

2. _Some_. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

_Tatius_. Speak thou no more if all the rell will speeche.

_Mar_. Renowned _Titans_ more then halle my loue.

_Loue_. Deare Father, foule and substance of vs all,
_Her_. Suffer the Gallant Dames of Rome,
His Noble Nephew thee in vertues neft,
That died in Honour and _Louem's_ caufe,
Thor a Romane, be not barbarous:
_The Greekes_ upon audite did bury _Aueu _
That flew himselfe: And _Louem's_ sonne,
Did gracionly pled for his Funerals:
_Loue_. Not young _Titans_ then that was thy toy,
Be baird of his entrance here.

_Titans_. Ride _Marcus_, ride,
The dimaft't day is this that ere I saw,
To be disheonemwe by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
_They put him in the Tombe._

_Loue_. There lie the bones sweet _Titans_ with thy
Till we with Trophies do adone any toy _Bretheren_. (Friends)
They all keele and say.

No man shed tears for Noble _Titans_.
Hues in Fame, that did in vertues euse.

_Exit_.

_Then_. My Lord to stop out of these sudden dumptes,
How comes it that the fable Queene of Gothes,
Is of a fadiste thus aduc'd in Rome?

_Then_. I know not _Marcus_; but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heavens can tell,
Is the not thee beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne to farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remembar.

Swereth.

Enter the Emperor, _Tatius_, and her two sons, with the _Moore_
_at_ one dore. _Enter_ at the other dore _Dafanius_ and
_Louem_ with others.

_Sawem_. So _Baffianus_ you have playd your price,
God give you joy for your Gallant Brave.

_Baffianus_. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor with no leffe, and I take my leaue.

_Sawem_. Trustor, if Rome hauelowe, we haue power,
That and thy passion flall repent this rape.

_Baffianus_. Rape call you it my Lord, to scale my owne,
My true brethred _Loue_, and now my wife is:
But let the lawes of Rome determme, all,
_Wil_ while I am possift of that is mine.

_Sawem_. This _Titans_ good _fit_: you are very short with vs,
But _I_ am not a sharpe with you.

_Baffianus_. My _Lord_, what I have done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give you Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman _Titans_ here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the refuck of _Louem_,
With his owne hand did flay his youngell _Son_,
In zeal to you, and highly moun to wrath.
To be contsi'd and that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour _Sawem_,
That hast expre' him selfe in all his deeds,
A Father and friend to thee, and Rome.

_Tatius_. Prince _Baffianus_ leave to plied my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thefe, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loud and Honour'd _Sawem_.

_Tatius_. My worthy Lord if ets _Tatius_.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.
Saw. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?
Tam. Not to my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-swear,
I should be Author to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare, I undertake
For good Lord Titus innocenice in all:
Holfe not your dissembled speaks his griefes:
Then at my sute looke gravely on him,
Lose not to noble a friend on vaine suppresse,
Nor with vaine looks afflicth his gentle heart,
My Lord be ruled by me, be wonne at last,
Difemble all your griefes and discontentes,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patriarches too,
Upon a sull furtey take Time parts,
And so away with bragard grudge,
Which Rome requires to be a bawing same.
Yield at treasurers, and then lese me alone;
He findeth a day to mischaffe them all,
And rase their faction, and their familie,
The cruel Father, and his trauayous Sonne,
To whom I lent foorth my desire forsonnes life.
And make them know what's to lies to a Queene,
Kneel in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempety of thy angry froune.
Rome. Rife Titus, rife,
My Empercell hath prauid.
Tam. I thank you Maistrie,
And her my Lord,
These words, shee looks, thase leaves doo.
Inlufe new life in me.
Tams. Tam. I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarel is endon Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For your Tyme. Reference, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And tend not Lords:
And you Lawers,
By my advice all bumbled on your knees,
You shall take pledges of his Maistrie.
Saw. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mostly, as we wotinge,
Trusting our siles honour and our owne.
That. That on mine honour here I do protest.
King. Away an I take care, trouble is more.
Saw. A pray, a pray,
Sweet Lord, they are my friends. The two and his Nephew kneele before grace,
I will not be denied, yet shee hast looke back.
King. Marue.
Tam. For my sake and thy brothers here,
And at my loue to Eretria intrests,
I doe remiss the seer motionns bysonus faultes.
Stand vp: I, Tam. this, my you let me like a chiefe,
I found at end, and this is death I wotere,
The Tragedy of Troilus and Cressida.

That what you cannot do you would achieve,
You might perform accomplish as you may.
What's to be found or what must concerns
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Dem. Nor I, till I have flect'd
My riper in his boldest, and withall
Thruit these reprochful speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Ch. For that I am prepu'd, and full resolu'd,
Foul'd spoken Coward,
And with thin weapon nothing da'm performe.

Dem. Away I say.

Now by the Gods that washke Cloth's adore,
This pretty brabble will vado vs all:
Why Lords, and shanke you not how dangerous
It is to tenter upon Paris right?
What is Laumia then become to loose,
Or Bajazett so dearer,
That for her love his quarrels may be breathed
Without controulment, Justice, or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and shound the Empresse knowe,
This sight ground and the mistake would in haste pleaze.

Ch. I care not, I knew fine and the world,
I love Laumia more then all the world,

Dem. Youngling,
Learn howe to make some meaner choye,
Laumia is that elder brother hope.

Arum. Why use ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Compingers in love?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this device.

Ch. Arum. A thousand and death's would I propose,
To whichever whom I doe love.

Arum. To whichever her, how?

Dem. Why, mask't thou is to strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wond',
She is a woman, therefore may be warne,
She is Laumia therefore must be loud.
What'man, no water gladder by the Mill
Then was the Miller of, and este it is
Of a carcase to stale a flame we knowe:
Though Bajazett be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have warne Felon's halfe.

Arum. I, and as good as Saturne may.

Dem. Then why should he desire that knows not
With words, faire lookes, and liberalitie
(court it what
What haile not thou full often struck a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers noise?

Arum. Why then it teemes some certaine instach or so
Would force your turnes.

Ch. I to the turne were freu'd.

Dem. Arum then hallo hit it,

Arum. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tird with this ado:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you fuch fooles,
To overlook such a one?

Ch. Faih not what is

Dem. Not me, I was one.

Arum. For shame be friendes, and joyne for that you let:
'Tis politicke and first age runne most doe
That you affect, and so much you refusel

Enter Troilus Aeneas and his three sons, making a voye with hounds and hounds, and Others.

Aeneas. The houndes is the more it is bright and gay,
The fieldes are fragrant, the woods are greenes,
Vincent heere, and let us make a voye,
And wake the Emperor, and his lovelly Bide,
And rouse the Prince, and ringe a hunder peale,
That all the Court may echo with the voye,
Somes let it be your charge, as ite ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully,
I have bene troubled in my sleep this night,
But Dawning day new coul'ds hath inspired,

Winds Horse.

Here's a cry of hounds, and much houres in a print, then
Enter Aeneas, Troilus, Daedalus, Laumia, Chrom, De-

Arum. Many good morrowes to your Majestie, J
Madam to you as many as good.
I promis'd to your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Aeneas. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to eagerly for new married Ladies.

Baf. Laumia, how say you?

Laumia. I say no.
I have bene awake two houres and more.

Aeneas. Come on then, horse and Chariots let have
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Roman horse, the lady.

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Poynty top.

Titt. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runs like Swallowes are the place
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

To arms! Where we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to please a daring Doe to ground. Exeunt
Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. He that had won, would think that I had none,
Today to much Gold under a name,
And return after to inherit it.
Let him first think of me; o! abjectly,
Know that this Gold must come in strange game,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villain
And to repeate sweet Gold for them steale,
That have their Almes out of the Empresse Clot.

Enter Temora to the Moor.

Temora. My lovely Moor,
Wherefore look thou thus sad,
When every thing doth make a Grieffull bost?
The Birds chant melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerful Sunne,
The greene leaves quiver, with the cooling winder,
And make a glory’d shadow on the ground:
Ynother sweete flower, Ann, let us sit,
And while itt shepherding Echo mockes the Hounds,
Replying timely to the well sung Horne,
As if a double heart were heard at once,
Let us sit downe, and marke thereto, replying:
And after conflict, such as was lapos’d.
The wandering Prince and Duke once eneoy’d,
When with a happy flame they were forspak’d,
And Cautiously with a Courteous keeping Care,
We may each wretched in the others armes,
(Our pallid lines) poseffe a Golden lumen,
Where Hounds and Horne, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be voted us, as in a Natures Song
Of Lollabre to bring her Babie asleepe.

Aaron. Madame.

Though Venus govern your desires,
Saturne is Dominator over mine
What signifies my deadely standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholy,
My Fleece of Woolly hair that now vacuile,
Even as an Adder when the doth vorowe
To doe some fatal execution?
No Madam,there are no Venerall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head.

Hark Temora, the Empresse of my soile,
Whose welth never hopes more heavenly gifts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Bajazanz,
His Mystellus must loose her tongue to day,

Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And with their hands in Bajazanz blood.
Seeth thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And guse the King this fatal plighted Swore,
Now queston me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcell of our hopefull Boyte,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bajazanz and Lavinia.

Temora. By my sweete Lavinia,
Sweeter to me than life.

Aaron. No more great Empresse Bajazanz comes,
Be crofte with him, and hee goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy spritual what to cre they be.

Bajazanz. Whence art you here?

Romes Royall Empresse,

Vonurnith of our well becomming troope?
Or is it Dian habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the generall Hunting in this Foresse?

Temora. Saw we contouleur of our private reps:
Had I the power, that some say Dian had,
Thy Temples should be planeted prettily
With Horne, as was Alcides, and the Hounds
Should drave upon his new transformed Imbes,
Vannously intermed as thou art.

Lavinia. Under thy patience gentle Empresse,
Thy thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that yet Me and you
Are right forth to try experiments,
lose think of thy husband from his Hounds to day,
Tis party they should take him for a Stag.

Bajazanz. Believe me Queene, thy faithful Cymeron,
Doth make thy Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, destitute, and ibsensible.
Who art ye requirriter from all your trame?

Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wauntered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Almes,
It foule defin not conducted you?

Lavinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For Vanitie, I pray you verie,
And let her joy her rotes colourd lute,
This valley fis they unhappy spasing well.

Bajazanz. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.

Lavinia. I, for these sops have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Temora. Why have patience to endure all this?

Dim How now dexter Souveraigne.
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth thy Highnesse looke so pale and wan?

Temora. Have I not aon day think you to looke pale.

These two have tied me hither to this place,
A barren, destitute vale you see it.
The Trees though Summer, yet forlorn and leaue,
Ore come with Mofle, and baliefull Mefello.
Here neuer thines the Sunne,here nothing breeds,
Vilifie the mighty Owl,or fatall Ruan:
And when they shew’d me this abhorrit pit,
They told me here as dead some of the night,
A thousand Friends, a thousand howling Snaakes,
Ten thousand swilling Toxped, as many Virchus,
Would make such fearfull and confudied cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should straitly madd, or else die sudenly.
No sooner had they told this helinh tale,
But frits they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the bow of a dimaul yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call’d me base Adulteresse,
A infamous Ghyth, and call the butleri teacer,
That ever cared nor heare to such effect.
And had you not by monstrous Fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they execued;
Rovement, is you love your Moaters Lie,
Or be ye not henceforth calld my Childen.

Temora. This is a wittneesse that I am thy Sonne, Babian.
Get ye and thus for me,
Such hate to flow my through.

Lavinia. I come Souveraigne, in Barbarous Temora.

Dime
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

For no mane flas thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy povynard, you shall know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right thy Mothers wrong.

Denn. Stay Madam eere is more belonges to her,
First shad the Corne, then after burn the bawre:
This Minion flod upon her chastity,
Vpon brerry, Nupissiall, your loyaltie.

And whil that painted hope, braues your Mightsiffe,
And all the carie this into your grate?

Cha. And if the doe,
I would I were an Eunech,
Drak her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Wape out-lure vs both to thing
Cha. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mith, now perfome we will enjoye,
That nice-preferred honefly of yours.

Lau. On Tamora, thou bast't a woman face.
Tam. I will not liere her speake, sway with her.

Lau. Sweet Lords meet her heare me but a word.

Denn. Liften sore Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares but be your hart to them,
As wheetling flint to dropes of raine.

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O do not leere her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou lack't from her did turne to Marble,
Even at the Fountains thou haft thy Tyranny.

Yet every Mother breeds not sonsnes alike,
Do thou interre her shrew a woman witty.

Chor. What,
Would not domstrace me prove my selfe a bastard?

Lau. Is't true,
The Rane doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet I have heard,Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moud with pitty, did indure
To have his Princeley paws per full all way,
Some day, that Ranes sonnes forthe forlorn children,
The wild to their owne lands somewhit therets.
Oh be not though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing to hand but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it meaneing away with her.

Lau. Oliest me teach the sin of my Fathers sake,
That gate the like when we'll have a might flame thee:
Beson oblikness, on the desire care.

True, Had A. the same, since I offended me,
Every face is apt I pitiful.
Remember thou goe with hard hearts in thaire,
To faze your breath from the facefull,
But hee Andromache could not relent,
Therefore saw we ther, and I her as you will,
The voice, whether the better loud of me.

Tam. On Tamora,
Recall a gentle Quene,
And with thine owen I'll make me in this place,
For in the world I have better to do long,

Denn. The lords Andromache and Sirrah ladyd,

Tam. I think she is better to goe woman let me go,

Lau. True, The violent death I beg, and one thing more,
That woman bende of me, that I may tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from ther waste then killing lust,
And tumble me into some lesthorne pit,
Where never mens eye may behold my body,
But you should be a weeping merry.

Tam. We should I may, I may in so sweet Somers of ther fee,
No neither cast thee their lust on thee.

Denn. Away,
For thou haft flaid vs heere too long.

Lauin. No Gracie,
No womanhood? As bestly creature,
The blos and enemey to our general name,
Confusion tall.

Cha. Nay then lie stopp your mouth
Bring thou her husband.

This is the Hole where Aaron bid vs hide him,
Tam. Forwell Madam Sonnes, fey that you make her safe,
Nee let my heart know merrie cerinde,
Till all the Axes be made away:
Now will I hence to lecke my lovely More,
And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defeate.

Enters Aaron with two of Titus Somers.

Ar. Come, Come on my Lords, the better fouste before,
Straight will I bring you to the other hone pit,
Where I helped the Panther left appere.

Quin. My fightes is very dull what ere it bodes,
Mars. And most I found you were not for flame,
Well I cleare our spate to heape a white.

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtle hole is this,
Whoo in southe is couered with Rude growing dryers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-fild sodd,
As fredd as mornings dew dilld on flowers,
A very fastall place it comes to me:
Speake Broderke halft thou burn thee with the fall?

Mars. Oh Brother, Wilti the dismar'd object
That myr with eyne with light mad heart knowe.
Ar. No, Ye Mordred in the King to finde seme where,
That the trecey may have a likely giri,
Hows it weere they that made away his Brorle.

Exit Aaron.

Mars. Why doth not comfort me and helpe me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-staind hole?

Quin. I am surprested with an uncondl fear,
A challing sweet ent resu my trembling ynyes,
My heart suppletes more then mine eie can see.

Mars. Too toer or thou haft a true-dying heart,
And there was some downe into this elen,
And a heare full fight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not persist mine eyes once to behold
The thing whare it trembles by lumines.
Oh tell me of a warre, for nect still now
What is a fater of er I know not what.

Mars. Loath this I can embredere here,
All on a heare I lie to the shaffteth lambe,
In this depressed, starke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. Is it be darke, how doost thou know what he?

Mars. Upon his bloody fingre he doth dere
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Wh[ich] like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine upon the deaer mans earthly cheeks,
And flowered the rag'd intrades of the pit.

So pale did shine the Moone on Perdita,
When he by night lay bath'd in Madam b food:
O Bro he helpe me with thy fav'ning hand.
If fare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell dewring recepacle,
As hatefull as Orest on the mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out.

Or.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the following words,
Or deeper put,poore Bajessius grace:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Mart. Nor I no strength to chime without thy help.

Tit. Thy hand once more, I will not lose againe,
Till thou at heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can not conuence, I come to thee. Rust. fall in.

Enter the Emperor, and the Moore.

Saur. Along with me.He fee where heere is heere,
And what is he that now is leapt into it.
Say,who art thou that lately did defend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The subappe,sone of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a moth unload houre,
To finde thy brother Bajessius dead.
Saur. My brother dead ? I know thou dost but left,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chaife,
Ther was an houre since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him al sole,
But out alse,heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King ?
King. Haste Tamora, though grieues me with killing grieue.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bajessius ?
King. Now to the bottome doth thou search my wound,
Pouce Bajessius heere his murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatalt witt,
The compleat of this termele Tragede,
And woulde greatly that mans facee can fold,
In pleasing faults such murderous Tyrannye.

Shakespeare Sartrone a Letter.

Sartrone reads the Letter,
And if we mindful to meete him hastily,
Sweet hartie man, bresto we meane,
Doe thou so much as dry the grave for him,
Thou knowst if our meaning lokkes for thy reward
Among the Nestle at the Elder tree,
Whore Sartrone shews the mouth of that same pit :
Where we decreed to bury Bajessius,
Doe thou and purchase us thy loyal friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and thus the Elder tree,
Lookke first,if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered Bajessius heere.

Aren. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thy whelpes,fell Cows of bloody kind
Have heere bereft my brother of his life;
Sirs drag them from the pit into the prison,
There let them bide untill we have devise'd,
Some newe beast,doth of burning paine for them,
King. What are they in this pit,
Oh wonderfull thing !
How easely murder is discoverd?

Tit. High Emperour, upon my feele knee,
I beg this bome,with tears,not lightly flied,
That this fell guilt of my accursed Sones,
Accused,if it be proud of them,
King. It be proud you see it is apparsant,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

That could have better fowled then Phidolem.
Oh had the monsther scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Apelles leaves upon a Lute,
And make the skilful finge'rs delight to kisse them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.

Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Whic that sweet tongue hath made
He would have drest his knive and fell asleep,
As Cercub at the Thracian Poets freee.
Come let vs go, and make thy father blinde,
For such a fight will blinde a fathers eye.
One hours thence will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of tears eth Fathers eyes?
Do not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy milery.

Altes Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two fownd bound,

Tit. Hear me graue fathers, noble Tribunes say,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilist you securit slyps:
For all my blood in limes & exer quarrell dold.
For all the frowstly nights that I have watched,
An hot thare, bitter teas, whic now you feare,
Tilling the old wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pitifull to my condemned Soules,
Whose foules is not corrupted as its thought:
For two and twenty foules I never wet,
Because they died in hono, as lofty bed.

Andromcen both deame, and the Judges payde by hym.
For these, Tribunes, in the dud I write
My harts depe lauger, and my foules fat teares:
Let my teares flinch the earths dri cuprite.
My fones sweet blood, will make it thame and blust:
Heaven I will be friend thee more with raine.

Let all distill from these two ancient rains,
Tis infull Aprill flaseh with all his flowers
In fanniers drougit, He drop on thee full,
In Winter with warme teares He melt the snow,
And kepe eternall springe, one on thy face,
So thouer to heke my dese fones blood.

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

On reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Whick up may fay, generice the doome of death,
And let me say (that never were before)
My teare are now, a wring Ortours.

Lw. To noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes beate not, no man is by,
And you recount your fortuves to a hone.
Tit. As Lucius for thy brothers let me pleade,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intrest of you.
Lw. Me gracious Lord, no Tribunes heares you speake.
Tit. Why thinke I no matter man, if they did heare
They would not make me, oh if they did heare
They would not perswade.

Therefore I tell my fortuves boote, to the thone

Who though they cannot answere my disstrefs,
Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weep, they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares, and feeme to weere me with,
And were they but stittred in grave weede,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A hone is as forwse,
Tribunes more hard then fones:
Aflone is silent, and offendeath not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.

But wherefore hand it thone with thy weapon drawn?

Lw. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronouc'd
My euerlasing doome of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Yet foolish Lucius, doft thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome afford no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deouers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Tempe, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring conumfing sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it confume me? Let me fee if then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why Marcus to the n.

Luc. Ay me this obiect bids me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arife and looke upon her.

Speake Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handle thee in thy Fathers sight?
What food hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griete was at the height before thou camst,
And now like Mylst it did someth bounds:
Gave me a sword, ile chop of my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they have not this woe,
In feeding life:

In howe the prayer hauent they beene held vp,
And they have ferued me to effeclitise vse.
Now all the feruice I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well Lavinia, that shou haft no hands,
For hands to do Rome feruice, is but vaine.

Lav. Speake gentle fifier, who hath marryd thee then?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such plesing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pitty hollow eage,
Where like a sweet melodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchantment every care.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,

Who hath done this deed e

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Pake,
Seeking to hide herelfe as dote the Desire
That hath recoue some varecuting wound.

Tit. It was my Desire,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Injurion'd with a wilderneffe of Sea.
Who marks the waxing tide,
Grow wate by wate,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To. Oh gracious Empour, oh gentle Aaron, Did euer Raues sing to like a Lark, That gues sweet sydings of the Sunnes vpriye? With all my hart, Ile tend the Emperor my hand, Good Aaron wilt thou help me chop it off e? Lu. Stay Father, for that nobile hand of shine, That hath throwne downe so many enimes, Shall not be sent: any hand will ferue the cure, My youth can better spare my blood then you, And therefore mine shall saue my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome, And resl'd aloft the bloody Battellsee, Writing destruction on the enemies Castle? Oh none of both but are so high defete: My hand hath busie idles, let it teare To ranfome my two nephews from their death, Then have I kept to a worthy end.

Nore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along For fear they die before their pardon come.

To. Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered hearts as thebe Are merci for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, Ile shall be thought thy sonne, Let me redeeme thy brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care, Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe teche an Axe.

Axe. But Ile will rete the Axe.

Emeute. Ti. Come hithe! Aaron, Ile deceite them both, Len me thy hand, and I will guie thee mute, 

Moore. If that be ca'd deceite, I will be honestly, Len and never whil I live deceite men to: But Ile deceite you in another sort, And that you Iay ere halfe an house passe.

His cut of Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus Leasure.

Ti. Now lay you strite, what shall be, is dispatched. Good Aaron give his Masterie me hand, Tell him it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers: bid him bury it: More hath it merited: That let it stowe. As for for my sonses, say I account of them, As itucls purchase an ip, and amen, And yet detre too, because I bought mine owne, Aaron. 1 goe Andronicus, and for thy hand, Look ye by and to bawe thy sonnes with thee: Their hearts made me: Oh how this villany Doth fixe me with the very thoughts of it. Let foules doe good, and faire men call for grace, Aaron will have his foule becke like his face. 

Exeunt. Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen, And bow this feble ruine to the earth, If any power pittes wreathed teares, To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers, Or with our sighs weele breath the weele diuine, And flate the Sun with fogge a formente cloudes, When they do hug him in their melting bosome.

Nare. Oh brother speake with possibillities, And do not breake into these deepes extremes.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottome 


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Then be my paffions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I binde my woes:

When heaued doth wepe, doth not the earth oerflowe?

If the wonder rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,

Then in his weeping with his big twonie face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?

I am the Sea. Hark how her fighes doe flow:

Shee is the weeping welke, I the earth:

Then melt my Sea be moued with her fighes,

Then melt my earth with hercontinual teares,

Become a deluge: ourflowd and drown'd:

For why, my bowles cannot hide her weep;

But like a drunken must I vomit them;

Then give me leave, for hookers will haue leave,

To eafe their stomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a musician with two heads and a hand.

Melp. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid,

For that good hand thou sentest the Emperor:

Hecce are the heads of thy two noble fowres.

And here's thy hand in fentence to thee lent backe:

Thegries, these spoons: Thy reverintion mockt,

That woe is to me thanck vnoply they who,

Moreover then remembrance of my fathers death.

Exit. Marc. Now let hot Arsen coole in Cythie,

And be my heart an ever-burning hell:

Thefe miseries are more then may be borne.

To wepe with them that wepe, doth make some deal;

But sorow Bored as, is double death.

Lw. Ah: that this light shoule make so deep a wound,

And yet def tet life not flinke thereas:

That euer death should let life bear his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

Marc. Alas poor hart that life is comfortlesse,

As frozen water to a flowerd frake.

Tit. Wlien will this fearfull flumen have an end?

Marc. Now faire flatterer, die Andronicus:

Thou dost not flume, see thy twoe for heads,

Thy walelike hands, thy mangled daughter here:

Thy other handes for hiris this dese flight

Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,

E'en like a fuzzy image, cold and unmerc.

Ah now no more well I controule my griefes,

Rest of thy bloud harte, thy other hand

Gawning with thy teeth, and be this diffmal flight

The closing vp of our witted wretched eyes:

Nowis a time to flonce, why art thou still?

Tit. Hah, hah.

Marc. Why dost thou laugh so strait not with this hourre,

Th. Why have I not another steare to shied:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,

And would wipe upon my wery eyes,

And make them blinde with tributary teares,

Then which way shall I finde Reuenge Care?

For these two heads, doth see me to speake to me,

And threatne, I shall never come to blifie,

Till all them sholde be returned againe,

Even in their shootes that have committed them.

Come let me see what taskie I have to doe,

You beastie people, cry mee about,

That I may turne me to, each one of you,

And twoe upon my foole 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 wench with betwene thy teeth.

As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,

Hit to the Gothers, and raise an army there,

And if you love me, as I think you doe,

Let skiff and pards, for we have much to doe.

Enter Lavinia.

Luei. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:

The woeful fit man that ever stood in Rome:

Farewell proud Rome, till Lavinia come againe,

Helences his pledges dearer then his life:

Farewell Lavinia my noble father,

O would thou were as thou to fore lust bee:

But now, not Lavinia nor Lavinia blue;

But in oblivion and hateful griefs:

If Lavinia be, he will requite your wrongs.

And make proud Sarranune and Titus Empyre.

Beg at the gates like Tarpeius a prison:

Now will I to the Gothers and raise an army:

To bereueng on Rome and Sarranune. L. of Lavinia.


Ah. Soo, now set st, and looke you eate no more:

Then will I preuere in so much strength in vs.

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marc. Submit to that forrow, weareth then knot;

Thy Necess and thy poor creatures, want our hands

And cannot passionate our tender griefs,

With foulded Armes, this poor right hand of man, is

It left to terrify the poyson my breath;

Who when my hart all mad with misery,

Bears in this hollow proui of my flesh,

Then thus I chumpe it downe.

Thou Map of woe, that thus doth talk in figures,

When thy poor hart beares without raging beart,

Thou couldst not give it this to make it still?

Wound it with fowles, shak it with groans;

Or get mee little knife betwene thy teeth,

And slit against thy hart make thou make a hole.

Thus all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall

May run into that skake, and soaking in;

Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Marc. By brother by, teach her not thus to say

Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

Ah. How now! His sorrow make thee diseste already?

Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:

What violent hands can the lay on her life:

Ah, wherefore dost thou vigne the name of hands,

To bid Andronicus tell the tale twice oer:

How Troy was burnt, and he made mifersable

O handle not the chesme, to talke of hands,

Let us remember still that we have none,

For how peacefully I figure my talke

As if we should forget we had no hands:

If Marcus did not name the word of hands,

Come, less fall too, and gentle girlie ease this,

Here is no drinke! Harke Marcus what he faiet,

I can interpret all her marrie figne,

She faiet, the drinkes no other drinke but teares

Bread with her sorrow: meth I vpon her cheekes.

Speech.-------------------------------
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What means my niece Lucreea by these signes? 
Tit. Fear not Lucreae, somewhat doth the meanes: 
See Lucreea see, how much the making of thee: 
Some whether the disk hau' shee goe with her. 
Ah boy, Cornelia weare with more care, 
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee, 
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Orator: 
Canst thou not grife wherefore the frings thee thus? 
Boy. My Lord I know not I can not giffe, 
Vniffe some fit or fenace do poffiffe her: 
For I have heard my Grandfier say full oft, 
Extenmite of griefes would make men mide, 
And I have read that Heftte of Troy, 
Read mad through sorrow, that made me to feare, 
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt, 
Loves me as dear as er my mother did, 
And would not but in fury fright my youth, 
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and filie 
Gauillie perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt, 
And Madam, my Vnle Marcus goe, 
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Luc. I will.

Tit. How now Lucreia, Marcus what means this? 
Some bookes there is that shes desires to fee, 
Which is it gulle of these? Open them boy, 
But thou art deeper read and better skild, 
Come and take choyse of all my Library, 
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens 
Reveal the dam'd contriver of this deed. 
What bookes? 
Why lift'st thou up her aimes in sequence thus? 
Mar. I thinke thine means that ther was more then one 
Confederate in the fad,. I more there was: 
Or elle to heaven the heames to requite them. 
Tit. Lucine what booke is that fife tellith so?
Boy. Grandier this Ouidis Metamorphosis, 
My mother gave it me. 

Luc. For love of her that's gone, 
Perhabs the cold it from among the reft. 
Tit. Soft, so busily the turns the leaues, 
Help she, what would the finde? Iamnia shall I read; 
This is the tragedie tale of Philomea? 
And treates of the noble treasur and his rape, 
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother fece, note how she quotes the leautes. 
Tit. Luamin, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girlie, 
Raufhit and wrong'd as Philomea was? 
Fored in the rudehife, yaffl, and gloomy woods? 
See, see, she such a place there where we did hunte, 
(O had we never, neuer hunte there,) 
Patern'd by that the Poet herebe describes, 
By nature made for mothers and for rape.

Mar. O why shoule nature build so foule a den, 
Vniffe the Gods delight in tragedies & 
Tit. Gie the signes sweete: girlie, for here are none but freinds. 
What Romaine Lord it was dull to do the deed? 
Or flanke not Saturnine, or Tarquin efts, 
That left the Campe to finne in Lucreae bed. 

Mar. Sit downe sweet niece, brother sit downe by me, 
Appollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, 
Inspire me that I may this treafon finde. 
My Lord lookes here, looke here Luamin. 

He writes his name with his effe, and guideth to 
With feete and month. 
This fandie plot is plane, guide if thou canst.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

This after me, I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curtiss be that hast forebears to that shift:
Write thou good Niece, and heedst display at last,
What God will have discovered for reuenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plain,
That we may know the Traysors and the truth.

She take the staffe in her hande, and guides it with her
flamps and waies.

Tit. Oh do ye read my Lord what she hath writ?

Sdyren, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the fullmost fomme of Tamer,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Tit. Myns Dominas polos,
Sam bents and his feteres, sam bents sides.

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord; Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To flite a tunantine in the middest thoughts,
And some the mindes of infants to exclaine.
My Lord kneele downe with mee, Lavinia kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hector's hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wolfl Fenre
And father of that shaft dishonourd Dame,
Lord Ioum Branis sweare for Encrese rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduice)
Mortall revenge upon your traytous Guothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. Tis sure enough, and you know how.

But if you hunt these Brer-whelpe, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if the winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely fell in league.
And fulls him whilst the palfy on her backs,
And when he sleepe will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman; Marcus, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get me a leaf of braise,
And with a God of fletce will write these words,
And say it by: the angry Northern winde
Will blow these bushe and make it aboord,
And wheres your leffon then? Boy what say you t
Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For their good band-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. I taketh this my boy, thy father hath left me,
For his vnderatitude country due the like.

Boy. And Vade to wel, and if I live,
To come goe with me into mine Atriorice,
Lavinia lieke thee, and will, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Emperesse fomme,
Prefentes that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou hast thy messengers, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosome Grandifire.

Tit. No boy yet, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia comes, Marcus looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe blewe it at the Court,
I mayr we will, and weble we be waited on. Event.

Mar. O heauen! Can you heare a good man groane
And not releand, or not compass him?

Marcus. Attend him in his extase,
That hath most fears of sorrow in his heart,
Thence men marke upon his bader'd shield,
But yet it suff, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauenos for old Andromingus.

Exit

Enter Ares, Chiron and Demetrius at one dares end at another
de young Luciess and another, with a holde of
weapon, and worst writ upon them.

Chri. Demetrius heeres the fomme of Luciess,
He hath some mesage to deliever vs.
Ares. I some mesage from his mad Grandifire.
Boy. My Lordes, with all the humentefell I may,
I greet ye your honours from Andromingus,
And pray the Romaine Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercie luxous Luciess, what's the newes?
For vallant's marks with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfife well aduise this hent fall by me,
The goodleft weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for to be bad me say:
And if I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordiffsips, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And do I release you both: like bloody vallantes.

Exit

Dem. What's heere's a ickle, & written round about
Let's see.

Intergrate felsefique para, non ego manu locutus me ar-

Chri. O'tis a venes in Horace, I know it well
I read it in the Grammer long agar.

Moore. I suff, a venes in Horace right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be a Affe?

Here's no found left, the old man hath found their guilts,
And lends the weapons wrapt with lines,
That wound beyound their feelers to the quick;
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud Andromingus conceit:
But let her rest in her snuff a while.

And now young Lords, we'ts a note a happy flame
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then to;
Captures, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Palace gate,
To bene the Tribuue in his brothers heareing,
To me. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
E'ry minute, and fend vs gifts.

Moore. Had heron reason Lord Demetrius?
Did you not vit his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Romaine Damere
At such a bay, by turns to ferue our lust.

Chri. A charitate with, and full of low.

Moore. Heree lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chri. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let vs goe, and pray to all the Gods
For your beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods have given vs over.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourisht thus?

Chri. Belse for to joy the Emperor ha a honne.

Dem. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nurse. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me did you see Ares the Moore?

Ares. Well, more or lees, or nere a whist at all,
Heree Ares, and what with Ares now?
Nurse. Oh gentle Ares, we are all vndone,
Now helpe or woe betide theuermore.

Ares. Why, what a catterwalling doth thou keep?
What will thou wrap and fumble in these armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauen eyes,
Our Empresse shamm, and ditly Rome disgrace,
She is deluered Lords, she is deluered.

Ares. To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Ares. We God gieue her good rest.

What
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What hast he sent her?

Narr. A druell.

Act. Why then the inshe Deuils Dam: a joyfull issue.

Narr. A joyelle, dimmall, blacke & forcefull issue.

Here is the babe as bosthame as stgod,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse lends it thereby flame, thyseal

And bids them chide it with thy daggers point,

Act. Out yo you where is blacke to safe a hide?

Sweet blowes, you are a beatauns blineare face.

Dem. Villain what hath thou done?

Act. That which thou canst not undo.

Chn. Thou hast vost our moother.

Dem. And therein hellish dogg, thou hast vost, nem.

Woe to her chence, and damn her loathes choyere,

Accn't the off spring of so soule a friend.

Ch. It shall not live.

Act. It shall not live.

Narr. Act. not, the mother wish it so.

Act. What must it be? Then let me no but I

Doe execution with quill and blood.

Dem. Tho thonishfell of my Rapiers point

Narr' glose me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Act. Soon er this sword shall plough the bowells up,

Staun murtherous volumes, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skye,

That shine so brightly when this Boy was got,

He dies upon my Sanniers flourpoint, therein

That touches this my flat bome and heire.

I tell you young ling, my Excelled

With all his threatenings howfull of Typhon broode

Note great. boyles, nor the God of warre.

Shall cease this prey out of this fathers hands.

What, what, ye fanguese full shallow parted Bones,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-hous signets signets,

Cole-blacke is better then ane her hut,

In that it cometh to bear another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean

Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,

Although the laue them hourly in the flood

Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age

To keep mine owne, escoule is how she can.

Act. Whose thou beare that toy manfull multiform?

Dem. My mutton is my multiform my selle.

The vourger, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I preference,

This stranger all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smake for it in Rome.

Dem. By this your mother for ever sham'd.

Chn. Rome will depprehe for this foule efecte.

Act. The Empress in his rage will doome her death.

Ch. I blushe to think upon this ignominie.

Act. Why then the prouide thy beauty bears:

For treacherous hure, that will betray with bluffling

The elohe words and counsels of the hart.

Here is a young Lad fram'd of another beare

Locke how the blacke fluue smiles upon the father;

As who should say, old Lad am thine owne,

He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed.

Of that solene blood that first gave life to you,

And from that womb where you apperceived were

He is infranchised and come to light.

Nay he is your brother by the furer sile,

Although my feale be stamped in his face.

Narr. Act. What shall I say unto the Empresse?

Dem. Advise thee Acton, what is to be done.

And we will all subscribe to thy white,

Sauce shoue the child, so we may all be fain.

Act. Then let we downe and let vs all conbile.

My tunne and I will have the winds of you:

Keep there, now talkes at pleasure of your intrey.

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Act. Why to braue Lords, when we toigne in league.

I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moone,

The chafed fore, the mountaine Bore.

The Ocean isells must go as Acton fhumes:

But lay againe, how many saw the child?

Narr. Circinate the midwife, and your selfe,

And none else but the deliterated Empresse.

Act. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your felie,

Two may keepe council, when the she thres away.

Goe to the Empresse, sell her this Lad.

Her clonds, weeks, weeks, to cries a Pigge prepared to this spit.

Dem. What meane'th thou Acton?

Wherefore doe not thou this?

Narr. O Lord fix, its a deed of pohlicie

Shall the line to betray this guilt of ons?

A long tongues babbling Godly No Lords no

And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Not farre, one Midwife my Country-man

His wife but yeftymight was brought to bed.

His childe is like to her, faire as you are

Once packe with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstancie of all.

And how by this their Child be shall advised

And be receit for the Empersors hye.

And submitted in the place of mine,

To calme this tempell whirling in the Court,

And let the Empetsor dandle him for his owne.

Hauke ye Lords, ye see I have gaine her phisickes,

And you must needs bellow her funerall,

The fields are narrow, and you are galant Groomes

This done, see that you take no longer dais.

But find the Midwife prefently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

Then let the Ladies rastle what they please.

Ch. Acton I see thou wilt not stuf the syre with fe

Deme. For this care of Temple,

(crest)

Her hell, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Excet. Acton. Now to the Gothes, as swell as Swallow Bies.

Three to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And freely to gresse the Empetsor friends.

Come on you thkip-lips haste, I beare you hence,

For it is you that pass to our flats:

He make you feed oneberryes, and on rootees,

And feed on carous and whys, and fucke the Goate,

And cobbins in a Cave, and bring you up

To be a warriors, and command a Campe.

Excit

Enter Titus, old Marson, young Lucius, and another gentleman

with hones, and Titus brings the arrows with

Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come Marson, come, kinmen, this is the way,

Sir Boy let me see thy Archere,

Looke ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Terror Africaines, be you remembered Marson.

She's gone she's fled, first take you to your tooles,

You Coffens shall goe found the Vournes

And cast thy nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet there's as little influences as Land;

No Psalmus and Emprophus, you must doe it.

Tit.
Enter the Clauses with a basket and two Pigeons in it.
Titus. Newes, newes, from heaven.
Marcus the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice, what fayres Jupiter?
Clowne. He the Ibrahim, he fayres that he has it.
Titus. What is the matter? what did you receive?
Marcus. Vnderstand me not, you must go to the Carrier.
Titus. What? will you be so bold to refuse me?
Clowne. Alas sir, I know not Jupiter.
Titus. Why didst thou not come from heaven?
Clowne. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold, to pretend to pine or to reason in my young days. Why am I going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Pleas, to take up a suit at bawtry, between my Valve, and one of the Imperials.
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And pull her out of...
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

This to Apollo, thus to the God of warre,
Sweet swore to live in the streets of Rome:
What's this but Labelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Innuince every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I lust, I saw the fainste extases
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his thrift, that lustful friere
In Simeon's health, whom if the sleepee,
I felt to awake, as he in fury shall.
Cut off the proud'st Conspicrator that limes.

Tarsus. My gracious Lord, my loyly Saterrene,
Lord of my life, Commandeur of my thoughts,
Calm these, and bear the faults of Titus age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes.
Whose loftie hath pier't him deep, and fear this heart:
And rather comfort his distrested plight,
Then professure the meanest or the best
For these contempty. Why thus? it shall become
High witted Tarmes, to gange with all.
Abid. But Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If Aaron now be wife,
Then is all safe, the Ancho's in the Port.
Enter Cleomen.

How now good fellow, would it thou speake with vs?
 Cleom. Ye are free, and your Miltenfhip be Empeiral.
 Tam. Empeere I am, but yonder fits the Emperour.
 Cleom. This he, God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons here.
 Aabid. Hee the Letter.

Sarem. Go to take him away, and hang him prefently.
 Cleomen. How much money muf, I haue?
 Tam. Come for thee thou must be hang'd.
 Cleom. Hang'd? I be, Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
To a faine end, Exit.

Sarem. Delightfull and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrell villany?
I know from whence this fame deuile procedes:
May this be borne? As if his tryestrouy Sonnes,
That dyd by law for murder of our Brother,
Hauie by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Go droge the villane hither by the hair.
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall frue priviledge;
For this proude mock, Ibe thy foule slayer man:
Show he be wretch, that haue't to make me great,
In hope thy felse should governe Rome and me,

Enter Nennia Emilia.

Sarem. What newes with thee Emilia?
 Emilia. Armst my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause.
The Gouther haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high refold and best to the speeple
They hither march amaine, under conduct.
Of Lucius, to one old Andronicus;
Who threat's in couise of this revenge to do
As much as euer Coriolan did.

King. Is waile like Lucius Generall of the Gouther?
These spires nip me, and I hang the head.
At flowers with broaf, or graffe their beast downe with formes:
I now begin our fortowers to approach,
'Tis he the common people lone so much,
My self hath ofte heard them say,
(When I haue walkt like a private man)
That Lucius banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wofte that Lucius were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?

King. 15, but the Citizens furious Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to sucour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
1sthe Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in?
The Eagle suffer'd little Birds to sing,
And is not careful what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can as pleasure them their melodie.
Fen he mov'd, thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then char thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will entice the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
This batte to fill, or honie flakkes to sleepe,
When as the one is wounded with the bate,
The other notched with delicious and sweet.

King. But he will not enter at his house for vs.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will.
For I can smooth and filllis aged ear,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deafe,
Yet should both ears and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaffador, and say,
That the Emperour requelleth a party
Of warlike Lucius, and appoin't the meeting.

K. Emilia do this message Honourably,
And if he hand in Holfage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Em. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus.
And tempt him with all the Art I have,
To plucke proud Lucius from the waile like Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blisse againe,
And bury all thy weares in my deues.

Sarem. Then goe succiffantly and plead for him.

Exit.

Aetius Quintus.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luc. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have receu'd Letters from great Rome,
Which signifie what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how direcrous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Tyes witnesse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any travaile,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braye flip, sprung from the Great Andronicus,
Whole name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whole high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requires with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weel come where thou lead'st,
Like flinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Mafter to the flowerd fields,
And be sure to curie Tamar.

And as he saith, I say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank thee, and I thank thee all.
But who comethere, led by a lufiy Goth?

Enter a Goth bearing of Dracon with his child
in his armes.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I striad,
To gaze upon a rousous Messalina,

And
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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue,
Lest Sirs slop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Emilius.

Gall. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Defies to be admitted to your presence.

Lett. Let him come hence.

Welcome Emilius, what the news from Rome?

Tit. Lord Lucius, and your Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he understand's you are in Armes,
He caues a parly at your Fathers house
With you to demand your Holtyges,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

Gall. What news of our General?

Lett. Emilius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Visit my Father, and my VnCLE Marcus,
Flourish.

And we will come: match away.

Exit Tamora, and i' the Sonnes disguis.

Tam. Thus in this strangeth, and bad Habillament,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To quyre with him and right his haious wrongs;
Knockes at his fludly where they say he keeps,
To tumante yet unconquered by Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to toythe with him,
And work coruision on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus openes his stedy dore.

Tit. Who doth modell my Contemplation?
Is it your truie to make me vpe the dore,
That for my sad decrees may lie away,
And all my judges be to no effect?
You are decyf'd, for what I meant to do,
See heere in bloody lines I have set downe;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee,

Tit. Not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it a shoo,
Thus haue the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. Titus, if thou did know me,
Thou wou'dt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, is knowe thee well enough,
Wittneffe this wretched fump,
Wittneffe thee commaundament,
Wittneffe thee Trenches made by grave and care,
Wittneffe the tynging day, and theis night,
Wittneffe all sorrow, that I knowe thee well
For our proud Empeffe, Mighty Tamora:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou full well, I am not Tamora,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,
I am Revenge sent from th' small Kingdome,
To seale the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome you to this world light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Their's not a hollow Case or lurking place,
No Vaf obsturct, or Milly vale,
Where bloody Murther or defeted Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their close tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake,

Tit. An thou Revenge? ar thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me,

Tit. Doe me some stuite ere I come to thee:
Lete by thy side where Rape and Murder flend,
Now giue some furiance that thou art Revenge,
Stop them, or threaten them on thy Charite: wellies,
And then lie come and be thy Whaggons,
And while along with thee about the Globes,
Provide thee two proper Palanters, as blacke as jet,
To haile thy vengefull Waggon swiftly away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty care,
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheelie,
Trot like a Servile footeeman all day long,
Even from Ephraim rising in the East,
Vortill his very downetall in the Sea,
And day by day. Ile do this heavy task,
So thou delcoure Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tit. Rape and Murder, therefore called for,
Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empeffe Sons they are,
And you the Empeffe: But we worldly men,
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if some armed imbracement will content thee,
I will intimace thee in by and by.

Tam. This cleaning with me, doth my Lunacie,
What ere I forge to leede his braine-ficke flis,
Do you uphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly taketh me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in that mad thought,
Ile make him fende for Lucre his Sonne,
And whil't I at a Banquet hold him fire,
Ile find some cunning prattling out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Gothers,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my thame.

Tit. Long have I bene fonolice, and all for thee,
Welcome dear Fary to my woofull house,
Rapine and Munther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empeffe and her Sonnes you are:
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a detail?
For well I wote the Empeffe never weas,
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you reprent our Queene arihge
It were convenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome at ye are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What wouldst thou haue vs doe Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a Muntherer, ile deale with him.

Tit. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am fent to be resuing on him.

Tam. Shew me a thoul, and haue done thee wrong,
And ile be resuing on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder hab him, he's a Muntherer.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine hab him, he is a Ruflhier.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attented by a Moore,
We'll must know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth remlable thee,
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tam.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Tam. Well haft thou lefond vs, this flall we do.
But would it please thee good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothers,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy Solemn Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Empereour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thys mercy flall they flop and kneele,
And on them shalt thou saue, thy angry heart:
What fates Andronicus to this deuice?

Enter Marcus.

Tr. Marcus my Brother, tis sad Titus calls,
Goe gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothers,
Bid him repaire to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothers,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Empereour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts are at hand, and he shall feast with them,
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Marc. This will I do, and soone returne againe.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And make thy Ministers along with me.

Tr. Nay, go ye, I saye to Raper and Murder fly with me,
Or els. I call my Brother baske againe,
And claue to no neurose but Lucius.

Tam. What say you Boyes, willy ye abide with him,
While I go tell my Lord the Empereour,
How I haue gouert our determined fete?
Yeld to his Honour, smooth and speake him faire,
And carr with him till I returne againe.

I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A pyre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave vs here.

Tam. Farewell Andronicus, serene now goes
To lay a compleat to betray thy Foes.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shal we be imploied?

Tr. Tit. I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, Caesus, and Valentine.

Publius. What is your will?

Tit. Know you thefe two?

Publius. The Empresse Sonnes.

I take them in my power.

Titus. Fie Publius, fie, thou art too much deced'st,
The one is Murder, the other is the name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius,
Caesus, and Valentine, lay hands on them,
Of thinke you heard me with for euer an houre,
And now I find, therefore bind them sure.

Chi. Villains forbear, we are the Enpreffe Sonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we, what we are commanded,
Stop clofe their mouths, let them not speake a word,
Is he our bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Bajan.

Tit. Come, come Lavinia, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Swear frop their mouths, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearesfull words I vter.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronico.

When with his feemeless tongue he did discouer To lose-faire furies and weeping rare, The story of that basefull burning night,
When fabritiall Greeks surprise'd King Titus Troy: Tell vs what Sinew hath bewich'd our eares, Or who hath brought the fastall engine in, That blest our Troy, our Rome the ciusl wound. My heart is not compact of flint nor steel, Nor can I wear all our bitter griefs, But floods of tears will drowne my Oratorie, And breake my very vittance, even in the time When it should move you to attend me moff, Lending your hand hand Communion,
Hereas a Captaine, let him tell the tale, Your hearts shall shoulde and wepe to heare him spake,
Luc. This Noble Auditory,be it knowne to you, That curfue Felon and Demetrious Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother, And they it were that raunished our Sifer, For their feete faileth our Brothers were beleaved, Our Fathers teares deplored, and bitterly coueth, Of that true hand that fought Romeus quarelled, And sent her enemies into the grage,
Lastly, my fete raunishly bathned, The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping our, To beg reliefes among Romeus Enemies, Who drewwd their eunoms to my true teares, And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend; And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you, That have preted her welfare in my blood, And from her boome tooke the enemies point, Shewing the fleete in my adversitaire body. Also you know, I am to Yoruna,
My tears can witnesse, dumbe although they are, That my report is just and full of truth:
But fowt, me thinks I do digeste too much, Crying my worthless pratee:Oh pardon me, For when no friends are by, men prate them selves,

Mar. Now is my turne to speake. Behold this Child, Of this was Tameria deliered, The ufe of an Irisengue Mus,
Chief Architect and ploter of these woes, The Villains is alive in Titus house, And as he is, so witnesse this is true,
Now judge what course had Titus to revenge These wrongs, unspokeable patraiton, Or more then any lowning man could bear, Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romanes? Have we done ought amisst? shee was whereas, And from the place where you beheld vs now, The poore remainder of Andronico, Will hand in hand all headlong, still vs downe, And make the wretched houesse for them brayne, And make a mutuell clozure of their houesse: Speake Romanies speake, and if you say we shall, Lose hand in hand, Lucina and I will fall.
Emi. Come come, thou present man of Rome, And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand, Lucina our Emperour: for well I know, The common voyce do cry it shall be so.
Mar. Lucina, all halle Rome Royall Emperour, Go ye, go into old Titus sorrowfull houesse, And hither halle that misbeloov, Aeare, To be assaied some direfull slaughteing death, As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucina all halle to Rome gracieus Gouernour.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEo and IVLIEt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory with Swords and Backs, of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

Gregory: A my word we'll not carry coals.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collins.
Samp. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.
Greg. I, while you live, draw your neck out o' th' Collar.
Samp. I strike, being moved.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Montague, moves me.
Greg. To move, is to stir, and to be valiant, is to stand: Therefore, if thou art moved, thou run away.
Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand.
I will take the wall of this Man or Maid of Montague.
Greg. That freezes thee a weak'ne flire, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessel, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will put Montague men from the wall, and thrust his Maid to the wall.
Greg. The Quarrel is betwixt our Manners, and us.
Samp. 'Tis all one; I will throw my self a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will bee civil with the Maid, and cut their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maid's?
Samp. I, the heads of the Maid, or their Maidenheads, Take it in what sense thou wilt.
Greg. 'Tis very must take it sense, that feel it.
Samp. Yet they shall feel while I am able to stand.
And this know I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fitch; if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore John. Draw thy Toute, here comes of the House of the Montague.

Enter two other Serviengmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.
Greg. Ho! thrice thy backe, and run.
Samp. Peace me not.
Greg. No marry: I hate thee.
Samp. Let us take the Law of our sides for them begin.
Greg. I will frown as I pacify me, & let the take it as they list.
Samp. Nay, as they list. I will bite my Thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Greg. Do you bite your Thumb at vs fit?
Samp. I do bite my Thumb at.
Greg. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?
Samp. Is the Law of our side, if I say i?

Greg. No.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Cantered with peace, to part your Cantered hate,
If ever you disturb our threats again,
Your lines shall pluck the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You cannot stay along with me,
And *monstrum* come you this afternoon,
To know our Father’s pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common judges’ place.
Once more on pain of death, all must depart.
*Exeunt.*

Then, What is this sudden quarel new advent? Speak now, Nephew, were you by, when it began?
*Rey.* Here was the servant of your adorner,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the infinite cause
The fiery *Tale* with his sword prepar’d,
Which as he breath’d defiance to my ears,
He wronged about his head, and cut the winder,
Who nothing hurt wish’d, him hit him in scorn.
While we were entering, with thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
*Wife.* O where is Romeo, saw him to-day?

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray,
*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipful Sun
Peered forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the group of Sycamore,
That Westward roosteth from this City side:—
So early walking did I see your Sonne;
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And rode into the court of the wood,
Me measuring his aspect, and who it might be.
Which then I most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Putted my Honour, not purging his
And gladly flum’d, who gladly fled from me.

*Mont.* Many a morning hath there beene serene,
With these present augments the fresh mornings sleep,
Adding to clouds more cloudier with his deepest sighs,
But all to soone as the all-singing Sonne,
Should in the fairest East begin to draw
The gladie Curtains from Aurora brod,
Away from light fleeth home my beautie Sonne,
And private in his Chamber proves herselfe,
Shuts vp his windows, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiald night.

Black and spottles muff this humous prose,
Vileffe good counsellor may the cause remove.

*Em.* My Noble Vase, do you know the cause?
*Mon.* I neither know it, nor canzless of him.
*Ben.* Have you importuned him by any means?

*Em.* Both by my selfe and many others friends,
But he his own selfe, (than counsellor, Is to him selfe I will not play how true)
But to his fault a secret and so sore,
S. C. is loosing and discovery,
As it is now, with unknown harmes worse,
He can put this to lesse reasons or else,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same,
Could we but leave from where his course goe grow,
We would as willingly use the same.

*Em.* Be we where he comes, so please you to stop aside, He knowes it greate or so must deserve.
*Mon.* I would thou wert to happy by my stay,
To taste of such Come Madam let’s away. *Exit.*

*Ben.* Good morrow Cousin.
*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But now the brooks are mine.

*Rom.* Ay me, fade hours frame long?

Was that my Father that went hence so fair?

*Ben.* It was: what fashions lengthens Romeus hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which hauing, makes them short

*Ben.* In lour.

*Rom.* Out.

*Ben.* Of love.

*Rom.* Out of her favour where I am in feare.

*Ben.* Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofs.

*Rom.* Alas, that honest view is mufled full,
Should bold eyes, fee path ways to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here’s much to do with hate, but more with lout:
Why then, O bawling lout! O louting lout,
O anything of nothing fut that creased:
O heauie lightness, furious vanity,
Mifhapen Chaos of wellinge forms,
Feather of heauie, bright smocke, cold fire, sick health,
Still walking fleape, that is not what it is:
This lout feel, I feel no love in this.
Doest thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No Coze, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* As by good hearts oppression,

*Rom.* Why such is loves tranqul reflection.

Greates of mine owne let heauie in my breast,
Where thou by due proportion hast it prest
With mine owne; this lout that thou hast shown,
Dost add more griefe, to too much of mine owne,
Love’s a smocke made with the fame of lighe,
Bering purd, a fire sparkling in Loues eyes,
Became a sonne, whose hauing teares,
What is it else? a madness, most dilate,
A choking gall, and a pretentious sweet:
Farewell my Core.

*Ben.* Soft I will goe along.

*Rom.* And if you please me, do you me wrong.

*Em.* But I have left my felle, I am not here,
This is not Rome, he’s none other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadnesse, who is it that you love?

*Rom.* What shall I groan and tell thet?

*Ben.* Groce, why no: but falsely tell me who.

*Rom.* A sickle man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill will’d to one that is ill:
In sadles Coze, I do love a woman.

*Em.* I mean for sure, when I topp’d you loud.

*Rom.* A right good mark, and, and there’s faire loose

*Em.* A night, the make faire Coze, youuell hit

*Rom.* Well in such that you ouffe, shall not be lost
With Cymbals arrow, the bash *Drum* win:
And in strong proofs of chastity well arm’d:
From loves wease childlike Bow, the lives uncham’d:
She will not try the siege of loving tameness,
Nor bid th’incounter of sifffing eyes:
Now open her lap to vauntish-shewing Gold;
Oh, the rich in beauty merry poore,
I have when she dies, with beauty dies her flower.

*Rom.* Then the bash wounde, that she will full liue chaft?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparring shone huge walt?
Oh beauty faul’d do with her feuerity.
Cuts beauty off from all poffession.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

She is too faire, too wifel: Fair too faire,
To merit blisse by making me despare:
She hath forsworne to loue, and that row
Do I live deck, that heere to tell it now.
[Rom.] Be ruled by me, forget to thinke other.

[Rom.] O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

[Rom.] By givin liberry wth thine eyes,
Examine other beautes,
'Kes the way to callers(exquisite) in question more,
These happy makers that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blackes, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is brooken blind,cannot forger.
The precious treasure of his eye-light loth:
Shew me a Mintrelle that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note,
Where I may read who pass that passing faire.
 Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,
[Rom.] I pay that doctrine, or else doe debt.

[Enter Capulet, Counters Paris, and the Clowne.

Cap. (Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and not I think so.
For men in old as we, to keep the peace.
[Paris.] Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And put'st y'ou? at our side so long.
But now my Lord, what say y'ou to my faire?

[Cap.] But laying on what I have laid before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not yet convinced the change of fourteen years,
Let two of my Summer's visiter in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Paris. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

[Cap.] And too soon marred are the choise so early made:
Earth hath allswallowed all my hopes but she,
She's the hopefull Lady of my estate:
But woe her gentle Quagg get her heart,
My will to her content, is but a part,
And thee agree, within her scope of choise,
Eyes my content, and faire accor ding voice:
This night I hold an old accustome'd Feast,
Whereoore I haue inuited many a Gueff,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more profi welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading florres, that make darke beautien light,
Such comoft as duffly young men feele,
When well appercieved April on the helle.
Oflimping Winter treads, even such delight
Among freth Frensh bussells shall you this night
Inherit at my house: haurse all, all feele;
And like her molt, whose merit molt shall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine beinge one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, goe with me, goe with thinke about,
Through faire Verna, find those persons out,
Whole names are written there, and to them say,
My houte and welcome, on their pleasurful ray.

[Ser.] Find them out whose whole names are written. Here is
it written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his yard,
Yard, and the Tayler with his Luffe, the Fisher with his Peinell, and the Painter with his Next. But I am sent to find those persons whole names are writ, & I can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Bernello, and Romeo.

[Rom.] Tut man, one fire burnes out another burning,
One pit is left by another anguish.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

muft talke in secret. Nurse come back againe, I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters’ of a prety age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

Wife. She’s not fourteen.

Nurse. I lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet to my scene be it spoken, I have but fourteen, she’s not fourteen.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odd dace.

Nurse. Even or oddte, as all dates in the yeare come Lammas Eve at night shall the be fourteen. Sufian & the, God reit all Christian foules, were of a strange. Well Sufian is with God, she was too good for me. But at last, on Lammas Eve at night shall the be fourteen, that I the ma-

rie, remember it well; ’tis since the Earth-quake noweleven yeare, and she was wean’t I never shall forget it, of all the dates of the yeare, upon that day: for I had then bad Worms-wood to my Dogg sitting in the Sunne under the Doughtie wall, my Lord and you were then at Lambay say I do bear a brame. But if I said, when it did fall the Wormes-wood on the apple of my Dogge, and felt it, butter,pretty foole, to see it; toche; and fall out with the Dogge, Shakes quoth the Doutnish-towe, ’twas no neede I shoud to Sudden smite; and since that time it is a cleane yeare, for then they could stand alone, my bitt roode they were sung. Come, let the sunne rise, and waile all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband Godde with his bowe, a was a merrie man, tooke up the Child, yea quoth he, doth thou fell on thy face thou wilt fall backward when thou halt more wite, wilt thou not yet? And by my holy-thoms, the pretty wretch loveing, & I’ll tell you now how I fell till come about. I want not, & I shall have a thousand yeare, I meat should forget it, wilt thou not Ines quoth he, & pretty foole it flinte, and I.

Old L. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam yet, I cannot but laugh, to think it should leave crying, & say I: and I yet warrant it had upon it brown, a banana as big as a young Cockels bone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Ye quoth my husband, fall upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou committest rage: wilt thou not yet? It flinte and I.

Old L. And flinte too I pray thee Nere, say I.

Nur. Peace have I done. God make thee too his grace thousand wearisome to thine wife, and I might not see thee married once, I have my wifes.

Old L. Marry that marry is the very theacme I came to take of, tell me daughter Juliet, How hands your disposition to be Married?

Nurse. It is an hour that I dreme not of.

Nur. Anburne were not there only Nurse, I would say thou hast a feke worse coming from thy seat.

Old L. Well thankes of marriage now,yonger then you have in Fire, I ladies of efference, I, maye already M. Here, By my count I was you. Most micht upon these yeares That you are now a Maid, thus then in brieue: The valiant Nun ferkes you for his love.

Nurse. A many young Lady, Lady, face a man at all the word, Why her a man of wase.

Old L. Veron Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he’s a flower,infinit a very flower.

Old L. What say you, can you love the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Parissace, And find delight was there with Beauties pen; Examine evey literall impassion, And see how one another lends content, And what obtined in this faire volume here, Find written in the Margin of his eyes, This precious Bookke of Loves, this bound Loser, To Beautify him, only lacks a Couer, The fifth lines in the Sea, and ‘ta’much pride For fare without, the faire within no hole, That Bookke in manies eyes doth share the gloise, That in Gold clasps, Lockes in the Golden bore: So shall you share all that he doth posseifie, By houing him,making your selfe no leffe.

Nurse. Nurse, my bigger women growe by men,

Old L. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris love & lust. He lookes to like of looking kining, more,

But no more deepe will I entend mine eye,

Your content gues strength to make flye.

Enter Servant now.

Sir, Madam, the gues are come, dother forth yee vp, you call my young Lady ask for the Nurse eur in the Pan-

tery, and every thing in extremite. I must hence to wait, I bethrove you follow straight.

Mrs. We follow thee, Juliet, the Countie thees.

Nurse, Go to Cygile, seekke happy nights to happy daye.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, J. P. Nurse, Benedick with five or six.

other makers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. V. but shal be forth he spoke for our excite
Or shall or no on without Apologue.

Tab. The dare is one of such preladat,

Welle have no not and board with me with a start,

Beating Tyme, coursed Bome, of bost,

Skynning the whale it’s like a Cowe-Breafe,

But let them wisse se by what they will,

Welle make them a Masure, and be gone.

Rom. Come me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,

Bene, but hauy I will bear the light.

Mrs. Nay gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Nay if I believe me, you have dancing floors,

With nimble solace, I have a pock of Lead

So flakke me to the ground, I cannot see.

Rom. You are a Louer, borrow Capsid wings,

And toare with them about a common bound.

Rom. I am too ore encrease with his flite,

To faire with my lights fewe, and to bound:

I cannot bound a patch about dull woe,

Vender loss heavie burthen doe I sink.

Hear, and to fake it in should you burthen lose,

To great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is lone a tender thing it is too strong,

Too rude too by feleous, and it praks like thome.

Rom. If love be tough with you, be tough with love,

Prakke love for prickeing, and you best eue, downe,

Give me a Cafe to put my village in,

A Vigot for a Vigot, what care I

What curious eyes doth quote deformities,

Here are the Beetle-browses shall blast in me

Bene. Come know and ever, and no fonner in,

But every man take to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let warmest light of heart

Tickle the fencesfull ruffes with their beele:

For I am proued b’d with Grandifer Plufic,

He be a Candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mrs. 

I. iii. 8 — I. iv. 39
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Mrs. Tur, duns the Mouse, the Constables own word,
If thou art dun, wot not draw thee from the mine.
Or sue your reverence out, where in thou ilkst
Up to the ears, come we burne day-light ho.

Romeo. Nay that's not so.

Mrs. It meane it I delay,
We waft our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Judgement fits
Fine times in that, ere once in our fine wars.

Romeo. And we mean well in going to this maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mrs. Why may one ask?

Romeo. I deamest a dreame to night.

Mrs. And you did so.

Romeo. Well what was yours?

Mrs. That dreamers often lye.

Romeo. In bed a sleepe what do they desire things true.

Mrs. O then I see Queene Mab to be with you:
She is the Faunus Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger
Then Aga-trone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawn with a seeme of little Atomes, our men's noses as they are asleep; her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs the Court of the wings of Grasshoppers, her Trails of the Smallest Spiders web, her courters of the Moonshines watry Beemes, her Wip of Crickette bones, the Lath of Phlome, her Waggon, allmost gray coated
Gnat, not liitle to bigge as a round little Wonne, prickt
From the Laze-finger of a man, Her Charize is an emipte Hilschtur, made by the Joynt Squirrel or old Crout, come out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: & thus have the gargale night by night,Lothores braines; and then they dreamt of Lute.

On Courtiers knees that dream on Courties brains: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt of Fees, ore Ladles lips, who strait on knifes dreamt, which ent the angry Msb with bitters plages, because there breath with Sweate meats tamed use, Sometimes the gallops are a Couriers note, & then dreames he of smelting out slute: & sometime comes forth with the Tith pigs tale,tickling a Pasons note as lies asleep, then he dreames of another benefite. Sometimes the dreamt ore a Soldiers necke, & then dreams he of cutting. Forlaine throats, of Breathes, Ambuscades, Spanish Blades: Or Healths fine
Paddums sleepe, and then sound sleep in his ears, at what he stares and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweetes a prayer or two or sleepes againes this is that very Msb that plai the mates of Horles in the night: & bakes the Ellis
locks in foule fluffit hair, which once unvageted, much misfortune bodes,
This is the bag when Maides lie on their backs,
That preffes them, and leane them till to beare,
Making them wome of good carriage:
This is the,

Romeo, Peace peace, Mercia peace,
Thoush'tt of nothing.

Mrs. True, I take of dreams,
Which are the children of slie Brainne,
Begot of nothing but vainphantasie,
Which is as this of substance as the eye's,
And more inconstant then the wind, who woe's,
Even now the frozen booms of the North,
And being angered, pusses away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Be this the wind you take of flowers vs from our fishes,
Support is done, and we shall come too late.

Romeo. I fear too early, for my mind misgives,
Some conuffle yet hanging in the fletes,

Shall hittely begin his fearefull date
With this night's revolt, and expire the truete
Of a depasled life elo! in my brest
By some vile force or secret death.
But he that hath the tirnage of my course,
Direct my tace: on luckily Gentleman.

Eun. Strike Drum.

This much about the Stage, and Servants come first,
with their nuptiaes.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Where's Pappar, that he helps not to take away
He that Trencher he escape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mans hand, and they watch not ten, 's is a foulething.

Servant. Away with the looynoobies, remove the Court-
Chairboard, broke to the Place: good thou, Loere mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou leuell me, let the Pottet let
Satin Grasfinde and Nell, Anthony in Pappar,

2. Boye reade.

Servant. You are lookes for, and call'd for, askes for, & bought for in the great Chamber.

3. We cannot here be there too, dearly Boyes,
Be brisk and lively, and the longer luer take all.

Enter al the Court, and Gentlemens in the
Markets.

Romeo. Welcome Gentleman, ladies that have not seen
Vipogles'd with Corners, will walke with you about:

Ah my Mistreffe, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes daintye,
She he swaethe hath Comes am I come neere ye now?
Welcome Gentleman, I haste the day
That I have wore a Viper, and could tell
A whifpering tale in a faire Ladies ear:

Such as would pleaze; its gone, its done, its gone,
You are welcome Gentleman, come Mufflins play:

The knightly plant: and the dance

A Hall, a Hall, gino roomes, and foote in Girles,
More light you knowes, and turnes the Table vp:

And quench the fire, the Roomes is growen too hot,
Ah sirrah, this looks for youre corne well:

Nay tis, nay far, good Cozin Capuler,
For you and I sare past our dauncing daies:

How long! 'tis now since last your selfe and I
Were in a yake?


3. Rome. What man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lacciae.

Come Pentycolet as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we Mark:

2. Rome. 'tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder for:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. Rome. Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rome. What Ladie is that which doth sir rich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Serv. I know not for.

Rome. Of the doth teach the Torches to burne bight:
It becomes the hands upon the cheeke of night:
As a rich jewel in an Abiopis care:
Beauty too rich for ye, for each too dese:
So flowes a Snowy Doe trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellows flowes:
The measure done, he watch her place of hand,
And touching hers, make bleffe my rude hand.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Did my heart lone till now. Fortune is his,  
For I never saw true Beauty till this night.  
Thick this by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fret me! my Rapiet Boy, what does the fault  
Come hither cou’d with an antique face,  
To thee and when at our Solitude?  
Now by the flocke and Honour of my hin  
To drinke him dead I hold it not a fit,  
Cap. Why now how kinman,  
Wherefore thorne you to?  
"Thick. Vince this is a Montague, our foe:  
A Villaine that is hither come in sight,  
To come at our Solitude this night.  
Cap. Young Romeo is it?  
Thick. This is he, that Villaine Romeo.  
Cap. Content thee gentle Cos, let him alone,  
As heares him like a portly Gentleman:  
And to say truth, Peruna brings of him,  
To be a vertuous and well goutned’t youth:  
Which could not for the wealth of all the towne,  
Here in my howse do him disparsgement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will, the which if thou respect,  
She is a faire preence, and put of thfe frowne,  
An ill befoemeing semblance for a Feast  
Thick. It is first such a Villaine is a guest,  
Ile not endure him,  
Cap. He shall be endur’d,  
What goodman boy, I fare shall, go too,  
Am I the Miser here or you? go too,  
You’ld not endure him, God shall mend my soule,  
Youle make a Munitie among the Guells:  
You will set cocke a hoove, youle be the man.  
Thick. Why Vacle, it’s a shame.  
Cap. Go too, go too,  
You are a savy Boy, ‘tis so indeed?  
This strike my chance to feash you, I know what,  
You must contrary me, marry thy soule,  
Well said my hearts, you are a Prince, goe,  
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,  
Ile make you quiet, What, chestely my hearts.  
Thick. Patience perforce, with willful choler meeting,  
Makes my fielth tremble in their different greeting;  
I will drawsew, but this intrusion shall  
Now creeping swee, content to bitter gall.  
Exit.  
Rome. If I propherate with my vnaworthieth hand,  
This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,  
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready fland,  
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kiffe.  
Ind. Good Pilgrime,  
You do wrong yuor hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion stemes in this,  
For Saints have handes, that Pilgrims hands do touch,  
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiffe,  
Rome. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?  
Ind. I Pilgrime lips that they muft vvie in pracion,  
Thick. For here Saint, let lips do what hands do,  
They pray grant thou, at faith turns to dispare.  
Ind. Saints do not move,  
Though grant for prayers fake.  
Rome. Then move not while my prays effect take:  
Thus from my lips by thine my fin is purged.  
Ind. Then hauve my lips the lips that they hauve cooke,  
Rome. Sin from my lips? or teares? I sweettly vrg’d:  
Gie me my fin againe.  
Ind. You kiffe by th’hooke.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Mrs. Rome, orb. Madam, Madam, Louer, Appear thou in the kennel of a sight, Speak but one time, and I am satisfied. Cry me but say me, Present, but Loue and day, Speak to my godship Victa one faire word, One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her, Young Abraham Capel that fool so true, When King Cepheus loud the beggar Maid, He heareth not, he flircheth not, he mourneth not, The Ape is dead, I must encurse him, I comure thee by Roberts bright eyes, By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip, By her Fine footes, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh, And the Demonates, that there Adarce lie, In the thy likenesse thou appear to us, Ten. And if thy hearte thou wilt encurse him...

Mrs. This cannot anger him, I would give him To raise a spirit in his Miluree circle, Of some strange nature, letting it wand To see if she had laid it, and couched it downe, That comure it in her, I am none in her Mistrius name, I comure none but to raise up him, Ten. Come, she had humane life among these Trees To be conforted with the Humane night is, Blind is her Loue, and felt behis the darke.

Mr. If Loue be blind, I one cannot but the man, Now will be fonder a Medier tree, And with his Miluree were that kind of Fruite, As Maides call Mediers when they laugh alone, O Rome that she were, O that she were An open, or thou a Pupin Peere, Romeo goodnight, I lie to my Truckle bed, This field-bird is too cold for me to sleep, Come shall we go? Rom. Go then, let his in vaime to fecke him here That means, not to be found.

Extant. Rom. He leafl in Scarees that never felt a wound, But lost what light through yonder window breaks! It is the East, and South is the Sunne, Anfe Gise Sun and kill the wondrous Moone, Who is already fickle and pale with griefe, That now our maid art far more faine then shee: Be not her maid since she is envious, Her Vellaf honey is but fickle and greene, And none but fools do weare it, call it off! Its my Lady, O its my Loue, O that she knew she were, She speaks, yet shees no thing, what of that? Her eye discourse, I will anwser it: I am too bold, its not to me she speakes: Two of the fairest stares in all the Heauen, Haung some businesse do enter her eyes, To twinkel in their Spheres till they returne. What sight eyes were there, they in her head, The brightnesse of her cheeke would flame those stares, As day-light doth a Lampe her eye in heauen, Would through the syre Region streame to bright, That Birds would fly, andanke it were not night: See how she leaves her cheeke upon her hand, O that I were a Glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheeke. Ten. Ay me. Rom. She speakes.

Oh she speakes againe bright Angell, for thou art As glorious so this night being ore my head, As is a winged messenger of heauen.
The Tragedie of Romes and Juliet.

And I will take thy word, yet if thou sweat, if
Thou maist prove false at Louers peritaries
They say love laugh'd, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeft I am too quickly gone,
Ile smite thee, and be presente, and say then any
So thou wilt worse: But else not for the world.
In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maist think my behavours light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile prove more true,
Thence those that have covey to be strange,
I should have been more strange, I had might confess,
But that thou out head'd ere I was ware
My true Loues paffion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the dace night hath to discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I row,
That tips with silber all the Fruitre tree topes.
In my love I wvne not by the Moone, thinconiant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Left that thy Loue prove like wise variable.
Rom. What shall I wve by?
In. Do not wve at all:
Or I wvne with wveare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And lie beleue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare loue.
In. Well do not wveare, although I toy in thee;
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rath, too sudden: too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say at lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beasious Flower when next we meete:
Good night, good night; as sweete repeate and seel,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Rom. O wvle thou wave me so unconstitted?
In. What satisfaction can't thou have to night?
Rom. The exchange of thy Loues truthfull vow for mine.
In. I gaued thee mine before thou didst requit it:
And yet I would it were to glae again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw?
For what purpose Loue?
In. But to sleeke and glae thee againe,
And yet I wvle but for the thing I have,
My bunitie is as boundless as the Sea,
My Loue as deep, the more I glae to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I hear some noytie within deare Loue adue:
Is it noytie?
Anon good Nure; Sweet Montague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blest blest night, I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattening sweete to be substantall.
In. Three words deare Rames,
And good night indeed.
If the thy best of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, tend me word to word.
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fantasies at thy foote lie lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Enter Madam.

Once more: but if thou unseet not well,
I do before thee

(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I vend.
Rom. So thrine my soule.
In. To a thousand times good night.
Exit.
Rom. A thouand times the worse the worse thy lights
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boys for shier books
But Loue for Loue, towards saule with honest lookes.

Enter Iles against.

Ies. Hihi! Rames hihi: O for a Falshes voice,
To lure this Taffell gentle backe against,
Bondage is house, and may not speake aloud,
Eile would I trace the Cauet where Eccho lies,
And make her syrie tongue more house, then
With repetition of my Rames.
Rom. It is my soule that calls upon my name,
How fulture: Iew, found Louers tongues by night,
Like fastet Maliske to attending eues.
Ies. Rames.
Rom. My Niece.
In. What a clock to morrow
Shall I tend to thee?
Rom. By the houses of night.
Ies. I will no faire, tus twenty yeares till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Ies. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I Loue thy company.
Rom. And Ile ffall lay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
In. This aooning ever, I would have thee gone,
And yet no further thanes wantous Bird,
That let's a hop little from his hand,
I ke a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyres,
And with a fiken tiered Plicke backe againe,
So louing Jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
In. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much chafing:
Good night, good night,
Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall for good night, ill it be nowro.
In. Sleeepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace to sweete to tell.
The gray ey'd monere smilest on the frowning night,
Checking the Eaffenes Cloudes with fraekes of light,
And darkled flettked I like a drunkard rielee,
From forth dayes pathway made by Tytone wheels.
Hence will I to my ghosly Fireys clute Cell,
His helpe to crave, and my deare hap to tel.

Enter Furse alone with a basket.

Furse. The gray ey'd monere smilest on the frowning night,
Checking the Eaffenes Cloudes with fraekes of light:
And flekled darkledk as a drunkard rielee,
From forth dries pathay, and Titans burning wheels.
Now ere the Sun doth advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danko do todays,
I must spill this Ofer Cage of ours.
With baalefull weedes, and precious In. c'd Bowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombes,
What is her burying grave that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of duets kind.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

I. We
in

By

For
the
dearth
but
to
those
that
result
from
from

in
their

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant birt'h of this weake flower,
Poison hath restance, and medicine power:
For this being false, with that part cheerful each part,
Being taught hyes all fences with the hearts.
Two lurch oppo'd Kings encamp them full,
In man as well as Letters grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full Boone the Clock'er death cares vp that Plant.

Rome. Good morning, Falster.

Fri. Benedicte.

What early tongue so sweet flatter me?
Young lady, it argues a distempered head,
So looney to bid goodmorow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care legges, steepes will assure ye
But where vomiting you with engulf braine
Doth couch his limbs, there golden steep doth raigne,
Therefore thoy esteem me doth me assure,
Thou art proud, with some discentures;
Or if not, then here I hit it right.

On Rome hath not beene from to night.

Rome. That fall is true, the Sweeter ret was mine.

Fri. God pardon swift walk thou with Relaste

Rome. With Relaste, my ghostly Father No,
I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, when heath thou bin then.

Rome. He tell thee, arte thou aske is me agen.
I have beene tealing with my enemies,
Where on a sudden one hath wound me,
That's by me wondred: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
Beare no hatred, blessed min for hee
My interrest on likewise for his,
Fri. Be plaine good Son,rel. homely in thy driff,
Riding confession,fieldes but rolling driff.

Fri. Then plainly know my hearts desire love is fer:
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on thee, lo, hers is set on mine;
And all combin, saue what thou must combine
By heare langtages: when and where, and how,
We met, we wood, and made exchange of vowe;
I tell thee as we paffeth, but this I pray,
That thou comest to marriage vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere?

Fri. Relaste that thou didst loue for loue.

Fri. For taken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Fri. Maria, what a dese of bine
Hath wilth thy fallow checkes for Relaste
How much falt water throwne away in waft,
To fean Loue that it cannot taste.

Fri. The Sun not yet thy fights, from heaven clear els,
Thy old grones yet ruming in my succent cases:
Lo here apoy thy checkes the fina deyt fis,
Of an old term that is not worth off yet:
If thou weath thyselfe, and theye woste thrine,
Thou and theye woste were all for Relaste.
And art thou chang d? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Fri. Thou child 'l me off for louing Relaste.
Fri. For doing not for loving pupill mine.

Fri. And baft me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a grave,

Fri. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O I knew well,

Fri. Thoy Loue did read by note, that could not spell:
But come young wateur, come come with me,
In one resped, I lie thy affimat be;
For this alliance may to happy prove,
To turne thy houish round to pure Loue.

On. Let vs hence, I stand on sudden bft.

Fri. Wifely and I lowe, theyumble that run faft.

Exeunt

Enter Benvolence and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deue should this Rome be come
he not come to night?

Fri. Not to his Fathers, I speake with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard, hasted wench, that Relaste tormentes his, so that he will lure runned.

Fri. Tshh!, the sufan and to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A chalenge on my life.

Fri. Rome will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can we, may anwerte a Letter.

Fri. Nay, he will anwerte the Letters Matter how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poace Rome, he is already dead flib'd with a white wenchces blacke eye, runne through the care with a Loue long, the very same of his heart, clewe with the blind Bowsay, and be ftrenght, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Fri. Why what is Tybalt?

Mer. More then Printer of Cpcs. Oh here's the Couragius Captain of Compenements: he fights as you see procuiong, keepes time, distance, and proportion, heerits his minut, one, two, and the third in your before the very butches of a fiklbuton, a Daulia, a Daulia, a Gentleman of the very first house of the fift, and second caule; the immortal Paffado the Punto reueto, the Hay.

Mer. The what.

Mer. The Pea of such antique liping affeeting phantasies, the new wowers of accent; let us a very good base, a very tall man, a very good where. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandire, that we should be thus stuf. fie with these strange flyes; the feth fashion Mongers, the fepe., don'mes, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Rome.

Fri. Here comes Rome, here comes Rome.

Mer. Without the Roe, like a dryed Hering, Osfeel, hleel, how ar't thou fillified? Now is he the numbers that Perisbck drewed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitch wench, marry she had a better Loue to be terme her: Doa a dowide, Clegitara a Capite, Iloven and Here, hildnings and Harlots, the uise gie and to, but not to the purpose, Signior Rome, Bein intar, there's a French salutation to you.

French
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

French flap: you gave vs the the countess sit fairly last night.

Rome. Good morrow to you both, what countess sit did I give you?

Mer. The flap of the flap, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my buffete was great, and in

fash a cafe as more, a man may thraune curve.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a cafe as you confi-

ams a man to bow in the hams.

Rome. Meaning to curfew.

Mer. Thou half molily hit it.

Rom. Most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I take, the very punc of curteose.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this late, now till thou hast

worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is

worne, the leaf may resume after the wearying, folle-

lunar.

Rom. A single fold is left,

Soly singulur for the singular.

Mer. Come betwenc vs good Belmale, my wits sains,

Swiss and spurs, pa, or let thee a match.

Mer. Nay, our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am

done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of

thy wits, then I am sure I have in my whole feue. Was I

wish you there for the Goose?

Rome. Thou wilt never utter for any thing, when

thou wilt not for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that left.

Rom. Nay good Goote but now,

Mer. Thy wit is a very Butler-brewing.

It is a most harpe sawe.

Rom. And if it is not well fraud into a Sweets-Goote?

Mer. Oh here is a wit of Chaucerell, that stretches from

an unchrosrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to

the Goote, prays thee faire and wide, abroad Goote.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for

Loue, now art ittacal, now art thou Romeo now art

what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this

drunking Loue is like a great Natural, that runs lolling

up and down to bid hable in a hole.

Rom. Stop the ellp here.

Mer. Thou didst alme to flop in my tale against the

tewd, thou wouldst ete a hat made thy tale large, base,

wass, if thou wert second, I would have made it short,

or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant

indeed to occupie the argumet no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here a goodly time.

A top a top.

Mer. I tookess Shirt and a Smocke.

N. Etc. Etc?

Peter. Any.

Mer. My Fan Peter?

Mer. God! Peter to hide her face?

For her Esse, the countess face.

God ye good man, a Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good natured Gentleman.

Nur. Is it goodent?

Mer. This no lefle tell you, for the bawdy hand of the

Dyll saw upon the prick of Noone.

Nur. Out upon you what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, marra-

cuss Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find

the young Romeo?

Rom. 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 young get of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yes is the worst well.

Very well cocke: I shal, willy, willy.

Nur. If you be he hit,

I define some confidence with you.

Rom. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A bauld, a baub, a bauld. So no.

Rom. What halfe thou found?

Mer. No hare fur, vouche a Hare fur in a Lentenpale,

that is something rare and hoarse ere it be spent.

An old hare hoarse, and an old hare hoarse is very good

meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoarse is too much for a score, when

hoarse eere it be spent.

Nurse will you come to your Fathers? Weete to dinner

there

Rom. I will follow you.

Nur. Farewell auntice Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Rom. I pray you sir, what sawe doth heaven was this

that is so foul of his roreprice.

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that honeth to hoarse him-

selfe and will spake more in a minute, then he will stand

to in a Moneth.

Nur. And speaks any thing assurance, he take his

down a more bather then thou take, now or to this

and if it is now, in Loue bale that thou of promise, I

am done this flut-gates, I am none of his skanes ymes,

and thou must stand by too and pull every knawe to make

me at his pleasure.

Per. I saw no man vsr you at his pleasure: if had, my

weapon should quicly become base out. I want you, I
dare draw a holl a another man, if I see occasion in a
good querrill, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now adobe God, I am vxo to that every part about

me querees, struck knawe: pray you a word: and as I
told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out what

she bid me say, I will keep to my tale: but first let me

tell ye, if she should teach her in a laude game, as they
say, it were very goodly kind of behavoure, as they say:

for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should
deale double with her, truly it were all nothing to be of-

fered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistletoe, I

prosent unto thes.

Nur. Good heart, and yasth I will tell her as much:

Lord, Lord shee will be a loyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou teells her Nurse? thou dost not

mark me?

Rom. I will tell her, she dost do protest, which as I

take it, is a Gentlewoman like offer.

Rom. But her doen come means to come to huste this

And there the flush at Ever Laurence Cell.

Befuddel and married bier is for thy panes.

Nur. No trewe for any panes,

Rom. Go on, I say thou now.
The Tragedie of Rometo and Juliet.

**Nur.** This afternoone is't well the shall be there. 'R. And if thou good Nurfe behind the Abbey wall, Within that house my man shall be with thee, And bring thee Cordes made as a sticked flaire, Which to the high top Gallows of my joy, Must be my cony in the secret night.

Farewell, be truefl and Ile quite thy pynes:

Farewell, commend me to thy Miffhele.

**Nur.** Now God in heaven bleffe the haueke you fir, *Rom.* What falt thou my deare Nurfe? *Nurfe.* If thy man fecret, did I not here he fay two way keep counteill putting oneway.

**Rom.** Warrant ther my man as truer as flecke.

**Nur.** Wll, my Miffhele as he sweeteft Lady, Lord, Lord, when I was a little prating thing. I fhere a Noble man at Towne one Paris fhall frame Iay knife a board: but the good fete ha as breake a tee Toile, a very Toile as fee, I anges her foment, and tell he that Paris is the proper man, but Ie warrant you, when I fay fafe, ftre looke as pa as any clowt in the verall hill. Dothe ftrauer Art and Rome my begin both with a letter? *Rom.** Nurfe, what of that? *Rom.* Nurfe, a moeker that the dog name. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with other fomet, and the hath the prettie fennentious of it, of you and Romefemy, that it would do you good to heare.

**Rom.** Commende me to thy Lady.

**Nur.** 10 thousand tons. Peter.


**Nur.** Before and space. 

**Exit Nurfe and Peter.**

**Enter Iuliet.**

**Iul.** The clocke floke nine, when I did fende the Nurfe, In halfe an hour he promifed to returne,

Perhapes the cannot mete him, that's not so:

Oh ftepe tame, Loues feamen it could be thoughts,

Which ten times fatter glides then the Sunnes beames,

Driving back shadows on lowering hils.

Therefore do nimble Pionion'd Doues draw Loue,

And therefore hath the windle-foft Craf write ars:

Now is the Sun upon the highmolth hils.

Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve,

I three louers hils, yet fire is not come.

Had the affections and warme youthfull blood,

She would be as Swift in motion as a bull,

My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,

And in to me, but old fables,

Manly taine as they were dead,

Vnweild Hew, huebuy and pale as lead.

**Enter Nurfe.**

**O God the come, O hony Nurfe what newes?**

Haift thou met with him? fend thy man away,

**Narr.** Peter play at the gate.

**Iul.** Now good sweet Nurfe:

**O Lord, why lookeft thou sad?**

If thou newes, be sad, you tell them merrily.

If good thou find the outside of sweet newes,

By playing it to me, with a fower a face.

**Nur.** I am a waye, give me leasure awhile,

Fie how my bowes ake, what a juante haue I had?

**Iul.** I would thou hadst thy bones, and thy newes:

**Nay come I pray thee speake good Nurfe speake.**

**Nur.** Tell us what he fayeth you not play a while?

Do you not fee that I am ouer breath?

**Iul.** How a thou out of breath, when thou haft breath

To say to mee, that thou art out of breath.

The excufe that thou dost make in this deley,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

A Lover may bestrife the Godfamours,
That vies in the wanton Summer styre,
And yet it not, to lighes is vauntie.

But, Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for vs both.

Fri. As much to himselfe in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah saith, if the measure of thy joy
Be like heart mine, and that thy skill be more,
To blazon it, then sweaten with thy breath
To shew thy brave breath,

This neighbour styre, and let rich mutlickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd appenelle that both
Recieve in eiter, by this gree encounter.

But conceit more in mister then in words,

Ebrge of his trubeste, not of Ornament :
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Love is grown to such extreeme,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealthe.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

Table, and leaves, God send me need of thee: and
By the operation of the second sup, draws him on the Draw
ker, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Fri. Come, come, thou art as hot as a Jack in thy mood,
as any in ital;e: and affoone mounte to be moodie, and

And what too?

Ben. Nay, and there were two such, we shold have
none shortlie, for one would kill the other; thou,
why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a hare more, or a hare
leffe in his beard, then thou hast thou wilt quarrell with a man
for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but becaus
thou hast hastell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
would spit out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels,
as an egge is full of meat,

And yet thy head hath this beaste as a saddel as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quarrell'd
with a man for colling in the strete, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleep in the Sun.
Dost thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing thy new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new f рассes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Titor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were to spete to quarrel as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-fimplie of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Fri. The Fee-fimple is goomple,
Litter Tyball, Petticoats, and others.

Fri. By no st Deborah comes the Capulettes.

Fri. By my litle I care not.

Fri. Follow me clofe, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Fri. And by one word with one of you couple it with something make it a word and a blow.

Fri. You shall find me apt enough to that sir, and you
will give me occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without

Fri. Mercutio shott content with Romeo.

Merc. Content? what dost thou make vs Mercutio?

Fri. Thou make Mercutio of vs, looke to heare nothing but dif-
cords there's my fiddle-licke, here's that shall make you
dance content.

Fri. We talk here in the publique howst of men:
Either with ease into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your greuences:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Merc. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure.

Fri. Enter Romeo.

Thu. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man

Fri. But Ibe hang'd if he were your Linery:

Merc. Tryb, go before to field, beelee be your follower,
Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Fri. Romeo, the love I brace thee, can afford

Fri. No better term then this, thou art a Villaine,

Fri. The reason that I have to loose thee,

Fri. Doth much excute the appertringe rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I more;
Therefore fare well, I see thou know not the

Fri. Boy, thou shall not excuse the inures:
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Fri. I do protest i never miurd thee,

Fri. But lould lther better then thou cant't decide:

Fri. Thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And go good Captur, which name I render
As dearly as my owne, he satisfie.

Fri. O calm, indifferent, mild submissiun.

Fri. Alia instincto carries it away.

Fri. Tyball, you Rat-catcher, will you walk?[2]

Fri. What woulds thou hate with me?

Fri. Good King of Cart, nothing but one of your nine
hues, that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall
be me hereafter dry brake the cell of the eight. Willy you
pluck out your sword out of his Petcher by the eares?
Make haft least mine be about your eares ere be it.

Fri. I am for you.

Fri. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp.

Fri. Come in, you Paffion.

Fri. Draw Bonets, beat downe their weapons:

Fri. Gentleman to shame forbear this outrage.

Fri. Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

Fri. Forbidden bandying in Verone streets.

Fri. Hold Tyball, good Mercutio.

Fri. I am hurt.

Fri. A plagae a both the Hutes, I am feitel

Fri. Is he gone and hath nothing?

Fri. What art thou hurt?

Fri. 1, Ia katch, or scratch, marry'tis inough,

Fri. Where is my Pagello Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Fri. Courage the man I heare thee cannot be much.

Fri. No, 'tis not so deepes as a well, nor so wide as a
Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twall feve: ask me for

Fri. I shall find me a grave man. I am perped I
warrant for this world: a plagae a both your houtes.

Fri. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Moule a Cat to katch a man
to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by
the book of Aridmetick, why the druot came you
between vs I was not under your stone.

Fri. I thought all for the belt.

Fri. Help me into some howse Bonello, or

Fri. I shall faint: plagae a both your houtes.

Fri. They haue made warre meanst of me,
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet

I have it, and found it to your House.

Rom. This Gentleman the Prince mete Alle, My very friend that hath got his mortal hurt In his behalf, my reputation lain'd With Tybalt's slaying, Tybalt that an hour Hath beamt me Cozen. O Sweet Juliet, Thy Beauty hath made me Eternally, And in my temper left Voices sleek. Eat to Dinner.

Rom. O Romeo, Romeo, whereart Mercutio's dead, That Gallant ferrer hath alp'd in the Clouds, Which too untempestively here did storme the earth. Rom. This dayes blacke Fate, none doth date depend, This but begins, the wo other must end, Enter Tybalt.

Rom. Here comes the famous Tybalt back againe.

Rom. He gone in triumph, and Mercutio's name. Away to heaven Resterie Louise, And fire and Fury be my comfort now. Now Tybalt take the Villains back againe. That thou hast seen for Art is cleare tooke That there was way home, So doth thy Grace to keep me company. Enter Tybalt, Lord and master of me. Tyb. Thou wretched Boy that first confir'd him here, Shall with him hence. Eat to Dinner that determineth.

Rom. O Romeo, O Romeo, whereart Tybalt fallen. The Clart age wp, and Tybalt gone. Stay in London, the Prince will doe thee death In his father's Law, the Prince is gone away. Rom. O Lady Fortunes tale! Who will thou trust to? Last Romeo.

Enter Capulet.

Citt. Which way can he get that kild Mercutio? Tybalt that Murtherer, which way can he? Rom. There lies that Tybalt.

Citt. wp fir go with me. I charge thee in the Princes names obey, Enter Prince old Montague, Capulet the Prince, and all thy Conies.

Rom. Where are the vile beggers of this Play? Bne. O Noble Prince, I can dissemble all Thy blacke Mauing of this fatalle built: Three heres who are by young Romeo, Tybalt is taken, Alarums.

Cap. Who's Tybalt? my Cozen? my Brothers Child, O Prince, O Cozen, Husband, O the blood is spild Of my deare kinman, Prince as thou art true, For blood of ours, first blood of Montague, O Cozen, Cozin.

Rom. Cozen, Cozen, who began this Fray? Bne. Tybalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay, Tybalt that sent him, sent him his heartly. How nice the Quartell was, and vig'd withall Your high Hipire fore all this affected, With gentle beath, came the once humble boy Could not make truce with the viole fience Of Tybalt's desire, to peace, but that he Tills With Peircing Steele at bold Mercutio's breast, Who all as hot, turne deadly point to point, And with a Marshall Forme, with one hand breas Cold death alike, and with the other fedes It back to Tybalt, whose dexterty

Rette to it. Romeo he cries aloud, Hold Friends, Friends part, and with a sword then his tongue, His aged armes, bears down four of fallent points, And twist them tufles, uncereth whole arms, An audious thigh from Tybalt, just the bite Of Wlout Mercutio, and then Tybalt red. But by and by comes backe to Romeo, Who had but newly enamend Revenge, And so they give it lighting, for ere I Could draw to poynt them, was that Tybalt slaine: And as he fell, did Romeo nose and flie. This is the truth, or let itwenois die.

Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague, Affection makes him false, he takes not true: Some true of the enmity, in this blacke file, And all those twenty could but kill one life. I beg the judgement, whose thou Prince must give: Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Rom. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio, Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe. Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio friend, His life concludes, but that the law should end, The life of Tybalt.

Rom. And for that offence, Immediately we do execte him hence: I have an interest in your hearts proceeding: My blood for your rude bracelets doth a bleading, But I am mee you wish a home a five, Theirs a faire all, respect of the same. It will enter our gaper's dozen disasters, Not to re- our pray'r eno, nor procure our abuses Therefore wine none, let Remembrance hence in that, Filfe when he is found, that home is his last. Bears hence this body, and attend your will: Mercy not Murtherers pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt. Enter Juliet alone.

7ol. Gallow space, you hear the Footes biddes, Towards Phoebus lodging, such a Wagoner As Pleasure would whip you to the well, And bring in Cleane night immediately, Speak thy close Cartrage Lawe-performing night, That twain-ways eyes may winkle, and Romeo Lepe to these arms, varlet of and vnseene, Lour'd, as fee to doe their Amorable rights, And by their owne Beautete or if Leue be bland, It belg agrees with night, come to night, Than sturer fured Matron all in blacke, And learme me how to loose a winning match, Playd for a prize of staineless Maidhoods, Hood my vmnud's blood bayting in my Cheekes, With thynke Blak manle, all of fange Loue growbold, True Loue ached simple modellie:Come night come Romeo, come thou say in night, For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night, Whiter then new Snow upon a Rattens bace Come gentle night, come loyng blacke,brown night. Gome me my Romeo, and when I shall die, Take me and cutt me out in little flares, And he will make the Face of heaven to fine, That all the world shall be in Leue with night, And pay no worship to the Garish Sun, O I have bought the Mansion of a Loue, But not poifet it, and though I am fold, Not yet enjoy'd, so tedious is this day, As is the night before some Fethuall.
To an impatient child that bath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cards.

And the brings no less and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo, name, speaks heavenly eloquence:

Now Nurse, what news? what hath thou there?

The Cards that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. I, I, the Cards.

Jul. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou weep thy hands?

Nurse. A wail, she's dead, she's dead,
We are undone, Lady, we are undone.

Alacke the day, she's gone, she's kill'd, she's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can.

Though heaven cannot, O Romeo, Romeo,
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo.

Jul. What diuell art thou,
That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roared in dismall hell,
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowe I shall pay moreon.

Then why? because his eye of Cockatrice,
I am not, if there be such an.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I,
The be that ray I, lor, if not, no.

Brief, founds, determine of my weale or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw with mine eyes,
God save the mark, here on his marble breast.
A pittous Coarse, a bloody pittous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedewed in blood,
All in gore blood I found at the fight.

Jul. I broke my heart,
Poore Balthasar breake at once,

To proue eyes, nets looke on libertie.

Vie earth to earth religion, and motion here,
And thou and Romeo prest upon a last breake.

Nurse. O Tybalt, O Tybalt, the bel friended me:
O curteous Tybalt honeli Gentleman,
That nere I shoulde live to see thee dead.

Jul. What Romans is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is Romeo fürghtes? and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearest Lord:
Then deafdull Trumpeter round the generall doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Did Romeo hand shed Tybalt's blood
It did not did, as the day did it.

Nurse. O serpents heart hid with a flowering face,
Jul. Did ever Dragon keepe to faire a Cae?

Most sweetfull, most friend Angelical:
Remember, State feather'd Raven,
Voile with sweet Angel's truthe.

Dapper blighte of Dunsell show,
Jul. what, what a pitifully seem.

A dainty love, Honorable Villaine:
O Nature! what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst bow the spirits of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet felth?

Was ever book containing such wild matter
So fairy bound? of that descent should dwell
In such a monstrous Palace.

Nurse. There's no truth, no faith, no honorie in men,
All price, all for loose, all bought, all defilemers,

Ah where's my man? glue me some Aqua-vita?

Theirs griefes, their woes, their forrowes make me old,

Shame come to Romeo.

Jul. Blithe is thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:

Upon his brow flame is affumed to fit;

O, 'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd

Solo Monarch of the vniverse fall earth:

O, what a beast was I to chide him?

Nurse. Will you speak weell of him,

That kill'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy rame,

When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.

But wherefore Villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would heil my husband;

Backe foolishe tears, backe to your native spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you misliking offer up to toy.

My husband liues that Tybalt should have slaine,
And Tybalt death that would have slaine my husband;

All this is comfort, wherefore wepe I then:

Some word was there was worse then Tybalt's death

That murdred me, I would forget it alene,

But oh, it preffes to my memory,

Like dammed guilty droe to furners minds,

Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:

That banished, that one word ban fiied,

Hath flame ten thousand Tybalt's Tybalt's death

Was woe enough if it had ended there:

Or if lower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will bee ranked with other griefes,

Why followed not when the said Tybalt's death,

Thy Father or thy Mother say or both,

Which madememonstrion might have most:

But which a rare-ward following Tybalt death,

Romeo is banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

Allelouia, all dead. Romeo is banished,

There is no end, no limit, mesure, bound,

In that words death, no words can that woe found,

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Jul. Tybalt, my sleeping, and waiting oure Tybalt Coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. With they ben wouds with tears so small I shalt be fent
When theirs are dice to Romeo's banishment.

Take vp thofe Coates, persee ropers you are beguil'd,

Both you and I for Romeo's child.

He made you for sligh-way to my bed,

But I Maid, the Maidens wedlock.

Come Cord, come Nate, He to my wedding bed,

And death not Romeo to my Maidens head.

Nurse. He to ye chamber, He find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is:

Hackle ye your Romeo will be here at night,

He to him, he is lod at Lawrence Cell.

Jul. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,

And bid him come to take his left face well.

Enter Friar and Romeo,

Fri. Romeo come forth,

Come forth thou fearfull man,

Affliction is enamored of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity,

Rome, what news?
Since birth, and heaven and earth, all these do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
For, thou, thou hast thy shape, thy soul, thy wit,
Which like a Villain abroad in it all:
And while none is that true wise indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy soul, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, a ball of forms, and waie,
Diggelling from the value of a man.
Thy dear Loue sworne but hollow penetratiue,
Killing that Loue which thou heart had vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Oraison, to shape and Loue,
Misap'ning in the conduct of them both:
Lake powder in a skilfull Souldivers Lake,
Is let a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thon dismembered with thine owne defence.
What rowne thee man, thy titles is alue,
For whose dear so long thou wert and lately dead.
There art thou happy, Thy soul would kill thee,
But thou art Tychake, there art thou happy.
The law that threatens death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to, else, there art thou happy.
A packe or bleeding light uppon thine backe,
Happineless Court thee in her belt array.
But like a mistyshaped and fallen wench,
Thou punche.'t thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such are miserable.
Go get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to her, where
Where thou shalt but till we can find a time
To blaste your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Bag pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy.
Then thou wert forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haffen all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt who.
Rom. is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have liad here all night,
To heare good comfort: what learning is!
My Lord tell me my Lady you will copue.
Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweepe prepare to childe.
Nur. There is a young lady I am sure you see it:
He ye make, half, for a grooves very fair.
Rom. Have you, I thank you, my comfort is readied by this.

Go, Goliath.
Goodnight, and here finds all your flate:
Either he gone before the watch be bet,
Or by the accute of day disgraced from hence,
Smoued in Mauna, left out your men,
And as shall signifie from time to time,
Every good lipe to you, that chances here:
Gone up to bed, 'tis late, fast well, goodnight.
Rom. But that my paty go's call out on me,
It were a grate to stow so to part with thee.

Exeunt.

Enter all Captains, Dux Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things have done soe farre unexpectedly,
That we have had no time to more our Daughter:
Look ye, the Loue's her kinfdom Tychake dearly,
And do it! We, well we were borne to die.
In weare, but not come downe too night:
I promisse you, but for your company,

I would have bin a bed at some heare ago.

Par. Thce times of woe, afford soe much to woe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.
Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mewed up to her heauine.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childres loue: I think she will beauld
In all respects by me a more, I doubt not.
Wife, go you other ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Some Paris Loue,
And bid her, marke you're me, on Wenday next,
But lost, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, he baswell Wenday is too soone.
A Thursday let it be a Thursday tell ber,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hal?
Wee kepe no great adoe, a friend or two?
For make you, Tychake being tame fo late,
It may be thought we held him carefully,
Being our kinfman, as we retell much:
Therefore wee have some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there en 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 Tychake ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this weddng day,
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber now,
Aione me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Enter Romeo and Julet aftt.

Inl. What thou be gone? It is not yet mear day;
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pip'd the fairest hollow of thine ear:
Nightly the fongs on yonder Pomegranet tree,
Believe me, Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Morn:
No Nightingale, that Loue what ension finds
Do lace the teetering Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and faston day
Sunke tip'to on the miffte Mountains tops,
I must be gone, and live, or slay and die.

Inl. Yond light is not dayly, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Manina.
Therefore thy yet should not be gone,
Rom. Let me be tore, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
He say you're gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cymbal brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whiche noates do baste
The vaulty heauen to high above our heads,
I have more care to stay, then will go:
Come death and where, Tychake wills it so.
How if my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Inl. It is, it is, 'tis hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that fings fos out of tune,
Straining borth Discords, and vnplesing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuison;
This doth not fo: for the diuision v.
Some by the Larke we chased Toud change eyes,
Onow I would they had chang'd voyces too.

Since
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliete. 69

Since some from some that voyce doth vs affray.
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt vs to the day,
O now be gone, more light and ill light grows.
Now light and shade, when more dark doth our woes.
Enter Madam and Nurse.

Ner. Madam.
Ner. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, lookes about.
Lad. Then window let me in, and let life out.
Rem. Farewell, farewell, one knife and lie defend.
Nur. Art thou gone for Love, Lord, by your Husband, Friend,
I mustT hear thee every day in the house,
For in a statute there are many daies,
O by this count I shall be much in years,
I'll be againe behold my Romeo.
Rem. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunit,
That may conuey my griefes: Love, so thee,
Nur. O thinkst thou we shall ever meet again?
Rem. I doubt is not, and all these woes shall frue
For sever discontentes in our time to come.
Lad. O Lord! I have had Dinking foule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so loveful.
At one dead in the bottom of a Tomb,
Either my eye-fight faile, or thou look't pale.
Rem. And trust me Love, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinks our blood, Adieu, adieu.
Lad. O Fortune, Fortune, all men are thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doth thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune;
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
And bringe him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughters, are you rp?
Nur. Who is't that calleth? is it your Lady Mother?
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccom't doth procure her hither?
Lad. Why how now Isabella?
Rem. Madam I am not well.
Nur. Euen more weeping for your Cozins death:
What will thou wit from him his grace with tears?
And if thou couldst, couldst thou do not think he must make
Therefore have done, some griefe, thresws much of Love,
But much of griefe, griefes still want some of wit.
Lad. Yet let me wepe, for such a feeling loafe,
Lad. So shall you feele the loafe, but not the Friend
Which you wepe for.
Lad. Feeling in the loafe,
I cannot chuse but ever wepe the Friend.
Lad. Well Girle, thou wepe't not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine lines which slaughter'd him,
Rem. What Villaine, Madam?
Lad. That famous Villaine Rave,
Rem. Villaine and he, by many miles affaider
God pardon, I doe, with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieze my heart.
Lad. That is because the Traitor lines-
Rem. I Madam from the reach of thee my hands
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will have vengeance for it, least thou not,
Then wepe no more, I will tende to one in Magines,
That wise and honest Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such vnscandall'd draught,
That he shall famne keep of a merry company.
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied, madam.
The Tragedie of Romea and Juliet.

To go with Parz to Saint Peters Church;
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither,
Out you greene ficcоsse currant, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Pie, pie, what are you mad?
O God, my Father, I see thee on my knees
Here me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurslay,
Or never after looke me in the face.

Speaker, nay, not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch with, I scarce can stifle,
That God bad less vs but this oney Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in hauing her:
Out on her Hailing.

Nur. God in heaven bless heer,
You are too blame my Lord to scarce her fo.
Fa. And why my Lady wise and hold your tongue,
Good Pearleance, matter with your goffels, go.

Nur. I speake no tresson,
Father, O God, I will,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling fool,
Visit your grave, your are a Glifft Bowles.
Fa. Here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, house, time, time, work, play,
Alone in companion, all at rate hath bin
To hauve her matched, and having now promis'd
A Gentleman of Nobl Parliament,
Of fore Demerets, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Staff as they say with Honourable, partes,
Proportion as one thought would with a man,
And then to hauve a wretched puling fool,
A Whanneger, in her Fortune tender,
To answer, he not wed, I canst not love.
I am too young, I pray you pardon me,
But, if you will not well, I 'll pardon you,
Grace where you will, you shall not hauve with me.

Locke too, thake on't, I dancie vis to tell.

Thursdays is the day hand on heart, daffe,
And you be same, I give you to my Friend.
As you be nothing, here is the chase, die in the fleects,
For by my soule, I here acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Truth too, thake but on't, you'll not be forsworne.

Exit. I

Is there no wise falling in the Clouds,
This fen through the bottome of my griefe?
O gentle Mother call me not away,
Day, night, pleasure, half a week, and vis,
If you do not, makke the Bedd bedd
In that dan Monument where Tybalt lie.

Ade. Take out so, for he not speake a word,
Do shut wind, for I have done with thee.

Exit. I O God!

O no, he shall not be present?
My head doth bare my faith, my faith becomen,
How shall the soule, rejoice against so much,
Violente, I hang found, I come from heaven,
By sitting earth strike Confort me, compasse me, a.
Hush, wall, that heaven find and practive fratres com.

What faith thousand thou not a word of joy?

Fa. The

Nur. Faith here is, Romea is banisht, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares here come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case to stand as it now doth,
I think you well you examined with the Countie.
O here's a Lovely Gentleman an
Romea a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not forgottne, so quicke, so faire an eye
As Parth hath, bestraw my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first, if it did not,
Your fisht is dead, or were as good be were,
As living here and you no wife of him.

Iul. Speake thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my foole too,
Or elie bestraw them both.

Iul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Iul. Well, thou hast conforted me, maruelous much,
Goin, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeased my Father to Lawrence Cell,
To make confession, and to be abol'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wittely done,
Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin to wise with me thus forsworne,
Or to dispresse my Lord with that same tongue
Which he hauishled him with about compare,
So many thousand tides? Go Counsellor,
Thous and my boome shenche forth shall be brace
He to the Friar to know his remedy,
I'll all elie, sae, my selfe have power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Friar and Covent Friar.

Fri. On Thursday the time is very short,
Par. My Father Capulet will hauie it so,
And yet nothing foall to slack his haft.
Iul. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Venous is the counsell, like it not.

Par. Immoderately the weepes for Tybalt death,
And therefore bave I little talkie of Love,
For I am mitte not in a houfe of teares.
Now hau, her Father, outhe it dangerous
That thou dost give her sorrow so much way:
And in his wise dome hauish our Jumpings,
To flope the inundation of her teares,
Which to much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reasone of this haft?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flow'd.
Looke for, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Lady.

Par. Happily mett, my Lady and my wife.
Iul. That may be so, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be love, on Thursday next.
Iul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine term.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Iul. To answer were, I should confesse to you.
Par. Do not denye to him, that you Love me.
Iul. I will confesse to you that I Love her.
Par. So will I, I am sure that you Love me.

Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spake behind your beake, then to your face.

Par. Poor foolish, my face is much shuff'd with tears.

Iul. The
The Tragedie of Rome and Judic.

I. In. The states have got small victorie by this:

Put it was bad enough before their fight.

Put. Thou saith right. But more thene thanes with that report,

I. In. This is no slander, for in this a truth,

And what I say, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flaundered it.

It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are ye not lesse holy Father now.

Or shall I come to you at evening Mirth?

Pur. My ladie leave me, my prince shall send for thee.

My Lord, now is a notable point of time a now.

Par. God, hard is it to persuade in alum.

Inclining that they shall be well and rest, I.

Tell them I am, and keep them this holy life. Ext Pur.

I. In. O that the crossing of which thou hast done.

Come were with me, with hope, with joy, with peace.

I. In. I already know thy guise.

It is there I pass the time, and tell thy name.

I bear thyn soul and nothing else but such.

On Thursday next be present, in the Court.

I. In. Tell me not First that such interest of the

Votice thou mayst know it in my present in.

If I say, I will do, thou canst not help but do it,

But when I call my resolution wife,

And with her knife, like help is yieldedly.

God, up with my heart, and Rome, put hands, and,

And ere this hand bypass the flour of bread.

Shall I be the Label to another Ode, to

Or my true heart with treacherous treble,

Tune to another, shall flwe them both:

Therefore out of thy long expected all time,

Give me some present count, or behold

Two or my extremities and me, this bloody knife

Shall ply the impiety, wherewith the soul,

With which the command of thy vears and art,

Cant to to the face of true treason bring:

Be not to long to speak, I long to die,

If what thou speak, it speak not of remedy.

For. Hold Daughter, I do feele a kind of hope,

With prophetic desires, as doth desiring,

And as desire the which we do long present.

I. In. Rather then to marre Counte Parus,

That bille the strength of well to thy thyselfe,

This is likely thou wilt undertake.

A thing like death to chuse away the flame,

That with death himselfe to escape it,

And that dull knife, like grot to redeem.

I. In. To marke a diewe, thene marrie Parus,

Of all that dwellings of any Tower,

Or walk well south ways, or bid me aye.

Where Serpent, aye, or shewe me with roaring Bears

Or hide me nightly in the Charnell house,

Or couered quite with dead mens eating bones,

With rocke, thrones, and yellow chappell stuffs:

Or bid me go to a new made grave.

And hide me with a dead man in his grave,

That I will have them told, and made me tremble,

And I will do without feare or doubt,

To live an unbrokine wife to my sweet Loue.

For. Hold them: goe home be merte, goe absent,

To marrie Parus: to day is to morrow,

To morrow is the book that thou be alone.

Let not thy Silver be with thee in the Chamber;

Take thou the Vond being then in bed,

And this by telling drinker thou shewe,

When presently through all thy veins shall run,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliets.

Where for their many hundred yestes the bones
Of all my buried Annointers are packt,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but greene, is and,
I bear his bord, in this my weep, where so they say,
As some in the night, with shedding, refer:
And is it not like that
So easily with that which with both some fruits,
And strikes, like Madarak, out of the earth,
The haging mortals haring them, turn mad.
O let it false, I will not be disheartned,
Informed with al these hights fearers,
And madly play with all these forefathers spoyle
And place the management Tybalt from his hand,
And in this rage, with some great knavea bone,
A, with this club, dash our myre braine.
O look me, think if my Conina God,
Seeking out Romea that dispirit his body
Upon my Rymes point: the Tybalt, stays,
Romea, Romea, Romea, here's doshle.
I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

Lady. Hold.

Take these bezets and fetch more spices Nurse.

Nurse. They call for Dares and Qunteres in the Publie.

Enter old Cuplet.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir, sir,
The second Cooke hath Crowd.
The Curfew Bell hath rung, let's three a clocke:
Look to the bakeake meats, good, gentle, scrup.
Spare not for cost.

Go, you Conqueene, go,

Get you to bed that you be sick to morrow
For this night watcheing.

Cap. Now nor a while, what a house watchere now
All for the lefts, what's gear been there,
I, you have but a Marie-hunt in your tune,
But I will watch you from such watcheing now.

Enter Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A leaful hood a leaful hood,

Now will I know what there.

Enter theer in fresse, fists, and legs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make half, make half, Sirs, fetch drier Logges.

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I have a head sir, that will find out Logges,
And neede no trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Make half, and well said, a merie haton juxta,
Those that be leggered heart, good Father, these days,
Play, sir.

The Countie will be here with Musicke bright.

Fel. For to he said he would, I heare him neere,

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Iuliet, go and trim her vp,
He go and chat with Parishes, make half,
Make half, the Bridgewoome, he is come already.
Make half I say.

Nurse. Mistress, what Mistres Iuliet? I say I warrant her face,
Why Lame, why Lame, lie you till good bed,
Why Lame I say, Mt. sweet heart, why pride?
What not a word? You take your penworthes now.
Sleepe for a wecke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Parz hath left her vp in her rell,
That you shall rell but little.

Marry and Amen. how found she a sleepe?
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. 73

But heaven keeps his part in external life:
The most he sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven, she should be damned,
And weep ye now, to see her adored!
Above the Clouds, as high as heaven it seeth
O in this love, you lose your Child in ill,
That you can fail, that she is well,
She's not well married, that sheus married long,
But she's well married, that she's married young.
Dite up your tears, and fickle your Rosmary
On this faire Coorie, and as the outmost in,
And your bell array bear her to your Church.
For though some Nature bids all vs. lament,
Yet Nature sees are Resolutions unremittent.

I a. All things that we ordained Fethall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall;
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our weeding cheer, to sad burials:\nOur solenne Hymnes, to solene Dygres change;
Our redall flowers seare for a buried Coorie;
And all things change them to the contrary.

P r. Sir po yee, and Madam, go with him,
And go! Fare, every one prepare
To follow this faire Coorie were her grave:
The Leaume do lowres vp you, for some all.
Mowe them no more, by crofting their high will, Extrem

A m. Faith we may put vp ou Pipes and be gone,
Nur. Hanell groot-flowers? & put vp, vp, vp,
For well you know, this is a very full case.

A m. 1 by my troth, the safety may be amended.

Enter Peter.

P e. Mutilions, oh Mutilions,
Hearts eate hearts eafe,
O, and you will have me live, play hearts eafe.

A m. Why hearts eafe?

P e. O Mutilions.

Because my heart is selfe plase, my heart is full.

A m. Not a dun p we, 'tis no time to play owne.

P. You will not then?

A m. No.

P e. I will then give it you foundy.
A m. What will you give vs?

P e. No money on my faith, but the glockey.
I will give you the Minifrell.
A m. Then will I give you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the famous Creatures Dagger
on your name. I will cause no Crochettisle Re you, ile Pa
you, do you see me?

A m. And you Re vs and Pa vs, you Note vs.

2. Me Pray you put up your Daggers.

And put out your wit,
Then here at you with my wit.

Peter. I will give you with an eon wit,
And put vp you your Dagger.

A m. I see me like men.

When gaping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mischief with her fluer found.

Why fluer found? why'ue Musick with her fluer found.

what say you Symon Cudling?

A m. Mary sir, because fluer hath a sweet found.

Peter. Praytell, what say you Hugh Robde?

2. Me I say fluer found, because Mutilions found for fil.

Peter. Praytell to, what say you James Stand-Puff? over 3.

A m. Faith I know not what to say.

Peter O I cry you n p, you are the Singer.

I will say for you; it Must be with her fluer found.

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The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Because Musitions have no gold for founding: Then Mustick with her flutes found, with speedy helps doth lend redresse. Exit. Ms. What a pleasant knave is this same? Exit. 2. Hang him Jacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and lacy dinner. Exit. Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand: My bosomes List in this highe in thine breast, And all thine day an evoculum'd spirit, List me about the ground with cheerefull thoughts. I dream my Lady came and found me dead, (Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think,) And breathe'd such life with kisses in my lips, That I rest and was an Emperour. Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe poelft, When but lowes shadowes are so rich in joy. Enter Romeo's man. News from U.rania, how now Ballateus? Doth thou was bringe me Letters from the Friar? How doth my Lady? Is my Father well? How doth my Lady Juliet? that I sake again, For nothing can be ill, if the be well. Men. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill. Her body was starv'd in Capels Monument, And inanmortal part with Angels live, I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault, And presently poofe to tell it you: O pardon me for Bringing theise all never, Since you did leave it for my office Sir. Rom. Is it even so? Then I leave you Starres, Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper, And hire Post-Hoofes, I will hence to night. Men. I do beseech you for, hate patience! Your looks are pale and wild, and do import Some calamit, Ter. Thuf, thou art decreed, Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do, Haft thou no Letters to me from the Friar? Men. No my good Lord. Exeunt Amen.

Rom. Momenter: Get thee gone, And byre those Heres, Ie be with thee straight, Well Juliet, I will be with thee to night: Lett see for meanes: O mischief thou art swifts, To enter in the thoughts of desperate men: I do remember an Apothecarye, And here about doth dwell, which late I noted In tatter'd vestes, greuwling breues, Calling of Simplex, meager were his looks, Silate musite had wornne him to the bones: And in his bedside strop a Tortoys hung, An Allegator stuff, and other stuff Of ill fayn'd felis, and about his felisues, A beitilgely account of empire boxes, Greenenxen pots, Bladders, and muffe fadders, Remants of pitchtr'd, and old cakes of Rofes were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew. Noting this penury, to my selfe I said, An if a man did need a poyston now, Whole sale was pestent death in Munia, Here lies a Cristiffe wretch would fell it him, O this same thought did but fore-run my need, And this same needie man must fell it me.

As I remember, this should be the knife, Being holy day, she beggers sheep is shut. What ho! Apothecare. Exit Apothecare. App. Who call's Iow low'd? Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore, Hold, here is fortie Dolettes, let me have A stem of poyston, such poome speeding garse, As will dispers'nt it throughe all the v'ries, That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead, And that the Trunke may be diskard of breath, As violently as baffe powder fierd Dost burry it in the tall Canos wombe. App. Such mortall drugs I have, but Munia law Is death to any he, that eateth them. Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedesse, And fear it to die? Pamin is in thy cheeks, Need and opression flaneth in thy eyes, Contempt and beggery hangeth upon thy backe! The world is not thy friend: nor the worl'ds law, 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 contents, Rom. I pray thy poorty, and not thy will, App. Puts this in any liquide thing you will And drink it off, and if thou hast the strength Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight. Rom. There's thy Gold, Worse poyston to tenss soules, Dung more mutther in this lostsome world, Then these poome compounds that thou maist not fell, I fell thee poyston, thou haft fold me mouth, Farewell, buy food, and get thy self free. Come Cordall, and not poyston, goe with me To Inlets grave, for there must I live thee. Exeunt Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence. John. Why! Francis! to Friar Brother, low? Enter Friar Lawrence. Law. This name should be the voice of Friar John. Welcome from Munia, what fayes Romeo? Or if his mind be write give me his Letter. John. Going to find a bare-foote Brother at our, One of our order to associate me, Here in this citie visitings the sick, And finding him, the Serchers of the Towne Suspechting that we both were in a houle Where the infectious pestilence did rage, Stald vp the doores, and would let us forth, So that my speed to Munia thare was frail. Law. Who has my Letter then to Romeo? John. I could not send it, here it is againe, Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fayles were they of infection. Law. Vaineste Fortune: by my Brother Iod The letter was not nice, but full of charly, On desire impert, and the neglecting, May do much danger: I do, John, I do, Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight Unto my Cell. John. Brother Ie goe and bring it thee. Law. Now off to the Monument I erect, Within this three hours it will fine, wher we shal, Shall bro'v'n - me much the as Rome, Hath in no notice of these accidents, But I will write again to Munia, and

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And keep her at my cell till Romeo come,
Poocheth Coast, doth in a dead mans Tomb, — Exeunt.

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;
Voter yond young Tress say thee all along,
Holding the ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Bend loose, unshamed with digging vp of Graves,
But thou shalt hear it whistled then to me,
As signal that thou hastreted some thing approach,
Gie 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.

Page. Sweet Flower with flower the Bridal bed alack:
O we, thy Canope is daintily flanc,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe.
Or wanting that, with teares teard by money,
The obsequies that for thee I will keep,
Nightly shall be, to straw thy grace and weep.

Per. The Boy Give warning something doth approach,
What curd foot wanders this ways to night,
To cross my obsequies, and true loves right.
What with a Torch? Muff me nights a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Romeo. Give me that Mattocke, & the wenching 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 thee hearst tell it freely, stand tall aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course,
Why I defend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: A Ring that I could se,
In desire employment, wherefore hence be gone:
But if thou seest doff return to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will ease thee soyn by soyn,
And thes this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
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By heaven I will ease thee soyn by soyn,
And thes this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
In desire employment, wherefore hence be gone:
But if thou seest doff return to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
The Tragedie of Rome and Iuliet.

Thy drugs are quicker. Thus with a knife I die.

Enter Friar with Lieutenant, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night Have I my old ear thumbed at grave. Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friar, one that knows you well.

Fri. Biffle be vpon you. Tell me good my friend

What Torch is yond that vaneely lends his light
To grubs, and eye-leffe Scullers? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capel Monument.

Man. It doth to holy fie,
And there's a Martyr, one that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeus.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full hale an house.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not sir.

My Martyr knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menaceme with death.
If I did flay to looke on his entente.

Fri. Stay, then I'll go alone, fears comes upon me.
O much the feeling thing.

Man. As I did sleepe under this young tree here,
I dreamt my maitre and another fought,
And that my Maitre shew him.

Fri. Romeus.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The flooie entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Maitriffes, and soiree Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romous, oh pale: who else wroughe Romeus too?
And sleepe in blood? Ah what an evill house
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady this,

I'll comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my Romeus?

Fri. I heard some noyose Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnreturnable sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict.
Hath thwarted our intents, come come away,
Thy husband in thy beforese there lies dead:
And Paries too: come I dispoute of thee.
Among a Silkehood of holy Nunnes :
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Comte, go good Lady, I dare no longer stay.

Exit. I'll goe the hender, for I will not ways.
What's here? A cup close in my true lovers hand?
Poison I see hath bin his timelee and
O charle, drink it and let no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happie some poysyon yet drysh hanging on them,
To make me die with a restorative
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Day and Watch.

Anch. Lead Bey, which way?

Jul. Yes noile?

Then do breafes. O happy Dagger.

This is the feast about and let me die Kils hersef.

Exit. This is the place.

There where the Torch doth Byrne
Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, where you see you find attache.
Pittiful with, here the Countess Flaine,
And cinett bleeding, warme and very dead.

Who here hath laine these two days broken.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capel, 
Raisse vp the Minstreges, some others leach,
Ne let the ground whereon these woes do lyve,
But the true ground of all these pious woes,
We cannot without circumspection die.

Enter Romeus' man.

Watch. Here's Romeus's man.
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in suety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Prince and another Watchman.

Prince. His. Here is a Friar that trembles, fights, and wepees.
We took this Martscoke and this Space from him.
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suplication, stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince.

Prius. What misadventure is so easy vp,
That calls our perrons from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Cap. What should it be that they do shriek abroad?

Wife. O people, that in this threee city Romeus.
Some Iuliet, and some Paries, and all sorne.
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Prius. What fearse is this which disturbeth your ears?
Wife. Soourely, here cometh the Countesse Paries flaine,
And Romeus dead, and Iuliet dead before,
Warme and new dead.

Prius. Search, Seek, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and Slauffert Romeus man,
With Instruements upon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombs.

Cap. O heare,

O wise looke how our daughter bleedeth!
This Dagger hath mistame, for los his haue
Is empty in the backe of Montague,
And is unfeathred in my Daughters bodome.

Wife. One, this fight of death is as a Bell,
That wants my old age to a Sepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prius. Come Montague, for these are early vp
To seethy Sonne and Here, now early downe.

Montague. Alas my heare, my wife is dead to night,
Grate of my Sunnes exile hath slept her breath;
What further woe confurtes against my age?

Prius. Lookes, and thou shalt bee.

Montague. O thou wast unthought, what manner in this,
To preffe before thy Father to a grave?

Frem. Sollite yea the mouth of morte for a while,
Till we can cleare theses sobe points,
And know their springer, their head, their true defect,
And there the will be trall of your woes,
And lead you on to deathes moment time forrest,
And all mischance be slue to patience.

Enter watch, and part of the parrtis of suplication.

Fri. I am the grister, able to doe leaft,
Yet most suspetted as the time and place
Doth make against me of this drestfull macher,
And here I plaine I know not to speach and purge
My telle condemned, and my telle escud.'d.

Prius. They sae at once, what thou dont know in this?

Frem. I will be briefe, for my short date of sphere
Is not so long as a riches tale.

Romeus ther alie was husband to that Iuliet,
And the threee that's Romeus faithfull wife.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. 79

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was Tyburn's Doome-day: whose viteme death
Banished the new-made Bridegroome from this City:
For whom (and not for Tyburn) I one day dye.
You, to remoue that siege of Griefe from her,
Bethroth's land would have married her perfec
To Comtie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And (with whyle looke) bid me deuile some means
To bid her from this feconde Marriage;
Or shal my Cell there where she should kill her selfe.
Then gaue her (to Tyburn'd by my Aye)
A Sleeping Potion, which sooke effect
As I intenioned, for it wrought on her.
The forme of death. Meane time, I write to Rome.
That he should hither come, as this daye night,
To halpe to take her from her borrowed grace,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Friar John,
Was slay'd by accident: and yet nextnight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
As the pressued hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vaults,
Meaning to keep her cloe by my Cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Other awakening) here untimely lay
The Noble Paris, and true Romeos deade.
Shce wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And beate this worke of heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And the (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it feeme) did violence on her selfe.
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 sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Vasto the rigour of feuerish Law.

Brie. We still have knowe thee for a Holy man.
Where's Romeos man? What can he say to this?
Romeo. 1 brought my Matter newes of Juliet's death,
And then in poete he came from Manone
To this fame place, to this fame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatened me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Brie. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Countiess Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Mafter in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to throw his Ladies grave,
And bid me hand strooke, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to open the Tombe,
And by and by my Mafter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Brie. This Letter doth make good the Friers words.
Their course of heauen, the rydings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothekeire, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Juliet.
Where be the Enemies? Capules, Montague,
See what a fowcrige is laide upon your hate,
That heauen finds meanes to kill your soyes with love;
And I, for winking in your discords too,
Have left a brace of Kindmen: All are punisht.

Cap. O brothr Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters toynature, for no more
Can I demand.

Moure. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her Statute in pure Gold,
That whiles Zeroua by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set.
As that of True and Faithfull Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeos by his Lady ly,
Porse facerizes of our enemi.

Brie. A glooming pease this morning; with it bringes,
The Sunne for fowre will not frowe his head;
Go hence, to have more talkes of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punish'd.
For never was a Storie of more Wei.
Then this of Juliet, and her Romeo.

Excusant moine

FINIS.

V. iii 233—310

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THE LIFE OF TYMONT
OF ATHENS.

Aulus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, as several hours.

Poet. Good day Sir.

Pau. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen ye long, how goes the World?

Pau. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. 1 that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record nor matches: see
Majicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hast comu'd to attend,
I know the Merchant.

Pau. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Merr. O'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fitt.

Merr. A most incomparable man: breath'd as it were,
To an enstrayable and continuoue goodness:
He passes,

Jew. I have a Jewell here.

Merr. O pray let's see it. For the Lord Tymon's fit?

Jew. 'Tis he will touch the ellestone. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the void,

It shames the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly fitts the good.

Merr. 'Tis a good Burme.

Jew. And rich: here is a Water looke ye.

Pau. You are rape fir, in some worke, some Dedication
to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing fitt listly from me.

Our Poesie is as a Glowe, which vies
From whence 'tis nourish't: the fire ith Flint
Shewes not, till it be flouke: our gentle flame
Proouces it fulle, and like the cuntain'd eyes
Each bownd ar a 'ses. What have you there?

Pau. A Picture here: when comes your Book so forth?

Poet. Upon the heiles of my pretentious fir.

Let's see your piece.

Pau. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poet. 'Tis so, this cometh off well, and excellent.

Pau. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Spraikes his name standing: what a mental power
Thus eye flowes forth: How bigge imagination
Mustes in this lip, to the dumbbell of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pau. It is a pretty mocking of the life;
Here is a touch: it's good?

Poet. I will say it is.

Pau. A Tutor Nature, ArtificialDiese
Loves in these touches, blusser then life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pau. How this Lord is follow'd.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pau. Lookke mee.

Pau. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I have in this rough work, Shap'd out a man
Whom this beneficent world doth embrace and hugg
With amplest entertainment: My free gift
Hai't not particularly, but mouer it fell
In a wise Sea of wax, no teel'd its malle
Insects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaing no Trace behind.

Pau. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unfold to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mankinds,
As well of gibb and flipp'y Creatures, as
Of Grace and sufF'rer Qualities, tender downe
Their tenures to Lord Tymon: his large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hinging,
Subsides and properties to his love and tendance.
All sorts of hearts ye; from the glassec-fac'd Flatterer
To Ape-man, that few things loves better
The selfe admirer himselfe; even hee drops downe
The knee before him, and resumes in peace
Mortall rich in Tymon's wood.

Pau. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Fogg'd Fortune to be thorow'd,
The Baie of Mount
It rank'd with all defects, all kinds of Natures
That laboure on the bosom of this Sphere,
To propagate their flares: amongst them all,
Whole eyes are on this Sovereigne Lady fis;
One do I perfomme of Lord Tymon frame,
Whom Fortune with her honey hand waits to her,
Whole present grace, to preff're flaws and fervants
Translates his Rivals.

Pau. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinke's

With
Timon of Athens.

With one man heeck'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the Geeny Mount.
To climb his happiness, would be well expect
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but bare me out:
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his vallay; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance.
Ranct Sacrificall whisperings in his ear,
Make Sacred men histheytop, and through him
Drinketh thee Ayre.

Pan. 1 marvel, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune after flout and change of mood
Spawes downe her behests, all is Dependes us
Whose Blood doth satter him to the Mountaine top,
Even on their knees and hand, but him fain are,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pan. Tis common:
A thousand most all Paintings in a Flout,
That shall demand those three quick blows of Fortune,
More prudently then words. Yet you do well,
To follow Lord Timon, that menes eyes have seen
The foot about the head.

Tramps found.

Enter Lord Timon, and address the Servant currently
to every Servant.

Tim. imperial was hee, say you?

Serv. Imy good Lord, true Talents is his debt,
His meanes must flout, his Creditors must flout:
Your Honourable Letter he defers
To those haste that him vp, which failing,
Perids his comfort.

Tim. Noble Vincent well:
I am now of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must acide me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deferes a helper,
Which he shall have. He pay the debt, and free him.

Serv. Your Lordship ever bindes him.

Tim. Command me to him, I will fend his ranstoms,
And being enfranchis bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Serv. All hapiness to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, hear me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Squawt mar'd Lactis.
Tim. I haste to: What of him?

Oldm. Moft Noble Timon; call the man before thee.

Tim. Attend hee, or no Lactis.

Luc. Here at your Lordships service.

Oldm. This Fellow here, L Timon, this thy Creature,
By night freights my house. I am a man
That from my first have beene inclin'd to thiefe,
And my elate deferves an Ifray more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Treacher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Oldm. One only Daughter have I, no Kin elfe,
On whom I may conferre what I have got:
The Maid is faire, a ty'tyng girl for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my decreft cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love; I prye thee (Noble Lord)

Tim. Would he forbide him her servise,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honestly rewards him in it selfe,
It must beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does thee love him?

Oldm. She is young and apt:
Our one precedent passion do instinct us
What leuities in youth.

Tim. How shall she be endowd,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman and more
Hath lend me long:
To build his Fortune, I will raile a little,
For its a Bonding men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you will, I shall not compute it,
And make him weight a Silver.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to thy Honour, he is his,
Tim. My hand to thee,
Most Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I think your Lordship neer for my keeping;
Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Tim. I thank thee, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Serv. A piece of Painting, which I doe beteach
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome,
The Painting is almost the Natural man:
For since Dilion Marron Traders with many Nature,
He is but out-side: Thes Penful'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your works,
And you shall finde like it, Waste attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Serv. The Gods preferre ye.

Tim. Well Iare you Gentleman; give me your hand,
We must needs dite together; fit your Jewell
Hath sufferd under prate.

Jewel. What my Lord, disprase?

Tim. A mere facety of Comendations,
If I shouldpay you for't as it extoid,
It would unclow me quite.

Jewel. My Lord, 's rated
As those which fell would give: but you well know,
Things of like vallay differing in the Owners,
Are prised by the Masters. Beere's dear Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it,
Tim. Well mack'd.

Exit 

Serv. No my good Lord, he speake's common tong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be child?

Jewel. Well beare with your Lordship.

Serv. Hee'll spare none.

Tim. Good mornow to thee,

Gentle Vrastus.

Exit 

Act l.
Timon of Athens.

When thou art Timon's dogge, and thes Knaves honest.

Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon

To knocke out an honest Athenians brains.

That's a deed thou'rt dide for.

Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

How lik'd thou this picture Apemantus?

The bitt, for the innocence.

Wrought he not well that painted it.

He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a dirty piece of worke.

Thy Mothers of my generation: what's the if, if I be a Dogge?

Wilt thou do me Apemantus?

No: I esteem not Lords.

And thou shouldst, shouldst anger Ladies.

O they hate Lords!

So they come by great belles.

That's a licentious apprehension.

So, thou apprehend it.

Take it thy labour.

How dost thou like this lowell, Apemantus?

Not so well as plain-dealing, which wilt not cast a man a Doit.

What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Now how Philosophy?

Thou lyest.

Art not one?

Yet.

Then I lye not.

Art not a Poet?

Not.

Then thou lyest.

Look in by th'art worke, where thou haft fing'd him a worthy Fellow.

That's not fing'd, he is fo.

Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loue to be flattered, is worthy of that flatterer. Heauen, that I were a Lord.

What wouldst do then Apemantus?

Ere as Apemantus does now, have a Lord with my heart.

What thyself?

Art not thou a Merchant?

Not.

Wherefore?

That I had no angry witt to be a Lord.

Are not thou a Merchant?

Nay.

Thou art Apemantus.

Torgick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Torgick confound thee, the Gods do it.

Trafitrated by God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpe friends. Enter a Messengers,

What Trumpets there

'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse.

All of Companionship.

Timon, they entreat them, give them guide to us.

You must needs done with me; go not yet hence

Till I have thank you: when diners done

Show me this piece, I am in full of your fights. 

Enter Alcibiades with theire.

Most welcome Sir.

So, I will their Aches contract, and strew your supple ioynts that there should bee small love amongst them sweet Knaves, and all this Curefie. The braines of mans bred brot out into Baboon and Monkey.

Sir, you haft far'd my longing, and I feed

Moft hungerly on your fight.

Right welcome Sir:

Ere we depart, wee shall have a bounteous time

In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Enter into Lords.

Lord What time a day is? Apemantus?

Time to be honest.

That time serves till.

The most accursed thou that still omit it. 

Thou art going to Lord Timon Feast,

I, to see meeke fill Knaves, and Wine heat fooles.

Further well, further well.

Thou art a Fool, to bid me farewell twice.

Why Apemantus?

Shouldst I have kept one to thy selfe, for I meant to give thee none.

Hang thy selfe.

I will do nothing at thy bidding: 

Make thy requests to thy Friend,

Away unpeaceable Dogge,

Or he spurne thee hence.

I will flye like a dogge, the heales a th'Affe.

He's opposte to humanity,

Comes shall thy.

And raffe Lord Timon bountie: he out goes

The verse heart of kindnesse.

He promises it out: Planus the God of Gold

Is but his Steward no neede but he repays

Seven-fold above it selfe: No guilt to him, but he creeds the gues a returne: exceeding

All vie of quittance.

The Noblest minde he carrieth,

That euer gouern'd man.

Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in?

He keepes you Company. 

Hobbes Playing lord Ausoick.

A great Banquet serv'd uan: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Venigers which Timon remov'd from prison. Then comes drooping after all Apemantus diuersely like himselfe.

Feste, Most honoure Timon,

It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,

And call him to long peace: 

He gone happy, and left me rich.

Then in gracefull Verses I am bound

To your free hearts, I do returne those Talents

Doubled with thankes and servitice, from whose whole helpe

I derid libertie.

O by no manner,

Honest Veniger? You must take my love.

I gave 

I. i. 180 — I. ii. 9
Timon of Athens

1. Lord. My Lord, we always have consent it.

Time. Nay, my Lord, our Ceremony was but slight'd at first To let a Gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Reassenting goodness, fancy ere our shame,
But where these interest friends, there needs none,
Pray, sir, more welcome are to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

2. Lord. What! my Lord, we always have consent it.

Time. No, no! A Table by himself: For the Necessities of some,
Not is left for a, indeed.

Ap. Let me stay at this apell Time.

Time. I come to oblige, I gue, thee warning me:

Ap. I take no heed of thee: That an Athenian,
Therefore welcome: I my self would have no power,
Pity thee, let my meant thee make his flint.

Ap. I Crone thee mean, 'twould challenge more for I should have better thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eat Timon, and he feets 'em not? It grieveth me to see so many there mean in one man's blood, and all the madness, he chears them upon. I wonder men dare suckle their selves with men. Me think's they should enounce them without honour, Good for there mean, and later for their lusts.

There's much example for the fellow that first him, now parts bread with him, pides the breath of him as a divid draught, in the reached man to kill him. I am become proud, if I were a huge man should feare to drink at meals, lest they should spie my wind pipes dangerous noes, great men should drink with harlottie upon their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.


Ap. Flow this way! A brave fellow. He keeps his tides well, those healths will make there thee and thy late look like Timon.

Here's that which is too weake to be ainner,
Honest water, which mere left man this time:
This and my food are equals, there no odds, Fissils are to proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Enter Seperos.

Immerse Gods, I crave no spoft,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Given I may never come to harm,
His I'm more on the Other's Band,
Or a Harlot for a matrimony,
Or a Orgle and I'm affecting,
Or a Gypsy with my freedom,
Or my friends of which need I'm,
Amen. So safe.
Richmen's feel, and fear root.
Such good dich thy good heart, Aperimtus.

Time. Captain, enter.

Drinker, your hearts in the field, now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Time. You rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
Then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they be bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, could with my best friend at such a feast.

Ap. Would all these Flatterers were then Enemies, then, then they might kill you, and bid me to you.

1. Lord. Might we but hope that hap-pinefs my Lord, that you would once vie our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think our fel-vs let our reft.

Time. I do doubt of my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have promis'd, that I shall have much help from your hand, my Lord, to your friend's elfe. Why have you that charitable side from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of my selfe to thee, then thee with much the speake in your owne behalf. And thus I confirme you. Oh you God! think I, what need we have any Friend, that we should here need of em? They were the most neerulif Creatures living, should we have were thet em and would most remise fnower Instruments hung vp in Cafeteria that keeps there founds to them. Why I have often with my selfe poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are borne to do benefi. And what better or prosper can we call our owne, then the inler, of our Friends! Oh what a precious comfor te, to have many more Brothers command one another. Thou art, oh boy, the made way en, can be borne same sets, and told out water thinks to buy get that Plate. I think to you.

Ap. Thou weynt to make them dience Timon.

2. Lord. O, the like, and must our enuns.

Ap. And in that infirm, like a babe sprung up.

Ap. He, he: I laugh to think of that babe a laffed.

3. Lord. I promose you my Lord you must re-march.


Sound Tucket. Enter the Masters of Amanita, with Lutes in their hands, playning and piping.

7. Tim. What arent these that Trumpet? How now?

Enter Seperos.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certain Ladies most defirous of admittance.

Time. Ladies, what are their wish?

Ser. Their comes with them a lacecumber my Lord, which bears that it's free to forgive their pleasures, Time. I pray let the be admitted.

Enter Capit and with the Matsh of Ladies.

Cap. Hail to the worthy Timon and to all that of his Bounty's sake to be freed Senses knowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentifuls before, they tast touch all, pleased from thy Table rife, They only now come but to Fe 1thine en.

Time. They're welcome all, let them have kind admi-tance, Mafhine make their welcome.

Inc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belov'd.

They daunt? They are undowen.

I. ii. 10—140
Timon of Athens.

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Like Madonilla is the glory of this life,
As the pompe doth move to a little style and more.
We make our slaves Fools, to dispout our felles,
And spend our Masteries, to drink those men,
Of whose whole Age we rove it avarie
With posyonous Spight and Enemy.
Woe be it, that's not despised, or deprayed:
Who dyes, that bears not one spurne to their graces
Of their Friends guff:
I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Which one day slumpe upon me: I bes bende done,
Men that their doores against a sitting buns.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
To thee their tears, each single one an Amazon, and all
Dance, men women, a left frame or two to the
Hobeg, and crias.

Tim. You have done our pleasures.
Much grace (fare Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and knede:
You have added worth vnlookt, and suffer,
And entertain'd me with more owne device.
I am to thank you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take us even at the best.
After faith for the word is fixed, and would not hold
belief, I desire.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attend you,
Plie you to dispove your felles.
All. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exit. Tim. Flamin.

"In. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me higher.
Fla. Yea, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in humor,
Fla. I should tell him so, y'faith. I should.
When all's spent, he'd be up，则 you then, and he could:
This petty Bountie had not eyes behinde,
That man might we be careless for his minde. Exeunt

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Tim. Our Heroes.

Tim. O my Friends:
I must one word to say to you: Look you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to advance this I set accept it, and wear it,
Kind me my Lord.

2 Lord. I am so faire already in your guid.
All. So oare we all.

Enter Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate
Newly aught, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are freely welcome.

Enter Flamin.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouche safe me a word, it
does concern you more.

Tim. Nere? why then another time I heare thee,
I prythee lest he prevaile to show them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucinius
Of that great Lord, hath preferred to you
For Melike, white Hertes, capt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them freely: let the Presents
Be worthy entertained.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What news?

3 Ser. Pleased you my Lord, that handsome Gentleman
Lord Lucinius, entreats your company to morrow,
to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds:

Tim. I baste with him,
And let them be receiv'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and
All out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Peace, or yield me this,
To show what so Bigger, his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises lie to beyond his flate,
That what he speakes in all in debts, he owes for cur'ty word:
He is so knad, that he now pays interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, where I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were fore'd out
Happier is he that has no friends to for'te;

Then such that do one Enemies exceed;
I blaced inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You have too much of your owne merits,
Hence my Lord, a tribute of our Love.

2 Lord. With more then common thanks
I will receiue it.

3 Lord. Obe's the very sous of Bounty.

Tim. How now? I remember my Lord, you gave good
words the other day of a Day Courted I rod on. In yours
beautys yek'd it.

1 L. Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can infline praise, but what he does affich.
I weight my friends affection with mine owne. He tell you true.
He calleth to you.

All. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, it's not enough to give:
Me thankes, I could devote Kingdomes to my Friends,
And resolutions. At Money.

There are a Skillfull, therefore so rich:
It comes in Charity to thee: for all thy loving.
To many the Avids and all the Lands thou hast
Eye in a pitch field;

3 Lord. I deliver'd Land, my Lord.

2 Lord. We are so venturiously bound.

Tim. And so am I too you

1 Lord. So infinitely endear'd.

Tim. All to you. Little, more Lighter.

2 Lord. The Bet of Happines, Honor, and Fortune
Keeps with you, my Lord Timon.

3 Lord. Resolv'd for your Friends.

Exit Lords

Aper. What ane coler here, struing of becketes, and
settting out of bunnies. I doubt whether their Legges
be worth the flames that are giv'n for'em.

Friendship full of drags,
Me thinkes false heaures should never have found legges.
This honest Fools lay out their wealth on Curr'ts.

Tim. Now Aper. (if thou were not fallen).

I would be good to thee,

Aper. No, He nothing for if I should be bidd't too,
there would be none to faille spander, and then thou
wouldst finde the fals.

Thou giv'st to long Timon (I fear me) thou wilt give away thy selfe in paper shortly.
What needs these Fratts, pompe, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.
Timon of Athens.

Act I, Scene 5

Enter Capitius, and two Servants.

Cap: Would we were all discharged.

Serv. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon and his Train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.

My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, here's a note of certaine ducats.

Tim. Duest 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 succession of new days this moneth:

My Master is awaked by great Occasion,

To call upon his owne, and monthly prays you,

That with your other Noble parts, you do,

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,

I pray thee be rapport to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Contemne the fettle, good Friend,

For, One Pearson trusty, my good Lord.

Cap. From thence, he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

For. I was due for forfeiture my Lord, sixe weeks, and payd.

Cap. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:

I do believe you good my Lords keeps on,

He waits upon you impatiently. Come then: pray you how goes the world, that I am thus encountered.

With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds, and the detention of long since due debts,

Against my Honor?

Serv. Please you Gentlemen,

The same is ungrateful to this businesse:

Your importunacy cesse, 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:

Serv. Pray draw near.

Enter Apemantus and Eunuch.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus,

let's have some sport with 'em

Far. Hang him, here I abuse ye.

Ifd. A plague upon him dogge.

Far. How doth Foolie?

Apd. Doft Dialogue with thy shadow?

Far. I speak not to thee.

Apd. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Ifl. There's the Foolie hangs on your backe already.

Apd. No thou hand'st five, that's not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foolie now?

Apd. He lay ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and Vulturs men, Bauda benweare Gold and want.

Al. What are we Apemantus?

Apd. Affes.

Al. Why?

Apd. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your libes. Speak to 'em Foolie, Foolie. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Grazier good Foolie:

How does your Ministris?
Timon of Athens.

Enter Page.


How dost thou Aperantheus?

Apr. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Pray thee Aperantheus read me the supercription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Apr. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apr. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades, Go thou was a born a Baffard, and thou dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answ. ne, I am gone.

Exit.

Apr. En foustand thus runn'd Grace, Foolie I will go with you to Lord Timon.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apr. If Timon stays at home, You three fercce these Viners?

All. I would they'd be.

Apr. So would I:

As good a thrice as ever Hangman send Thrice.

Fool. Are you these Viners men?

All. 1 Foolie.

Foolie. I thank no Viner, but he's a Foolie on his Servant: My Master is one, and I am Foolie: when men come to borrow of your Malters, they approach falsely, and go away merry: but they enter my Malters house merrily, and go away falsely. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apr. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less elceme.

Varie. What is a Whoremaster Foolie?

Foolie. A Foolie in good clothess, and something like thee. 'Tis a tripit, sometime carpesste as like a Lawyer, somet ime like a Lawyer, somet ime like a Philosopher, with two futures more than his substantial eare. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and downe me, from fourteen to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foolie.

Foolie. Nor thou altogether a Witterman.

As much forshows I have, so much without I lack'n.

Apr. That answer might have become Aperantheus.

All. Ride, ride, here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Tiron and Steward.

Apr. Come with me (Foolie)come.

Foolie. I do not always follow Louter, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walken eere, Ile speake with you anon.

Ent. You make me muruell wherefore art here this time

Had you not fully lande my stake before me,

That I might so haue rated my experience

As it haddissue ofe me.

Stew. You would not haue me:

At many lesseues I prosee.

Tim. Good sir,

Perchance four or five amongst you tooke,

When my indigitation put you backe,

And that vnapinne made your minister

Thou to execute thy felte.

Stew. 0 my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accomplis,

Laid them before you, you would throw them off,

And say you found them in mine honestie,

When for some trivial pretense you haue bid me

Return so much, I chasse you heere my head, and wepe:

Yet gaue it to Authorus of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more clofe: I did indure

No illtome, nor no illtate checkers, when I haue

Prompted you in the ebb of your effaire,

And your great flow of debts; my Lord, Lord,

Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greatest of your losing, lasse a halfe,

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let me Land be fold.

Stew. Tis all engag'd, some forseyd and gone,

And what remains will hardly flap the mouth

Of present due; the future comes space:

What shall defend the internment, and at length

How goes our reck'ng?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. Omy 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 hafted my Husbandry or FAulthood,

Call me before the Elect Auditors,

And let me on the proof, So the Godd; blest me,

When all our Office have beene oppr't

With noious Feeders: when our Vauls have wept

With drunken spilt of Wine: when every room

Hath blazed with Lights, and brand with Minstrelie,

I have rejoyced to a wantfull cooke,

And sent mine eyes at flower.

Tim. Do thee no more.

Stew. Hestoria hause I find the bounty of this Lord:

How many prodigiouses have Siustes and Peazztes

This right engag'd who is not Timon,

With this rich store, a forsemeas, but is L. Timon:

Great Timon. Noble Wordly, Royall Timon:

Ah, when the meaze are gone, that buy this praise.

The breath is gone where this praise is made:

Feft a wo, fail left, on cloud of Winter flowers,

There they are seldome.

Tim. Come sirron me no further.

Nothing bounty yet hath past my heart;

Worlly, not ignobly have I giv'n,

Why do I stretch wepe, call thou the conscience lack:

To think I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,

If I would broach the vehis of my love,

And try the argu'ment of hearts, by borrowing,

Men, and mean fortunes could I frankly vie

As I can but speake.

Stew. Affurance blest thy thoughts.

Tim And in some for these wantes of mine are crow'd,

That I account them blessings. For by thefe

Shall I trie Friends. You shall percieve

How you mistake my Fortunes;

I am with ease of my Friends.

With these, Flavio Serrallius.

Enter
Enter three Senators.

Sir. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you presently.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucius, you, I hunted with his Honor to-day; you to Sempronius; commend me to their ladies; and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time to vie 'em towards a supply of mony: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.


Tim. Go you, sir, to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States best health, I have
Defend'd this Hearing; bid 'em lend o' th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Sir. I have been bold

(For that I know it the most general way)

To them, to see your S P I G E T, and your Name. 

But they do shoke their nê, and I am here

No return retume.

Tim. Is true Case be?

Stew. They are not in a joyous and corporate voice,

That now they see at all, yet Treasure cannot

Do what they would, are toast; ye are Honourable,

But yet they could have wish'd, they know not,

Something hath beene smol: a Noble Nature

May catch a wrench; would all were well; its pitty,

And to intending other messy matters,

After disfâffel lookes; and these had Fracions

With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mussing noes,

They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them;

Prythee man looke chearfully, Tieve old Fellowes

Have their ingratefulness in them Hereby:

Their blood is cack'd, 'tis cold, it fIDDLES flowers,

'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not knele;

And Nature, as it grows ageane towards earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and beauty.

Go to Demêdiâm (prythee be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,

No blame belongs to thee;) Frœlasdus lately

Bred his Father, by whose death his step'd

Into a great estate: When he was poorer,

Impudence, and in confiscation of Friends,

I celer'd him with fuite Talents: Greet him from me,

Bid him feepose, foe good necessity

Toucches his Friend, which enufs to be remembered

With thofe feue, he had, 'gave thetse Felloes

To whom 'tis instant due. Neit's speake, or thinke,

That Tumus fortunes 'mong his Frenchees can finde.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties For;

Being free at feele, it thines all others so.

Exit.

Flaminius wanting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a servant to him.

Sir. I have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Sir. Hecate my Lord.


Why this batts right: I dresses of a Siluer Baloon & Ewe to night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are verie respeccfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-borned Gentle-

man of Athenes, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

Luc. His health is well

Flam. I am right glad that his health is well for:

And what hast thou there under thy Cloake, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sirs, which in

my Lords behalfe, I come to interest your Honor to sup-

ply who having great and instant occasion to use two

Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him; no-

thing doubting your piereet affiance thereon.

Luc. I see, I see: Nothing doubting your piereet affinance thereon.

Also good Lord, a Noble Gentleman us, if the would not keep

on hauing a patient, take no war ning by my company, ev ery

man has his fault, and honestly is but I hau'd told him so;

but I coidnere get him frome.

Enter Senator with Wine.

Sir. Pique your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee alwayes wife, here to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speake thy picturale.

Luc. I have obtuerted thee always for a towards

prompt spirit, give thys they due, and one that knowes

what belongs to reason; and canst vie the time wel, if the time vie thes wel. Good parts in thee get thee gone fir-

th. Drinkes honest Flaminius. Thy Lords a bounti-

ful Gentleman, be thou his wife, and thus know it

well enough (although thou comt it to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bane friendlëpe

without recumbe. Here's tres Sociables for thee, good

Boy winke at me, and say thou faw'll mete not. Fare thee

well.

Flam. It's possibill the would should to much differ,

And we shoule that lived? Fly dammed baltoffee

To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thouart a Foolle, and fit for thy

Matter.

Exe L.

Flam. May shoule's adde to the number shoule may scald thee: Let mouthe Coe be thy damnation,

Thou dises of a friend and noe himselfe:

His friendship such a taint and milke heart,

It turns in leife then two nights! O you Gods!

I feel my Maffers passion. This Slaue into his Honor,

Has my Lords meat in him.

Why should it be, and come to Nutriment,

When he is turn'd to payon?

O may Disses only workke spon:

And when he'scike to death, let not that part of Nature

Which my Lord payd for, he of any power

To expell sicknesse, 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.

We know him for no leaft, though we are but stran-
gers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and

which I hear from common rumours, now Lord Timon

happe howeres are done and pull, and his whike Bârnes

for him.

Lucius. Eye no, does not believe it: he can net oon want

for money.

But bleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,

one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow to
to many Talents, nay we'd extremlye faw, and knew what
Timon of Athens

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What necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'd.


Luc. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am ashamed. Deny'd that honourable man? There was very little Honour for this. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindness from him, as Money, Plate, jewels, and such like trifles; nothing comparing to this: yet had he me-hooke, and fent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his Occasion to many Talents.

Enter Servlus.

Serv. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have fent to see his Honour. My Honour'd Lord, Luc. Servlus? You are kindly met sir. Fartwell, commend me to thy Honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite friend.

Serv. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath fent——

Luc. Has what's he fent? I am so much enter'd to that Lord; he's ever fending; how shall I thank him think't thou? And what has he fent now?

Serv. Has only fent his present Occasion now my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply his infant wife with so many Talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, he cannot want fifty five hundred Talent.

Serv. But in the mean time he wants leave my Lord.

If this occasion were not vertuous, I should not venge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Doth those speak'st seriously Servlus?

Serv. Upon my foule's tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have flown my felse Honourable? How violently it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and vno a great deal of honour? Servlus, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the noble beast I say) was sending to vise Lord Timo my selfe, these Gentlemen can winde but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done now. Command me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will concesse the lauret of meer, because I have no power to be kinds. And tell him this from me. I counte one of my greatest affections, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Servlus, will you befriend mee for faire, as to vise mine owne words to him?

Serv. Yes sir, I shall.

Luc. He lookes you oor a good name Servlus.

True as you said, Timo's thrumke in deed, and he that's other deny'd, will hardly specke. Extir.

Do you obturie this Hypolitus?

1. I, to well.

2. Why is this the worlds foule, and ill of the same pecce

Is every Fister's sport, who can call him his Friend

That dips in the same dips? For in my knowing

Times has bin this Lords Father,

And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his Estate, pay Timo's money

Has paid his men their wages. He's no drinkers, but Timo's Silver treads upon his lip,

And yet, we see the mouth ouste of man,

When he looks out in an ungrateful face;

He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3. Religion grines stit.

For some owne part, I never called Timo in my life

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To make me for his Friend. Yet I protest,

For such Nobility, illustrious Virtue,

And Honourable Carriage,

Had his necessity made vie of me,

I would have put my wealth into Donation,

And the behf halves should have returned to him.

So much I love his heart; But I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to difence,

For Poetry fits about Conferences.

Extir.

Enter a third former with Simplicius, another

of Timo friends.

Simp. Must he be now trouble me? He cannot be

Bose all others?

He might have tried Lord Jo, or Lucullus,

And now Penventius is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison. All dese

Owes their eftates unto him.

Sir. My Lord,

They have all this touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,

For they have all deny'd him.

Simp. How? Have they deny'd him?

Has Penventius and Lucullus deny'd him,

And does he send to me? Three? Hum!

It flieses but little lose, or judgement in him.

Must he be his Left Refuge? His Friends (like Phystrians)

Thrice, give him over: Must I take this upon me?

Has much disguised me, I'm very angry at.

That might have know'd his place. I see no flete for't,

But his Occasions might have weord me stift.

For in my conference, I was the first man

That resceiv'd grace from him.

And does he think he is backward of me now,

I hat le queste is last? No:

So it may prove an Argument of Laughter

To solst, and 'mongst't Lords be thought a Folle;

I derer ther then the worth of threste the bume,

Had lent to me first, but for my minds sake;

I de such courage on to sake him good. But now returne,

And with their faint reply, thus answer alle,

Who hates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. Exstir

Sir. Excellent: Your Lordship's goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when he maue man Politicke: he crost him selfe by't: and I cannot think, but in the end, the Villaines of man will fent him cleare. How fairly this Lord strives to appeare foule? Takes Verrous Copies to be wickt; like those, that under hot scudent zelle, would fent whole Realimes 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.

Doones that were ne're acquainted with their Wards

Many a bounteous yeere, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their Matter:

And this is all a liberal course allows,

Who cannot kepe his wealth, must keep his house. Exstir

Enter Paro's man, meeting others. All Timo Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucullus and Hermodactil.

Paro. Man, well met, goodmorn to Timo & Hermodactil.

Tim.
Timon of Athens.

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Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you have my voyage, too's.
The Fault: Bloody.
Is its necessary he should dye?
Nothing inbounds finne so much, as Mercy.
2. Mult true, the Law shall brute'em. 

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate,
N. Non-Captain.

Alc. I am an humble Souter to your Versets.
For pity is the very of the Law,
And none but Tyrants wiz it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye beauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath lept into the Law: which is pait depth
To those that (without heede) do plundage into't.
He is a Man (letting his Fate aside) of falsely Versets,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such yobber and wamoted passion
He did behave his anger ere twas spent,
As if he had but proved an Argument.

1. Sen. You undergo to too fridt a Paradoxs,
Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and forc Quittelung
Vpon the head of Valours; which mutilate
Is Valour misbegos, and came into the world,
When Sefts, and Fractions were newly borne.
He's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The wroth that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sider,
To wear with him like his Raymotes, and carelessly,
And he's preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euillos, and inforce vs kill,
What Pholly is, to hazard life for vs!

Alc. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make groffe crimes looke clear,
To revenge is too Valour, but too beare.
Alc. My Lord's, then under favour pardon me,
If I speake like Captaine,
Why do fond men cause themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpright,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make were
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That they at home, it bearing carry it:
And the Aefe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow haddin with ions, wiler then the Judge?
If Wifedoms beart bulling, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be piously Good,
Who cannot condend in humans in cold blood?
Tell, I grant, it is gone extremel! Guile,
But in defence, by Mercy, at most best.
To be in Anger, is impeiere:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weg'd barre the Crime with this.

Alc. You breath in Vaine.

1. Sen. 

Alc. Why say my Lords he's done faire suicice,
And flame in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear him selfe.
In the left Content, and made plentiful wounds?
1. He has made too much paine with him.
He's a worne Ritor, he has a finne
That often draws him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that ware enough
To overcome him. In that Bravely face,
He has bin knowne to commit outarcus,
Andcheerish'd Asions. 'Tis interred to vs,
His days are sale, and his drinks dangerous.

1. He dyes.

Alc. Hard face the heighth been dyed in vaine.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right side might purchase his owne time,
And be in deatis so none; yet more to move me,
Take my defects to his, and lowne'em both.
And for I know, your reverent Ages love Security,
He powne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returns,
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Ware receive't in valiant gore,
For Law is freight, and Ware is nothing more.

1. We are for Law, he dyes, vrg't no more
On height of our diplomatie: Friend, or Brother,
He forswore his owne blood, that spillets another.

Alc. Mult it be for it mult not bee;
My Lords, I dolethc you know mee.

1. Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your temerarces,

3. What.

Alc. I cannot think but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elle be, I should prouse to base,
To sue and be deny deuch common Grace
My wonds like as you.

4. Day you dare us aanger?
'Tis in few words, but fapuous in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me!

Banish your dotage, banish visir,
That makes the Senate ugly.
I if after two days shone, Athens contain there,
Attend ou, weightier Judgments,
And not to dwell out Spirit,
He shall be executed preferently.

Alc. Now the Gods keeps you old enough,
That you may live
Oney in bone, that none may look on you.
I'm woose then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large intereat. I my selfe,
Rich only in large hurts. All these, for this?
Is this the Balstone, that the vifuing Senat
Powers into Captives makes wounds? Banishment,
It comes not all: 'Tis harte not to be banish
It is a caufe worthy my Splicne and Purtie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ic cheere vp
My discontentted Troops, and lay for heart;

'Tis Honour with most Lords to be at ets,
Souldiers shoule brooke as little wrongs at Gods.

Exit.

Enter.
Enter durers Friends at several doors.

1. The good time of day to you, sir.
1. I also wish to you: I thank this Honorable Lord
1. But try this other day.
1. Things that were my thoughts when we encountered.
1. It is not so low with him as he made it
1. The should not be, by the perseveration of his new Fea-
1. I should think so.
1. Get, and I would not lend to another.
1. For were your God's id to borrow of men, men
1. In like manner was in charge to my important busi-
1. Rather he would not hear my excuse.
1. For when he lent to borrow of men, that my Provision was
1. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all
1. Every man here's to: what would he have borrowed
1. A thousand Pears.
1. What of you?
1. He sent to me for — Here he comes.

Timon and Attendants.

Enter, With all my heart Gentlemen; both; and how

1. Enter at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
1. The Swallow follows not Summer more willing,
1. Then we your Lordship.
1. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Sum-
1. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re-
1. If you had sent but two hours before.
1. Let it notumber your better remembrance.
1. Come bring in all together.
1. All covered &c.
1. Royal Chere, I warrant you.
1. Doubt not that, if money and the taste can yield it.
1. How do you? What's the newest?
1. Am I bound to hear you of it?
1. This is so, he lure of it.
1. I pray you upon what?
1. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
1. He tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feat toward
1. This is the old man still.
1. Will hold? Will hold?
1. It doth but time well, and so.

1. I do concur;
1. Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spur as he
1. Would to the lip of his Miftres: your dyel shall be in
1. Make not a Citizen feed off, to let the most
1. Sust, Sir.
1. The Gods require our Thanks.

To great Benefactors, Break our Society with Thank-

1. For your own gains, make your felons prais'd.
1. But referre still to you, lest your Duties be defac'd.
1. Lead to each man enough, that one need not lend to another.
1. For your God's id to borrow of men, men
1. If there be twelve is: men at the Table, let a saucy of Villains.
1. The rest of your Foes, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,
1. Another with the commonlege of people, what amiss in
1. Them, you Gods, made suitable for difficulti. For these my
1. Present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blisse
1. Them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vouge Dogges, and Iap.

Some spake. What do's his Lordship mean?

Some other, I know not.

Timon. My you a better Feast neuer behold

You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timous last,

Who flacke and jangled you with lattities,

Wishes it off and sprinkles in your faces

Your recking villany. Luce/loch'd, and long

Moff smaller, smooth, defetted Paradies,

Curious Destinies, affable Wolaces, merke Beares

You Foolkes of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,

Cap and knee Slakes, vapores, and Munice Jackes.

Of Man and Besil, the infinite Maladi

Criff you quite o'. What do'th thou go?

Soft, take thy Physick first, thou too, and thou:

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What? All in Motion ! Henceforth be no Feath,

Whereas a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.

Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be

Of Timous Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?
1. Know you the quality of Lord Timous; say?
1. Puth, did you see my Cap?
1. Have I lost my Gowne?
1. He's but a Mad Lord, and bold but humors swaies
1. He gave me a twelveth other day, and now he has
1. Did you see my Jewell?
1. Did you see my Cap.
1. Here it's.
1. Here lies my Gowne.
1. Let's make no stay.
1. Lord Timous mad.
1. I feel 'pon my bones,
1. One day he gives vs Diamonds, next day Stones.

Exit the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Let me looke backe upon thee. Other Wall

That gildes in thofe Wolaces, due in the earth,

And hence not Athens, Matrons, turne incontinent. Obedience flyke in Children Slakes and Fooles

Phoebe
Timon of Athens.

Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their needs, to general fortunes.
Convert to the infant green Virginity,
Don't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather to rend back, out with your Knives,
And out your Trimmers threats. Bound Servants, Real,
Large-handed Robbers your great Masters are,
And they to Law. Maide, to thy Masters beds.

Thy Masters is th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Pluck the lively Crutch from thy old limping Sirs,
Wish, becast our his Branches. Pray, and Fear,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Jurpose, Truth,
Domestic awe, Night-reel, and Neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degree, Observances, Customs, and Lowers,
Decline to your confounding entertainers.
And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your parent and infectious Feavers, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold SCatista,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners Lute, and Lieber
Creep in the MInds and Narrowes of our youth;
That gentleman the frame of Virtue they may frame,
And drawne themselves in riot, Iche, Blames,
Sow all th'Antebithian boomes, and their crop
Be general Leprose: Breath infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be mercerly payson. Nothing lie beneath thee
But nakedness, thou detestable Towne,
Take those that too, with multiplyng Bannes :

Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
That wondrous Basil, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (bear me you good Gods al)
Th'Antebithians both within and out that Wall
And grant as Timon grows, his hose may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Have we our M. Steward, where's our Maids?
Are we undertake, call off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Allack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.
1. Such a House brick.
So Noble a Master, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.
3. As we do turne our backs
From our Companion, throw into his grace,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Make away, leave then safe worthy with him
Like a mighty pious piece; and his poor self
A dedicated bigger to the Ayre,
With his debate, of all human poverty,
Walks like contemplation. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a mirth house,
Yest do our hearts were Timon Literly,
That see by our Faces: we are Fellowes dull,
Serious alike in sorrow: Lack'd is our Barkes,
And we poore Masters, stand on the dryn Docks,
Hearing the Surges threat: we shall all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
Stew. Good Fellowes all,
This yellow Slave,  
Will knit and break Religious, blesse the accurs
e,  
Make the horse Lepso's head, place Theesus,  
And give them Tite, knee, and approbation  
With serpent on the Bench: This is it  
That makes the wappen Widow's ragamuffin;  
Sherr, whom the Scruple-house, and vicioes fairs,  
Would call the gorge at. This Embalms and Spices  
Toth'April day ago. Come damned Barth,  
Thou common whore of Mankind, that puts oddes  
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right Nature.  
March faire off.  
Has A Drumme? Then quike,  
But yet lie buse thee; Tis not so strong Thereby,  
When Gows keepers of twice cannot read:  
Nyt fly shou to out carnal.

Enter Alceboad with Drumme and Life in warlike manner,  
And Poryce and Lovers.

Alc. What art thou then; or speake.  
Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canke groan thy hart  
For thee against the eyes of Man,  
Alc. What is thy name? I am a hatefull to thee,  
That as thy felie a May,  
For thy part, I do with thee was a dogge,  
That I might loose these foule things.  
Alc. I know thee well:  
But in thy Fortune, am friends, and Strange.  
Tim. I know it not. It is more then I know then  
I not defiere to know. Follow thy Drumme,  
With mans blood paits the ground Gules: Gules:  
Religious Cannons, civil Lewes see enuell,  
Their what should actree? This fell where of Mine,  
Hath in her more destruction thethy Sword,  
For all her Cherubin looks.

Phew. Thy lips rot not.

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returnes  
To thine owne lips agayne.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?  
Tim. As the Moone doth, by wanting wight to guie  
But then I could not like the Moone,  
There were no Sunnes to borrow of,  
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?  
Tim. None, but to maintain my estate.  
Alc. What is it Timon?  
Timon. Promitie me friendship, but performe none,  
If thou wilt not prome the Gods plauge thee, for thou  
art a man of duller perfomance, confound thee, for thou  
art a man.

Alc. I have heard in some sort of the Miferies.  
Tim. Thou sawst them when I was properitie.  
Alc. I feer them now, then was a blessed time,  
Tim. As thine now hold with a brave of Harlot,  
Alc. It is of Athenian Minion, whom the world  
Voyd to regard they?  
Tim. Art thou Thovers?  
Timon. Yet.  
Tim. Be a wys or else, they loose thee not that wise thee,  
get thee a fater, gaun thee with thee Luft.  
Make thee of thy falt hares, feze the flaues for Tubbes and  
Bather, bring downe at foot checke youth to the Tubiffs,  
And the Ditt.  
Timon. I charge thee Monther.

Alc. Pradommen meet Timonca, for his wits  
Are dromd and lust in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, braue Timon,  
The want whereof, doth dayly make resoulte  
In my penurus Band. I have heard and green'd  
How cursed Athens, mindeless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states  
But for thy Sword and Fortune stood upon them.  
Tim. I pray thee bestry thy Dram, and get thee gone.  
Alc. I am thy friend, and p thy thee defea Timon.  
Tim. How doest thou put thy whom? dost trouble,  
I had rather be alone.  
Alc. Why fare thee well:  
Here is some Gold for thee,  
Tim. Keep it; I cannot use it.  
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape,  
Tim. Want thon gainst Athens.  
Alc. I Timon, and have cause.  
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,  
And thee ater, when thou hast 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, herebe: Gold, gain;  
Be it an Planetary plague, when lone  
Will be some high - Viz. City, hang his payson  
In the fikke ayre. Lett not thy sword skip over  
Putty my honour'd Age for his white Beard,  
He is an Viper. Strike me the counterfeit Merton,  
It is his harte onely, that is honest.  
Her telle's a Bawd. Let not the Virgin Chekke  
Make soft thy cherefull Sword: for those Mike pappes  
I hat through the window Base borne at en eyes,  
Are not within the Leaf of pusty wett,  
But set them down aborde I stantion, sperre not the Babe  
Whole dumpld smilies from Fudles exhaust them mercy:  
Thindle is a ballard, whom the Oracie  
Haist doubtfully pronounced, the chroze first flreet,  
And mince it then remore.  
Warre against Obuest,  
Put Armour on those caret, and on those eyes,  
Whole people, nor yell of Mothers, Artis nor Babes,  
Nor light of Priests in holy Yelmentts and ceding,  
Shall piece a iert. There's Gold to p thy souls,  
Make large confusion: and thy suret, spert,  
Confounded betly settle. Speak not, be gone.  
Alc. Halt thou Gold yet, He take the Gold thou gisst  
me one, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Hearus carpe upon thee:

Bath. Give vs some Gold good Timon, haft yon more?  
Tim. Enough to make a Bawd forwarre her Trias,  
And to make Whore, a Bawd. Field vs you sly  
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Obiable,  
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear  
Into strong fludder, and to heavenly Agues  
Thinnest all Gods that bear you, Spare your Oathes:  
He will to your Conditeris, be whereas fill,  
And he whole piout breasts fleckes to convert you,  
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burnen hvy,  
Set your clove fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no tame coats; yet may your priests fix moons  
Be quite contrary, and Thatch  
Your proud thin Roofes with burnthes of the dead,  
(Some that were hang'd) no matter!  
Wear them, betrey with them; Whore still,  
Paint till a horse may myre upon your face:  
A pos of wrinkles.

Bath. Well, more Gold, what then?  

Beleew's

IV. iii. 33—150
Believe the wives do say their lying for God.

Tim. Confessions done.

In hollow bones of men, strike their sharp juices.
And more men's spirits: Crackling the lawyer's voyes,
That he may move more false Title please.

Nor found his Quellers worthy: Hearke the Flanen,
That could't against the quality of flesh,
And not become himselfe. Downe with the Nobe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to force
(bald Smell from the general weake. Make certayne parte Ruffians
And let the unchar'd Draggets of the Warte
Derive some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actuary may deflect and quell
The fourse of all Erection. There's more Gold,
Do you dame others, and let this dame you,
And dratches grace you all.

Bab. More counsell with more Money, bounteous

Tim. More whereo, more Mischief still, I have giu-

en you erst.

Alic. Strike up the Drum towards Athens, farewell

Tim. If Ithre well, Ile visit thee again.

Tim. I'll hope well, Ile neuer fee thee more.

Alic. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alic. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men daily finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Belgars with thee.

Alic. We but offend him, strike,

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nat are being fikes of man unkindnesse
Shall yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe unmeasurable, and infinite brest
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Child( arguant men)is puf,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and blaw blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeletse renom'd Worme,
With all the abhorred Births below Crife Heauen,
Whereon Expecto: quickning fire doth shine
Yield them, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plentiful bosome, one poor soote:
Enfeare thy Fertile and Concepcion wome,
Let it not more bung outingratfull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Values, and Beastes,
Teeme with new Numbers, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marsdled Mansion all about
Neuer pretend. O, a Roat, dear thanks.

Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines and Plough-torne Less,
Whereon ageth all man with Licorish draughts
And Metheils Wantous, giveth his pure wende,
That from it all Conflagration lippes

Enter Aegisthus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Aeg. I was directeduther. Men report,
Thou didst affe my Masters, and didst vitt them.

Tim. This then, because thou dost not keep a dogge
Whom I would intiate. Consumpition catch thee.

Aeg. This is in a Nature but infected,
A poore wome; y' انiscally sprong

From change of fate: Why this Spade/this place?
This Slue like Habit, and these looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yeare 137o, Silke, drink Wine, y'e softs,
Hugge their diadem'd Perumens, and have forgot
That ater Time was. Staine not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which he's vndone thee, hinde thee knue,
And let his very breath whom thou'st obfure
Blow on thy Cap; praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou guilt it shame cares (like Tappfers, that bad welcom)
To Knowes, and all approache. 'Tis most left
That thou name Rafael, hadst thou wealth again,
Rafael should have't. Do not affume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my fale,

Aeg. Thou hast call away thy fale, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Foolie: what think'st
That he breake yere , thy boytherous Chambrane
Will put thy fhit on warmes? Will thee my self, Trees,
That have out-lind the Eagle, page thy heales
And skip when thou point't out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cavwdie thy Morning sake
To cure thy o're nighs surfeit? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures live in all the fghte
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vouchsowd Trunks.
To the confiding Elements expost
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.

O thou shall finde.

Tim. A Foolie of thee: depart.

Aeg. I love thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Aeg. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st milery.

Aeg. I flatter not, but say thou art a Cayriff.

Tim. Why don't thou seeks me out?

Aeg. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains Office, or a Falsers

Do ptple thy talest in't?

Aeg. 1.

Tim. What, Knave too?

Aeg. It thou didst put this fowre cold habit on
To calligate thy pride, twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou didt Countier be againe
West thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lust: incertaine pompe, is crownd before
The one is filling full, neuer complex:
The other, as high with bell flatte Contementall,
Hath a disadad and most wretched being,
Worse then the word, Content,
The should'd befit to dye, being miserelle.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserelle.
Thou art a Slue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour never ciafit: but bred a Dogge,
Had'st thou like vs from our first fwaith proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the painful dissage of it
Freely command it: thou wouldst it have plundg'd thy felf
In general Riot, mete ned downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and never learnt
The Leic preceptes of resep't, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confessionalle,
That should overwight the concourse, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberelle vpon me fluke, as lesse
Do on the Oake, bare with one Winters brush
Fell from their bougheht, and left me open, bare,
For every flome that blows. I to beare this,
That never knew but better, is some burther:
Thy Nature, did commence in suffurance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should't I hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If th' Father (that poor upprage) Mult be thy subiect who in sight put thine To some thee! Beggar, and compounded thee: Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone, If thou hast not bene borne the worst of men, Thou bitt be a Knave and Flatterer.

Aye. Att thou proud yet? 
Tim. 1, that I am not thee.
Aye. 1, that I was no Prodigall.
Tim. 1, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have fluxt up in thee, I'll give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone: That the whole life of Athens were in this, Thus would I eat it.

Aye. Here, I will mend thy fate.
Tim. I will mend the company, take away thy felle.
Aye. So I shall mend my owne, by thy lacke of thee.
Tim. 'Ts not well tended fou, it is but botchit.

If not, I would it were.

Aye. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee I therin in a whelwell: if thou wilt, Tell them there I have Gold, look on, so I have.
Aye. Here is none for Gold.
Tim. The belt, and truel:
For here it sleepes, and do no hyed harme.

Where liest the nights Timon?
Tim. Vistor that's about me.
Where feedst thou a dayes? Apernatus?
Aye. Where my spies make finds metate, or rather where I fate it.

Tim. What poision were obedience, & knew my mind
Aye. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To a wise thy dyffe.
Aye. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewst, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mocked thee for too much Curiosity: in thy Ragges thou knowl'nt none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's medles for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what face, I feed not.
Aye. Doth have a Medler?
Tim. I, though it look like thee.
Aye. And th'adl hated Medlers sooner, y should'st have loved thy felle better now. What man didst thou ever know whrist, that was beloued after his meaneest?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou woulk talk it of, didst thou ever know bloud?

Aye. My selfe.
Tim. Inderstand thee: thou hadst a some meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apern. What things in the world canst thou neerest compare to thy Flatterers?
Tim. Women neerest, but men: are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world Apernatus, if it lay in thy power?
Aye. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.
Aye. Wouldst thou have thy selfe fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts, Aye. Timon.

Tim. A beaftly Ambition, which the Goddes graunte thet t'attaine to: If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguite thee: If thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eat thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would beaushee thee, when thou beaushee thee thou wert accust'd by the Ape: If thou wert the Ape, thy dunelle would torment thee; and fill thou lur'd but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy gredineel shoul afflict thee, & oft thou shouldn't hazard thy life for thy dinner. Were thou the Vaillonce, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thee owne fell thee the compact of thy toye. Were thou a Baste, thou wouldst be kill'd by the Hare; were thou a Horfe, thou wouldst be fear'd by the Leopard: were thou a Basset, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the spoites of thy Kindred, were Invoers on thy life. All thy toyes were reomotion, and thy defence abstinence. What Beast couldst thou be, that were not subiect to a Breast? and what a Beast art thou already, that feeth not thoyl lisse in transformation.
Aye. If thou couldst please me With speaking to me, thou might't? Have lit upon these.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become A forrell of Beasts.

Tim. How'st the Ape broke the wall, that thou art out of the City.
Aye. Yonder comes a Poer and a Painter:
The plague of Company light upon thee:
I will some to catch, and get away.
When I know not what eile to do, He like thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing lying but thee,
Thou list not be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge, Then Apernatus.
Aye. Thou art the Cap!
Of all the Fools alue.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough To spit upon.
Aye. A plague upon thee,
Tim. Thou art too bad a curte.
Tim. All Villains
That da hand by thee, be pure.
Aye. There is no Leproxe,
But what thou speakest.

Tim. If I name thee, I beare thee,
But I should infect my hands.

Aye. I would my tongue
Could not then off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangle dogge,
Choller does kill me.

Thou art alike, I scold to see thee,
Aye. Would thou woul'dn't burst.
Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee,

Aye. Beast.
Tim. Slue.
Aye. Toad.

I am fiche of this falle world, and will love none But even the meree necessities won't.

Then Timon presently prepare thy grave:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy grave stone dayly, make thinne Ephistals,
That death in me, as others lives may laughe,
O thou sweete King-killer, and desire divorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright desier of
Honest purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong,fresh, loved, and delicate wooster,
Whose bluss how'st shalle the confusst.ascaw
That lyes on thine halter?
Thou visible God,
That soulkreft close Impossibilities,
And mak'lt them kife; that speake'lt with everie Tongue.
From That heaven Gold:
Thou wilt be strong'd too shortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Apt. 1.
Tim. Thy backe I prythee,
Apt. Line, and loue thy livery.
Tim. Long liue fo, and so dye. I am quit.
Apt. Mo things like men,
Edw Timon, and abhorre then.
Enter Timon, and abhorre then.

Enter the Banditti,

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poore Fragment, some slender Ott of his remainder: the more want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholly.
2 It is not d' 
With a maffe of Treasure.
3 Let vs make the afsay upon him; if he care not for's, he will supply vs easily: if he courteously relese it, how shall't get it?
4 True: for he bearers is not about him:
'Tis hid.
5 Is not this bee? 
All. Where?
6 This is description.
7 He? I know him.
All. Save thee Timon.
Tim. Now Theues.
All. Soldiers, not Theues.
Tim. Both too, and women Somers.
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 brake forth a hundred Springs: The Oaks bearre Mil, the Birds Scarlet Hepys, The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each bulth, Lays her full Mische before you. Want? why Want? 
1 We cannot live on Grasse, on Berries, Water, As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.
Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes, You will lett me men. Yet thankes I must you con, That you are Theues profet: that you worke not In holier shapes: For there is boundleffe Theft in humb'd Profitio. Ratclll Theues
Here's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o' th' Grape, Till the high Feasor feedeth your bloody to froth, And so scape hanging. Traint not the Physician, His Ant dotes are poison, and he slays Moe then you Rob: take wealth, and lies together, Do Villaine do, fince you peruad to don't.
Like Worckemen, Ile example you with Theeury: The Soures a Theeue, and with his great attraction Rollles the vallie Sea. The Mooanes an arrant Theeus, And iet pale fire, the snatches from the Sunne. The Seas a Theeus, whose liquid Surge, refolues The Mooane into Salt tears. The Earth's a Theeus, That feeds and oredes by a compostre fiode From genrall excemt: each thing's a Theeus. The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

He's check'd Theft. Lose not your felues away.
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut thrawes.
All that you meete are Theues: to Athena go,
Broke open shoppe, nothing can you Resist
But Theues do loose it: fiesse leffe, for this I glute you,
And Gold confound you howfoare: Amen.
3 Has almost chaim'd me from my Profession, by per
swading me to it.
'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus admires
vant not to hate vs throue in our mystry.
He belieues him as an Enemy.
And give me over his Trade.
Let vs first peace in Athens, there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

Enter Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
If you despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decey and sayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, esily blood'd!
What an alteration of Honor has defp'rate want made?
What wilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest minds, to befall ends,
How rarely doe it meece with this times guise,
When man was witt to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischeefe me, then choofe that doo,
I hast caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe
writ him; and as my Lord, still loue him with my life.
My decreet Multer.
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doft ask? that I have forgot all men. Then, if thou grant't, th't a man.
I have forg'd thee.
Stew. An honest poor freunst of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to ferue me in meate to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are winneffe,
Next doo poore Steward were a uter griefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dauff thou wepe?
Come seeere, then I loose thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclain't
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer guie,
But throw Laff and Laughter : pictue's sleepings:
Strange times ye wepe with laughing, now with weeping.
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
Accept my griefe, and whit this poore wealth is,
To entertaine me as your Steward full.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so loth, and now so comfortable?
It ismoft turns my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman,
Forgue my generall, and excellest raffinette
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How faire would I have hater all mankinde,
And thou redeem't thy selfe. But all faue thee,
I fell with Curles,
Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wife
For, by opprefting and betraying me,

Then...
Thou might hast sooner got another Service;
For many to arrive at second Masters.
Upon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though were't for sure)
Is not thy kindeste jubile, courteous,
Upon a Scatterd kindleste, and rich men deale Guilts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?
Swee. No, my loyal worthy Mafter, in whose brief
 Doubt, and supefed (also) are plac't too late.
You should have fear'd false tunes, when you did Feast.
Supefed still comes, where an efface is leaft.
That which I knew, Heaven knowes, is merely Louse,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your unmatcht minde;
Care of your Food and Lining, and subelete it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealt
To require me, by making rich your lefe.
Tim. Looke thee, this is fouly bisten man,
Hear take the Gods out of my mistrie
His's sent thee Treasure. Go, blue rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou wast buildt from men:
Hate all, curse all, flew Charity to none,
But let the famfhit flirth flee from the Bone,
Ere thou releve the Begger. Glue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prifons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like bladed woods
And may Dieses lick vp their faile bloods,
And fo farewell, and thrie.
Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Mafter.
Tim. If thou hast Curles
Stay not: flye, whil't thou art bleft and free:
Ne're let thee go: thou art mee, and lefe thee.
Exit
Enter Post, and Painter.
Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot bee
Where he abides.
Post. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold?
Painter. Certaine.
Alchibates reports it: Phrmonca and Timandro
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Peace hagging Souls, with great quantity,
Tis faide, he gave vnto his Steward
A mightye smirme.
Post. Then this breakeing of his,
Hae beene but a Trye for his Friends?
Painter. Nothing else;
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the hightest:
Therefore, 'tis not smirme, we render our loues
To him, in this suppos'd diftracte of his
It will flew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to loose our purposes
With what they trauaille for,
If it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his haing.
Post. What have you now
To prefront vnto him?
Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Vibration: only I will promise him
An excellent Peece.
Post. I must ferue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the rest Ayyre o'd'le Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is sueter the dulfer for his Site,
And but in the planier and simper knee of people,
The deede of Sayring is quite out of vie.
To Promis, is most Country and fashionable;
Performance, is a kindes of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknes in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cane.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a mans to bade
At is thy felle.
Post. I am thinking
What I shall say I have promised for him:
It must be a perforating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the foofftelle of Prosperity,
With a Discourse of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulence.
Timon. Muft thou needs
Stand forr a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do it, I have Gold for thee.
Post. Nay let's seeke him,
Then do we finne against our owne effecte,
When we may profit mee, and come too late.
Painter. True:
When the day feres before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want't, by free and ofter'd light.
Come.
Timon. Hie meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is wourship
In a safer Temple, then where Swine feed;
'Tis thou that ringg't the Barke, and blowf't the Fene,
Setleft admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be wourship, and thy Samson for eye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone eby.
Firt I meet them.
Post. Haile worthy Timon,
Painter. Our Late Noble Mafter.
Timon. Hauue I once lue'd
To fee two honest men?
Post. Sir:
Having often of your open Bountye tafted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falt off,
Whole thankoffe Nature (O Ablorbed Spirit)
Not all the Whippes of Heaven, are large enough.
What, to you.
Whole Starre-like Noblenesse gawe life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cause
The numerous bulke of this Ingraftude
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 well fene, and knowne.
Pain. He, and my felle
Hauve trauaille in the great shower of your guilts,
And sweetly fell it.
Timon. I, you are honest men.
Painter. We are bither come
To offer you our feruice.
Timon. Most honest men:
Why
Why how shall I require you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Enter, What we can do,
Wee do to do you service.

Tim. Why art thou honest man,
I have you heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speaketh truth, you are honest men.

Enter. So it is my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Bell in all Athens, that art indeed the bell,
Thou counterfeft it most likely.

Pam. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E're foe far I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Vease (wels with flute) so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Nature) friends
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither with I
You take much pains to mend,

Bab. Befeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You take it ill.

Bab. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Bab. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trulst a Knave,
That mightly deceiveth you.

Bab. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him so.

Pam. Some, I thinke, my Lord.

Timon. Lookke you,
I looke you well: I'll give you Gold
Rud me these Villains from your companyes;
Hang them, or else them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you Gold enough.

4 Bab. Name them my Lord, let's know them,
Timon. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company

Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villainke keeps him company.
If where thou art, two Villains shall not be,
Come not more of them. If thou wouldst not recide
But where one Villain is, let him abandon,
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you come for Gold ye flaunt?
You have worke for me; there's payment thence,
You are an Alcmeon, make Gold of that:
Our Raleigh dogger.

Exit

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with Timmon:
For he is set to ostly to handselfe,
There is nothing but himselfe, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1Sen. Bring vs to his Caeue.

It is our part and promisse to th'Athenians
To speake with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: twice Time and Grefeess

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fatter hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him bring vs to him
And chancl'd it at it may.

Stew. Hereis his Case
Peace and content be here. Lord Timon, Timon,
Lookke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their rest, a rest, and enquire:
To speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Caeue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comfort burnes,
Speak and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blinder, and each False
Be as a Camberizing to the root o'th Tongue,
Confusing it with speaking.

Worthy Timon.
Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of Timon,
1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.
2 Tim. I thank thee,
And would fend them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

O Foole,
What are we sorry for our fates in thee:
The Senators, with one content of love,
Increas thee backe to Athens, who have thought
On special Dignities, which vacantly
Forty belt wise and wearing.

2. They confide
Towards thee, forgetfulhence too generall groffe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth foldome
Play the re-comer, feeling in it false
A lacke of Timon yede, beastes want welle.
Oft as it fell, as flaminng yede to Timon,
And fend forth vs, to make thine borrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fullfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramma,
I turn such heapes and summes of Love and Wealth,
As stand thee blest out, what wrongs were theirs,
And were too you the figures of their love,
Euer to thee shone.

Tim. You with me in it:
Surprise me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a Fool's heart, and a womens eyes,
And Ile bewepe these comforts, worthy Senators:
1. Therefore go plese thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to skake
The Captainship, shou'd that be met with thanks,
Allowed with abletude power, and thy good name
Line with Authoritie: so foome we shall drive backe
Of Alcibades th'appraches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauge, doth root vp
His Countries peace.
2. Akes, and his threatening Sword
Against the walls of Athens,
1 Therefore Timon.
Tim. Well sir, I will; therefore I will fir thus:
If Alcibades kill my Countrymen,
Let Alcibades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if the facke faire Athens,
And take our convoyd aged men by th'Beards,
Giving our holy Virgins to the flame
Of consumelous, besfly, mad brain'd warre
Then let him know, and sell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,  
And let him tak' in't at worst: For their Knives care not,  
While you have threats to answer. For my selfe,  
There's not a whistle, in th'generall Camps,  
But I do prize at it least, be ore  
The reverenda Throes in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,  
As Tho'rs to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all in mine.

Tim. Why was I writing of my Epitaph,  
It will be fenc to morrow. My long sickkelle  
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,  
Be Achebates your plaque; you his,  
And let so long enough.

1 We speak in yane.

Tim. But yet I None of Country, and am not  
One that renounces in the camn was whacke,  
As common bote doth pot.  
That's well spoke.

Tim. Command me to my loving Countreymen.  
Their words become your lippes as they passe theow tow them.  
And enter in our ears, like great Triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them,  
And tell them, that to eafe them of their griefes,  
Their fears of Hostile flourots, their Athe's lollies,  
Their pangs of Love, with other incident thowrs  
That Natures fragile Vessell doth fulfill  
In life uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them,  
Ile teach them to prevent withoout Achebates wrath.

1 I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Clofse,  
That mine owne vic vlantes me not downe,  
And shortly must I fell it. Tel my Friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that who so please  
To flop Affiliation, let him take his halfe;  
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,  
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Tim. Trouble him no further, thus he shall find me.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but fay to Athens,  
Timon hath made his extolling Manifer  
Upon the Beached Verge of the fall Flood,  
Who once a day with his embossed Froth  
The turbulent Surge shall cover; sthether some,  
And let my grace-stone by your Oracle:  
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:  
What is sammle, Plague and Infacion mend.  
Graces cely be mens workers, and Death their gaine;  
Sonne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raiger.

Exit Timon.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thos hath painfull disconsol'd are his Files  
As full as thy report.

Mef. I have spoke the least.  
Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We find much hazard, if they bring not Timon.  
Mef. I met a Currie, one mine ancient Friend,  
Who much in general part we were oppo'd,  
Yet our old loose made a particular force,  
And made vs speak like Friends. This man was riding  
From Achebade to Timon. Give,  
With Letters of intrustry, which importned  
His Fellowship, to he cartridges against your City,  
in part for his take moud.

Enter the other Senators:

1 Here come our Brothers.

2 No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect,  
The Enemies Drumme is head, and echehill flowing  
Doth chakke the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,  
The is the fall I fear, our Foes the State.

Enter a Smaller with. Words seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this shou'd be the place.  
Whole heere? Speak he ha. No answer? What is this?  
Timon is dead, who hath our-rieth's his span,  
Some Bealt readeth this; There doth not live a Man,  
Dreade, and soth his Grace, what's on this Tomb,  
I cannot read: the Character. Hee take with us,

Our Captaine hath in eueri figure shall;  
An age'd Interpreter, though young in days:  
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,  
While all the make of his Ambition is.

Exit.

Trumpets sound. Enter Achebade with his Powers  
before Athens.

Afr. Sound to this Coward, and Iustious Towne,  
Cut terrible approach

Sounds a Party.

The Senators appear upon the walls,  
Till now you have gone on, and full the time  
With all licentious mesure, making your willes  
The loophole of illud. Till now, my fele and such  
As sleek within the shadow of your power  
Hae wondred'd with our trouerfil Armes, and breasthid  
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is shalld,  
When crouching Marrow in the bestr strong  
Cres of its feltio no more: Now breathiffe wrong.  
Shall sit and pant in your great Choice of cafe,  
And pursue Insolence shall brake his mende  
With face and horror right.

1 Sen. Noble, and Young.  
When thy first greeves were but a meare conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee, to glue thy rage to Balme,  
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues  
About their quanitate.

2 So did we woe  
Transformed Timon, to our Citties love  
By humble Message, and by promiss meanes:  
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deliure  
The common stroke of warre,  
1 Thel walls of ours,  
We're not erected by their hands, from whom  
You haue receyed your greeves: Nor are they fuch  
That these great Towres, Trophies, Schools shoul fall  
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they liuing
Timon of Athens.

Who were the moesies that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)
Hast broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tyred death;
If thy Reuenge hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathed, take thou the defent tenth,
And by the hassed of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Corses, like Lands
Are not inhabited, then dere Countryman,
Being in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the blunter of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approch the Fold, and cult th infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'rt enter Friendly.

Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt see the warres as thy redresse,
And not at our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbou in our Towne, till wee
Have fell'd thy fall deare.

Alas! there's thy Gloue,
Defend and open your uncharged Potes.

The Enemies of Timon, and mine owne
Whom you your schame shall set out for reproofs,
Fall and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the lawes
Of Regular justice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique lawes
At heauiest answere.

Bath, 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Alas! Defend, and keep your words.

Here a Mefenger.

Mef. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very bennem o'th'Sea,
And on his Graue stone, this Indepculation which
With was I brought away: whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Episop.

Here lies a wretched curst, of wretched Soules bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Curs'd me:
Here lies Timon, who alone, of all our number declared,
Paffe by, and curse thy fall, but passe, and fly not here thy gate
There is no expresse in thee thy latter spirtes:
Though thou abhorr'st them all, thee humane griefes,
Scorn'th of our Brainses fowre, and those our droppers, which
From muggard Nature tall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vait Neptune warpe from eye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whole Memeory
Hicrest sauer more, Bring me unto our Cites,
And I will vse the Owle, with my Sword;
Make war bred peace; make peace flint war, make each
Preferre to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes blafe.

FINIS.

V. iv. 27—85

714
THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Civiliſh Philosopher.
Sempromius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senators.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymon's Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensius.
Ventigius, one of Tymon's false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempromius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.
Enter Flaminus, Murellus, and certain Commons over the Stage.

Flaminus.

Hence; home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicks) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without theigne
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?
Carr. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Flaminus. Where is thy Leather Apron, and the Rule?
What dost thou with thy bell Apparell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

cabl. Truly sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobbler.

Flaminus. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.
cabl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie,
with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad foules.

Flaminus. What Trade thou knayse? Thou naughtie knayse,
what Trade?
cabl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me yet
if ye be out Sir, I can mend you.

Flaminus. What meanest thou by that? Mend mee, thou
savey I cloy.
cabl. Why Sir, Cobbles you.

Flaminus. Thou art a Cobbler, art thou?
cabl. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I
muddle with no Tradesmen masters, nor women masters;
but wish all I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old foules;
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
per men as ever trod vp Neas Leather, have gone vp-
on my handy work.

Flaminus. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why doest thou leade these men about the streets?
cabl. Truly Sir, to weare out their foules, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede Sir, we make Holy
Day to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Flaminus. Wherefore rejoice?

What Conquest brings he home?
What Tribunates follow him to Rome?
To grace in Captaine bonds his Chariot Whelles?
You Blackes, you tooters, you worke then, foolish things:
O ye hard hearts, ye cruel men of Rome,

Know you not Pompey many a tune and oft?
Have you clumb it vp to Wallers and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yes, to Chimney tops,
Your Inflamys in your Armes, and there have late
The late-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariots but appear,
Have you not made an Unrestfull shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concourse Shores?
And do you now put on your bell attire?
And do you now call our a Holyday?
And do you now threw Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over Pompeys blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your housles, fall vp on your knees;
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flaminus. Go, go good Countrymen, and for this fault
Affemble all the worse men of your fort;
Draw them to Ty ber bankes, and wepe your teares
Into the Canonnell, till the Jowell Streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commons.

See where their balefull middle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltine.
Go you downe that way towards the Capitol.
This way will I Dirabe the Images,
If you do hide them deckt with Ceremonies.

Flaminus. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.
Flaminus. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Cæsar Tophetts: lie about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would fear above the view of men,
And keep vs all in furtile fearfulinnse.

Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course Calphurnia, Portia, Des-
tem, Cnneo, Brutus, Caffin, Cucke, a Southfager after
them Murellus and Flaminus.

Calphurnia.

Cæsar. Peace ho, Cæsar speakes.

Cæsar. Calphurnia.

Cæsar. Here my Lord.

Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
When he deth run his course Antonio,
Ant. Cæsar my Lord.

Cæsar. Forget not in your speed Antonio,
To touch Calphonius: for our Elders say,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

The Barren Touch'd in this Holy Chace,
Shake off their Terrible Curse.

Act I. I shall remember,

When Caesar Lays Do this; it is perform'd.
Caf. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Caf. Who is it in the preface, that calls on me?
I heare a Tongue thrilling then all the Mussick
Cry, Caesar: Speake, Caesar is turn'd to here.
South. Beware the Ideas of March, Caf. What man is that?

Br. A South-fayer but yon beware the Ideas of March.
Caf. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Caf. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Caesar.
Caf. What lyft thou to me now? Speak against once, South. Beware the Ideas of March.
Caf. He is a Dreamer, let vs leave him: Puffe.

South. Except Mars Brutus & Caff. Caf. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Caff. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gnome from: I do lacke some part
Of that quickie Spirit that is in me; Answr:
Let me no hinder Caffine your desires; I lie you hear.

Caff. Brutum, I do obserue you now of late:
I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.

Brut. Caffini, Be not decu'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Merely upon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceitious only proper to my selfe,
Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number Caffini be you one)
Nor contrive any further my neglect,
Then that poore Brutum with himeselfe at warre,
Fugges the flames of Loue to other men.

Caf. Then Brutum, I have much mutuall your passion,
By meannes whereof, this Britt of mine hath burned
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cognitions.
Tell me good Brutum, Can you see your face?

Brut. No Caffini:
For the yeare seere not in this feste but by reflexion,
By some other things.

Caff. 'Tis taff,
And th it very much Imbran Cera,
That you have no such Mirrours, as will turne
Your hidden Worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cera) speaking of Brum,
And groining underneath this Age's yoke,
Have with; that Noble Brutum had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers, would you
Lead me Caffini?
You therefore good Brutum, be prepared to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your felle
So well as by Reflection: I your Glafe,
Will modestly discouer to your felle
That of your felle, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutum:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vfe
To stale with ordinary Oathes my laue.
To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawe myself, and hugge them hard,
And after scandal them: Or if you know,
That I profess that my felle in Banqueting
To all the Rount, then hold me dangerous,

Flourish, and Short.,

Brut. What means this Shouting?
I do feare, the People choose Cera
For their King.

Caff. I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not have it so:

Brut. I would not Caffii, yet I love him well;
But wherefore do you hold me here to long:
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honer in one eye, and Death in other,
And I will look as little indifferent:
For let the Gods be free once, as I love
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Caff. I know that vetrue to be in you Brutum,
As well as I do know your outward favour:
Well, Honer is the inboc of my Story:
I cannot wall, when men, and hugg them hard,
Thinke of this life: But for my single felle,
I had as hete not be, as lieue to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my felle.
I was borne free as Cera, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Ensure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a Rave and Guffe day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cera Siute to me, Daff thu Caffini now
Let us in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to Yonder Point. Upon the word,
A rescue my Friends, and let me out,
And bad him follow: So indeed he did.
The Torrent did, and we did buffet it
With luffe Sins, throwing it aside,
And flimming it with hearty Contrariness.
But she we could not be the Point propos'd
Cera civile, Help me C-Terre I thake.

As Ancus, our great Ancutor,
Did from the Fames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anciurus seer, so from the waues of Tyber
Did thee tyred Cera: And this Man,
Now is become a God, and Caffini is
A Wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
It Cera carelessly but bad on him.
He had a Feuer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fite was on him, I did make
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
His Countenance out of their colour Eye,
And that same Eye, whole bend doth swke the World,
Did loose his Lutter: I did hear him groze;
And, that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Makke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke Tranquill.'
As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the Start of the Maskefick world,
And bear the Palme alone.

Shake.

Flourish.

Ere. Another general feath'ront?
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cæs. Whie man, he doth bestride the narrow world
I see a Colossus, and we pretty men
Walke vnder his huge legs, and peep about
To finde our flakes disfavorble Graues.

Men at some time, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault ((fear) #was not in our purpose,
But in our Solace, that we are vnderlings.

Ant. What should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be founded more then yours?
Write them together: Yours as a faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth so well:
Weigh them, its a heavie. Come down with em,
Breake will first a statue as soon as Caesar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what name doth this our Caesar feede,
That he is gorrie to great? Age thou art fain'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the blood of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, faine the great Flood,
But it was fount with more then with one man:
When could they say, (fellow that) talk of me,
That her wade Walkes uncomplait but one man.
Now visit Rome and deed, and Rome enough.
Where is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal Diuell to keep his State in Rome,
As easily as a Kings.

Ere. That you do loue me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would worke me too, I have some some:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not do (with loue I might utter you)
Be any further mood: What you haue said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meeke heare, and answer such high things,
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repue himselfe a Sone of Rome
Under their hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon vs.

Cæs. I am glad that my weske words
Have strucke but thus much fiew of fire from Brutus,

Enter Cæsar and his Traine.

Ere. The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they passe by,
Plucke Cassius by the Sckeene,
And he will (after his faire fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Ere. I will do so: but looke you Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the reft, lookke a chidene Traine:

Cæs. Cassius's Chekke is pale, and Cicer
Lookes with fuchs Ferrer, and looking ey's blue
As we have seen him in the Capitoll


Being craft in Conference, by some Senators.

Cæs. Cæs. Cæs. will tell vs what is the matter is.

Ant. Cæs.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are far,
Slecke-headed men, and such as sleepe all night:
Young Cassius has a blate and hungry lookke,
He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Cease him not Cæsar, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; But I tere him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to fere,
I do not know the man I should appoyd
So hence as that spare Cæsare. He reads much,
He is a great Obliterer, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Plaies,
At thou doth Antony: he heares no Musick:
Seldome he femes, and smiles in such a fort
As if he mock'd himfelfe, and feem'd his spirit
That could be modd to smile at any thing:
Such men as he, be nere at hearts exte,
While they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Then what I tere: for always I am Cæsare.
Come on my right hand, for this ease is deafe,
And I tell thee truly, what thou think'ld of him.

Some

Leson of Cæsare and his Traine.

Cæs. You pull me by the cloake, would you speake
with me?

Ere. I CAES: will tell vs what hath chanced to day.

That Cassius looks to fad.

Cæs. Why were you with him, were you not?

Ere. I shou'd not then ask, Cæs: what had chanced.

Cæs. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people felle a howing.

Ere. What was the second noyfe for?

Cæs. Why for that too.

Ere. Cæs. They howed thirce: what was the left cry for?

Cæs. Why for that too.

Ere. Was the Crowne offer'd thirce?

Cæs. I marry was, & hee put it by thrice, euery time gentle then others: & at every putting by, men loue Neighbours swarmed.

Ere. Who offer'd the Crowne?

Cæs. Why Antony.

Ere. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Cæs.

Cæs. I can as well the han'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not mark it. I fawe

Chirke Antony offer him a Crowne, yet was not a Crowne neyther: I was one of those Coroutte: & as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thincking, he would faine have had it. Then she offer'd it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thincking, he was very loath to say his fingers off. And then he offer'd it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and fell as hee said it, the rabble men howed, and clapp'd their clayd hands, and threw uppe their sweate Night-cappes, and wept such a dealt of flinking breath, because Cæsare refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almoft) choke'd Cæsare: for hee swoond, and fell downe at vs: And for mine owne part, I durft not laugh, for fear of opening my Lippers, and recieving the bad Ayre.

kk
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Coff. But let me pray you: what, did Caesar wounded?
Coff. He fell downe in the Market-place, and stood at mouth, and was speachleef.

Brut. What a very like he had the falling sicklee.

Coff. No; Caesar hast at you; but you, and I.
Coff. He haue the falling sicklee.

Coff. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell downe. If the ragged people did not clap him, and buffe him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Coff. Marry, before he fell downe, when he percei'd the common Heard was glad he return'd the Crowne, he pluckt mee one his Doubles, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I haue beene a man of any Occasional, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so belee. When he came to himselfe againe, he said, I haue had done, or said any thing amisse, he desist'd his Worships to think it was his Inconvenience. I haie wait for the Churches where I flooded, eyed, Alasfull Good Soule, and forgaze him with all their hearts: but there's no need to be taken of them; if Caesar had itnot their Mothers, they would haue done no lese.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Coff. I.

Coff. Did Caesar say any thing?

Coff. I, he spake Grecke.
Coff. To what effect?

Coff. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you in your face againe. But though that understand him, him'd at one another, and throwe their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Grecke to me. I could tell you more newes too; Marcus and Flaminius, for pulling Scarfes off Caesar Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet; if I could remember it.

Coff. Will you suppe with me to Night, Cauke?
Coff. No, I am promis'd forth.
Coff. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Coff. If you supple, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Coff. Good, I will expect you.

Coff. Do so, farewell both.

Brut. What a blant fellow is this grown to be?

For he was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Coff. So is he now, in execution.

Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise,

How-e'er he puts on this tardie forme:

This Rudeness is a Swear to his good Wit,

Which gies men Comikke to digge his words

With better Appretice.

Brut. And do it is:

For this time I will leave you:

To morrow, if you pleafe to speake with me,

I will come hope to you: or if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Coff. I will doe so; till then, think of the World.

Well Brum, that are Noble: yet I fee,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispose'd; therefore it is meet,
That Noble minde keep ever with there likes:

For who so faine, that cannot be seduce?

Caua doth bear me hard, but he loues Brutus.

If I were Brum now, and he were Caua,
He should not humor me. I will the Night,
In fairell 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: wheritin obscurely

Caesar's Ambition shall be plac'd at.

And then tis tis faire Caua left him sorre,

For we will shake him, or worde dyes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cauke, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cauke: brough you Caesar home?

Why are you so衔接, and why stare you so?

Cic. Are not you moud, when all the sware of Earth

Shakes, like a thing vndermine? O Cicero,

I haue seene Tempeets, when the icould Winds

Hauing rend the knottore Oakes, and I haue seene

The Toribious Ocean swell, and rage, and foamne,

To be exalted with the threating Clouds;

But never all to Night, never till now,

Did I goe through a Tempeet-dropping-fire,

Eyetheere is a Cudl fire in Hesus,

Or else the World, tooe敬ue with the Gods,

In evry one a newe destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cic. A common place, you know him well by fight,

Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne

Like to vntwist Tions, hys ioynd; and yet his Hand,

Not tolerable of fire, remain'd vnconq'rd.

Besides, I haave no faire put vp my Sword,

Against the Captall I met a Lyon,

Who glaz'd upon me, and went furly by,

Without annoying me. And there were drawnne

Upon a heape, a hundred gallit Women,

Transformed with the leare, who swore, they saw

Men all in fire, walk vp and downe the frettres,

And yet the Bird of Night did fit,

Euen at Noone-dar, upon the Market place,

Howling, and threac'ing. When those Prodigies

Doe so connnynly meet, let not men say,

These are the Resons, they are Natural:

For I, bee they are portentous things

Within the Clymaste, that they point vp.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposte time:

But men may conclude things after their fashon,

Cleanse from the purpose of the things thentlates.

Comes Caesar to the Captall to morrow?

Cic. He doth: for he did bid Antony

Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Cauke:

This dilurbred Skie is not to walk in.

Coff. Farewell Cicero. Exit Cicero.

-Enter Coffow.

Coff. Who's there?

Coff. A Roman.

Coff. Cauke, by your Voyce.

Coff. Your Face is good.

Coff. What Night is this?

Coff. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Coff. Who ever knew the Heavens enende to Cauke?

Coff. Tho soe that have knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For 

I. ii. 252— I. iii. 45

720
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me into the perilous Night;
And thus embrac'd, Cæsar, as you see,
Have but my Bosome to the Thunder-rowne:
And when the crooke'd Lightnings need to open
The Brev of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Even in the syne, and very flash of it.

Cæsar. But wherefore did you do so much tempt the Heauen?
Is it the part of men to fear and tremble, When the most mighty Gods, by tokens send Such dreadful Heraldicke, to attest us?

Coffa. You are dull, Cæsar:
And those spakkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you use not,
You look pale, and gaze, and put on faske,
And call thy selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these Gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kindes,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Orindes,
Their Natures, and pre-form'd Faculties,
To monstrous qualities; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infused them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of fear, and warning,
Vote some monstrous State.
Now could I (Cæsar) name to thee a man,
Mott like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightnings, open Graues, and roretes,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personal Action, yet prodigious growne,
And farseen, as these strange events are.

Cæsar. Tis Cæsar that you meane:
It is not, Coffa?

Coffa. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Thieves, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors:
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoke, and suffrenesse, these vs vs Womankind.

Cæsar. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establishe Cæsar as a King:
And he shall wear his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, saue here in Italy.

Coffa. I know where I will wear this Daggar then;
Coffa from Bondage will deliver Coffa;
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong:
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Not Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor eye-leff Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be contente to the strength of spirits:
But Life being weake of these worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to dissolv it selfe.
If I know the know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beeare,
I can take off at pleasure.

Cæsar. So can I!
So every Bond-man in his owne hand bearers
The power to cancell his Captivity.
Coffa. And why should Cæsar be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheep:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindees,
That with this waffe will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes, What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offes when it flares
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar. But oh Griefe,
What haft thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answeres must be made. But I am sendd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cæsar. You speake to Cæsar, and to such a man,
That is no hearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand;
Be factious for redeferle of all thee Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as fire,
As who goes farthest.

Coffa. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, Cæsar, I have moud already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To tender-goe, with me, an Enterprise,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they flay for me
In Pompeyes Porch: for now this farseel Night,
There is no flire, or walking in the streets;
And the Composition of the Element
Is Favors,like the Workes we have in hand,
Mobj bloodle, ferye, and most terrible.

Enter Cyma.

Cæsar. Stand close a while, for here comes one in halfe:

Coffa. Tis Cyma, I doe know him by his Gaze,
He is a friend. Cyma, where haft thee go?

Cynna. To finde you out: Who's that, Metellus Cymbhar?

Coffa. No, it is Cæsar, one incorporate
To our Attempes. Am I not flay'd for, Cyma?

Cynna. I am glad on't.

What a farseel Night is this?
There's two or three of vs have fene strange fights.

Coffa. Am I not slay'd for? tell me,

Cynna. Yes, you are, O Coffa.

If you could but winne the Noble Brutus
To our party—

Coffa. Be you content Good Cyma, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where Brutus may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; for this wp with Waxe
Upon ill Brutus Scrate: all this done,
Repaire to Pompeyes Porch, where you shall finde vs;
Is Demus Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cynna. All, but Metellus Cymbhar, and hee's good
To finde out you at your house. Well, I will be,
And so bellow these Papers as you bad me.

Coffa. That done, repaire to Pompeyes Theater.

Exeunt. 1. act, l. 112
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

ACTUS Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Locrine, ho?

I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres, 
Gueue gueue how nere to day - Lucius, I say?

I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.

When Locrine, when? awake, I say: what Locrine?

Enter Locrine.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Brut. Get not a Tape in my Study, Locrine:

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 perillfull caufe, to spurne at him,

But for the generall, He would be crown'd:

How that might change his nature, there's the question:

It is the bright day, that brings forth the Acher,

And woud craves a warrie walking: Crowne him that,

And then I grants we put a String in him,

That at his wall he may doe danger give:

Th' Ambition of Great men is, when it dis-Joune

Remove from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,

I hau not knowne, when his Affections way'd

More then his Reason. But it's a common proofe,

That Affracte is yong Ambition's Ladder,

Whereas the Climber vpward turns his Face:

But when hee once attains the uppmost Round,

He then vents the Ladder turns his Backe,

Lockes in the Clouds,learning the base degrees

By which he did ascendent: so Caesar may;

Then leat he may preuent. And since the Quarrell

Will hau no colour, for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus: that while he is augment

Would runne to thee, and these extremities;

And therefore thinke him as a Serpent's egg,

Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mulchious;

And kill him in the field.

Enter Locrine.

Luc. The Tape burest in your Closer, 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 the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:

Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Look in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the aery,

Gie fo much light, that I may read by them.

Opens the Letter, and reads.

Brunius shewe sleep'; awake, and see this seale:

Shall Rome, Cæsar, speake, strike, redresse.

Brunius shewe sleep'; awake.

Such inflations hau beene often dropt,

Where I have tooke them vp:

Shall Rome, Cæsar, Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the tentes of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when hee was call'd a King.

Speake, strike, redresse. Am I excus'd

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redresse will follow, thou receivest

Thy full Petition at the hand of Brunius.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is waued thence dayes;

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:

Since Coffin first did wet me against Caesar,

I have not slept.

Betwixt the actinge of a dreadfull thing,

And the last motion, all the Interim is

Like a Phantome, or a hideous Dreame:

The Genius, and the mortall Instruments

Are then in counsell; and the state of a man,

Like to a little Kingdome, sufferers then

The nature of an Infirmitie.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Coffon at the Doore,

Who doth desire to fee you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are mee with him;

Brut. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,

And half their Faces buried in their Cloakes,

That by no means I may discover them,

By any make of favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter.

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,

Shall I thinke to shew thy dangour Bros by Night,

When enmies are most faire? Otherwise day.

Where wilt thou finde a Custome dark enough,

To make thy monstrous Vizage? Seek none Conspiracie,

Hid it in Smiles, and Affability:

For if thou path thy native visage on,

Not Franco at tis selfe were dazm enough,

To hide thee from preparation.

Enter the Conspirators, Caffon, Cæsar, Brutus,

Cassio, Mellius, and Trebonim.

Caff. I thinke we are too bold: open your Rett:

Good morrow Brutus, do we trouble you?

Brut. I have licent vp this hower, awake all Night:

Know these men, that come alon with you?

Caff. Ye, every man of them; and no man here

But honors you; and every one doth wish,

You had but that opinion of your selfe,

Which every Noble Roman beares of you.

This is Trebonim.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Caff. This, Doue Brutus.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Caff. This, Cæsar; this, Cæcilia; and this, Mellius.

Cæs. They are all welcome.

What watch'd all Cases do interpose themselves

Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Caff. Shall I intreate a word? They whisper.

Dew, here lies the Exut: dast not the Day breake here?

Cæs. No.

Cass. O pardon, Sir; it doth; and you grey Lines;

That first the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cæs. You shall confesse, that you are both deceit'd:

Here, at I point my Sword, the Same arifes,

Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weight-
Weighing the youthful Session of the years,
Some two months hence, we higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly there.

Then Hato kindle Coward
To & let swears our Revolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath, if not the Face of men,
The suffrance of our Soules, the times Abufe;
If these be Motures weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-hoighted Tyranny range on,
Tell each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) brace hire enough
To bind Cowards, and to Template with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen:
What need we any more, but our owne cause.
To prick ye to redeem? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that have spake the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honestly to Honesty ingaged?
That this shall be, or we will fall for it:
Such Bards and Cowards, and such
Cautous Old feele Carsons, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, swears
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not flame
The even vertue of our Enterprise,
North infupprefite Mettle of our Spirits,
To thynke, that on so great a poynte,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccounted Terror of this night,
And the perfusion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: I thinke he be resolu'd,
I can one-foray him: For he loves to hear,
That Vnto comes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Gaffers, Elephants with Holes;
I yons with Tytles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he loves Flatterers,
He lays, he is disposing them most flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can guie him humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Brut. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him:
Brut. By the eighte houres is that the verrmoold
Can. Be that the verrmoold, and faile not then.
Mct. Causa Ligiarum doth beare Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Brut. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have guieen him Reales,
Send him but thither, and he satisfion him.

Caf. The morning comes vpones:
We'll leaue you Brutus,
And friends dispere your felates; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your felates true Romans.

Brut. Good Gentleman, looke freth and merrily,
Let not your looks put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With withy'd Spirits and formall Consciences,
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt.

Mct. Brutus.

Boy : Lucius : Full asleep! It is no matter.
Enjoy the happy-day. Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wathfully:
Let's cause him, as a Delf fit for the Gods,
Not hew him a Delf fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as stubble Masters do,
Stire vp their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Euenous.
Which looing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers,
And for Marly Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesar Aime,
When Caesar heeds it is off.

Caf. Yet I leare him,
For in the ingrated loue he beares to Caesar,

Brut. Alas, good Caesar, do not thinke of him:
If the love Caesar, all that he can do Is to himself: take thoughts, and dye for Caesar,
And that was much be shoul'd: for he is guien To sports, to wildeness, and much company.

Treb. There is no seare in him; let him not dye,
For he will lye, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clocky strikes.

Brut. Peace, count the Clocke.

Caf. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caf. But it is doubltful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day or no:
For he is Superstitious, and a Prophet.
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccounted Terror of this night,
And the perfusion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

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And friends dispere your felates; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your felates true Romans.

Brut. Good Gentleman, looke freth and merrily,
Let not your looks put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With withy'd Spirits and formall Consciences,
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt.

Mct. Brutus.

Boy : Lucius : Full asleep! It is no matter.
Enjoy the happy-day. Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
The Tragedie of Julius Cesar.

A Woman well reputed: (Cæs’s Daughter.

Think you, I am no freer then my Sex

Being so Father’d, and so husbandt?

Tell me your Counsell, I will not dislodge ’em;

I have made strong prove of my Centurie,

Iung my selfe a voluntary wound

Here, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,

And not my Husband and Secrets?

Bra. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knack, knack, one knockes: Portia go in a while,

And by and by she one shall partake

The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will continue to thee,

All the Characterry of my Lad brownes:

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who’s that knockes.

Luc. Here is a fickle man that would speak with you.

Bra. Cæs Cæsarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy and kinsman, Cæs, Ligarius, how?

Cæs. Would you have your good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bra. O what a time have you chose out brave Cæs:

To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not fickle.

Cæs. I am not fickle, if Cæs’s have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bra. Such an exploit have I in hand Ligarius,

Had you a healthfull ease to heart of it.

Cæs. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I heere discarde my fikenne. Soule of Rome,

Braue Sonne, deriv’d from Honourable Liones,

Thou like an Exorcist, hast continu’d vph

My mortifie Spirit. Now bid me rume,

And I will frame with things ampossible,

Yea get the better of them. What’s to do?

Bra. A piece of work,

That will make fickle men whole.

Cæs. But are not some whole, that we must make fickle?

Bra. That must we also. What is it my Cæs,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Cæs. Set on your face,

And with a heart new-sir’d, I do follow you.

To do I know not what but it suffiseth

That Cæsarus leads me on.

Thunder.

Bra. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar on his Night-Gown.

Cæsar. Nor Hesuen, nor Earth,

Haue beeene at peace to night:

This hath Calpurnia, in her sleepe cried out,

Help, he they murder Cæsar. Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go but the Priests do present Sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Enter Calpurnia.

Cæs. What mov’d you, Calpurnia? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not flitte out of your house to day.

(Cæs. Cæsar shall forth, the things that threaten’d me,

Ne’re look’t but on my back. When they shall see

The face of Caesar, they are vanish’d.

Calp.

II. i. 232—II. ii. 12

724
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

But for your private satisfaction, because I love you, I will let you know, that I have been to my wife, and you at home: She desires to hear from the low my State, which led a fountain, with a hundred spouts Did run pure blood and many lofty Romans Came making; and did bathe their hands in it: And these does the apply, for warnings and portents, And sends word, that to her knees Hail be given': I shall now stay at home to day.

Desc. This Dreame is all amule interpreted, It was a vision, faire and fortunate: Your State spouting blood in many pipes, In which to many spounding Romans bath'd, Signifies that you should great Rome shall slay Romeing blood, and that great men shall profe For Torches, Stages, Reliques, and Covidence: This by Calpurnia's Dreame is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it, Desc. I have, when you have heard what I say: And know it now, the Senate have concluded To give this day a Crown to mighty Cæsar. If you shall find them, you shall not come thereto, Their virtues may change. Besides it were a mocke Apt to be tender'd. In time one entry, Er eke up the Senate, call another time: When Cæsar would have them with better Dreames. If Cæsar's hole houseful, shall they not whisper Loe Cæsar is affraid: Pard me Calpurni, for my desire: Here I am To your proceeding, but me tell you this: And reason to your lands: Cæsar. How now Calpurnia, I am surpriz'd, I did yeld to the: Give me your Robe, for I will go.

Enter Bruttius, Ligarius, Metellus, Cato, Trebonius, Cäsar, and Publius. And looke where Publius is come to fetch me, Pub: Good morrow, Cæsar. Calpurn. Welcome, Publius. What! Cæsar, are you thin or do you see too early? Good morrow, Cæsar. Cæs: Ligarius: Cæsar was not so much enemy, As that same Ague which has made you lean. What is a Clocke? Brut: Cæsar, is it seven. Cæs: I thank you for your pains and curtsey. Enter Antony. See, Antony that Resists of long nights. Is not withstanding vp. Good morrow Antony. Ant: So to mom and Noble Cæsar. Cæs: But them prepare within: I am too blame to be thus wait'd for. Now Cæs: now Brutus, what Tragedy? I have no hours take in those for you: Remember that you call on me to day: Be next me, that I may remember you, Treb: Cæsar I will, and soe will I be. That your best frendles see the way, I had beene further, Cæs: Good morrow: go and take some wine with me: And we will ever be aks friends will ke bee way go together. Brut. That every like is not the same: Cæs: The heart of Brutus cannot be to thongue. Exeunt. Enter Arturion. Cæs: I am of stroues, take heed of Cæsars; comman...
The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

I, ii. 2—111. i. 49

Say I am merry, Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth sly to thee. Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius. Cæsar, Brutus. Enter the Capitol. Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar.

Cæsar. The Ides of March are come.

Brutus. In Cæsar, Cæsar, but not Cæsar.

Cæsar. Enter Flavius. Flavius: Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Cæsar, and enter the Capitol. Cæsar, Cæsar.

Flavius. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar.

Flavius. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar.

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Flavius. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar.

Flavius. Enter Cæs
The Tragedie of Julius Cesar.

Then waile we forth, even to the Market place,
And wailing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom and Liberty.

Coff. Stoop then, and waile. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofey Scene be sad and ower,
In State unborne, and Accents yet unknown?

But how many times shall Cesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompysers Bafs lie along,
No worthier then the drift?

Coff. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Coff. I every man away,

Brut. Shall lead, and we will grace his heele
With the molt bolded, and best heats of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brut. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antonius,

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;

This did Mark Antony bid me fall Cowne,

And being profane, thus he bad me say:

Cesar was Noble Wife, Valiant, and Honest;

Cesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing,

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Cesar, honour'd him, and lou'd him;

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be receiued

How Cesar hath defend'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony, shall not loue Cesar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this warred State,

With all true Faith. So says my Master Antony.

Brut. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Roman,

I never thought him worse:

Tell him, so please him come vnto this place

He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor

Depart vnto him.

Ser. I'le send him presently.

Exit Servant.

Brut. I know that we shall have him well to Friend,

Coff. I wish we may: But yet have I minde

That leaves him much: and my misgiving skill

Falles freely to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Brut. But here comes Antony:

Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Do dost thou dye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Whoe else must be let bloody, who else is ranke:

If at my selfe there is no house so fit
As Cesar deaths houre: nor no Instrument

Of haste that worth, as thowe your Swords: made rich
With the molt Noble blood of all this World.

I do before ye, if you beare me hard,
Now whilom your purpled hands do reece and smoake,
	Fullfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my felse so apt to dye.

No place will pleaze me so, no soule of death,
As liere by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The Choice and Wber Spirits of this Age.

Brut. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs:

Though now we must appeare bloody and cruel,

As by our hands, and this our present Acte

You let us do: Yet see you but our hands,

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The Tragedie of Junius Cesar

And this, the bleedinge bullest they hau done: Ouer hearts ye for saft, they are pittifull: And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome, As fire doth out the fire, so pitty, pitty, Hath done this deed on Cesar. For your part, To you, our swords have leaden points Mark Antony: Our armes in streche of natrure, and our hearts Of brothers spoyles, do receiue you in, With all kinds love, good thoughts and reverence. Caff. Your voys shall be as strong as any mans, In the shif of new necessities. Br. Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd The Multitude, beforre themselues with feire. And then, we will deliere you the caufe, Why I, this did loose Cesar when I strooke him, Have thus proceded. Ant. I doubt none of your Wife:one: Let each man render me his bloody hand. First Cl. an I but wikked will I take with you; Next Cassa Caffo I do take your hand. New Decem From myours: now yours. If I rus: Yours crowne: and all chivalrous Caffyours. Though latt, not least in love, your good Triboun: Gentleman all: Alas: what I'll stay, My creeth now finds on such slippery ground, That one in a bad wayes you shall content me, Either a Crown, or a Hatterie. That I did loose thee: Cesar, O'the true. If then they Spirts look on vs now, Shall it not greese thee dreeer then thy death, To see thy Antony making his peace, Stalking: the bloody fingers of thy Sons? Moll Noble, in the pace of thy Courie, Had I as many eyes, as thou halt wounds, Weeping as tall as they dreame forth thy blood, It would becom me better, then to clofe Interarms of thine shippe with thine enemies. Pardon me Jua, there was thon boy'd bee Hure, Heree d'ft trouffall, and here thy Hunters (and Sign'd in the Spoyles) a Crusmont in thy Lethe, O World!shu'll walk the forrest to this Hurs, And this indeed, O World, the Hert of thee. How like a Drake, stolen by many Princes, Doth thou betreye? Caff. Mark. Anton. Ant. Pardon me Caus Cibus: The Enemy of Cesar, shall by this: Then, in a Friend, it is cold Madelife. Caff. I blame you not for praifing Cesar so, But what compaigne you have to with vs? Will ye be praide by number of our Friends, Or shall we use, and not depend on you? Ant. Therefore I make you hands, but was indeed Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Cesar, Friends am I with you all, and love you all, Upon this hapy, that you shall give me Reasons, Why you did, in this, Cesar was dangerous. Br. or there were this a fadge Spectacle: Our Reason, are so full of good regard,- that were you Antony, the honie of Cesar, You shoul'd be thansied. Ant. This is all I seeke, And am moreover for, that I may Procure businesse to the Market-place, And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend, Speke in the Order of his Funerall.

Erm. You shall Mark Antony, Caff. Trench, a word with you: You know not what you do; Do not confent That Antony speake in his Funerall: Know you how much the people may be mou'd By that which he will write. Erm. By your pardon: I will my lieu into the Pulpit first, And shew the reason of our Cesar's death, What Antony shall speake, I will protest He speaks by leave, and by permission: And that we are contented Cesar shall Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies, It shal advantage more, then do vs wrong. Caff. I know not what may fall, I like it not. Erm. Mark Anto, heree take you Cæsar Only: You shall not in your Harveye speech blame vs, But speake all good you can seconde of Cesar, And lay you do'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 declare no more. Erm. Prepare the body then, and follow us: Extract, Mark Anto. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth! That I am meke and gentle with these Butchers, Thou art the Roines of the Noblest man That euer lived in the Isle of France. Woe to the hand that shed his costly Blood. Our thys wounds, now do I Prophecie, (Which like dunned months do ope their Ruby lips, To begge the voice and veneration of my Tongue) A Cart shall light upon the limbs of men, Domesdick, Fuy, and Reeve, and such like, Shallumber all the parts of Italy: Blood and old tachia shall be in the streets, And draw full Ochre to the front, That Mothers, shall be made, when they behold Their heirs, expiro'd, with the hands of Warre: All pitty clath'd w. in scoule of tell deeds, And Cesar, Spirtus ranging for Revenge, With my best allies, come hau from Hell, Shall in their Confin'd, with a Monarchs voyce, Cry hoast, and let fly the Dogges of Warre. Thus those loud deeds, shall fillne above the earth With Carrion men, groasing for Buill. Enter Otho's Servant. You see Otho's Cesar, do you not? Ser. Do not Mark Antony. Ant. Cesar did write for him to come to Rome. Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming, And bid me say to you by word of mouth— O Cesar. Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a part, and weep: Paolo Lee is catching from mine eyes, Seeing those heads of Fortune stand in shine, Began to water. Is thy Master comming? Ser. He is to night within leuen Legates of Rome. Ant. Pull back with speede, And tell him what hath chanc'd: Heere is a mouinge Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Otho yet, He hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while, Thou
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Shall be Crown'd in Brutt's
1. We'll bring him to his House,
   With Showers and Clamors.
   2. Peace, silence, Brutus speaks
   3. Peace, hold
   4. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
   And (for my sake) stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's Corpses, and grace his Speech
Tending to Cæsar's Gloryes, which Mark Antony
(By our permission) is allowed to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Sue I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Then shall I follow; let us hear Mark Antony,
Let him go up into the publicke Creature,
We'll hear him: Noble Antony go up.

Ant. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you.

What does he say of Brutus?

He says, for Brutus sake.

He finds him humble, and answers to vs all.

These were but he speaks no barne of Cæsar beate?

This was a Tyrant,

Not that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You see the Roman,

All. Peace, how, let us hear him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:

I Come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him:

The glow that men do, lines after them,

The goods is oft entered with their bones,

So let it be with Cæsar. The Noble Brutus,

Hath told you Cæsar was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greuous Fault,

And Jealously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under issue of Brutus, and the rest

(Farewell is an Honourable man,

And Cæsar is an Honourable man,

He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the general Coeffes fill:

Did this in Cæsar I esteem Ambitious?

When that the poore have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet Brutus syes, he was Ambitious:

And Cæsar is an Honourable man,

You all did fea that on the Lelmet:

I thrice presented him a Emerald Crown:

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet Brutus syes, he was Ambitious:

And fate he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am, to speake what I do know;

You all did love him once; not without cause,

What cause withhold you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Man have lost his Reason. Breathe with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with Cæsar:

And I must phone, till it come backe to me.

Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

If thou confesse righteously of the matter,

Cæsar hath good wrong.

Has he his Matters? I mean there will a worde come in

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4. Mark! ye his words: he would not take in Crown,
   Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
   1. If it be found so, some will desire abide it,
   2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
   3. There's not a Noble man in Rome, then Antony,
   4. Now mark him, he begins again to speake.
   Aut. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might:
   Have good against the World: Now lies he there,
   And none to pource to do him reverence.
   O Matters! If I were dispos'd to think
   Your hearts and minds to Antony and Rage,
   I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassio wrong:
   Who (you all know) are Honourable men,
   I will not do them wrong: I rather chooze
   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 Caesar,
   I found it in his Closet, in his Will:
   Let but the Commons heare this Trestament:
   (Which pardon me) I do not mean to reade,
   And they would go and kisse dead Cassio wounds,
   And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
   Yes, begge a Share of him for Memory,
   And dyes, motion it within their Willes,
   Bequeathing it to a rich Legacie
   Vnto their issue.
   4. Wee heare the Will, reade it Mark Antony.
   Aut. The Will, Wiill; we will heare Cassio Will.
   Aut. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
   It is not meere thou know how Caesar did it:
   You are not Wood, you are not Stonies, but men:
   And being men, hearing the Will of Caesar,
   It will inflame you it will make you mad:
   'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
   For if you should, O what would come of it?
   4. Read the Will, we heare it Antony.
   You shall read vs the Will, Cassio Will.
   Aut. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a while?
   I have o'thout my felle to tell you of it,
   I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
   Whose Daggers have stab'd Caesar: do heare it.
   4. They were Traitors, Honourable men.
   Aut. The Will, the Trestament.
   3. They were Villaines, Murderers the Will, read the Will.
   Aut. You will compell me then to read the Will:
   Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Caesar,
   And let me shew you him that made the Will;
   Tell me, Defend, and will you give me leave,
   3. You shall have leave.
   4. A Ring, stand round,
   1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body,
   2. Raise me up, most Noble Antony,
   Aut. Nay &e then not to sever you, stand farre off,
   Aut. Stand backe: room, backe backe.
   3. If you have tears, prepare to flie them now.

You all do know this Mantine, I remember
   The first time ever Caesar put it on,
   This was on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
   The day he overcame the Nermus.
   Looke, in this place ran Cassio Daggers through:
   See what a rent the emious Cake made:
   Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stab'd,
   And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Make how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doores, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so vinkely knock'd do nor no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's Angel.
   3. You, and Brutus, have deserv'd of Antony,
   This was the most vnkindly cut of all.
   For when the Noble Caesar saw him stab,
   Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
   Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighy heart,
   And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
   Euen at the Rate of Pompeys Statue
   (Which all the white ran blood of generous Caesar fell)
   O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
   Then Land you, and all of's fell downe,
   Will it bloody Trestion blowndh'ouer vs.
   Onow you weppe, and I perceiue you feel
   The diet of pitty: There are gracious dropper.
   Kind Soules, what wep you, when you but behold
   Our Caesars Vertue wounded? Look out heere,
   Heere is Hamlet, &e as you see with Traitors.

   1. O pitresous spectsch!
   2. O Noble Caesar!
   3. O woeful day!
   4. O Traitors, Villaines!
   1. O most bloody sight!
   2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
   About, seeke, burne, fire, killing.
   Let not a Traitor live.
   1. Peace there heare the Noble Antony,
   2. Wee heare him, wee'll follow him, we'll dy with him.
   (you vp)

   Aut. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not slip
   A such a losse, line Munday:
   They that have done this Drede, are honourable,
   Whose private secrets they have, alas! I know it.
   That made them do it: They are Wise and Honourable,
   And will no doubt with Reason answer you.
   I come not (Friends) to ilease away your heartes,
   I am no Orator, as Brutus is;
   But (as you know all) a plaine blunt man
   That last not: And thay that know full well,
   That gave mee publique lease to speake of him.
   For I, me not the writ nor words nor worth,
   Amoner, or Vntereste, nor the power of Speech,
   To thine men Blood. I only speake right on:
   I tell you that, which your fellows do know,
   Such was Caesar's wounds, poor poor poor dumb mouths
   And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
   And Brutus Antony, these were an Antony
   Would ruffle up your Spirit, and put a Tongue
   In every Wound of Caesar, that should moue
   The flanes of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

   All. Wee, Well Mutiny.
   1. Well burne the house of Brutus.
   3. Away then, come seeke the Conspirators.
   Aut. Yet hear me Countrymen, yet hear me speake
   All. Peace how, hear Anthony, most Noble Antony.
   Aut. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what?
   Wherein hath Caesar thus defor'd your loves?
   As you know not, I must tell you then:
   You have forgot the Will I told you of,
   All. Most true, the Willer's Stay and hear the Will.
   Aut. Here is the Will, and vnder Caesar Scale:
   To every Roman Citizen he givs,
   To every true man, feuer fues Drachmacs.
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many men shall die their names are prickt. Oth. Your Brother too must dye: content you Lepidus? Lep. I do content. Oth. Prick him downe Antony. Lep. Upon condition Pompeius shall not live. Who is your Sufferer some, Mark Antony. Ant. He shall not live; looke, with a spit I dam him, But Lepidus, go you to Caesar's houfe: Prithee the Will bide, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in Legacies. Lep. What shall I find ye here? Oth. Other, order at the Capitol. Ant. This is a flight unwiseable man, Meet to be ten, no hands fit fit The three-fold World divided, he should hand One of the three to share it. Oth. So you thought him, And took his voyage who should he prick to dye In our blacke Sentence and Proscription. Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days then you, And though we lay these Honours on this man, To call our selves of duties sandrous loads, He shall but bare them, as the Affect bears Gold, To groane and sweate under the Burthen, Either led or driven, as we point the way: And having brought our Treafure, where we will, Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off (Like to the empty Affect to shake his cares, And grace in Commons. Oth. You may do your will: But he's a tried, and valiant Souldier. Ant. So is my Horfe Octavius, and for that I do appoint him floure of Provinces. It is a Creature that I teach to fight, To winde, to stopp, to rune directly on: His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit, And in some taste, is Lepidus but so: He must be taught, and trained, and bid go Forth: A barren fostered Fellow, one that feeds On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations. Which out of ve, and fla'de by other men Begin his faction. Do not talke of him, But as a property: and now Octavius, Litter great things. Antony and Caffius Are leaving Poesie. We must straight make head: Therefore let our Alliance be combind, Our best Friends made, our meanes stretched; And let us presently go in Councell, How couer matters may be bell disclo'd, And open Perils sureft answerd. Oth. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, And

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When the heads of many Enemies,
And those that smelt have in their hearts I fear
To mischief.

Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army, Tiennius
and Pindarus.

Brutus. Stand ho, Lucullus, and all the Armie.

Lucullus. What now Lucullus, is Caesars seer?

Brutus. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Brutus. He greeteth me well. Your Master Pindarus
In his owne charge, or by all Officers,
Hath givem me some worthy saute to witt
All things done, yet done: But if he be at hand
Shall I be satisfied.

Pind. I do not doubt.

Brutus. But that my noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brutus. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus
How he receiveth you: let me be told do.

Lucullus. With courteuice, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiarishinesse,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vrd of old.

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend, cooling: Enter note Lucullus,
When he begins to ficken and decay
It with an enforced Ceremoney.

There are no trickes, in plane and imple Faith:
But hallow men, like Horaces hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:
Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Clefts, and like deceitfull Laded
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?

Lucullus. They meane this night in Sardes to be quartered:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with Caesars.

Enter Caesars and his Pages.

Brutus. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

Caesars. Stand ho, stand, and speake the word along.

Brutus. Stand, stand.

Caesars. Moft Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Esteemers.
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Caesars. Moft Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.
And when you do them—

Brutus. Caesars, be content.

Speak ye your thrusts softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Loue from vs)
Let not wrangle. Bid them mowe away:
Then in my Tent Caesars enlarge your Greetes,
And I will give you Audience.

Caesars. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Lucullus. Do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let Lucullus and Tiennius guard our doors.

Brutus. Enter Brutus and Caesars.

Caesars. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted Lucullus.

Brutus. For taking Bibles here of the Sardians;

When in my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was flighted off.

Caesars. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a cafe.

Caesars. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice officer should bear his Comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you Caesars, you your selfe;

Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To tell, and Mar her Offices for Gold
To Vendereres.

Caesars. I, an itching Palme?

Brutus. You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were elsie your self.

Caesars. The name of Caesars Honor this corruption,
And Chastishment doth therefore hide his head.

Caesars. Chastishment?

Brutus. Remember March, the Isles of March remembre:

Did not great Liune bleed for Justice sake?

What Villiane touch'd this body, that did it,
And not for Liune? What? Shall one of vs,
That touch't the Formoss man of all this World,
But for fappearing Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bibles?

Brute. But all the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trafficke, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dugge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman:

Caesars. Haste not me,
Je ne indurest: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
to make Conditions.

Brutus. Go too: you are not Caesars.

Caesars. I am.

Brutus. I say, you are not.

Caesars. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe.

Brutus. Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther,

Caesars. If possible?

Brutus. Ine me, for I will speake.

Caesars. What way goe you, and what course goe you to your rath Choller?

Brutus. Shall I be frighted, when a Madman flares?

Caesars. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Brutus. All this I more: Fret till your proud hart break.

Go shew your Slaves how Chollerice you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble, Must I loose?

Caesars. What if I loose you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Telfie Humour? By the Gods,

You shall digge the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
I wil for your Mirth, yea for your Laughter
When you are Wafpl.

Caesars. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say, you are a better Souldier:

Caesars. Let it appear say: make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to leaue of Noble men,

Caesars. You wrong me every way:

Brutus. You wrong me Brutus:

Caesars. If you did, I care not.

Caesars. When Caesars bide the dust not thus haue mou'd

Brutus. Peace, peace, you dust not to have tempted him.
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Caes. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forget all?

Brut. Yea Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are overt-eas'ly with your Brutus,
He'll thine your Mother chide, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwixt 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Luc. Thou shall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Casf. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you mean?

Luc. And be my friend, as two such men should bee,
For I have some more yeeres Time sure then yee.

Casf. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynicke rime?

Brut. Get you hence first: Sweeney yellow, hence.

Casf. Bear with him Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. I know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the Warrors do with these higgling Foxes?

Companion, hence.

Casf. Away, away be gone.

Enio Poet.

Lucullus and Titinius bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Casf. And come your felow, & bring Mevinda with you
Immediately to us.

Brut. Lucius, a bawle of Wine.

Casf. I did not think you could have bin so angry.

Brut. O Cassius, I am tickle of many griefes.

Casf. Of your Philosophy you make no vfe.

If you gie place to accidental euils.

Casf. No man bears sorrow better. Periis is dead.

Casf. He's? Periis?

Brut. She is dead.

Casf. How scape'd I killing, when I croft you so ?

O unspoyllable, and touching loufe !
Vpon what fickness?

Brut. Imparient of my absence,
And griefe, that yong Olannus with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; For with her death
That tydings came. Within this she fell disstraffed,
And (his Attendants about) swallow'd first.

Casf. And dy'd so?

Brut. Even so.

Casf. Oye immortal Gods !

Enter Brutus with Wine, and Tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her: Give me a good bowl of wine.
In this I bury all vnhindered Caccius.

Drinks.

Casf. My heart is thirsly for that Noble pledge.
Fill Lucius, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus love.

Enter Titinius and Mevinda.

Brutus. Come in Titinius:
Welcome good Mevinda.

Now sit we close about this Taper here, 
And call in question our necesseties.

Casf. Periis, art thou gone?

Brut. No more I pray you.

Mevinda, I have here received Letters,
That yong Olannus, and Mark Antony
Come downe upon vs with a mighty power
Bending their Expedition toward Philippi.

Enter Titinius.

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Now sit we close about this Taper here, 
And call in question our necesseties.

Casf. Periis, art thou gone?

Brut. No more I pray you.

Mevinda, I have here received Letters,
That yong Olannus, and Mark Antony
Come downe upon vs with a mighty power
Bending their Expedition toward Philippi.
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Brut. Now, my good Caius:

Good night, then: Good night, then:

Enter Lucius with the Cower.

Brut. Every thing is well. Caius. Good night my Lord.

Brut. Good night good Brother.

Oth. Good night Lord Brutus.

Enter Lucius and Caius.

Caius. Good night.

Brut. Farewell every one.

Call me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Brut. What, thou speakest dryly? Poor knave! I blame thee o'er: thou art too-watch'd,

Call Claudio, and some other of my men,

That he may sleepe on Cossions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio,

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Call my Lord?

Luc. Now, I pray you, let him in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall rank you by and by.

On business to my Brother Caius.

Var. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Brut. I will not trouble it: Lye downe good Sirs,

I may be I flatter other wife bethink me.

Look Lucius, here's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Brut. Beate will you good Boy, I am much forgetful!

Can't thou hold vp thy feminine eyes a while,

And touch thy Instrument a thrice or two.

Luc. My Lord, an't please you,

Brut. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brut. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,

I know your bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Brut. He was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe,

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

Musick, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Mur'dous flambeau!

Lay not thou thy fames on Mace upon my Boy,

That playes thee Musick? Gentle knave good night:

I will not do thee to much wrong to wake thee: If thou do't not so, thou break'st thy Instrument,

Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see: it is not the Leafe turn'd downe Where I left reading: Here it is I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cesar.

How ill this Taper burns. But who comes here? I think it is the weak Note of some airy

That shapes this monitrous Apparition.

It comes upon me: Art thou any thing? Art thou to me God, some Angell, or some Duell,

That maketh my blood cold, and my hair to fly?

Spokest to me, what thou art.

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Old. Sire, not unti the Signall.
Brut. Words before blowes: is it fo Countrymen?  
Old. Not that we lose words better, as you do.
Brut. Good words are better then bad brokes Olantuus.
Ant. In your bad brokes Brutus you give good words.
Wesnele the hole you made in Caesar heart, 
Crying long lust, Haie Caesar, 
Caff. Antuwy, 
The poulte of your blowes are yet unknowe; 
But for your words, they rob the Iudgement, 
And lease them I long lefte.
Ant. Not long time now. 
Brut. Oyes, and roundliffe too: 
For you have solone their buzzing Antuwy, 
And very wilfull threat before you flying.
Ant. Villain: you did not do, when your vile dogges
Hats one another to the fides of Caesar: 
You shewd your tretches like Apees, 
And favnd like Hounds, 
And bowd like Bondmen. 
When you say that the Sword goes up against 
Near till Caesar three and thrite women 
Be well awfy, or till another Caesar 
I have added daughter to the Sword of Traitors. 
Brut. Caesar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands.
Vallette thou bring it them with thee.
Old. So I hope. 
I was not borne to dye on Braten Sword. 
Brut. O thou wert the Noblest of thy Straine, 
Young-man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.
Caff. A preuill School-boy, worthines of such Honor 
joynd with a Masker, and a Reueler, 
Ant. Old Caffin fill, 
Caff. Enter Old Caesar.

DeligNT Traitors, hurfe we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
Here, when you have Rommack.

Exit Olantuus, Antuwy, and Army.
Caff. Why now blow wnde, swell Bellow, 
And swime Basket. 
The Storme is vp, and all in the hazzard.

Brut. No Lucullus, heare, a word with you.

Lect. My Lord. 
Caff. Megida. 
Meg. What Eyes my General? 
Caff. Megida, thus is my birth day: as this very day 
Was Megida borne. Give me thy hand Megida: 
Be thou my winnefe, that against my will
(As Pompey was) am I compell to fit
Upon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I hold 
And his Opinion: Now I change mine minds,
And partly crete things that do preffe, 
Coming from Sardeo, on our former Enigne.
Two Angill Engfell, and there they pereched.
Gorging and feeding on our Soldiers hands.

Who

Gloth. To tell thes thou fallest see me at Phillipis. 
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee again?
Gloth. I, at Phillipis. 
Brut. Why will I see thee at Phillipis then? 
Now I have taken heart, thou vanisheft.
Gloth. I, I will hold more talke with thee. 
Boy, Lucus, Faurus, Claudius. Sirs: Awake: 
Claudius. 
Lec. The brings my Lord, are saft. 
Brut. He thankes he thil th is at his Instrument, 
Lucus. awake.
Lec. My Lord. 
Brut. Didst thou dreame Lucus, that thou f coufleid  
or? 
Lec. Nothing my Lord. 
Brut. Strayt against Lycerus Atrac Ausone, Follows, 
Thou. Awake. 
Fir. My Lord. 
Lec. My Lord. 
Brut. Why did you f cry out fir, in your sleep? 
Rhid. Did we my Lord? 
Brut. I faw you any thing? 
Fir. No my Lord, I faw nothing. 
Lec. Not I my Lord. 
Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother Cafhe: 
Bid him fet his Poweres betimes before, 
And we will follow. 
Brut. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt.

Alies Quintus.

Enter Allammi, Antuwy, and their Army.
Old. Now Antuwy, our hopes are answerted, 
You faid the Enemy would not come downe, 
But keep the Hills and upper Regions: 
It proues not so: their battales are at hand, 
They mean to warne us at Phillipis here: 
Anfwering before we do demand of them. 
Ant. But I am in their buckes, and I know 
Where for they doe it: They could be content 
To visit other places, and come downe 
With fearfull barmery: thinking by this face 
To falte my mett thoughts that they have Courage; 
But this not so, 
Enter a Messeer. 
Mes. Prepare you Generals, 
The Enemy comes on in gallant frow. 
Their bloody figne of Battell is hung out, 
And something to be done immediatly. 
Ant. Olantuus, lead your Battale loffe on 
Upon the left hand of the even Field. 
Old. Upon the right hand, keepe thou the left. 
Ant. Why do you crifle me in this exigent. 
Old. I do not crifle you: but I do fow. 
March. 
Drum. Enter Brutis, Cafhe, & their Army. 
Brut. They frow, and would have paftely. 
Caff. Stand till Traums, we must out and talke. 
Old. Mark Antuwy, shall we give figne of Battale? 
Ant. No Caesar, we will anwser on their Charge.
Who to Philippe here comforfted vs.
The Morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their Heads, do Raums, Crowes, and Kites
Fly over our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were fikkely prey; their Shadows forme
A Canopy most fastall, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.

Mofa. Beleeze not fo.

Coffi. I but beleue it partly,
For I am freth of Spirit, and return'd
To meete all peril; very confantly.

Bra. Euen fo Lucius.

Coffi. Now most Noble Broune,
The Gods to day fand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, leade on our daies to age,
But since the influyer of men reste still incerte,
Let's reaion with the world that may befal.
If we do loose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bra. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, fo to prevent
The time of life, arming my felfe with patience,
To try the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Coffi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
you are comitted to be led in Triumph
Thow the ftrrets of Rome.

Bra. No Coffi no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That ever Broune will go bound to Rome,
He beareth too great a mindle. But this fame day
Mull end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shal meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlafing fure升降 will be:
For ever, and for ever, farewell Coffi:
If we do meete againe, whye we shall smile
If noth, why then this parting was well made.

Coffi. For ever, and for ever, farewell Broune:
If we do meete againe, we'll smyle included.
If noth, its true, this parting was well made.

Bra. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this days bulimne, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come howay, Away.

Alarm. Enter Broune and Mofa.

Bra. Rideside Mofa, ride and glue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lord Alarm.

Let them set on at once fo I persecute
But cold demaund in Oleario's fying:
And sodaine puft gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride Mofa, let them all come downe.

Exeunt

Alarm. Enter Coffi and Titinimu.

Coffi. O looke Titinimu, looke, the Villaines fye:
My felfe hate to mine owne turnd Enemy:
This Enigne here of mine was turning backes,
I flew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titinimu. O Coffi, Broune gave the worder too early,
Who having some advantage on Oleario,
Tooke it too earlyer: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whereby we by Antony are all inclin'd.

Enter Pandaraus.

Pnd. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble Coffi, flye farre off.

Coffi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, looke Titinimu
Are they in your Tents where I perceiue the fire?

Titinimu. They are, my Lord.

Coffi. Titinimu, if thou loueft me,
Mount thou my horfe, and hide thy purrets in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And here againe, that I may reft afford
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Titinimu. I will be here againe, even with a thought. Exit.

Coffi. Go Pandaraus, get higher on that hill,
My fight was ever thicke: regard Titinimu,
And tell me what thou nott it about the field.
This day I brasted first, Time is come round,
And where I did begine, there shall I end,
My life is run his compaff: Sirs, what newes?

Pnd. My Lord, O my Lord.

Coffi. What newes?

Pnd. Titinimu is enclofed round about
With Horfemen, that make to him on the Spurre
Yet he purrets on. Now they are almoft on him:
Now Titinimu. Now some light: O he lights too.

Hercus. Show.

And heaute, they shoue for joy.

Coffi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to lye fo long,
To fee my bell Friend turne before my face.

Enter Pandaraus.

Come hithe forth. In Parthis did I take them Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, fouling of thy life,
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thow shouldt it attempte. Come now, keep thine oake,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword,
That ran through Caius bowels, fetch three bofreome,
And stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is couerd, do's thus now,
Guide thou the Sword --- Coffi, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not to have beene
Durf I have done my will. O Coffi,
Fare from this Country Pandaraus shall run,
Where neither Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinimu and Mofa.

Mofa. Its but change, Titinimu: for Oleario
Is overthrowne by Noble Broune power,
As Coffi Legions are by Antony.

Titinimu. The heightings will well comfort Coffi,
Mofa. Where did you leave him.

Titinimu. All discomoflate,
With Pandaraus his Bondman, on this Hill.

Mofa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?

Titinimu. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Mofa. Is not that hee?

Titinimu. No, this was he Mofa;
But Coffi is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou dost subtake to night;

So
So in his red blood Caesar day is fet,
The Sunne of Rome is fet. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mirthfull of my successe hath done this deed.
Mort. Mirthfull of good successe hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melsnecolies Childe:
Why do'lt thou flow to the apt thoughts of men
Tic things that are not? O Error foreene cou'd,
Thou never come to a happy byrth,
But haft the Mother that engendered thee.

Shen. What Pandare? Where art thou Pandare?
Meffa. Seek me thy Timon, whil'st I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, th突击ng this report
Into his ears. I may say thudding it.
For piercing Steele, and Dar'ss monotened
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tydings of this fight.

Th. Hye you Meffal,
And I will secke for Pandare the while.
Why did'lt thou send me forth brave Caesar?
Did not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wretched of Victorie;
And bid me gue it there? Did'lt thou not hear their
Alas, thou hast misconceived every thing.

But hold thee, take this Garland to thy Brow,
Thy Brutus bid me gue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come space,
And fee how I regarded Caesar Cassius?

By your league Gods; This is a Romans part,
Come Caius Sword, and finde Timsius heart.

Enter Auctos.

All. Enter Brutus, Meffala, young Cato,
Straten, Lucullus, and Lucilius.

Brut. Where, where Meffala, doth thy body lie?
Meffal. Loe yonder, and Tiumus mounteth it.
Tium. Tiumus face is upward.
Cato. He is flaine.

Brut. O Caius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entreails.

Lem. Alarums.

Cato. Caius Tiumus,
Looke where he haue not crowne'd dead Caesar.

Brut. Are you two Romans living such as these?
The half of all the Romans, fat thee well;
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no teares
To this dead man, then you shall fee me pay.
I shall finde time, Caesar: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to thine friend.
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Leat is discomfort vs. Lucullus come.
And comye young Cato, let vs to the Field,
Labens and Flamme let vs Battaile on:
'Tis there a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

All. Enter Brutus, Meffala, Cato, Lucullus,
And Flamme.

Brut. Yet Countrymen: Oyet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What Eaffard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, boe,
A Foeto Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, boe,
Enter Scandal, and fight.
And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I.

Brutes my Countries Friend: Knowe me for Brutus,
Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe?

Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Tiumus,
And may't be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne.

Sed. Yeeld, ws thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me first:
Kill 'Brutus', and be honour'd in his death.

Sed. We mull not: a Noble Prisoner,

Enter Auctos.

Sed. Roomee how: tell Antony, Brutus is tane.
Sed. Hee call thee newes. Here comes the General
Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enohe:
I dare affirme thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer 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 himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I affirme you,
A prece no feele in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness, I had rather have
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring vs word, ento Olivanent Tent.
How every thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Caius Cassius, Clodius, Strato,
and Lucullus.

Brut. Come poore remains of friends, rest of this
Rocke.

Clot. Statilium fe'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or flaine.

Brut. Sit thee downe, Clotius: flaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearkne thee, Clotius.

Clot. What, my Lord? No, noe for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.

Clot. He rather kill my selfe,
Shall I doe such a deed?

Clot. O Dardanium.

Dard. O Clotius.

Clot. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, Clotius; looke he meditates.

Clot. Now is that Noble Vextill full of grieve,
That it runnes ouer even at his eyes.

Brut. Come hither, good Dardanium, lift a word.

Dard. What sayes my Lord?

Brut. Why this, Vextillius:
The Ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two foure all times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night; here in Philippi fields:
I know my houses is come.

Vextill. Not in my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Vextillius.
Thou feelest the World, Vextillius, how it goest,
Our Enemies have beat vs to the Pit:

Luc Alarums.

It is more worthy, to leape in our felowes,
Then carry till they pull vs. Good Vextillius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:
Even for that our love of old, 'tis prethee
Hold tou my Sword Hilt, while I runne on it.

Vextill. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum Hilt.

Clot. Fly,
FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Aitius Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. Where shall we three meet again?
   In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
   1. When the Harle-y-burley's done,
      When the Battle's lost, and wonne.
   2. That will be ere the Set of Sunne.
      Where shall these their place?

2. Upon the Heath.
3. There to meet with Macbeth.

1. I come, Gay-Maxton.

A. Padack, cells soon; faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Honour through the fogge and flith be are. Enter.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his refresh,
Shipracking Stormes, and dreifull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort forth'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No former Justice had, with Valour arm'd:
Compreh'd these shipping Kernes to trast their heales,
But the Norwegian Lord, sundering passage,
With furthbras Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a freshe assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquo?
Cap. Yes; as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled breaks upon the Foe:
Except they meant to battle in rocking Wounds,
Or memorize another Goliath,
I cannot tell: but I am sure
My Gait'es cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as they wounds,
They knock of Honor both: Go get him Surgeons,

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Ang. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Ross. Leve, what a shafe looks through his eyer?
So should be looke, that seems to speake things strange.

Roffe. God save the King.

King. Whence cannot thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian Bansters flowt the Skie,
And fame our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Afflicted by that molt dulloyall Traytor,
The Thane of Cawberg, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that Biramus, Bridgroome, leapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with false-companions,
Pointe against Pointe, rebellious Arme against Arme,
Curbing his laufh'spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on us.

King. Great happyntesse.

Ross. That now Swences the Norwyes King,
Grues composition:
Nor would we deligne him butfull of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Olmeynych,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall fe.

King. No.

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Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where halt thou beame, Sifter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sifter, where thou?
   A Seylors Wife had Chefans in her Lappe,
   And moone, & moone, and moone:
   Give me, quoth I.
   Aroyn thee, Witch, the rumpfe-fed Ronyon cryes.
   Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Matter o' th' Tiger:
   But in a Syue Ie thither layfe,
   And like a Rat without a tail, Ie doe, Ie doe, and Ie doe.
   Ie give thee a Winde.
1. That kind.
2. And I another.
3. I my selfe haue all the other,
   And the very Ports they blow,
   All the Quarters that they know,
   The's Ships-mans Card.
   Ie deye in him driye as Hay:
   Sleepe in all yeather Night, nor Day
   Hang upon his Pent-house Lid.
   He shall liue a man forbid:
   Wearie Seul nightes,nine times nine,
   Shall he dwinnde,peake, and pine:
   Though his Bark e cannot be loof,
   Yet it shall be Timpel-toll.
   Looke what I have.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I have a Pistols Thumbe,
2. Wrickt, as homward he did come.
3. A Drumme, a Drumme.

Macb. doth come.
All. The weyward Sifters, hand in hand,
   Posters of the Sea and Land,
   Thus doe goe, about, a bout,
   Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
   And thrice againe, to make vp nine,
   Peace, the Charme's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I hate not seen,
Banqo, how faire is't call'd to Sori? What are these,
So wunderd, and so wild in their arraye,
That lookes not like th'inhabittants o' th'Earth,
And yet are not? Lince you, or are you aught
That may question? You seeme to understand me,
By eare at once her choppe finger laying
Vous her skinny Lips: you shold be Womane,
And yet your Beads forbid me to inteprete
That you are so.

Macb. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Glamis.
2. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor,
3. All hailes Macbeth, haile to thee King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why do ye flatter, and seeme to fear
Things that doe found to faire? the name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shewe? My 't oble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great profession
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can look into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who seeme bigger, not fear
Your favor, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Letter then Macbeth, and greater.
2. Not to happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.

Banq. and Macbeth, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By somit death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
Yet how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lies
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be Kings
Stands not within the prospet of beleeue,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligenc, or why
Upon this blaffed Hast you step our way
With such Propheticke gretting?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches yaffe.
Banq. The Earth hath babbler, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they yaffe'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had yaffe'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or haue we eaten on the inane Root,
That takes the Reaon Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings,
Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Banq. Toth fell's fame tune, and words who's here?

Enter Reafe and Angus.

Reafe. The King hath happily receiued, Macbeth,
The newes of thy luccete: and when he reade
Thy personal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayles doe contend,
Which should be the ne, or his: silenci'd with that,
In viewing o'the left o'th.selfe-fame day:
He fithed thee in the flout Norweyan Ranke,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe did make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can pool with poth, and every one did bear
Thy prayls in his Kingdomes great defence,
And pow'd them downe before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our Royall Muter thanks,
Onely to herold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Reafe. And for an easref of a greeter Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

In which addition, hait do most worthy Thane,
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Mac. The Thane of Cawdor lives.

Why do you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, live you,
But under heausie Judgement beares that Life,
Which he defeces to loose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vanitate; or that with both he labou'ird
In his Counselyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confes'd, and prou'd,
Hau't overthrowne him.

Mac. Glamys, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatst is behind. Thanks for your paines,
Do not you hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gau's the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no life to them.

Ban. That truflfe's done,
Might yet emboldn you vnto the Crowne,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But its strange;
And oftimes, to winne vs to our helme,
The Influmns of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Wifie with honest Trifles, to betrey's
In deepest confucion.

Coun. a word, I prouy you.

Mac. Two Trustis are told,
As happy Prologues to the stelling Act
Of the Imperial satire. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This spontaneous follcying
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of faccette,
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why do I yield to that togethern,
Whole horrid Image doth vnto my Hears,
And make my feared Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vie of Nature? Preten Fears
Are lefte then horrible Imaginations:
My thought, whole Munther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes to my sngle State of Man,
That function isMorned in surnisfe,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt.

Mac. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my flire.

Ban. New Honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleane not to their mould,
But with theuid of vie.

Mac. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, weet it upon your ley.

Mac. Give me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wronged with things forgotten,
Kinde Gentleman,your paines are reguirded,
Where every day I tinky the Leafe,
To resthem.

Le. vs toward the King: thinke ypon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The Interim having weig'd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. Tilly then enough:
Come friends.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

For in my way it flies, Starres hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deepse desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand, yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.
Exit. Macbeth. True, worthy Banquo, he is full to valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerel Leisure. Flumor. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of sacrifice: and I have learned by the persectif report, they have more in them, than mortal knowledge. When I burnet in de sire to guesse them further, they made me sears in yes, into which they could not.

Let me send word in the wunder of it, come Mary: from the King, who did lead me Thane of Cawdor, by which time before, they saved Searles gained me, and refered me to the care of one, with hail King that shall be. This house I thought to be theirs: (my dearest Pattern of Greatness) this house mayn't it not looke the does of everying be ingrown out of what creatures is promis'd then. Lay at to thy heart and farewell.

Glamyrs thou art, and Cawdor, and shall be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I hear thy Nature,
It is too full of th' Makre of humane kindnesse,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
At no without Ambition, but without
The illentse should astend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou Boyle: wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly winne.
Thouldt nae, great Glamyrs, that which crys,
Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'lt ferce to do,
I beswerrl should be undone. High thee litter,
That I may powre my Spirit in thine Este,
And chaflise with the value of my Tongue,
All that impetudes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicaly doe thine iieere
To have thee crowned withall, Enter Mefistjen.
What is your tidings?
Mefistjen. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'ldt mad to say it,
If not thy Maiter with him: who, we't,so,
Would have informed for preparation.
Mefistjen. To please you, it is true, our Love is comming:
One of my followers had the speed of him,
Who almost dead for breath had scarcely more
Then would make up his Mefistjen.
Lady. Gues how tending,
He brings great news, Exit Mefistjen.
The Raum munke is hoarse,
That makes the full entrance of Duncan
Under my Battlements. Come you spirits,
That tend on morall thoughts, refer me here,
And fill me from the Crowned to the Toe, top-full
Of direft Cruitch: make thick my bloods,
Stop vp th' ackette and passidge to Remorse,
That no compunction of wishings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace betweene
Theeffed, and hit. Come to my Womans Breifs,
And take my Mifle for Gall, you musting Minifiers,
Where-ever, in your sightlesse Substances,
You wait on Natures Miffcircs. Come thick Night,
And palt thee in the dunnett fmocke of Hell,
That my keen Knief see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peepse through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold, Enter Macbeth.
Great Glamyrs, worthy Cawdor.
Greater then both, by the all-hate hereafter.
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the infant.
Mefistjen. My dearest Love,
Danes comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Mefistjen. To morrow, as he purposeth.
Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow fee.
Your Face, my Thame, is a Book, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looks like the time, dearer welcome to your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue, looks the silmente, flowers,
But be the Serpent vnder's. He that's comming,
Must be procided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Buinsesse into my dispatch,
Which Shall to all our Nightes, and Days to come,
Give Ireland abases of Grief, and Medterdense.
Mefistjen. We will speak further.
Lady. Onely looke vp clearer
To aiter fower, ever is to feare:
Leave all the reft to me. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Dobgators, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduf, Ruf, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caffle hath a pleasant feat,
The eye mussy and sweetly recommends it selfe
Into our gentle lences.

Banqu. That Glue of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Bailee does approve,
By his loud Man finish, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooringly here: no lusty friere,
Buttrice, nor Coilage of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and proclerest Credle,
Where they must breed, and haunts I have obserued
The ayr is delicate, Enter Lady.

King. See, fee our honor'd Hoistefle
The Lant that follows vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eysl vs for your paines,
And thankes for your trouble.

Lady. All our respectes,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and finge Buinsesse, to contend
Against those Honors depe, and brood,
Wherewith your Mareike leads oute House:
For those of old, and the late Digtin.
Heep'd vp to them, we reft our Ermitees.

King. Where's
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

King. Where's he Thane of Cowden? We would have him at the heels, and had a purpose To be his Parson yet; but he ride well, And his great horse (that saith as him Spurre) hath holp him To his home before us: Faice and Noble Holfestie We are your guest at night, La. Your Servants ever, Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt, To make their Audit at your Highness pleasure, Still to return your owne.Who dares the bond: That conduct me to mine Hoft; we love him highly, And shall continue, our Graces towards him. By your leas Holfestie.

Enter Bane, and furnes, with a torch before them.

Bane. How goes the Night, Boy? Furnes. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.

Bane. And the goes downe at Twelve? Furnes. I taketh, 'tis later, Sir.

Bane. Hold, take my Sword; There's Husbandry in Heaven, Their Candles are all out, take thee that too.
A hearse Summoned eyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:
Merciful Powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: whos there?
Mac. A Friend.

Mk. What Sir, not yet at rest the King's a bed.
He hath beene in needless Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largeffe to your Offices.
This Diamond he grettest your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hofeffe,
And thus vp in measurelesse content,
Mac. Being vnprepare'd,
Our well became the Terrain to defea,
Which else should free base wrouge.

Mk. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three veyerday Sisters:
To you they hau' d wou'd some trueth.
Mk. I think not of them:
Yet when we can encur an houre to ferce,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Bnufesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Mk. At your kind' t leasure,
Mac. If you shall clese to my content,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you,
Mk. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My Befome franchis'd, and Allegance cleare,
I shall be counsell'd,

Mac. Good repose the while.

Mk. Thanks Sir: the like to you. Exit Banque.

Mac. Goe bid thy Muliffe, when my drink be ready,
She strike vp the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fast Vifion, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minda, false Creacion,
Proceding from the heat-un تعدل Braine?
I see thee yet, in formes as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshallst me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vie.

Mine Eyes are made the foolest of other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Courts of Blood
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Bnufesse, which informs
Thou to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature feemers dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Certain Sleep: Witchcrafts celebrate
Pole Heaures Offrings: and wither'd Murthers,
Alas how by his Centurin, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his healthy pace,
With Torsions raising sides, towards his deique
Moves like a Ghost. Thou Bowre and flame-set Earth
Heres not my sleep, which they may walke, for there
Thy very flomes prate of my whores about,
And take the present honor from the time,
Which now assces with it. Whiles I threat, he lues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues,
A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell insites me.
Here is not, Dummern, for it is a Knoll,
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. Exit.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Lady.
Lady. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.

Hence, peace it was the Owl that shriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which gives the fire
A great Night, the Doones are open:
And the furthest Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Potfets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Who's there? what have you made?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And this is not done: that's ample, and not the deed.
Confounds vs: hence: I lay'd their Dagger ready,
He could not mife 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.

My Husband?

Mac. I have done the deed:
Didst thou not here a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle shriame, and the Crickets cry.
Didst not you speake?

Mac. When?

Lady. Now.

Mk. As I defended?

Lady. I.

Mk. Hur, who lyes it's second Chamber?

Lady. Donachrome.

Mac. This is a forry fight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a forry fight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:
I laugh, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And did reflect them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd God bleffe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had beene with thes Haughtmans hands:
Lifting their fear, I could not say Amen,
When my Soul did say God bleffe vs.

Lady. Consider it not too deeply.

Mk. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing and Amen fluck in my hroste.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: for it will make vs mad.

Mk. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Mk. Sleep is death, sleep is death:
Mk. Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleen of Care,
The death of every dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,
Bane of hurt Munds, great Natures second Curse,
Chief nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What does you mean?

Mk. Sleep is cold death, sleep is death:
Mk. Sleep that knits up the ravel'd Sleen of Care,
The death of every dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,
Bane of hurt Munds, great Natures second Curse,
Chief nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What does you mean?

Mk. Sleep is death, sleep is death:

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Those?
You doe vnbend your Noble stiffnes, to thynke
So braine-fickly of things: Goet gome Water,

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Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Mac. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed, That you did stay so late?

Lenx. Partly, Faith Sir, we were not staying to the second Course: And Drink, Sir, is a great proverce of three things.

Mac. What three things does Drink especially proverce?

Lenx. Marry, Sir, Note-painting, Sleep, and Vine.

Mac. Lecherie, Sir, it proverce, and unprouerce: It proverce the defiere, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equeiocrator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it lets him on, and it takes him off; it pervesades him, and difheartens him; makes him blant too, and not blant too; in conclusion, equiocrates him in a sleep, and giving him the Lye, leases him.

Mac. I beleue, Drink gauze theee the Lye last Night.

Lenx. That it did, Sir, the very Throat on me: but I required him for his Lye, and (I think) being too strong for him, though he took vp my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Is thy Master fittinge? Our knockinge ha's a wak'd him: here he comes.

Lenx. Good morning, Noble Sir.

Mac. Good morph morow both.

Mac. Is the King fittinge, worthy Thou?

Lenx. Not yet.

Mac. He did command me to call timely on him, I have almost flipt the hour.

Lenx. He bring you to him.

Mac. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you: But yet'tis one.

Mac. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine: This is the Doore.

Mac. He make fo bold to call, for'tis my limitted servise. Exit Macduff.

Lenx. Goes the King hence to day?

Mac. He does: he did appoint fo.

Lenx. The Night he's been vanaly: Where we ly, our Chimneyes were blowne downe, And (as they say) lanentings heard, 'tis Ayres; Strange Scheermes of Death, And Pompoycing, with Accents terrible, Of dyre Combustion, and confud Eucus, New hatch'd cho't most wofull time. The obfuscire Bird clamors'd the line-long Night. Some say the Earth was feuorous, And did shake. 

Mac. Twas a rough Night.

Lenx. My young remembrance cannot parallell a fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Mac. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Mac. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Mac. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece. Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke one The Lords annoynt Temple, and kloke thence The Life o'th' Building.

Mac. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenx. Meane you his Mafterie?

Mac. Approach the Chamber, and defrayt your fight.

With a new Gorret. Does not bid me speake?
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

See, and then speake your severall: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbain: Macbeth awake,
Shake off this Doonie lare, Death is counterfeits,
And look on Death itself: vp, vp, and fee.
The great Doones Image: Macbome, Banque,
As from your Graves rise vp, and walk like Sprihnts,
To countenance this horror: Ring the Bell,
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Buillette?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to pasley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macb. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans ear
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banque.

O Banque, Banque, Our Royall Master's murther'd.
Lady, Woe aye:
What, in our House?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Deare Duff! no yeare contradic thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbome, Lenox, and Riffes.

Mach. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a bleeved tyme: for from this instant,
There's nothing ferious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grece is dead,
The Wite of Life is drawne, and the more Letts
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbaine.

Dounl. What is smiife?

Macb. You are, and do not know't.
The Sprigging the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stoppt, the very Source of it is stoppt.

Mach. Your Royall Father's murther'd,
Riff. Oh, by whom?

I exx. Thoof his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all bldyd with blood,
so were their Daggers, which won'dr'd, we found
Upon their Pilloles: they flat'ed, and were disstacted,
No mans Life was to be trutled with them,

Macb. Oyet I doe report me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Mach. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wife, amaz'd, tempurate, & furious,
Loyall and Neurall, in a moment? No man:
The Expedition of my violent lune
One-stone the powdrie, Reaon. Here lay Duncan,
His Silver skene, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his glodish Sabre, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Rumes wilders entrance: there the Munteries,
Nest'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vastly beyled with gore: who could restraint
Aui, had a heart to louse; and in that heart,
Comme to make his lowne knowne?

Mrs. Helpeth me hence, boys.

Macb. Look to the Lady.

Mach. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may slayne this argument for ours?

Tomil. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an auguey hole,
May ruth, and feise vs? Let's away,
Our Testes are not yet bried.

Mach. Not our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Death.
Ban. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Foares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vinding'd pretence, fight
Of Tresonous Mallice.

Mach. And to doe it,
All. So all.

Mach. Let's briefly put on manly readinette,
And meet th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Mach. What will you doe?
Let's not comfort with them:
To fewe an unfelt Sorrow is an Office
Which the faile man do's easie.
Be to England,
Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortune full keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are, there's our Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neeter bloody.

Mach. This murtherous Shaft that's there,
Hath not yet lighted: and our waytistory,
Is to avoid the ymce. Therefore to Horfes,
And let vs not be daintie of losse-taking,
but flite there: there's warrant in that Threfs,
Which iteles it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Exeunt Riffe, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have eene
Houres dreaful and, things strange: but this fore Night
Hath triued former knowings.

Riffe. Ha, good Father,
Thou feelst the Heaven, as troubled with mans A8,
Threatens his bloody Stage: by th' Clock 'tis Day,
Yet darkest Nigle strangles the travailing Lampe:
It's Nights preeminence, or the Days shame.
That Darkelle does the face of Earth istombe,
When living Light should kill it?

Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faucon rowttine in her pride of place,
Was by a Mauwing Owe hawks at, and kill'd.

Riffe. And Duncan Horfes,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteeue, and fwell, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature,broke their fells,flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Man warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Riffe. They did so.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

To th'ausgmentment of mine eyes that look'd upon't. Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world Sir, now? 

Mac. Why see you not? 

Reff. It's known who did this more then bloody deed? 

Mac. Thos that Macbeth hath slaine. 

Reff. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend? 

Mac. They were lobburned, 

Malcolm, and Donalbane the Kings two Somnes 

Are,holne away and fled, which puts upon them 

Suppition of the deed. 

Reff. Gainst Nature still, 

Thrissifile Ambition, that will saun vp 

Thine owne lies meanes: Then 'ts must like, 

The Soueraignty will fall upon Macbeth. 

Mac. He is already nym'd, and gone to Scone 

To be inuested. 

Reff. Where is Dunsce body? 

Mac. Carried to Coldhikill, 

The Sacred Store-houfe of his Predecessors, 

And Guardian of their Bones. 

Reff. Will you to Scone ? 

Mac. No Coffin, Ile to Fife. 

Reff. Well I will whither 

Will you fe things well done there:Adieu 

Left our old Robes in eather then our new, 

Reff. Farewell, Father. 

Old M. Gods benyof go with you, and with those 

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes. 

Exit commiss.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo. 

Ban. Thou haft it now, King, Coward, Glamis,all, 

As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare 

Thou play'dst most fowly for's: yet it was faide 

It should not stand in thy Pottenry, 

But that my felle should be the Roarke, and Father 

Of roouy Kings. If there come truth from them, 

As upon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine, 

Why by the verities on thee made good, 

May they not be my Oracles as well, 

And let me vp in hope. But haft, no more. 

Senit famad, Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, 

Reff, Lords, and Attendants. 

Mac. Here's our chief Guett. 

La. If he had beene forgotten, 

It had bene as a gap in our great Faeft, 

And all thing unbecoming. 

Mac. Tonight we hold a solemn Supper Sir, 

And please requit your presence. 

Bani. Let your Highefue, 

Command upon me, to the which my duties 

Are with a moft indifpolable ye 

For eer knit. 

Mac. Ride you this afternoone? 

Ban. I, my good Lord. 

Mac. We should have elie defi'd your good advice

(The Kill hath been both grace, and prospereus) 

In this dayes Councell: but we'ltake to morrow. 

It's farre you ride? 

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time 

'Twixt this and Supper. Goe not my Horis the better, 

I must become a borrower of the Night, 

For a darke hour, or twaine. 

Mac. Falle not our Fealt, 

Ban. My Lord, I will, not. 

Mac. W'e heare our bloody Cozens are beftow'd 

In England, and in Ireland,not confessing 

There cruel Partrick, filling their hears 

With strange invention. But of that to morrow, 

When thitherwithall, we shall have cause of State, 

Causing vs ionely, Hey you to Horis: 

Adieu, till you return at Night. 

Goes Clarence with you? 

Ban. I, my good Lord: our tyme does call vp'n. 

Mac. 1 with your Horis swift, and furc of foot: 

And so I doe commend you to their backs. 

Farwell. 

Exit Banquo. 

Let every man be matter of his time, 

Till ten at Night, to make, Societie 

The Sweeter welcome: 

We will keep our felle till Supper time alone: 

While then, God be with you. 

Exit Lords. 

Surba, a word with you: Attend those men 

Our pleasure: 

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace. 

Gast. 

Mac. Bring them before vs. 

Exit Servant. 

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus: 

Our fears in Banque flike deepes, 

And in his Royalty of Nature reignes that 

Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares, 

And to that durnelfe temper of his Minde, 

He hath a Wildome, that doth guide his Volunt, 

To se in fafier. This is none but he, 

Whose being I doe fear: and under him, 

My Gofvms re-bulld'd, as it is faid 

Mac. Anatesies was by Cefer. He chid the Sifters, 

When first they put the Name of King upon me, 

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like, 

They baply'd him Father to a Line of Kings. 

Upon my Head they plac'd a frustleff Crowne, 

And put a barren Sesper in my Gripe, 

Thence to be wretched with an unwillle Hand, 

No Sonne of mine succeeding: i't be fo, 

For Banque, I fufpe I'll fill my Minde, 

For them, the grauous Duncan have I mother'd, 

Put Rancours in the Veffell of my Peace 

Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell 

Given to the common Enemy of Man, 

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banques Kings, 

Rather then fo, come Fare into the Lyf, 

And champion me to th'Vtterance. 

Who's there? 

Exit Servant, and two Mafteres. 

Now goe to the Doore, and flay there till we call. 

Exit Servant. 

Was it not yesterdays we spoke together? 

Mac. It was, so fitle your Highneffe, 

Mac. Will then, 

Now have you confider'd of my speaches: 

Know.

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The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so in vaine fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you;
How you were boome in hand, how crode:
The Instrumentes: who wrought with them:
And all things elfe, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Nation craze'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.
1. Macb. You made it knowne to vs.
Macb. And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Do you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Goddell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his life, whose heauie band
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begg'd
tYour's for ever?
1. Macb. We are men, my Liege.
Macb. In the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Geyhounds, Mangrels, Spaniels, Curtes,
Shoogers, Water Hogs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Duygets: the valued file
Dristinishing the swift, the low, the subtle,
The Hoofe-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in his clos'd: whereby he does recewe
Particular addition, from the Bile,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a faction in the file,
Not 'th worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Inemie off,
Grapplest you to the hear't, and lose of you,
Who wearre our Health but fickle in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
2. Macb. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.
1. Macb. And I another,
So wearne with Disdaeneugg'd with Fortune,
That I would fer my Life in any Chace,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, shrills,
Agnist my most of Life: and though I could
With barre-fied power foreepe him from my sight,
And bid my will aouche it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his and mine,
Whose houes I may not drop, but wyle his fall,
Who my life flackk downs: and thence it is,
That I to your assiance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For family weighe Reasons.
2. Macb. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.
Macb. Your spirites shine through you.
With this house, at last,
I am advis'd you where to plant your filiates,
Acquit your with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on's, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallaces: always thought,
That I require a cleareness; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Bitches in the Worke:
Flour, his Sonne, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is to no incendiary cause,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the faire
Of that darke house: reioice your filiates spared,
Ile come to you anon.
Macb. We are resolute, my Lord.
Macb. Be call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo thy Soules right,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Count?
Servant. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leve,
For a few words.
Servant. Madame, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in double joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of forreign Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which should indeed issue dy'd
With them they think on; things without all remedie
Should be without regard; what's done, is done,
Macb. We have forsworn the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll escape, and be her fierce, whilst our poor Mallice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things dilatoyn,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will estall our Meale in fear, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, have sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restless extasie.

Doucane is in his Graue:
After Lifs fistall Feuer, he sleeps well,
Trod on he's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Peyfon,
Mallice donnest, forte raine Leue, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lockes,
Be bright and joviall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I loue, and so I pray you be:
Let your remembrance apply to Banque,
Presert him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnfaile the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering fireames,
And make our Faces Vixards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must issue this.

Macb. O full of Scorpion is my Minde, dear Wife;
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Flames lues.

Lady. But
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
A first and last, the beauty welcome.

Ld. Thanks to your Maiestie.

Macb. Our selues will mingle with Society,
And plawe the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in belt time
We will requite her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter two Murderers.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are even: heere I fee t'hy midift,
Be large in mouth, anon wee I drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.

Men. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better theye without, then he within.
Is he dispaire'd?

Men. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Men. Thou art the blowes my Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for Fieon.
If thou did it, thou art the Non-pareil.

Men. Most Royall Sir

Fieon is seape'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had elie beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and general, as the casing Ayre;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, boundin'
To fancy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's safe?

Men. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaffes on his head;
The leaft a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the groome Serpent lies, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'prefent. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll happe our selves againe. Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do no glue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often rouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome: to feele were beet at home:
From thence, the fawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd
Wearth the grace'd perfon of our Banquo present;
Who, may I rather challenge for vulkindesse,
Then pitty for Mifchance.

Rust. His absence (Sir)
Lays blame upon his promife, Please your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Mac. The Table's full.
Len. Here is a place refer'd Sir,
Mac. Where?
Len. Here my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highness now?
Mac. Which of you have done this?
Lord. What, my good Lord?
Mac. Thou saidst not so I did: never think
This manner looks at me.
Gentlemen nigh, his Highness is not well.
Sir, worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keep Seat,
The first 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?
Mac. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Düell.

La. O properuffle:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawn-Dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, those Flaws and starts
[The Heavens and stars] would well become
A woman's story, at a wintry fire.

Authoring'd by her Grandam, shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a flooke.

Mac. Prythee see there:
Behold, looke, looke, how sayst thou:
What canst thou make such faces? when all's done,
Thou seest but on a flooke.

Mac. Blood hath bene shed now, it's a golden time
For humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and peace too, Musthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times have bene,
That when the Brains were aua de, the man would dye,
And there end: But now they rife againe
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And they runne from our flookes. This is more strange
Then such a mother is.

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

I dishaught.

Do not make me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which his nothing
To tolde that know me. Come, Joun and health to all,
Then let it downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:
Enter Golf.

I drinke to the generall joy o' th'othe Table,
And to our dear Friend Banquo, whom we missle:
Would he were here, to all, and him we thrull,
And all to all,

Lord. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Austin, & quoth my friend, let the earth liue thee:
Thy bones are more wicke, the blood is cold:
Thou hast no specluation in those eyes.
Which thou dost glace with.

La. Thinkst thou of this good Popen?
But as a madding Cufome: To me other,
Openly spoyles the pleasure of the time,

Mac. What man slay, I dare not.

Approacht thou like the rugged Ruffian Bear,
The mad Rhinoceros, or th'leereen Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerues
Shall never tremble. Or be abase againe,
And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword
If trembling inhabit thee, prest me thee
The Baby of a Gentle. Hence horrible shadow
Unreal mock thyly hence. Why so, being gone.
I am a man again: pray you fit full.

La. You have displaced the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admist'd disorder,
Mac. Can such things be,
And overcome vs like a Summers Cloud,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange.

One to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural yoke of your Chelsea,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

R eff. What fights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he grows worse & worse.
[The Quotations against him: at once, goodnight,
Tis not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

La. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maecile.

Mac. A kite good night to all.

Exeunt Lords.

Mac. It will have blood they say:

Blood will have Blood;

Stones have beene knowne to mone, & Trees to speake:
Anguers, and wyder blood Relations have.

By Maggar Pyes, & Choughes, & Rooses brought forth
The secret fiest of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost it oddes with morning which is which?

Mac. How sayst thou that Macduff denies his period?

At our great beddis,

La. Did you tend to him Sir?

Mac. I hate it by the way: But I will tend;
There's not one of them but in his house!

I keep a Servant Feed, I will to Morrow
[And besomes] I will, to the wyerd Sifters.

More falsly they speake: for now I am best to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine owne good.

All cau'ts false appr. I am in blood
Scept in forauce, that should I wade no more.

Returning were as tedious as go are:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be ailed, ease they may be found.

La. You lacke the feacion of all Nature's sleepes,

Mac. Come, weet to sleepe. My strange & fell abuse
Is the iniurie fear, that wants hard vse;

We are yet but yong indeed.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting.

Hec. Hec. Have I not reason (Bald sans) as you are?
Sassy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Transmite with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affairs of death:

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The Tragedie of Macbeth.

And the Mirths of your Charmes,
Youe close contrivour of all hurme,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or flow the glory of our Art.
And which is worse, all youe have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spitefull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his owne ends, not for youe.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet mee byth Morning: either he
Will come, to know his Defience,
Your Veffels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside.
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ie spend
Vnlo a dismall, and a Faztall end.
Great buñette must be wrought ere Noone.
Upon the Corner of the Moone
There hungry a rapacious drop, profound,
Ill catch hisse if it come to ground;
And thistill'd by Magicks shfits,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fase, fomme Death, and beware
His hopes, bome Wifedome, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals chiefest Enemy.

Men, women, and a song.

Harkke, I am call'd no litlle Spirit free
Sits in a Fogge cloud, and stayes for youe.

Sing within, Come away, come away, etc.

1. Come, let's make halt, then loose be
Backe again.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but your thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I fay.

Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: morty he was dead:
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if it pleases you) Feats kill'd,
For Feats Bed: Men must not walke too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monitour it
Was for Macduall, and for Donaldbane.
To kill their gracious father? Damned Fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaves of drinke, and thirsters of sleep:
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For twould haue anger'd any hearts alive
To hear the owne denyng. So that I fay,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do think,
That he was Duncan's Sonnes under his key,
(As, and not please Heaven he shall not) they should finde

What twere to kill a Father: So should Planean.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fay'd
His preference at the Tyrants Feast, I hear
Macduall lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lives in the English Court, and is recey'd
Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduall
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayl
To wake Northumberland, and wait him Seyward,
That by the helpe of these (with him about)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Give to our Table thre, specke to our Nightes:
Ever from our eatys, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do fruitful Homage, and receu'ee free Honors,
All which we pine for too. And this report
Hath exasperate their King, that they
Prepare for some attempt of Wyte. 

Lenox. Send to the Macduall?

Lord. He did; and wish an absolute Sir, not I
The cloydly Medituer narrow me hiss backe,
And bumpy; as who should say, your time the
That cloggges me with this Answere.

Lenox. And that well might:

Advisse him to a Caution, t hold what distance
His wifedome can procure; some holy Angel
Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffring Country,
Vnder a hand accur'd.

Lord. He lend my Prayers with him.

Aetius Quatuor. Scene Prima.

Enter 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 goe;
   In the Powder Estrayes throw,
   Toad, that vnder cold stone,
   Dyes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
   SWelched Venom sleeping got,
   Boyle thouest first lithe charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
   Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
   2. Fallof a Fenny Snake,
   In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
   Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
   Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge;
   Adders Head, and Blind man's Blampe
   Lizards legge, and Howletts wing:
   For a Charme of powerfull trouble,
   Like a Hail-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
   Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
   3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
   Witches Mummery, Mam, and Gulfe
   Of the ravin'd fay Se shame
   Rootes of Henlocke, digg'd th'duckes
   Luer of Blaspheming J ew,
   Gall of Goat, and Slippes of Yew,
   'Slver'd in the Moones Eclips.'

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Laugh to see

The power of man:

For none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth.

Defend.

Mac. Then here a play; what need I fear thee

But thunder? He maketh汾 university; double fare,

And take a Braid of Fate? thou flat not lone,

That I may tell pale-hearted Feme, it lies;

And fleape in sight of Thunder.

Enter:

Apparition, a Childe, Crowned, with a Tree in his hand,

What is this, that riseth like the issue of a King,

And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Souterainety?

All. Liten, but speake not too.

3. Appar. Be Lyne united, proud, and set to care;

Who chaites, who feets, or where Confessors are.

Macbeth this never vanquish'd be, vould

Great Byman Wood, to high Duniflane Hill

Shall come against him.

Defend.

That shall never bee:

Who can impreffe the Forrest, but the Tree

Unfix his earth, bound Round? No: then things are good:

Rebellon head, rise neer the Wood

Of Byman's nie, and our high placed Macbeth

Shall lete the Knife of Nature, pay his lieth

To time, and mortall Custome, Then my Hart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Act

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer

 Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternal Ciff fall on you: I let me know.

Why links that Calid? and what note is this? Hide it

1. Shew.

2. Shew.

3. Shew.

All. Show his Eyes, and greece his Latt,

Come like flameouts, to depart.

A sharp of right Kings, and Banquo lift with a gaffe

on his band.

Macb. Thou art like the Spirit of Banquo: Down

Thy Crowne don't receif me Eyeballs, and his side

Thus. What gold-bound-drow, is like the spirit

Awarded, just like the former. Folyngs trice,

Why do you shew me this —— A loud: Start eyes

What will the Line stretch out to the crack of Heaven?

Another yet? I see no more.

And yet the eight appears, who beares a gaffe,

Which shews me many more: and lone I fee,

Thus, fold-Ballets, and treable Scepter carry.

Horrible sight: Now I see the true.

For the Blood-bolster'd Banquo smilies upon me,

And points at them for his. What is this for?

1. I see, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sielers, where we vp his spirtes,

And shew the bell of our delights.

He Charme the Aye to give a sound,

While you perform your Auncient round:

That this great King may kindly lay,

Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Macb. The Witches Dance and spunge,

Macb. Where are they? Gone e?

Let this permissive hour.

Stand eye accursed in the Calender.

Come in, without there.

Lors. What's your Grace's will.

Macb.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Mac. Saw you the Weird Sibyls?
Len. No, my Lord.
Mac. Came they not by you?
Len. No indeed my Lord.
Mac. Intended be the Awe wherein they ride,
And damn'd all those that shall mislead me. I did fear
The galloping of Horses. Who was it came by?
Len. I saw two or three my Lord, that bring you word
Macbeth is Red to England.
Mac. Fleid to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Mac. There, thou antipathry my dread exploit:
The flight was madly hasty. One stroke
Waneth the deed go wanist. From this moment,
The very stiillness of my heart shall be
The stiillness of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Aths, be it thought & done;
The Castle of Macbeth, I will improve,
Sence upon this judge to edge with Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all whatsoever Souls
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foolle,
This deed he do, before this purpose coole,
But no more fights. Where are ththt Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff, Wife, Son and Ruff.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Ruff. You must have patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madly hasty. When our Actions do not,
Our feuds do make vs Traitors.
Ruff. You know not
Whether it was his wife's done, or his fear.
Wife. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himself do's fly, He leaves wo not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poore Wench
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Net, against the Owle:
All is the fire, and nothing is the Loe;
As little is the Widowme, where the flight
So ramns against all reason.
Ruff. My deere Coze,
I pray you chooze your felte. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and bett knowes
The lite of this Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not now our feules: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But flight upon a Wilde and violens Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but lle be here againe:
Things at the worst will ease, or else clime upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Coze,
Bleving upon you.

Wife. Father's deic, is,
And yet he's Father-Jeff.
Ruff. I am so much a Foolle, Should I say longer
It would be my disgice, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

Exit Ruff.

Wife. Siths, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Warmes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and to do they.
Wife. Poor Bird,
Though oftner Fares in the Nest, nor Lime,
The Pissall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why shoul I Mother?
Wife. Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your sayng.
Wife. Ye, 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 twentie at any Market,
Son. Then you'l to 'em to fell again.
Wife. Thou speake it with thin my wit,
And yet I faith with wit enough for thee
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear, and lyse?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the Lye's and Sweares are Foolles: for there
are Lye's and Sweares know, to be honest men,
and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him:
If you would not, it was a good fight, that I should quickly
have a new Father.
Wife. Poorer prayor, how thou talk'lt?

Exit a Melanger.

Mel. Blest ye fair Dame, I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you nereby,
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found here: Hence with your little ones
To frignt you thus. Me thinkes I am too louge:
To do worse to you, were fell Cmley,
Which is too nile your perfon. Heaven preferre you,
I dare abide no longer.

Exit Melanger.

Ruff. Wherother Should I flye?
Ruffe. I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: whereso do harme
Is soodnable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (as)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To lay I have done no harme?
What are these foes?

Enter Murtherer.

Muth. Where is your Husband?
W. I hope in no place to unaccomprised,
Where such as thou mayl finde him.
Muth. His is a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou sayge-est'rd Villaine.
Muth. What you Egge?
Son. Yong frye of Treachery
Son. He's aildd me Mother,
Son. Run away I pray you.
Enter Macduff and Macbeth.

_Mal._ Let vs seeke out some delate shade, & there Weope our sad botomes empty.

_Mal._ Let vs rather Hold the worstall Sword & like good Men, Hidte out our downfall Birthdome: each new, Morne, New Widdowes howlie, new Orphans cry, new forowes Strike heauen on the face, that it colouf
As it isfeit with Scotland, and yell'd out Syke Lable of Dalour.

_Mal._ What I believe, I wale; What know, helene; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I will. What you have spoke, it may be so perchance. This Tyrant, whose sole name blistes our tongues, Was once thought howell: you have loud him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may difference of him through me, and silvadome I shall vp a weake, poor innocent Lambe Tappesst an angry God.

_Mal._ I am not treacherous. 

_Mal._ But Macbeth is. A good and vertuous Nature may recouyle In an Imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranpole; A ynde of bright blis, though the brighten fell. Though all things foule, would wear the browes of grace Yet Grace must fill looke so.

_Mal._ I have lost my Hopes. 

_Mal._ Perchance even there Where I did finde my doubtful. Why then that wench'd left you Wifhe, and Childe? Those precious Matières, those strong knots of Loue, Without: leasenaking. I pray you, Let not my leasoul, be your Dishonors, But mine owne Safetries: you may belyf full, What euer I shall think.

_Mal._ Bleed, bled poor Contrey, Great Tyranny, say than thyself sure, For a newe tune, a newe tune, there ware by wrongs, The Trule, is affurd. For theye well Lord, I would not be the Villain that thou thinkst, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grasse, And the rich Exit to boot.

_Mal._ Besot offendst:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you: I think our Contrey blakes beneath the yoke, It weepes, it bleeds, and each newe day a gath
Is added to her woes. I think withall, There would be hands uplifted in my right: And here from gracious England base I offer
Of goodly countenances. But all slight, When I shall tread upon the Tyrants head, Or weare it on my sword yet my poore Contrey? Shall have more vices then it had before, More suffer, and more sundry ways then cure,
By him that shall facced.

_Mal._ What should be be?

_Mal._ It is my liffe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grated.

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Effete him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confedratic larmes.

_Mal._ Not in the Legions Of hotred Hell, can come a Duell more damn'd
In euils, to top Macbeth.

_Mal._ I grant him bloody.

Luxurious, Atrustious, Faffe, Deceiffull, Sodaine, Malicious, imaking of everie lone That he's a name. But there's no bottome, none In my Volutplסוגonyf: Your Wives, your Daughters, Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Gleftene of my Luft, and my Desire.

All conteninent Impediments would ore-beare:
That did opposte my will. Better Macbeth,
Then such an one to reigne,

_Mal._ Boundlessl intemperance

In Nature is a Tyrany: It hath beene Th'vntimingly empyring of the happy Throne, And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet feare cold. The time you may to bondwomke: Whose willing the one commaund, the other cannot be That Vulture in you, to cleare to many As well to Greatnesse dedicate themselves, Finding it to inclinde.

_Mal._ With this, these growes

In my most ill-compose Affection, such A flanckeless Absurd, that were I King, I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands, Defire his Jewels, and this others House, And my more-haune, would be as a Sowce
To make me hunger more, that I should forget Quarrels vnmut against the Good and Loyall, Destroying them for wealth.

_Mal._ This Asurice

Tuckes deeper: grows with more pernicious roote
Then Summer's enning Luft: and it hath bin
The Sword of our Waine Kings: yet do not trust, Scotland hath Fyfons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are porbare, With other Graces weight.

_Mal._ But I have none. The King-becoming Graces, A fference, Vertue Temperance, Stablness, Bountie, Perseuerence, Mercy, Louwhile, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortuitude, I have no rellif of them, but about
In the diution of each feuerall Crime, Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should Purse the sweete Mike of Concord, into Hell, vprore the vnsuerfull peace, confound
All vanity on earth.

_Mal._ O Scotland, Scotland.

_Mal._ If such a one be fit to governe, speake:

I am as I have spoken.

_Mal._ Fit to governe? No not to live. O Natiо miserable! With an entitiled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shall thou see thy whollsome days againe? Since that the traeft Issue of thy Throne By his owne Intedication standes acquitt, And do's blaspheome his breed? Thy Royal Father
Was a most Sainted King; the Queene that bore thee, Offerd upon her knees, then on her feet, Dy'de every day the livid. Fare thee well,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

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But I must also feele it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things, were
That were most precious to me. Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their parts? Sunfull Maduff,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne deserts, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heauen reit hem now.

Mac. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Convert to anger; blunte not the heart, courage it.

Mac. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Can show all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heauen forgive him too.

Mac. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our lease. (Macbeth
Is ripe for shacking, and the Powres abuse
Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that never finds the Day. 

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Dollar of Physickes, and a Draying
Gentleman.

Doll. I have too Nightes watch'd with you, but can
perceive no sign in your report. When was it first I
walk'd?

Gen. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
seen her rite from her bed, throw her Night-Gown up-
pon her, unlock her Clofet, take tooth paper, feele it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards Scale it, and againe
return to bed, yet all this while in a mottell sleepe.

Doll. A great perturbation in Nature, to receate at
once the benefit of sleepe, and do the effects of watchinge.
In this flumbru agitation, besides her walking, and other
suche performances, what (at any time) have you heard
her say?

Gen. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doll. You may to me, and it's most reeect you should.
Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse
to confirme my speech. Enter Lady with a Taper.

Lo you, heere the cometh: This is the very guide, and up-
on my life I ax thee: oblide her, stand close.

Doll. How care the by this light?

Gen. Why is it rau'd by her? she's light by her con-
tinually, fits her command.

Doll. You fee her eyes are open.
Gen. But their scale are shut.

Doll. What is the de's now?

Gen. Look how she rubbes her hands.

Doll. It is an auburned aection with her, to seeme
this watchinge, her hands: I have knoone her continue in
this a quarter of an houre.

Lady. Yet heere's a spot.

Doll. Haile! he speakes, I will set downe what comes
from her, to lase by resemblance the more strongly,
I. Out damne spot! out,岳, One: Two: Why
then is time to do't: Well is murkey, Ey, my Lord, ey,
a Souldier, and a souldier, and at what need we fear? who knowes
is, when none can call our powre to ac apopt: yet who
would have thought the olde man to have had so muc.

Doll. Do you marke that?

Gen. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is the now?
What wil these hands ne be cleane? No more of that
if my Lord, no more of that: you marre all with this data-
tong.

Doll. Go too, go too:
You have known what you should not,
Gen. She ha's spoke what thee should not, I am sure
of that: Heauen knows what she ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the pre-
fames of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doll. What a sight is there? The hart is sorely charg'd,
Gen. I would not have such a heart in my bosome,
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doll. Well, well, well.
Gen. Say God be mit.

Doll. This disease is beyond my proffiscie: yet I ha
knowne thowe which have walk'd in their sleepe, who have
dryd holliy in their beds.

Ed. With your hands, put on your Night Cloke,
book more simple: I tell you yet againe Banquo's buried;
he cannot quite out of the gate.

Ful. Furn to?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knockinge at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, come me your hand: What's done,
cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doll. Will she goe now to bed?
Gen. Directly.

Doll. Foule whip'tings are abroad, unnatural deeds.
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected midnes
To their desye pillowes will discharge their Secrets.
More needs she the Duke, then the Physician:
God, God forgive us all. I take after her,
Remoue from her the meares of all arrogancies,
And fill keepere eyes upon her: So goodnight,
My minde she's mated, and ans'd my fightes,
I thankes, but dare not speake.
Gen. Good night good Doctor.

Scena Secunda.

Dum and Colouris. Enter Macth, Cabots,
Argus, Leans, Soldiners.

Macth. The English power is not, led on by Malcolm,
His Vicke Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Reuenes burne in them: for their deere cauuses
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarum
Excite the mortifird man.

Arg. Neere Brynnan where
Shall we well meet them? what way are they comming?
Cath. Who knowes it Donalbone be with his brothe.

Law. For certain Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is Seyward Sonne,
And many youfle yeouths, that even now
Protest their Shift of Manhood.

Macth. Who says the Tyrant.
Cath. Great Dunstanbe he strongly Fortheies:
Some say he's mad: Others, that lefse hate him,
Do call it violent Fury, but for certain

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He cannot buckle his tiarterd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

_{Act._ No. do's he feece}

His Leret Mattheus fliking on his hands,
Now mutating Revolves upbraiding his Faith-breath:
_Tidie he command, more onely in command,
Nothing in loue. Now do's he feece his Tale
_Using LOOK about him, like a Giants Robe

enton a dwrth Threet.

_Meth. Who then shall blame

Thistle d Sautes to recolyce, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemnme
Sit feef, for being there.

Cath. Well. march we on,
_To gue obedience, where 'tis truly ovd:
Meet we the Medicine of the sickly Wesle,
And with hum poure we in our Countres purge,
To a perp':

_Probe. On to much it's needed,
To dew the somnague their, and drawet the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan.  _**Execut marching.**

Scena Tertia.

.Enter Macbeth, Dcuor, and Attendants.

_Mac. Bring me no more reports, let them flye all:
This Birnane wood remotte to Dunfinne,
I can not trust with Fear. What's the Boy _Malcolm?
Was he not a bose of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conferences, have prouen me thus:
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall euer have power upon thee. Then flye safe. Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epitres,
The minde I way by, and the heart I bare,
Shall neuer fagge with doule, nor shake with fear.

_Execut Seruant.

The dwelle damne thee blacke, though cress-fnde Loone:
Where go'nt thou that Goose-looks.

_Ser. There is ten thousand.

_Mac. Greetie Villaine!

_Ser. Souldiers Sir.

_Mac. Go prick thee face, and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-lured Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekets of thine
Are Cousinards to fearse. What Soldiers Whay-face.

_Ser. The English Force, for pleaCy you,

_Mac. Take the face hence. _Ser. I am sick at harte,
When I behold: _Ser. In this path
Will cheere me euer, or dis-sate me now.
I hau li'd long enough, my waye of life
Is falle into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old Age,
As Honor, Loe, Obsevance, Troope of Friends,
I must not looke to have: but in their fed
Courts, not bowd but deepse, Mouth-honour, breath
Which the poore heart would faine denye, and dare not.

_Enter Ser. De-

_Ser. What's your gracious pleasure?

_Mac. What News more?

_Ser. All is confirmed my Lord, which was reported,
Macellie fight, till from my bones, my flesh be back.

_Give me my Armor.

_Ser. This not needed yet.

_Mac. Ile put it on:
Send out one Horfes, shirke the Country round,
Hang thole that take of Fear. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

_Deu. Not to fike my Lord,
As he is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

_Mac. Care of that:
Can't thou not Minifter to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Obliusious Antidote
Clenease the flufft boosome, of that perillous fluffe
Which weigthes upon the heart?

_Deu. Therein the Patient
Mult minifter to himselfe.

_Mac. Throw Phylifie to the Dogs, I none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: give me my Staffe:
_Ser. Sep. Send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou cou'dt Doctor, caft
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a found and prline Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should appland againe. Pul't off Fisy,
What Rabids, Coyne, or what Purgative drugg
Would cowte these English hence: heart'ly of them?

_Deu. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparition
Makes vs here something.

_Mac. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Tell Birnane Forrest come to Dunfinne.

_Deu. Were I from Dunfinne away and cleere,
Profit sagne shou'd hardly drawe me here.

_Execut

Scena Quarta.

Drunck and Colours. _Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,
_Seywards Shame, Montiel, Cathet, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

_Mac. Cofin, I hope the days are neerer at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

_Ment. We doubt it nothing.

_Sey. What wood is this before vs?

_Ment. The wood of Birnane.

_Mac. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bea't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoss, and make discovery
Erre in report of vs.

_Sold. It shal be done.

_Sey. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinne, and will induce
Our fritting downe before.

_Mac. Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be gien,
Both more and lefle have given him the Revolt,
And none ferue with him, but constraine things,
Whose hearts are ab Dent too.

_Cathet. Let our trust Curtizers
Attend the true event, and put we on

Indurigious

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The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soldiers, with, Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls, The Cry is still, they come; our Callies strength Will laugh a Sedge to fume: Here let them fly, Till Famine and the Ague ease them vp: Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours, We might have met them dacefull, head to head, And beat them backward home. What is that noyse?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of feares: The time he's beene, my fences would have cool'd To hear a Night-friarke, and my Fell of haire Would at a dismall Treacle rowze, and three As life were int: I have soe full with horror, Duterefull familiar to my shatteredous thou' his Cannot once flatter me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereonbefore; There would have beene a time for such a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow, Creepes in this petty race from day to day; To the tall Sylable of Recorde times: And all our yesterdays, have lighted Fools The way to dufte death: Out, out, breve Candle, Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player, That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage, And then is heard no more. It is a Tale Told by a Traveller, full of sound and turp Signifying nothing. Enter a Messenger, &c. The time is like thy Tongue; thy Story quickly.

Mef. Gracious my Lord, I shoul report that which I say I say, But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it.

Mef. As I did hand my watch upon the Hill I look'd toward Byrnace, and anoy'd me thought The Wood began to moove.

Macb. Lyar, and Stire.

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, it's be not so: Within that three Moon may you be comming, I say, a morning Grome.

Macb. If thou speakest't false, Upon the next Tree shall thou hang false Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dol for me a man.

I pull in Resolutions, and begin To doubt all Equinocates of the Fiend, That lies like truth. Foe war not till Byrnace Wood Do come to Dunmowne, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunmowne. Armz, Armz, and ou', If this which he snouches, do's appeare, There is nor flying hence, nor carrying here, I gi'ne to be a weary of the Sun, And with th' electors o' th' world were now vndon. Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Wnde, come wrakke, All call we'd dye with Harriette on our backs. Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Drumme and Colours.

Macb. Now neere enough: Your leas Shreens throwe downe, And shew like those you are: You (worthy Winkle) Shall with my Cozin your right Noble Sime Leade our first Battell. Worthy Macdoe, and see Shall take uppon what else remains do to, According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well: Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night, Let vs be haren, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our Trumpets speak, give ipp's and breath Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. Exeunt

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot flye, But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he That was not borne of Woman? Such a one Am I to feere, or none.

Enter Seyward, &c.

T. Sey. What is the cause?

Macb. Thou'rt not afraid to hear it.

T. Sey. Not though thou'lt thy selfe a hater name Then any is in hell.

Mact. My name, Mactheath.

T. Sey. The dwelle huntele could not pronounce a Title More barefull to make ease.

Mact. No more barefull.

T. Sey. Thou lyest abounded Tyrant, with my Sword I proue the yke thou speake it.

Fight, and young Seyward stripe.

Mact. Thou was borne of woman; But Swords I feele at, Weapons laugh to fume, Brandish'd by man that's a Woman borne. Exeunt

Mact. Into Macdoe, &c.

Mact. That way the node is: Tyrant flow thy face, If thou beft finde, and with no fhowke of mine, My Wife and Children Ghofts will haunt me full: I cannot thike et wretched home, who seares Arise't to hear the Straws; either thou Mactheath, Or cline my Sword with an embatterd edge I this againe unheed. There thou'ldst be, By this great clatter, one of greatst note

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The Tragedy of Macbeth.

V. vii. 22—104

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Frances into Conventicle.

Barnardo.

What's there? 

Frn. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Frn. Barnardo.

Bar. He.

Frn. You came most carefully upon your houre.

Bar. Tis now about twelve, get thee to bed Frances.

Frn. For this I shall receiue much thankes. To bitter cold, and I am faine at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet Guard?

Frn. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Rulers of my Watch, bid them make hallo.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Frn. I think I hear them. Stand, who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leng-man to the Daire.

Frn. Gait you good night.

Mar. O faith! how hot a Soldier, who hath relieve'd you? 

Frn. Barnardo, this is my place, give you good night.

Exit frn.

Mrs. Holls Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A peace of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this, thing appear'd againe to night?

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio say, but out Fantastick:

And will not let beleefe take hold of me

Touching this dreadfull sight, twice scene of vs,

Therefore I have interest'd him along

With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,

That if any thing this Apparition come, 

He may apprize our eyes, and speak to us.

Hor. Truth, truth, shall not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let us once more assesse your care,

That are so forward upon our story,

What we two night had seen.

Hor. Well, let it be so.

And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

'Bar. At night of all,

When your fame Stared that a Weeke from the Pole

Had made his court full amaze part of Heaven

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,

The Bell then beating one.

Enter the Ghost.

Bar. Peace, brake thee o'er:

Look where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler, speake to it Horatio.

Hor. Looks it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.

Mar. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

Hor. It would not be spoke too.

Mar. Queffions to Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that wing'd this time of night,

Together with that Faerie and Warlike forme

In which the Mauestly of hurted Denmarke

Did sometime match? By Heaven I charge thee speake

Mar. It is attend'd

Hor. Speak, it takes away.

Hor. Why, what's the matter? I charge thee speake.

Enter the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis goes, and will not answer.

Hor. How now Horatio! You tremble & look pale:

Is not this something more then Fantastick?

What think you, Don't you?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue

Without the feasible and truest authour

Of some true voy.

Mar. Is't not the King?

Hor. As thou seest thy selfe, Such as the very Armour he had on,

Whose Ambitious Nobility combatt'd:

So forward he once, when an angry face

He shot the selded Pelican on the lee.

Tis strange,

But I, this mote before and in at this dead house,

Will not subscribe, battle gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:

But this profite and scope of my Opinion,

This Dost I terme strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good night, and downe, & tell me betz that knowes

Why this last night and most obstinate Watch,

So nightly toysie the factions of the Land,

And why with daily Call of Brace Canon

And Fortgates Must his Implements of warre:

Why such an life of Ship-wrightes, whole for Taske

Do's not drive the Sunday from the wecke,

What might be toward, such this swetly hal'l

Dost make the Night joynt? I abourt with the day:

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes: Our last King,
Whose image even now appears, Dros.
Was (as you know) by Fortkun of Norway,
(Therto pricked on by a mort comate Pride)
Dar do the Combate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet,
(For so this side of our knome world hee hath him)
Did say this Fortkun, who by a Scail Compa\v, Best ratified by Law, and Heraldize,
Did forerce (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood fit do, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Martyr competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of Fortkun,
Hail he be Vanpither, as by the fame Covenant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fill to Hamlet. Now for, young Fortkun,
Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skires of Norrow, hoere and there,
Shrkt up a List of Landlewe Revolues,
For Froide and Diet, to some Enterprize.
That hath a jomake m't: which is no other
(And doth well apperce to oure State)
But to recover of v's by strong hand
And temes Compiled, those foresid Lands.
So by his Father lost and this (I take it)
In the same Motioe of our Preparation,
The Soule of this our Watch, and the cheeffed
Of this poel-hall, and Romage in the Land,

Enter Ghost again,
But fort, behid: Loc, where it comes against
It ooffeit, though it blaff me. Stay illusion:
If thou hast any found, or vie of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe ease, and prize to me: speake to me.
If thou art pray to thy Countries Fat.
(Which happily foreknowning may voyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-boangered in thy life
Extended Treasure in the wombbe of Earth,
(For which, they lay, you Spirits of wakke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop is Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike it with my Priton?
Her. Do, it will not stand.
Born. Tis heere.
Her. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gofe.
We do it wrong, being to Malefactor,
To offer it the flue of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our voice blowes, malicious Mockery.
Born. It was about to speake, when the Cooke crew.
Her. And then it flatterd, like a guilty thing.
Upon a fearfull Storme, these hearde.
-The Cooke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his loffe and Thrill-fronding I throttle
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
The Transparent, and Ensn Spirit, by
To his Conline. And of the truth heerein,
This present Oblee doth make probation.
Mar. It failed on the crowing of the Cooke.
Some Iyes, that euer gaine that Seafus comes
Wherein our Sausions Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning fling all night long: And then (they say) no Spirit can wakke abroad,
The nights are whollomove, then no Plants skite,
No Fairey talks, nor Witch hath power to Charme:

So hallow'd, and do gracious is the time.
Her. So haue I heard, and do in part believe it.
But looke, the Monte in Rusten mantle claste.
Walkes o're the dew of you high Flatter Nell,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my advice
Let vses art with what we have levd to night.
Vnto youg Hamlet. For upon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you content we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Limes, fitting for Duty?
Mar. Let do't praye, and thus morning know
Where we shall finde him most conveniently.

---

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs beseed
To soe our heares in greene, and oure whole Kingdome
To be confredated in one browe of woe.
Yet to faire hath Deeference fought with Nature,
That we with wilf befor thunke on him,
Together with remembrance of our feltes.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Thinng with all loyeste of this wakke State,
Hau we, as weet, with a defeated soule,
With one Anothes, and one Dreeing eye,
With tender in Funerall, and with Dinge in Masresse,
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole.
Taken to Wife, that hau we heerted hard
Your other Wifesomes, which have freely gone
With a sincere single, for all our Tanches.
Now hauoines, that you know young Fortkun,
Holding a weke fuppoll of our worth;
Or thinkeing by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disquiet, and out of Frame,
Colleged with the dreame of his Advantages,
He hath not taft to perfece as with Melliche,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Loist by his Father: with all Bonds of Law.
To oure moft valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Poltemand and Corinthus.

Now for our sake, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We hau beere writ
To Norway, Vynce of young Fortkun,
Who impotent and Bedrid, scarly heares
Of this his Nepehes purpose, to subpresse
His further gate heerine. In that the Leuies,
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subjece: and we heere dispart
You good Corinthus, and you Poltemand.
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you not further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these afoide Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haft commend your duty,
Fals. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.
Kynge. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Poltemand and Corinthus.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?

You.
You told me of some suit; what is’t loves?
You cannot speak of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voice. What would’t thou beg loves?
That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking?
The Head is more Instrumental to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.
What wouldst thou have loves?
Lau. Dread thy Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France.
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark
To loose my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again to France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Father’s leave?
What layerst Polonius?
Pol. He hath my Lord;
I together with him entreat my leave to go.

King. Take thy faire hours loves; time be thine,
And thy beft graces spend it as thy will:
But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lefte then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much inhabited.

Pol. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever wish thy yeelded lads
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou know’st’is common, all that lives must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I madam, it is common.
Queen. It be;
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Scenes Madam! Nay, it is: I know not scenes:
’Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary fairs of solemnse Blacke,
Nor windy inspiration of forc’d breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Nor the deceitfull humour of the Village,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Scene;
For they are actions that a man might play:
But haste that withins, which pasteth slow;
Thefe, but the Trappings, and the Suiter of woe.

King. ’Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature Hamlet,
To givne those mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father loft a Father,
That Father loft, loft his, and the Suiter bound
In filial Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perceiver
In oblimine Corroborum, is a course
Of amorous tuberculosis. ’Tis unmanly griefe,
It giveth a will most incorrupt to Heauen,
A Heart wifhestredd, a Mans impatient,
An Understanding fimple, and vnchol’d:
I or what we know must be, and is as common
A any the most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peecul Opposition
Take it to hearts? Your Faults are to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reuel most absurd, whose common Thame
Is death of Fathers, and who full hath cried,
From the first Coarse, till the last dyed to day,
This vnresenting woe, and think of vs:
As of a Father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no leffe Nobility of Love,
Than that which dese heareth that bears his Sonne,
Do I impast towards you. For your intent,
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we befound you, lend you to remaine
Hesse in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeft Courtier Conin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet:
I praythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our felle in Denmark. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforme accord of Hamlet
Sus’ my father in my heart; in grace wherefoe,
No iocund health that Denmark drinkers to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Respeking earthy Thunder. Come away.

Exeunt

Ham. Oh that this too solid flesh,
Which melt, Thaw, and refolute it felle into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlafting had not first
His Cannon’gainst Selfe-Slaughters. O God, O God!
How weary, idle, flat, and vprofitable
Seemes to me all the yves of this world?
Fie on’t! Oh fie, fie, ‘ts an vnweeded Garden
That grows to Seed: Things rank and groffe in Nature,
Polite life is errant. That is should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not too much; not two;
So excellent a King, that was to this

Hyperion to a Satyre: so looving to my Mother,
That he might not betwene the vnderes of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember? why should we hang on him,
As if encreafe of Agee had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not think on’t: Frailty, thy name is woman,
A little Month, or ere those choos be wold,
With which he followed my poor Fathers body
Like Nipe, all teare. Why the, even the.
(O Heauen, A beath that wants discourse of Reason
Who did the longer? married with Mine Vake,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to Hamlet. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the falt of moft vnrighteous Tears
Had left the flushing of her gault eyes,
She married. O moft wicked speed, to poft
With such dexterity to Incequous feet:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatius, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Her. Had to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to fee you well:
Horatius, I did forget my felle.
Her. The fame my Lord,
And your poore Servant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
I change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatius?

Mar.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Hold you the watch to Night.

But, do we do my Lord.

Ham. Arse, say you?

But, I, my Lord.

Ham. From to to to.

But, my Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then say I not his face.

O'yer, my Lord, he wore his Beaus vps.

Ham. What, looks he frowningly?

Ham. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Ham. Nor, vye very pale.

Ham. And that his eyes upon you?

Ham. Mott confinable.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Ham. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: and it long? (dread.

Ham. While one with moderate half might tell a hun.

All. Longer.

Ham. Not when I was.

Ham. His Bead was grifyll no.

Ham. It was, as have leerce is in his life,

A Sible Surred.

Ham. He watch to Night; perchance will wake a

Ham. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it amuse my noble Fathers person,

Ham. He speak to it, though Heit is teite should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have labours a concea'd the right.

Let it tree treble in your silence still,

And whatsoever thl shall hap to night,

Give it an unwrathal making but no torques,

I will requite your loves: so, farew well:

Upon the Paradise twist eleven and tw. but,

He write you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farwell me.

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:

I doubt some false play: would the Night were come;

Till then till my soule; foute deeds will rife,

Though all the eath orewel them to memred eyes. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laert. My necessities are unbackt: Farewell:

And sithe, as the Winds gain. Benfit,

And Comoy is assidit: does not forpe,

But: let me heare from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt this?

Laert. For Hamlet, and the uffing of his favours,

Hold it a passion and a top in Bloud;

A Violets in the youth of Pruny Nature;

Toward, not permanent: tweet not lafting

The eppianence of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but fo.

Laert. Thinkest it more;

For nature creftit does not grow alone,

In thewe and Bulke: but as his Temples waxes,

The invasive teritce of the Minde and Soule

Growes wide wishall. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no lote nor castrut doth befprece

The vertue of his fans: but you must fans.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

His greateste weight, his will is not his owne:  
For hee himselfe is subject to his birth:  
His may not, as unwalled pricke doth,  
Carue for himselfe: for, on his choyce dependes  
The fantasi and health of the whole State,  
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd  
Into the voyce and yelding of that Body,  
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he says he loues you,  
It is your wife gone faire to beleue it;  
As in his peculiar Sect and persons  
May giue his saying deede: which is no further,  
Then the maie voyce of Denmarke goes withall,  
When weigh what loue your Honour may fulfaine,  
If with too credent care you lift his Songs;  
Or lose your Hearts; or your chaff Treasure open  
To his vanonfrd importunity.  

Fear not Ophelia, fear it my desire Sifer,  
And keep within the reare of your Affection;  
Out of the shot and danger of Desire,  
The chariach Maid is Prodiggall enough,  
If the vnmaske her beauty to the Moone.  
Venue it selfe scape not culamious frooker,  
The Comely Galls, the Infants of our yong  
Too ofte before the buttons be disclo'd,  
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,  
Coutnous blatesments are most imminent,  
Be wary then, Bell safety lies in feare,  
Youth to is selfe rebels, though none else neere.  

Oph. I shall th'effect of this good Leifon keepe,  
And clench my faith to my heart: but good my brother  
Doe not as some vnguardous Paltos doe,  
Shew me the Flepe and thorny way to Heaven;  
Whilfe like a pultt and reckelle Libertine  
Himselfe, the Primo path of dalliance treaue,  
And reaks not his owne reade.  

Larr. Oh, feare me not.  

Enter Pelonius.  
I dye too long; but here my Father comes:  
A double bleeting is a double grace;  
Occasion smites upon a seconde leaue.  

Pelon. Yet heere Lauretie's Aboord, aboord for shame,  
The winde fitts in the shouder of your faile,  
And you are flaid for there: my bleewing with you;  
And these friends praters in the memory.  
See thou Character, Giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any inproportion'thought his Aet:  
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tie,  
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:  
But doe not dull thy plane, with entertainment  
Of each whatch't; nor the minde of Comrade.  
Beware of course to a quarell: but being in  
Bea'th that opos'd may beeware of thee.  
Giue eyry man chine care, but few tylle voyce:  
Take e'ye mans conuert; but refere thy judgement:  
Coilly thy habite as thy purse can buy;  
But not express in fancie; rich nor gawdies:  
For the Apperell oft proclaims the man.  

Enter Hamlet.  
Hast thou fletcher of the bell raneck and imotion,  
Are of most infeint and generous cheefe in that.  
Neither a bow-ower, nor a leander be;  
For lone olde loles both it selfe and friend:  
And bowring oft times th' eye of Husbandry,  
This above a; to three owens telle be true;  
And it is mout follow, as the Night the Day,  
Thou caust not then be tale to any man.  

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.  
Ham. The Ayre bites sharfely: it is very cold.  

For. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.  

Ham. What howert now?  

For. I think it lacks of twelue.  

Mar. No, it is stróoke.  

(Seateion.  

For. Indeed I heard it not: then it draws neere the  

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.  

What
What does this mean my Lord?  
(Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his  
keeps wafers and the swaggering wrapping rectes,  
and as he draws his draughts of Reu'dh downe,  
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his Pledge.  
Hor. Is it a sultan?  
Ham. I marry if  
And to my mind, thought I am true here,  
And to the manner borne: It is a Gulde  
More honour'd in the breach than the officure.  
Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.  

(Here,  
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmare.  
Hor. Heaven will dtrue  
Exit Ghost & Hamlet.  
(Chor.  
Hor. Where wilt thou lead me?  
Gho. Make me  
Hor. I will.  
Gho. My howers is almo stcome,  
When I to sulphurns and commentting Flames  
Muhl render vp my nelle.  
Mar. Alas poor Goluff,  
Gho. Putt me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.  
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.  
Gho. So art thou to rewege, when thou feele heare.  
Hor. What?  
Gho. I am thy Father Spirit,  
Doom'd for a ceretane terme to walke the night;  
And for the day confined to fall in Fries,  
Till the soule crimes done in my dayes of Nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid  
To tell thee secrets of my Fision-Houlde,  
I could a Tale unfold, whole I giv'd word  
Would haver wry soule, freeze thy young blooly,  
Make thy two eyckes like Seats, that from their Spheres,  
Thy knetty and combined locks to part,  
And each particular heart to find an end,  
Like Quilles upon the freewill Perpetuine:  
But these eternal Icicles not be  
To cases of flesh and blood, hit freake, oh! oh!  
If thou didst ever sneeze Father, heare.  
Ham. Oh Heare!  
Cha. Reuenge his soule and most unnatural Murther.  
Mar. Murther?  
Gho. Murther most soule, as in the beft it is;  
But thou most soule, strange, and unnatural.  
Ham. Halt, I cheap to know it,  
That with wings as swifts  
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,  
May sweave to my Reuenge.  
Gho. I finde thee spy,  
And duffer thou not, be thou the fat weede  
That rots it selfe in eafe, on Lethe Whaffe,  
Would it thou not firre in this. Now Hamlet heare:  
It's giuen out, that sleepy in mine Orchard,  
A Serpent flung me: to the whole ease of Denmare,  
Is by a forged prififf of mine death  
Rankly abud: But how thou Noble youth,  
The Serpent that did fling thy Fathers Life,  
Now weares his Crowne.  
Ham. O my Prophetick soule: mine Ynde?  
Gho. I that indescriu, that adulterate Beall  
With witchcraft of his owne, hath Traitorous guifs.  
On my bed Wit, and Gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce? Win you to this shamefull Luft  
The will of my most freminge virtuous Queene:  
Oh Godamer, what a falling off was there,  
From me, whole love was of that dignity,  
That it were hand in hand, even with the Vow  
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline  
Upon a weecho, whole Naturalls were poor  
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be moved,  
Though Lewndeuse court is a golpe of Heauen:  
So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd,  
Will late is selfe in a Celestilblissed, & pray on Garbage.  

O o  

Hor.  
Mar.  
Gho.  
Ham.  
Mar.  
Ham.  
Mar.  
Ham.  
Mar.  
Ham.  
Mar.  
Ham.  
Mar.  
Ham.  
Mar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But oft, my thoughts I fent the Mornings Ayre; Brief e let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard, My curfew always in the afternoone, Upon my fcore howe thy Vincile fole With备份 of curfed Hebenon in a Violl, And in the Parches of mine eares did poure The lepant Defhitnem whose eflect Holds fuch an enemy with blood of man, That fent her Quick-Glitter, it courtes through The natural Gates and Alles of the Body; And with a fadone vigors it doth poufet And card, like Ayre droppings into Milke, Thus and with maine trumb, Teeter bakd about, Moft Lazarelike, with wife and leat hone 

Bab. 1, by Heuwm, my Lord. (thinkt)

Ham. Why show you then, would heart of man once But you be secrets?

Ham. There's nere a Villaine dwelling in all Denmarke But he's an arraunce fnow. But he's no Ghoyt my Lord, come from the Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are 'tis right; And fo, without more circumspection at all, I hold it fit that we thake hands, and part: You, as your business and defires shall point you: For every man he's buftiffle and defire, Such as this: and for mine owne pover part, Looke you, Ie goe prays.

Ham. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord, Hap. I'm sorry they offend you heartly. Ye faith heartly.

Ham. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Pariske but there is my Lord, And much offence too, touching this Vifioniere: It is anon! Ghoyt, that let me tell you: For your defire to know what is betwecne vs, Or remember'st you as you may. And now good friends, As you are frendes, Schil-Per and Soldiers, Give me no pover request.

Ham. What's in my Lord we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Ham. My Lord we will not, Ham. Nay, but tvent. Ham. I thank my Lord, and not. Mor. Nor my Lord; in faith.

Ham. Upon my word.

Mor. We have sworn my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my word. Indeed. Gho. So ear.

Ham. All a boya, let it be fo. Art thou there mee- prynge? Come out you here this fellow in the fellerlde Court to towre.

Ham. Proceed the Ouly my Lord.

Ham. Never an speake of this that you have feene. Sware by my Sward.

Gho. Sware.

Ham. He owhom? Then we'll shift for ground. Come Other Gentlemn. And lay your hands againe vpon my sword. Neuer to speake uth thus that you have heed. Sware by my Sward.

Gho. Sware.

Ham. Well and old Mole can't make ith ground to A mouvte Ermite, one of more eene good friends. Ham. Outday and night, but this is wondrous strange. Ham. And therefore at a stranger guise it welcome. There are more things inHeuen and Earth, Heuwm, Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy But come, Here as before, neuer to holpe you mercy, How strange or odd to me I bear my fel.; (A perchance the greater shall bunke meet) To put an Auctche disposition on.) That you at fuch time seeing me, never shall With Armes encoumbred thus, or thus, head flaket; Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Parses; As well, we know, or we could and if we would, Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might, Or ich ambiguous giving out to note,
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

The youth you breath of guilty, be affrighted
He cloes with you in this discourse:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Prize and the Addition,
Of Man and Country.

Reynold. Very good my Lord.
Polem. And this Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say something: where did I leave?
Reynold. To cloes in the discourse:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.
Polem. At cloes in the discourse, I marry,
He cloes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or other day:
Or the other, with truth and truth, and so your face,
There was he gaming, there a twinkle in his nose.
There falling out at Tennis: on perc:ance,
I saw him enter such a house of tale;
Polem. A Bachelott, or such. See you now;
Your own speechful, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus the we of wideness and of reach
With wandles, and with affairs of Bias,
By drunkens, and rhymes; theRhymes:
So by my brother, Lectures and advice
Still you my Sonns, you hate me, but not you?
Reynold. My Lord I have.
Polem. God buy you, and justice your will.
Reynold. Good my Lord.
Polem. Obits of his incitation in your selfe.
Reynold. I shall my Lord.
Polem. And let him give his Musike.
Reynold. Well, my Lord.
Farewell.
Enter Ophelia.
Polem. Farewell:
How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
Ophel. All my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.
Polem. With what, in the name of Heaven?
Ophel. My Lord, as I was stwoging in my Chamber,
Look Hamlet with his doublet all vibrate,
No his upon his head, his hockings foold,
Vapored, and donee good to his Ankle,
 Pulse his flat, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so gravous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: it comes before me.
Polem. Mad for thy Lucre?
Ophel. My Lord, I do not know, but truly I do fear it.
Polem. What said she?
Ophel. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goth he to the length of all his arms,
And with his other hand thus the's his brow,
He falt to such peulall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long thind he fo,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thine his head thus wauing up and downes
He rais'd a high, so pitious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he let me goe,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he never with their helpes
And to the left, bendeth their light on me.
Polem. Goe with me, I will goe seekye the King,
This is the very extase of Loue,
Whole violent property foredoes it seale,

And

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And leads the will to desperate Undertakings, As oft as any passion under Heaven, That does afflict our Nature. I am fairie, What haste you given him any hard words of late? Oppr. No my good Lord: but as you did command, I did repel his Letters, and deny'de His accesse to me. 

Pol. That hath made him mad. I am fairie that with better speed and judgement I had not quoted him. I hear he did but tripe, And meant to wrakke thee: but before my selfe looke: It seeme it was proper to our Age, To c: beyond our taste in our Opinions, As it is common for the younger fort To take discretion. Come, goe we to the King, This must be knowne, if being kept close might mowe More griefe to hide, then hate to utter louse. 


Scene Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rephones, and Guilden-ferme Casually.

King. Welcome deere Rephones and Guildenferme. Moreover, that we much did long to see you, The neede we have to see you did provoke Our whole ordering. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation: to I call it, Since not the exterior, nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should bee More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him So much into the understanding of himselfe, I cannot deeme of. I treat you both, That being of young dryes brought vp with him: And more in Neighbours to his youth, and humour, That you woulde set you let bese in our Court Sometithme: so by your Companies To draw them on to pleasures, and to gather So much as from Occasions you may gleane, That oper'd here within our remede. 

Q. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you, And here Iam, two men there are not liuing, To whom he more adheres. If it will please you To shew so much Gentrie, and good will, As to expend your time with vs a while, For the supply and profit of our Hope, Your Visitacion shall receave such thanks As for a Kings remembrance. 

Rephan. Both your Majesties Might by the Sovereignty power you have of vs, But your dale pleasuere, more into Command Then to Entertainment, 

God. We do obey, 

And that your excellence, in the full bent, Is already on your free, To entertainment. 

Repha. Then. Rephones and gentle Guildenferme. 

Q. That. Guildenferme and gentle Rephones. 

And if it please you to visit My too much charge home. 

Guildenferme, 

And bring the sentences where Hamlet is. 

God. Heavens make our presence and our praeflices Pleasent and helpfull to him. 

Exit.

Queen. Amen. 

Enter Polonius. 

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord, Are joyfully return'd. 

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good News. Pol. Haue I, my Lord? I Affur you, my good Liege, I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule, Both to my God, one to my gracious King: And I do thank, or else this brane of mine Him not the tralle of Policie, so faire As I have wro to doe: that I have found The very cause of Hamlet Luncacie. 

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare. Pol. Give first admittance to th'Ambassadors, My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast. 

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in, He tells me my sweet Queen, that behath found The head and soule of all your Souner distemper. 

Q. I doubt it is no other, but the maine, His Fathers death, and our o'ther-haly Marriage. 

Enter Polonius, Claudius, and Ophelia. 

King. Well, we shall tell him. Welcome good Friends. Say Claudius, and what from our Brother Norway? 

Pol. Molt faire return of Greetings, and Delites. Upon our selfe, he sent out to suppreste His Nephewes Leuites, which to him appeare To be a preparation 'gunst the Poleas: 

But better look'd into, he truly found It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved, That he to Sichenne, Age, and Impotence, Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arretis 

On Isturibus, which he (in breefe) obeyes, Receues rebuke from Norway: and in fine, Makes Vow before his Vakle, neuer more To give th'ally of Armes against your Maiestie. 

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gues him three thousand Crownes and annual Fee, And his Commisson to employ those Soldiers So leased as before, against the Poleas: 

With an interstye herein farther freewe, That it might please your Voue to give quiet passe Through your Domions, for his Enterprise, On such regards of safety and allowance, As there are set downe. 

King. It likes vs well: 

And at our more consider'd time we'll read, Anvwer, and thinke upon this Businesse. 

Meane time we thank you, for your well-lookt into Labour, Go to your rest, at night we'tl call together. 

Molt welcome home. 

Pol. This businesse is very well ended. 

My Liege, and Madam, to expatulate What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is, Why day is day, night night; and time is time, Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time. 

Therefore, since Brevitt is the Soule of Wit, And eternotius, the limes and outward flourishes, I will be briefe. Your Noble Sorne is mad: 

Mad call I let; for to define true Madneffe, What is it, but to nothing else but mad. 

But let that go. 

Q. More matter, with leffe Art. 

Pol. Madam, I vweal I vve no Art at all: 

That he is mad, his true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie, and pitie it is true: A drolis figure, But farewell is for I will vve no Art.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

The Lobby.

Qs. So he's at last.-
Pol. At such a time he loosed my daughter to him, 
By you and I behinde an Arras then, 
Marke the encounter: if he love her not, 
And be not from his reason slain thereon; 
Let me be no deUil but a nate, 
And keep a Fame and Credit. 
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Qs. But looke where sadly the poore wretch Comes reads.
Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away, 
He board here presently. 
Exit King & Queen.

Qs. How does my good Lord Hamlet? 
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy. 
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord? 
Ham. Excellent, excellent well! I'ye a Fishmonger. 
Pol. Not I, my Lord.
Ham. Then, sir, what did you so honest a man? 
Pol. Honeste, my Lord? 
Ham. If, for the honest as this world goes, is to bee 
one man pickt out of two correlat. 
Pol. That's very true, my Lord. 
Ham. For if the Sunne breed Magors in a dead dogge, 
being a good killing Carrion.

Qs. Have you a daughter? 
Pol. I have my Lord. 
Ham. Let her not walle til Sunne: Concepcion is a 
blesing, but not as your daughter may conceize. Friend 
looks two.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter, 
yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger, 
he is three gone, five gone: and truly in my yez, 
I suffered not extremity of tears: very near this. 
I speake to him againe. What do you read your Lord? 

Ham. What? Words, words, words. 
Pol. What is the matter, my Lord? 
Ham. Between who? 
Pol. I mean the matter you meane your Lord. 
Ham. Stands Sir: for the parcell: true face here, 
that old man have gray Beards: that their faces are wrinkled, 
their eyes purring thicke Amber, or Plumtree Gomme: and that they have a plentiful locke of Wit, 
through them with weak Hammers. All which in, though, I 
most powerfully, and utterly believe: yet I holde it not 
just to have it thus let downe: for your your 
selves, should be old as I am, if like a Crazie you could 
go backward. 
Pol. Though this be madness, 
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke 
Out of the yire my Lord? 
Ham. Into my Grave. 
Pol. Indeed this is out of the Ayre: 
How pregnant (tometimes) these Reples are? 

Ham. In, Sir, I am a Lappyn. 
That often Madness hit on, 
Which Reason and Sanity could not 
So powerfully be deluered of. 
I will leave him. 
And fondely contrive the means of meeting 
Both between him, and my daughter. 
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly 
Take my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot sit from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to sceke my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Ros. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do' you think Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrantz, good Lad: How doe ye both?

Ros. As the indiffernt Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not out-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soles of her Shoe?

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waite, or in the middle of her favor?

Guild. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true; she is a Scornet. What are the newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but that the Worlds growe honest.

Ham. Then is Doemesday nere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular; what have you my good friends, defended at the hands of Fortune, that the lends you to Prisioner libiter?

Guild. Prision, my Lord?

Ham. Demand a Prision.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confiners, Warders, and Dungeons; Denmark being oke on't worst.

Ros. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then its none to you for nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prision.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and counted my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have had dreams.

Guild. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame is false but a shadow.

Ros. Truthly, and I hold Ambition of so sly and light a quality, that it is but a Shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodys; and our Marches and out-forest Heroes the Beggers Shadows: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my ley I cannot reason?

Ros. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No: I must not. I will not fort you with the seldom soule; for to speake to you like an honest man I am not sufficiently attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at Elfnower?

Ros. To visit your my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger thar: 'm, I am even poore in thanks; but I think you: and true deare friends my thanks are not deare: repeare you were not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a false visition? Come, dealde iutly with me: come, come, say speake.

Guild. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose you were fent for, and there is a kinde confusion in your lookes, which your modesties have not cast enough to cover, I know the good King & Queene have fent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but lest mee conciure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our eas' pretious loves, and by what more desire, a better proposter could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were fent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you; if you lose me hold not off.

Guild. My Lord we were fent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; to shal my anticipacion prevent your discoursse of your secrete to the King and Queene; mout no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loth all my minde, forgone all vulture of excercize; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition; but this godly frame the Earth, cometh to me afterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Matelable Roofe, fretted with golden floor: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours, What a piece of work is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinte in faculity? in forme and moving how express and admirable? A Man, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to mee, what is this Quevnceful of Dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither; through by you leading you seruice to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such flourr in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Ros. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, which Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we coast them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Masell shall have Tribute of me: the aliminous Knave that we but Foyle and Target: the Loure shall not light round, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make them laugh whiles lungs are tickled at'there: and the Lady shall say her monde freely; or the blanke Vere shall hold for: what Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaille? their residence both in reputation and price was better both ways.

Ros. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innuencion.

Ham. Do they hold the same effemation they did when I was in the City? Are they to follow'd?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow ruly?

Ros. Nay, their induecious keeps in the wondet place: But there is Sir an eye of Children, little Yafe, that eye out on the top of quefion; and are well tyrannically clapt fast: there are now the scab-
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Fashions, and to be-ruled the common Stages (to they call them) that many wasting Rapery, are affraid of Goo-foe-quills, and dare scaife come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they erected? Will they putre the Quality no longer then they can find? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most of their manners are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exist against their owne Succeffion.

Reyn. Faith there's he ben much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no fine, to tarre them to Controverse. There was for a while, no many bid for argument, unless the Poet, and the Player went to Coffee in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Gould. Oh there's he been much throwing about of Brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Reyn. I that they do my Lord, Hercules & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vockie is King of Denmarke, and thofe that would make moves at him while my Father ruled; quiedy twenty, forty, an hundred Ducales a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Natural, if Philosophy could finde it out.

1 Lancel for the Players.

Cold. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsawoor: your hands, come: The apperenture of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my exten to the Players (which I tell you must beu fairly outward) shold more appear like entertaining then yours. You are welcome: but my Vickle Father, and Aunt Mother are decad't.

Gould. In what degree Lord?

Ham. I am not mad North, North-Weft: when the Wind is South'ry, I know a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemens.

Ham. Hearke you Gouldedrake, and you too: at each ears a herrer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing cloths.

Reyn. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will Prophefie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning, 'tis to intended.

Pol. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you, When Rossum an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buze, buze.

Pol. Upon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe——

Pol. The bell Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, Historie, Passorall: Passorall: Passorall: Passorall: Passorall: Passorall: Passorall: Passorall: Passorall: Scene doubled, or Poem with it. Scenec cannot be too heavy, nor Passorall too light, for the law of Wit, and the Liberty. These are the only men.

Ham. O belles Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had I thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more.

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not the Right old Iphian?

Pol. If you call me Iphian my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Pol. What follows then my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God was: and then you know, it came to paffe, as soon as it was: The first towne of the Pent Caches will burne you more. For 10o rks where my Abridgements come.

Enter some more Player.

Yer welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see you well: Welcome good Friends. Of my old Friend? This face is valiant face I saw thee last: Can it thou to abroad me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mil- fles? Bylady your Ladiship is nearest Heaven then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Cheyenne. Pray God your voice like a piece of vncurat Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: we're not to like French from carers, but as any thing we see; we'll have a Speech gratis. Come give us a tull of your quality: come a Passionate Speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, it was not aonce, for the Play I remember pleased not the Millien, 'twas Comedie to the General, but it was (as I esteemed it, and others, whose judgiment in such matters, crised in the top of mine) an excellent Play, well diggert in the Socie, set downe with as much modelde, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Salters in the house, to make the matter sawmary, nor no matter in the phraze, that might indite the Author of Affection, but call it an hentle method: One cheefe Speech in it, I cectely loud, 'twas a Count I ate to Lode, and thersabout of it especially, where he speaks of Preus defendant. If it lie in your memory, begin at this line, let me fee, let me see: The rugged Pyrrhus like this, Hecatombe Breast. It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose Sable Armes' Blacke as his purpose, did the night reclame When he lay couched in the Ommons Horie, Hith now this dead and blacke Complexion sitz'd. With Heraldy more dimmall: Head to footoe Now is he to take Greuless, horriously Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bask'd and impaled with the patching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and dammed light To their side Murtheres, roafted in wrath and fire, And thus ore'd with coxgale gore, VWith eyes like Carbuncle, the hellish Pyrrhus, Old Grandire Pseum feckes.

Pol. Foe God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

3. Play. anon he findes him, Striking too short at Greeces. His antick Sword, Rebellion to his Arme, lyts where it falltes Repugnant to command: voeqall match, Pyrrhus at Pseum drives, in rage Rakkes wide: But with the white and winde of his fell Sword, Th'envenued Father falls. Then fenellefie Illium, Seemingly to feele his blow, with flaming top Scoopes to his Bace, and with a hiderous craft Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus esre, For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milke head Of Reuereud Pseum, feem'd d'it Ayre to flicke: 50

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So as a painted Tyrian purple flood,
And like a Newt-small to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some forms,
A silence in the Heauen, the Racke stand still,
The bold winder speechleffe, and the Orbe below
As huff at death ! Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Tyrrane paufe,
A nud Vengeance fits him new a-workes,
And never did the Cyclops hammer fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With Jefte remort the Tyrrana blieeding sword
Now falls on Præm.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In general Synod take away her power:
Break all the Spokes and Falles from her wheel,
And boule the round Nauce downe the hille of Heauen,
As low as to the Friends.
Pol. This is too long.
Ham. It shall to th' Barbers, with your beard, Prity
sere say on: He's for a bugge or tale of Baudry, or fire
Sleepes. Say on: I come to Speria.
1. Pla. But who, O who, had first the nobled Queen,
Ham. The nobled Queen?
Pol. That's good: Inobled Queen is good.
2. Pla. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
The noiseless gust of the same
With Buffon Rubens: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all one-tamed I ones,
A blanket in th' Alarum of feste caught vp.
Who this had feste, with tongue in Venome held.
Giant Forestiers Stare, would Freshen hove pronoun'd
But of the Gods the sixties did she then,
When the two Tyrrana make malicious sport
In mining with his Swordker Husbands limbs,
The infall Barrtil of Clasment that she made
(Valefie things mortall mover them not at all)
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.
Pol. Looke where he ho not turn'd his colour,
and his tears in his eyes. Pray you no more.
Ham. 'tis well, He have thee speake out the rest,
foone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well be-
flowd. Do you heare, let them be well wa'd: for they are the
Abstracts and briefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better have a bad Epithet, than
they will think while you haue.
To. My Lord, I will vethem according to their de-
fact.
Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vf euereman
after his exist, and who should scape whippinge: veth
them after your own Honor and Dignity. He thefe they
deferee, the more men is in your bountie. Take them
in.
Ham. Follow as friends we'll heare a play to mor-
row. Did you here a newe Old Friends, can you play the
master of your age?
Pol. Stay, I srand.
Ham. Well, this to morrow night. You could for a
newe play a speach of some deene or sixtene lines, which
I weth let downe, and in thee? Could ye not?
Play, I say Lord.
Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, He leate you to night
you are welcome to Elymoure ?

Refus. Good my Lord. Exit Ham.

Ham. 1. God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peasant flue am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heare,
But in a Facion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his foule to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his venge[...]nured?
Tears in his eyes, distrac'ion in Aspide,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function failing
With Forkeis, to his Conci? And all for nothing.
For Friend?
What's Frettis to him, or he to Frettis,
That he should weape for her? What would he do,
Had he the Motue and the Cure for passion
That I hau'e: He would drowne the Stage with tears,
And cleare the general ear with horrid speech?
Make mad the guilty, and spale the fire,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Earns. Yet I,
A dull and mudle-mettled Raffall, speake
Like Loren a-dreames, Venus primer of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Upon whose property, and most deere life,
A dam'd defence was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breaks my pure a-crufte
Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my face
Tweakes me by my Nape? guesse me the Lye or Throte,
As deep as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pygmen-Luteur, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreis-hitter, or ere this,
I should have learnt all the Regius Sires
With this States Outfall, blende. A Bawdy villaine,
Renommiselle. I treacherous, icicorous, kindlaa villain!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Affe am I? I fate, this is most braue,
That I, the Some of the Deere-murthered,
Promp't to my Revenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must take a Whore; ye awake my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
A Scowlid-Eye open, Foh. About my Braine.
I have heared, that qualy Creatures fitting a a Play,
Have bee the very cunning of the Scene,
Beate brainke fo the foule, that pretendly
They have proclam'd their Malechahons.
For Mutcher, though I have no tongue, will speak
With much more signifie Organ. He base those Players,
Play something I ke the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vielle. It obserbe his looks,
He lent him to the quicker: He but blarch
I keent my course. The Spirit that I have feste
May be the Drell, and the Driel hath power
Tallume anestas'ing fapse, yes and perhaps
Out of my Weakflese, and my Melancholi,
As he is very potent with such Spirts,
Abules me to dannne. Bease grounds
More Relate then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein He catch the Confession of the King.

Exit Enter King, Queen, Palatin, Ophelias, Re-
sensor, Guildenbern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no shie of circumstance
Get from him: why he is put on this Conclusion:
Grating to hardly all his days of quiet

With
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Reff. He does confesse he feels himselfe distraeted,
But from what cause he will by no means speake.

done. Nor do we finde him forward to be bounted,
But with a cruelly Madmanke keeps slootes:
When we would bring him on to some Confezion
of his true face.
On. Did he receive you well?
Reff. Mott like a Gentleman.

guid. But with much mischance of his disposition.
Reff. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Mott free in his reply.
On. Did you stay him to any pittance?
Reff. Madam, it is fell out, that certaine Players
We were through on the way of it, we told him.
And there did seeme in him a kind of say
To hear of it. They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have alreadie oer
This night to play before him.
Pol. The most true:
And he befeathere them to treute your Matruelles
To hear, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear to him to make friend. Good Gentleman,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.
Reff. We will by no mean.

Exeunt.

Pol. He may, I not.
Pat. I can do what I will.
For we have closely fet for Hamlet hither,
That lie, as twere by accident, may there
Ambush Ophelia. Her Fath, and her selfe (lawful epial)
Will to b. bow our felues, that seeing vnelene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is beloved,
It be atleast, she of the face, or no,
That thus he fallest for.

Oph. 1 shall obey you.

And for your part Ophelia, I do with
That your good Beauties be the happy caufe
Of Hamlet wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Oph. Madam, I will it may.
Pat. Ophelia, walke like here. Gracious so please ye
We will follow our felues: I read on this bookes,
That swel of such an exercise may colour
Your lunitisse. We are oft too blame in this,
Too much proud, that with Devotions vrges,
And pious Athon, we do far goe
The duller himselfe.

King. Oh ! this true
How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conference?
The Halles Cheke beauned with painting Art
Is not more eye to the thing that helps it,
Then is my acce, to my most painted word.
Oh heauet burthen!

Pol. I hear him comming; let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Quersion: Whether
in Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slinges and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoision end them, to dye to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to trye we end
The Heart-sake, and the thousand Natural shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? This is a consumption
Devoutly to be wished. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, 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 coale,
Mott gue vs peace. There is the respect
I that makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scorne of time,
The Oppresors wrong, the pover mans Commonly,
The pangs of displaide Lour, the Lawes delay,
The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That part ent merit of the unworthy takes,
When he isfie might be heare we make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefle Pardles beare
To gown and sweare under a weary life,
But this the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Pencels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ill we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscion able doth make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Name bue of Revolution
Is stickeid o'er, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprises of great path and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And doe the name of Athon. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia! Nay mph, in thy Orizons
Be all thy timnes rememberd.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrandes of yours,
That I have longe longed to redeliver.
I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No no, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compond
As made the things more rich, then perfumelott:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts was poor, when guests prove vnhilke.

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 Honest
shall admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honettie?

Ham. I trullie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honettie from what it is, to a Bloud, and
then the force of Honettie can tranlrate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gues it profe:
I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have beleuved me. For verre
cannot to inoculate our old tlocke, but we shall renelle
of it. I loade you not.

Oph. I was the more deceitful.

Ham. Geth thee to a Numerie. Why would't thou
be a breeder of Spermes? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accesse of such things, that it were beter
my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, ve-
ungefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I have thought to put them in imagination, to give
them shape, or time to acte them. What should such

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The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Fellows #1 do, crawling between Fences and Earth. We are strait Knauses all, believe none of you. Go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord. Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the Fool no way, but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O help him you great Heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Swiftness be such as I do, pure as Snow, thou shalt see shape Calamity. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a Fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenAy Powers, before him.

Ham. Thrice heard of your prattling too well enough.

God has given you one face, and you make your self another: you judge, you amble, and you bite. Rich name God's creatures, and make your Wannconeille, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I say, we will have no more Marriages. These that are married already, all but one shall fear, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o' th' throne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars, Eyes, Tongue, (wool, They are lade, and Rife of the faire State,
The life of Fashions, and the mould of Forme,
Th' handful of all Observe's, quite downe,
Have I of Ladies most detect and wretched,
That lack'd the Hone of his Mutiche Yowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Suaueraign Reason,
Like wretas Bells sangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmarred Forme and Feature of bloomy youth,
Bustled with exalt. Oh woe is me,
Thou scene what I have scene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? his affection doth not so tend, Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Mainesse. There's something in his soule,
O're which his Melancholy firs brood, And do doubt the hatch, and the disfable Will be some danger, which to prevent I have in quicke determination
Thus sete it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute
And the sum of Sums and Countries differes With variable Obiects, shall expell This something fetingeste inostes in his heart:
Wherein his Brains still hearing, puts him thus
From fathos of himselfe. What think you on't?

Pol. I shall do well, But yet do I believe The Oughter and Commencement of this greete
Sane In many Gracious faces. How now Ophelia? You're not to tell us, what Lord Hamlet saide. We did not see. My Lord, do as you please, but if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him To shew her Cirefes; let her be round him, And I'll be plied, if you can in the rare Ql of all the Conference. If he finde him not, To Engle on him: Or confine him where Your wisdeome dealt in all chine.

King. It shall be so.

Mainesse in great Ore, must not unwatch'd go. Exeunt.
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candi'd tongue, like aford pompe,
And croke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow dining? Doth thou benn
Since my deere Soule was Muliuss of my choyle,
And could of men dishing, her election
Hath ledd thee for her selfe. For thou benn benn
As one in sufferings, that effe's nothing.
A man that Fortunes flubbors, and Rewardes
Hast true with equal Thakkes. And biff are those,
What Bound and judgement are to we Leamungled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger.
To found what fluphe the plate. Goue me that man,
That is not Palletious Slave, and I will rere him
In my hearts Core.

Enter Polonius. I have seen thee for hea,
And after. I haue nothing. It llen hath
I meanes. I. Meante that
CAM. Oh I haue nothing. It llen hath
I meanes. I. Meante that
Polonius. I have seen thee for hea,
And after. I haue nothing. It llen hath
I meanes. I. Meante that

Enter Enter Queen, Player, Opheil, a Reverence,
Goldiferre, and Pol. In a stand up
but consider Yorick & Ison.
March. Seint & Hemistis.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.
King. How farer our Comment Hands?
Ham. Excellent Thash, of the Camels fish: I teate
the Ayre promife-cram'd you cannot feed Capons fo.
King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet, these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
Ith Yorick, you iay?
Polonius. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Actor.

Ham. And what did you enaly?
Pol. I did enaly Inigo Cifar, I was kill'd. th Capitol:
Bravuc kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill fo Capitall a
Cafle thare. Be the Players ready?

Ref. I my Lord, they sty on your patience.
Ham. Come hither my good Hamlet, fit me by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive,
Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?
Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your Lap?
Opheil. No my Lord.

Ham. I mean my Head upon your Lap?
Opheil. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I mean COUNTRY matters?
Opheil. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to by between Maid's legs
Opheil. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing. Opheil. You are merrie, my Lord?
Ham. Who?

Opheil. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what shoulde
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerfull
my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed withins two
Hours.

Opheil. Nay, twicetwo months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Duel were blacke,
For he haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heavens! eye two mon-
thos ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
great man Memoree, may one-line his life halfe yere:
But bylye be must build Churches then: or elle sholl
he stil not thinkong on, with the Hubs-hurtle, whole
Epsiphis, For a, For o, the Hoby-bebe is forget.

Holios play. The damos flowes enter.

Enter a King and Queen, very longly: the Iorine embar-
ring him. Sheke s, and makes hem of P.ionation unto
him. He takes her up, and she begins his head to his
neck.

Loves him damas upon a Banker of Flowers. She seeng
a-fope, looses him. As soon as in a fellow, takes off his
Cavas, kifsets, and propers payson in the Kings ears, and
Exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead and
make-up-plant complete. The Proser, with one two or
three hares come in against, forming to lemes with her.
The dead body is carried away: The Proser Wares the
Queen with Ophel, she scorns loud and smarling qualike,
but in the end, accepts his love

Emma.

Opheil. What meanneth this, my Lord?

Ham. Marty this is Miching Oldado, that meanneth
Michbeete.

Opheil. Behike this shew imports the Argument of the
Play?

Ham. We shal know by their Fellowes: the Players
cannot keere cunnell, they tell all.

Opheil. Will they tell us what this shew meene?

Ham. I, nor any thing that you shew him. Bre not
you atbmand to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it
meanes.

Opheil. You are naught, you are naught, Ile shakke the


Enter Queen, Player, For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here shapping your Crevices:
With geasy leaning Parentes.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeme of a Ring?

Opheil. To briebe my Lord.

Ham. As Women like.

Enter King and his Queen.

King. Full threeth times hath Phlegus Carr gon round,
Neptunes fait Waft, and Thou Orbis ground:
And three dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World baeve times twelve thries beeene,
Sence lose our hearts, and Hamlet did our hands
Voite comunall, in most sound Banda.

Pop. So many jouneyes may the Sunne and Moonne
Make vs agame count o'the, ere love be done,
But woe is the you are so fice of late,
So farse from cheere, and from your forme stately,
That I did flurf you: yet though: I didfurf,
Discomfort you (my Lord) is nothing much:
For womens Fears and Loue, holds quantite,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proffes hath made you know,
And as my Loue is fast, my Fresse is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions lease to do:
And thou shalt live in that faire world behinde,
Honourd, belau'd, and happy,one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou

Bap. On confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be treason in my breit:
In second Husband, let me be second,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. wormwood, wormwood.

Bapt. The affections that second Marriage moue,
Are base reflets of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kissthe me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, of we break:
Purpose is but the flame to Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poor validity.
Which now like Venice stripe fitches on the Tree,
But fall vnthak en, when they mellow bee.
Most necessitie 'tis, that we forget
To pay our feleter, what to our felates is debt:
What to our felates in passio we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or joy,
Their owne rubbish with themselves destroy:
Where joy must Rrels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe inyes, joy greeces on fender accident,
This world is not for eye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Lunes should with our Fortunes change.
For this a question left we yet to prove,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you make his favour fiers,
The poore advanced makes Friends of Enemies;
And where both Loue and Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall leave lacke a friend:
And who in want a hollow Friend don't try,
Directly lookest him as Enemy.

But ordinarily to end, where I begin,
Our Willes and Fates do do contrary run,
That our Desires fall are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke I there is no second 1 Husband wed,
But doth thou thinke it, which by few I Lord is dead.

Dre. Not Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and reg: o' clock from me day and night:
Each opho that blanckes the face of joy,
Meet what I wante well and it destroy,
Both liuer and helpe, for my falling flie,
If once a W. about, ever the Wife.

Ham. If the loud break at tow.

Ent. 'Tis deeply sweane:
Sweet, I vante a eare whilst,

My spirits goa full, and fame I would begirage
The leasag of the sleep.

Ent. Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
And neither come encrease between vs awake,

Ham. Madam, owl like you this Play?

Ent. Oh, the I not pretend to much much thinker,

King. Oh but I't keep her word.

Ham. If you had the Argument, is there no Office

Ent. No, no, they do but est, poysion in left, no Of

ence t's world.

Ham. What do you call the Play?

Ent. The Moue-trap: Marry how? Tropicallly:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna. Gene-

age is the Duke's name, his wife Baptista: you shall see
answer to a kinself piece of work: But what o'that?
Your Majeste, and wee that have free fociot, it touches
vs not: let the gall instande without writers are writing.

Enter Lucianus.

This is the Lucianus nephew to the King.

Oph. You are a good Chorus, my Lord,

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
If I could see the Puppets dallying.

Oph. You are kenne my Lord, you are kenne.

Ham. It would call you a greening, to take off my
ege.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husband.

Begin Murderer. Pox, lease thy damnable Faces, and
begin, Come, the crooking Rusen dorth Bellow for Rear-

Lucius. Thought blacke, hands spy,

Drapes fit, and Time agering:

Confederate Ilean, eile no Creature feeting:

Thou mixture ranae, of Midnight Wreeds collected,

With Heavie Dan, this blessed, three infected,

Thy natural Magicks, and dire propertie,

On whose lifeftime,wispe immediately.

Enter the poysion in his ears.

Ham. He poysion him: 7th Garden for's eftate: His
name's Gower: the Story is extant and wite in choyce
Italian. You will see how the Murthurer gets the
love of Creighton's wife.

Oph. The King rifer.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Ham. Guenee the Play.

King. Give me some Light, Away.

Ad. Lights, Lighets, Lighets.

Enter Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the fronteacre Deere go wepe,
The Hart vnngall'd play:

For some must wake, while some must sleepe:
Some runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the reft of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provincial
Roses on my rads Shoes, get me a Fellowship in a rie
of Players sir.

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one I,

For thou dost know: Oh Demet deere,
This Realme dismanzled was of Loue himselfe,
And now reignes herre.

A vere vere Paiokee.

Hor. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, he take the Ghosts word for
a thousand pound. Did I perceiue?

Hor. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poysioning?

Hor. I did vere well note him.

Enter Horatius and the Guardsmen.

Ham. Oh,yet come some Muffick. Come ye Recorders
For if the King like nor the Comedie,
Why then be like he likes it nor perciue,
Come some Muffick.

Could Good my Lord, you chasten me a word with you.

Ham,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Goul. The King, sir.

Ham. Who, sir?

Goul. Is he in his Retirements, most chilly temper'd.

Ham. With drinker Sir?

Goul. No my Lord, rather with Choller.

Ham. Your wisdome should not swerve to fewe more tichers, to egitate this to Bis Doctore for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunged him into tare more Choller.

Goul. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and it was to widely from my Essaye.

Ham. I am sure Sir, pronounce.

Goul. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliccion of spirit, hath beene long time.

Ham. You are welcome.

Goul. Nay, good my Lord, this courteous is not of the right breed, it shall proue not to make us a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandments shew your pardon, and I will the shall see the end of my Buffalo.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Goul. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my witt disent. But the least answer is, you shall command me, rather than I you, my Mother: therefore no more but to the mother. My Mother you say.

Goul. Then this the fayre: be you so beleue, she will make you to speake with you in her Clother, or you go to her.

Ham. Well, so they were to settle these our Matter.

Goul. Are you no further Tres' with these?

Ham. My Lord, once did use me.

Goul. So be it, with these pickers and tilkers.

Exe. Good my Lord, what is your earle of Shrewper? You no freely borne the danger of your owne libertie. If you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir shake Aderence.

Goul. How can that be, when you have the yoyce of the King him selfe, for your Sincerefl Demeno? I am sure I knowe, no while the greffe groweth, the Proverbe is something, madly.

Enter a worship Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you., why do you so about to receipt the winds of fres, as you would drive me into a toyle?

Goul. O my Lord, if my Diets be too bold, my love is too vanaunacy.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon thine lute?

Goul. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Goul. Unplease me, I cannot.

Ham. I do before you.

Goul. I know no coach of it, my Lord.

Ham. This is the fayle of lying: gouerne these Veneges with your finger and thunb, pisse it breath with your mouth, and it will diference most excellent Moutlike.

Goul. You have thee, thee are the fopperes.

Ham. But these cannot I command to any vvertime of hermony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why lookes you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me; you would seeme to know my frops; you would pluck out the heart of my Myserie; you would found me from my lowering. Note, to the top of my Compass and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be plaid on, than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can free me, you cannot play upon me. God bless you Sir.

Enter Palammas.

Palam. My Lords, the Queene would speake with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowde? that is almost in shape like a Caneill.

Palam. By'st hie, and it is like a Caneill indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wessex.

Palam. It is back'd like a Wessex.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Palam. Write like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They shew me to the top of my bent.

I will come by by and by.

Palam. I will say so.

Exe. I am his.

Ham. By and by, it is safely said. Leave me Friends.

To move the wise with long time of night,
When Churches stand ye here, and Heav'n stille breathes our
Covagtion to this wold. Now could I drink but blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would looke to looke on. So now to my Mother:
Oh Heart, lose not thy Nature; but ever
The store of Ages, enter this thine boeme:
Let me be cruel, not unmerciful.
I will speake Daggers to her, that she none:
My Tongue and Soul in this brutipenes.
How in my words foresears the Eter,
To give them Scales, never my Soul content.

Enter King, Resurrection and Gudie phosphoryl.

King. I like him not, nor stands in safe avis,
To in his madness rage. Therefore prepare you,
I your Comminion will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terrors of our estate may not endure
Hazard footing, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Goul. We will our selves provide:
Must holie and Religious service is to
Keep the many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your Maiestie.

Refle. The gingle

And speach is lost at bound.
With all the strength and Amour of the minde,
To keep it selfe from novice; but muchmore, it a spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests
The lunes of many, the ease of Maiestie
Does not alone, but like a Gude doth draw
What is necesset Федерации.
It is a mistletoe
First on the summit of the highest Mount,
To whole huge Spokesmen, thousand and lesser things
Are mortiz'd and ador'd: which when it falls,
Each small appartment, petty conquence
Approaches the boyous Range. Never alone
Did the King tighe, but with a general grone.

King. Armes you, I pray you this speedie Voyage;
For we will see some en in this faire

Which

III. ii. 314—III. ii. 25

777
When he is drunke asleep: or in his rage,
Or in an inceastious pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some affe
That he's no relish of Salvation int,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven,
And that his Soul may be damned and blacke
As Hell, whereunto is goes. My Mother stayes,
This Phisick but prolongs thy sickly days. Exit.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, never to Heaven go. Exit.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Lookes you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks hee been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath three and, and fonde be twente
Much heat, and him. Iffence me ene here.
Pray you be round with him.

Ham.-mother, Mother, mother, mother,
Que. He warrant you, lease me not.
Withdraw, Icharge him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Que. Hamlet thou hast thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you know my Father much offended.
Que. Come, come, you afffe with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Que. Why how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What the matter now?
Que. Have you forgotten me?
Ham. No, by the road, not so:
Que. You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Que. Nay, then Iffence to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and if you downe, you shall not
bouse:
You cannot till you vp a guffe, Where you may see the innocent part of you?
Que. What will thou dot thou will not marthe me?

Help, help, haas.

Pol. What has, what help, help, haas.

Ham. You are now, mad dead for a Duscate, dead.
Pol. O flourish:
Kills Polonius.

Que. O flourish, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?
Que. O, shut, shut, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, for not so bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Que. As kill a king?

Ham. I Lady, was my word,
Thou too bad, it is, introducing foolsy farewell,
I took thee for thy Better, take thy Fortune,
I took thee to be too buffe, for some danger.
I wear winging of your hands, peace, fit you downe,
And not to wear your heart, for so I shal
It be made of penetrable fluffe.
If damned Cuthome have not brass'd it so,
That is proofe and buleware against Senfe.
Que. What have I done, that thou darst say thy song,
In foule or rude against me?

Ham. Such an Aff

Que. Blaspheme the grace and bless of Modestie,
Cal Virtue Hypocriss, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blifter there. Makes marriage vowe
As failes Dices Oathes. Oh such a deed,

III. iii. 26—III. iv. 45

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The Tragedie of Hamlet.

As from the body of Contradiction uncles.
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapidise of words. Heauents lase doth glory,
Yea this solidity and compound maue,
With trifull villige as against the doome,
In thought-fickte at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what aye, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the index.

Ham. Look heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit pretentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was feasted on his Braw.

Ov:sions curies, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Nation, like the Herald Mercurey,
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Conjunction, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to set his Scale,
To giue the world auffrance of a man.

This was your Husband. Look you now what follows.
Here is your Husband, like a Misdew'd care,
Blasph'ning his hollow breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountain leve to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it humble,
And waits upon the Judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this place? What dullness was't,
That thus haue confoud you at hooodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bulif? Rebellious Hell,
If you can stubmite in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Virtue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compellative Argue gues the charge,
Since Froth it flees, as affliously with burns,
As Reafon ponders Will.

Qu. O Hem! speake no more.
Thou turnt mine eyes into my very sole,
And there I fee such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leave their Trace.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke twere of an enfeamesd bed,
Stew'd in Corruption, honiyng and making love
Oute the nasty Syle.

Qu. Oh spake to me, no more.
These words like Daggers enter in mine ear.
No more sweet Hamle.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slue, that is not wett enueth past the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kinges,
A Cupuise of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a sheele the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Sawme; and houre o'time with your wings
You heautely Guards. What would you gracius figure?

Qu. Alacke it's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps in Time and Paffion, lets go by
Th'importante edge of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forgets this Visitation
But to with thy al Hoflent blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O steep betweene her, and her fighting Soule.
Conceit in wearis bones, forstasal workers.

Speak to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alys, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacance,
And with their corporall syre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spires wildly pepee,
And as the sleeping Soldiours to th'Altarone,
Your bedded hauke, like life in excrescens,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heaste and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Wherefore do you looke?

Ham. O him, on him: looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and face consouy'd, prouching to flutes,
Would make them capable. Do not looke vpume,
I eat with this piteuous echieon you convert;
My feme effects: then what I haue to doe,
Will want true colour; teases percharge for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Not did you nothing heart?

Qu. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he hued,
Looke where he goes even now out at the Porall. Exit.

Qu. This is the very eyenge of your Braine,
This bodilde Creatio naturalis is very cunning in,

Ham. Exeunt.

My Pule as youd doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull Mufecke, it is not madde
That I have vistered; bring me to the Tent
And I the matter will re:word: which madde
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vision to your eye,
That not your treaspefe, but my madde speakest
It will but skin and glime the Victoreous face,
Whil't ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects voueene. Confeffe your felle to Heauen,
Repet what a pall, ayowel what is to come,
And do not spred the Compoll or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Virtue,
For in the fantasie of this this purifie times,
Virtue is selfe, of Vice much passion begges,
Yeau crombe, and woe, for leau to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,
This haffe clef my heart in swaine.

Ham. O throw away the worses part of it,
And hue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnklees bed,
Assume a Virtue, if you have it not, saufine to night,
And that shall lend a kind of eaffnefe
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are defecrous to be bleue,
He bleffee begge of you. For thus fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
To punche me with this, and thus with me,
That I must Be her Scourge and Minister.
I will bellow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him: so against good night;
I must be cruel, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins and worse remains behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do:
Let the bluent King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanston on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a pair of receeive killes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Or padding in your necke with his dam’d fingers,
Make you to rave all this matters out,
That I officially am not in madde,
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 Bas, a Gibbe,
Such deere concerning have, Who would do so,
No in deligent of Senie and Secrecie,
Vapge the Basket on the house top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Apes
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou affraid, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breath
What thou haft fade to me.

Ham. I haft it: and I know you that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall set me pack’ring;
He legge the Guts into the Neighbor roomes,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most flill, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
Come fit, to drawe toward an end with you.

Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet taking on Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There’s matters in tishe fights.
Theie profound heuses
You must translate; Tis fit we understand them.
What is your Sonne?

Qu. All my good Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude! How doe’s Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Sea, and winde, when both contend
Whichis the Mightier in his lawlesse stric
Behinde the Arras, hearing somethings there,
He Kraus his paper ouer, and draws a Rat, a Rat,
And in his breath apprehension kills
The enterpris this old man.

King. Of heavye deed:
It had but few with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euy one.
Alas, how shall this bloodye deed be answer’d?
It will be laide to vs, whose prudence
Should have kept that out, refrained, and out of haunts,
This mad young man. But so much was our hope,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disafe.
To keepe it from d wilful, let’s se feeble
Even on the pitto of life. Where is he gone?
Qu. To draw speed the body he hath kill’d,
Of whom he was very much like some Oare
Among a Minaret of Mettellas base
Showen in telle pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Or Gertrude, come away:
The Sence doth make the Mountains touch,
But we will flapp our hand, and this vilde deed,
We mount with all our Matterly and Skill
Left our anointer, and execide.

Enter Ref & Guild.

No custode Item
Pretens but Godly vowe ye with some further yde:
Hamlet in our ownde bath Paloune Baine,
And from his Mother Offiers hath he drac’d him.
Go seek him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray ye haft in this.

Enter Gertrude, we’tll call vp out all the friends,

To let them know both what we meant to do,
And what’s vntimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of sorrow and dismay.

Exit Hamlet.

Ham. Safely rowed.

Gentlemens within, Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What soule? Who calls on Hamlet?

Oh here they come.

Enter Ref & Guildenferne.

Re. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust, where’ts his Kinne.

Re. Tell vs where in that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Ref. Beleue what?

Ham. That I can keep my counsel, and not mine own.
Beside, to be demanded of a spundge, what reiplication
should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Ref. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I list that fellow speake the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authoritie (but such Officer do the King
bell teruce in the end.) He keeps them like an Ape in
the corner of his saw, suffr’d me to be left swallowd,
when he needs what you have gleans’d, it is but iquesting
you, and Spundge you shall be dry agony.

Ref. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a saucie speech sleepe in a
foolish ear.

Ref. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. He is a thing —

Guld. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after.

Exeunt

Enter King.

King. I have sent to receave him, and to find the bodic
He is dangerous, it is that man goes he’s far
Yet, how much we put the thought law upon him.
He’s house’d of the distraits multitude,
Who like not in ther wiligeemt, but their eyes:
And where ‘twas, the Offenders louenge is weight’d
But overer the offence: to beare all smooth, and even,
This solace lending him away, still seeme
Delibrate paule, dictates desperate growings,
Hence, such apparelse are relevted,
Or not at all. 

Exeunt Ref & Guildenferne.

How now? What hath brefine?

Ref. Where the dead body is belol’d little Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ref. Without my Lord,guarded to know your
pleasance.

King. Bring him before vs vs.

Ref. Have Guildenferne bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenferne.

King. Now Hamlet, where’s Paloune?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper Where?

Ham. Not where he eat, but where he is eaten, a
certaine connexion of workres are entre at him, Your worne
is your only Emperor for diet. We fast all creatures life
to fast vs, and we fast our selfe for Mages, Your As King,
and lean Begetter is but variable servite to dishes,
but to one Table that’s the end.

King. What doft thou meane by this?

Ham. 

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The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenge find him not there, seek him i’th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nofe him as you go vp the flares into the Lobby.

King. Go seek he there.

Ham. He will they till ye come. 

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine own safety Which we do tender, as we dearly love.

For that which thou hast laid, must tend thee hence.

With certe Queckelette, Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Bank is readie, and the windes at helpe,

Th’Attaches tend, and every thing at bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. For England?

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, as thou knewst our purpose.

Ham. I fees a Cherubit that fees him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mouter: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England.

King. Follow him at foote,

Temp’d him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, lie have him hence to night.

A way, for every thing is seal’d and done.

That else leans on that Affairs pray you make haste.

And England, if my lowe heart did not aught,

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy Civariate looks raw and red.

After the Danisch Sword, and thy free awe.

Pays homage to us; thou maladual coldly set.

Our Sovereigne Proceafe, which imports as full

By Letters conuriring to that effect.

The preuent death of Hamilet. Do is England.

For like the Helleckie in my blood he ragges,

And thou must sure me: Till I know this done,

How ere my happes, my voyes were neere begun.

Exit

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,

Tell him that by his licentie, Fortinbras

Claimes the conuencies of a promised March

Oues his Kingdome. You know the Rendevous:

If that his Majestie would owght with us,

We shall express our dutie in his eye,

And let him know so.

Cap. I will do’t, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Exit

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Que. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunt, indeed disraed, her moude

will needs be pisted.

Que. What would she have?

Hor. She speakes much of her Fathers, sexes the heares.

There’s tiches in her world, and hems, and blesse her heart,

Spurnes eminantly at Strawes, speaks things in doubt,

That carry but halfe sense: Her speach is nothing,

Yet the unshaped vice of it doth move,

That heares to Collecion; they syme at it,

And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts.

Which as her wittes, and nods, and geltures yeild them,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

King. Good Lauretts:
If you delight to know the certaine
Of thy deere Fathers death, as it stand in thy reveigne,
That Soxndake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Lear. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
L. To his good friends, thus wide Ie open my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repell them with my blood.
Lear. Why now you speake
Like a good Childre, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltie of your Fathers death:
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

Enter a Messenger.
Qu. Alacke, what noise is this?
King. Where are my Sweaters?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Mef. Sues your felle, my Lord.
The Ocean (over-peering of his Lift)
Eates not the Flats with more impetuous haste
Then young Learretts, in a Riousoud head,
One-Bares you: Oddiers, the rabblle call him Lord,
As the world were now but to begin,
Antiquy forgot, Cuffome not knowne,
The Latiffers and props of every word,
They crye choose we? Learretts shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud is to the clouds,
Learretts shall be King, Learretts King.
Qu. How cheerfully on the fallie Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you fellie Danish Dogges,
Mef. Sues within. Enter Learretts.
King. The doores are broke.
Lear. Where is the King, sire? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Lear. I pray you give me leave.
Mef. We will, we will.
Lear. I thank you: Keep the doore,
Oh thou vile King, give me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good Learretts.
Mef. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclammes me Battard:
Czet Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen here betweene the chaste unfinished brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause Lauretts,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gryant-like?
That he go Grytrude: Do not fear our person:
There's such Dainties doth hedges a King,
That Treson can but perspe to what it would,
Adts little of his will. Tell me Learretts,
Why thou art thus Incenet? Let him go Grytrude.
Speak man.
Lear. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him,
King. Let him demand his fill.
Lear. How came he dead? He not be Taggled with.
To hell Alllegcence: Vewers to the blacke diuell.
Confidence and Grace, to the profounde Pit.
I dares Damission: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; none ize be requind
Moll throughy for my Father.
King. Who shall flay you?
Lear. My Will, not all the world,
And for my men, Ie husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

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Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge twixt you and me; If by direct or by Colascati 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, Be you content to lend your patience to us, And we shall joyntly labour with your soule To give it due content. 

Lert. Let this be so: His meanes of death, his obishe curiall; No Tragedoe, Sword, nor Hatchement of his bones, No Noble rite, nor formal attention, Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth, That I must call in question.

King. So you shall; And where to intention, let the great Axe fall. I pray you go with mee.

Enter Horatio with an Attendant. 

Horat. What are they that would speake with me? Ser. Sayles Sir, they say they have Letters for you. Hor. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the word I should be gretted, if not from Lord Hamlet. Enter sayle.

Say. God blewe you Sir. Hor. Let him blewe thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, and please him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadors that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio. When thou hast once ordered this, give these Fellows some meanes to the King: They have Letters for him. 8re we two days old at Sea, A Purse of very Warskip appointment gone to Chace. Finding our selves no more of Sale, we put on a cramped Baltimore. In the Grappe, I boarded them; On the Instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me, like Theemes of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good service for them. Let the King have the Letters; I have sent, and prepare them to me as much hauing as they would doe, to doe in; I have words to speake on your ears, which shall make the danger, yet are they much too light for the best of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee to where I am, Rosencranc and Guildenaume, hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

It that shew knowst things, Hamlet, Come, I will give you way for these your Letters, And doe the speeder, that you may direct mee To him from whom you brought them. 

Enter King and Letters.

King. Now must my conference your acquaintance 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 flaine, Pursued my life.

Lert. It well appears. But tell me, Why you proceeded not against these Fictees, So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature, As by your Safety, Wiltcome, all things else,

You mainly were fird d vp.

King. Of two speciall Reasons, Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unfinnowed, And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother, Lines almost by his lookes: and for my selfe, My Vincent or my Plague, be it either which, She's so commuynce to my life and soule; That as the Starre movs not but in his Sphere, I could not burry her. The other Morpus, Why to a publicke count our mind not go, Is the great love the generall gender heare him, Who deping all his Faults in their affection, Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, Convert his Curses to Graces. So that my Maowes Too lightly timbred for so fouled a Winde, Would some reuerted to my bowe againe, And not where I had asm'd them.

Lert. A-N-D do I have a Noble Father loft, A Sister driven into desperate tearmes, Who was of proues may goe backe againe Stood Chàngere on mount of all the Age For her protection. But my revenge will come, King. Break not your sleepe for that, You must not thinke, That we are meanly furnish'd, so flat, and dull, That we can let our Beard be flouere with danger, And thinke it paine, You largely shall hear more, I loud your Father, and we loose our Selfe, And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Misigner.

How now? What Newes?

Nerc. Letters by my Lord from Hamlet. This to your Majesty; this to the Queene. 

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Lert. Sayles my Lord they say, I saw them not; They were written by Claudio, he received them.

King. Letters you shall hear them.

Enter Misigner. 

High and Mighty, you shall know I am not a whelp on your King's parts; To morrow shall I beg leave to say, in the course of my letter, several parts of the shew of my selfe, and generall question, in the face. 

Ham. What is all this to me? Are all the rest come backe? Or is it went aborde? Or of what thing?

Lert. Know you the hand?

Kim. That Hamlet's Character, ask'd and in a Postscript here he says alone: Care you accoount?

Lert. I am left in my Lord; let him come; It was not the sickneffe in my hart, That I shall line and tell him to his teeth, That did affect it. 

Kim. Othello to Letters, as how should I be for How otherwise will you be mittd by me?

Lert. If you not o'terme me to a peace.

Kim. To thine owne prizze: if the be now return't, 

As clicking at his Voyage, and that he means No more to endure it; I will worke him To an employe now ripe in my Drink, Under the which he shall not choose but fall; And for his death no wondre of blame shall breath, But seen his Mother shall under the practice, And call it assent. Some two moneths hence Here was a Gentleman of Nomans, I set downe the first against the French, And they ran well on Horesbeke: but this Gallant

Had
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Had witchcraft in't: he grew into his Saxt,
And so much wondrous doing brought his Horfe,
As had he bome encon'pt and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Bestj, to fare he past my thought,
That I in forsey of shaping and tricker,
Come short of what he did.

Lar. A Norman want?

Kin. A Norman.

Lar. Upon my life Lamonded.

Kes. The very fame.

Lar. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Jemne of all our Nation.

Kin. He was confession of you,
And gave you such a Maftery report,
For Art and exercize in your defence
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'Twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so enron with his Envy,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
With some comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Lar. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kim Laroes was your Father desire to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Lar. Why ask you this?

Kim. Note that I think you did not love your Father,
But that I know Louise is begun by Time;
And that I fee in passages of profe,
Time qualify the sprake and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To show your felle your Fathers offence indeed,
More then in words?

Lar. To cut his throat ibr Church.

Kim. No place indeed should murder Santurize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good Laroes
Will you doe this, keep close within your Chamber,
As Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee put upon those shall praise your excellence,
And let a double warmth on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your head—be being remife,
Most generous, and free from all concerning,
Will not peruse the Fools? So that with eft,
Or with a little fluffling, you may choose
A Sword unbailed, and in a pace of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Lar. I will doe.

Kim. And for that purpose he annoint my Sword:
I bought in Venioon of a Mountebanke
So mortal, I but dipp a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Carasplaine so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Vetric
Vulter the Moone, can laue the thing from death,
That is but straitly withall. He touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I call him flightly,
I t may be death.

Kim. Let's further thinke of this,
Weight what conuenience both of time and means
May fit vs to the tape, this should fail;
And that our dis though through our bad performance,
"Were better not affaid, therefore this Project
Should have a backe as accould, that might hold,
If this should blash in profe; Soft, let me fee
Wee'll make a solemn wager on your comming,
I haff: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowes more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinker, he have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but alipping,
The by chance escape your venom'd fluck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Quene.

Exit Quene.

Quene. One wo'th did tiad uppon another holee,
So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd Laroes.

Lar. Drown'd! O where?

Quene. There is a Wiltrow growes a Skitt a Brooke,
That thews his hore leasses in the glassie streame:
There with fantasick C. A'stands did the come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettes, Dayles, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheardes give a grossier Name;
But our cold Martins doe Dead Mens Fingers call them;
There on the pendent boughes his Coronet weeds
Clambrong to hang: or enorous brakes broke,
When downe the weedy Todpole, and her selfe,
Fell in the glasping Brooke, her clothes fired wide,
And Mermaid-like a white while they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Nature, and indulge
Vanto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinkes,
Pulle the poor wretch from her melancholy buy,
To modesty death.

Lar. Alas then, is the drown'd?

Quene. Drown'd, drown'd.

Lar. Too much of water hast thou poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trake, Nature her costume holds,
Let's some way what is it will when these are gone
The womans will be our, I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
Bat that this fully doubts it.

Kim. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calm his rage?
Now learnt this I will give it at once;
Therefore let's follow, Gertrude.

Exit two Clowns.

Clown. Is the to bee banned in Christian burials, that willfully seeketh her owne salvation?

Other. I tell thee the is, and therefore make her Grace straitly, the Crownere hath fates on her, and finds it Christion burials.

Clown. How can that be, yale the drown'd: shee in her owne defence?

Other. Why this found so.

Cle. It must be So oффenda, it cannot bee elle: or heere lies the point; If I drowne my felle wittingly, it argu's an Aet: and an Aet hath three branchens. It is an Aet to doe and to performe: argu the drown'd: hee felle wittingly.

Other. Nay but heere you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Give me leave: heere lies the water good; heere hands the man good: If the man goe to this water and drowne him selfe, it is hee will hee, he goes; make you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him, hee drowneth not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not got of his owne death, Shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Cle. I marry it, Crowners Quell Law.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farce off.

Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your daffy Affe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houles that he make, last till Doomesday: go get thee to Yougham, fetch me a Pint of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love alone,
Methought it was very sweet:
To constrail O the time for my behove,
One thought there was nothing more.

Ham. He's this fellow no feeling of his business; that he fongs at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of es-
finelle.

Ham. 'Tis cens for the hand of little employment Hath the daintier feni.

Clown sings.

But Age with his flaying fogs
Hath caught me in his clutch;
And both slipped me unto the Lord,
As if I had never been such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave owles it to th' ground, as if it were Canaean law-borne, that did the first mother: It might be the Pate or a Politian which this Affe o're Of- fices one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Couztier, which could say, Good Mor- row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a one Horatio, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Her. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why 'tis far and now my Lady Wormes, Chapellie, and all the rest, when Mass held with a Session Spade; here's fine Resolution, if we had the strick to feel. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play as Loggets with 'em? mine sake to think on't.

Clown sings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade a Spade,
For and a frowning steare:
O a Put of Clay for to be made,
For such a Gent is mee.

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quilllets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why do's he suffer this rude house now to knock him about the Scouce with a dirty Shoull, and will not tell him of his Aiton of Batterie? hum. This fellow might be in'time a great buyer of Land, with his Vouchers and his Recom- mendations, his Fine, his Letters, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his vessel and fine of his Recov- eries, to have his Fine Pate full of fine Durt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchasers, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a piece of Indentures? the very Concoontries of his Lands will hardly lie in this Box, and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hor. Nor a more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Purchasive made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. 1 my Lord, and of Case-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Civets that seek out affu- sance in that. I will speake to this fellow. Who's Graue this Sir?

Cln. Mine Sir:

Ham. O a Put of Clay for to be made,
For such a Gent is mee.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed for thou liest in't.

Cln. You lie out on it, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not liest in', and yet it is a Vase.

Ham. Thou dost liest in', to be in', and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

Cln. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'tis a way to liest from me you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Cln. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Cln. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Cln. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! wee must speake by the Carde, or equinoctiall will endue vs by the Lord torraten, these three years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked, that the toe of the Peasant comes to meete the heels of our Curie, her galls his Kibe. How long haft thou beene a Graue-maker?

Cln. Of all the dures th' yeares, I came too't that day that our last King Hamlet was creame Furthurb.

Ham. How long is that since?

Cln. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into Eng'land.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Cln. Why, because he was mad; hee still recover his wits there, if he do not, it is no great matter there.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Ham. Why?
Clo. Twill not be found in him, there the men are as mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
Clo. Very strangely they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Clo. In his chamber, with loosing his wits.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: he had bin sixe teene yeere, and Boy Thirty yeere.
Ham. How long will a man lie 'tis earth ere he rest?
Clo. If that be not rotten before as we have many pokey Coarsey now agents, that will scarce hold saying he will lay thee some eighte or nine yeere. A Tanner will last thee nine yeere.
Ham. Why be, more then another?
Clo. Why faire, his huite is so taw'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Drayer of your heron dead body, Here's a Swol noweth Scull, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeere.
Ham. Whole was it?
Clo. A whorson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you think it was?
Ham. Nay, I know not.
Clo. A pellitance on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggen of Renish on my head once. This laine Scull, Sir, this famous Scull'd, was Turpsk Scull, the Kings Jeffer.
Ham. This?
Clo. E'tene that.
Ham. Let me fee. Alas poore Turpsk, I knew him Ha-riace, a fellow of infinite 'tile': of most excellent tancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times, and how abhorred my imagination, my gorgie finger at it. Here hung those lippis, in I have knit I know not how, Q'where be your bires now? Your Gambals? Your flowes? Your finall metemtimes, or want to set the Table on a Koele, No one now to mock thy own Jetting? Quite choppes? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her pant an inch thick, to this fauour the muff come. Make her laugh at that; prey thee Ha-riace, tell me one thing.
Her. What's that my Lord?
Ham. Dull thou thinkke Alexander lookt o'this fashion'tis earth?
Her. E're no.
Ham. And finell so? Puh.
Her. E're no, my Lord.
Ham. To what base viles we may returns Harriace? Why may not imagination trace the Noble duft of A-lexander, till he find it flapping a bung-hole.
Her. 'Twere to consider: to consider so, to consider so.
Ham. No fast, no strict. But to follow him thether with medlele enough, & likelihood to lead in: as this.
Alexander died: Alexander returns into dust: the dust is earth of earth we make Lomeron, and why of this: Lomeron (where he was converted), in the clout, not flopp a Beere-Butrell? Imperial C, & C, lead an turnt to clow, Might hap a sleue to keepe the wind away.
Oh that that early, which kept the world in awe, Should pate a Wall, steep of the winters flame. But lost, lost, adieu; heaven comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queen, the Countesse. Who is that they follow, And with such armed rites? This doth broken, The Coarsey they follow, bid with differate hand, For do it ownl life; was some Eftate. Couch we a while, and mark.

Lear. What Cerimony else?
Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke. Lear. What Cerimony else?

Proeft. Her Obediencies have bin as farre intal'd, As we have warrantes, her death was doubtfull, And but that great Command, pre' rae' the order, She should in ground unnumberd have lodging, Till the last Trumpeter. For charitable prayer, Shardeys, Pintes, and Peebles, should be throu wine on her; Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites, Her Maiden firewamens, and the bringing home Of all and Burial.

Lear. Mift there no more be done?

Proeft. No more be done:
We should prophane the funeuce of the dead,
To sing fage Requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-past Souls.

Lear. Lay her til' she earth,
And say her faire and unpolluted bath,
May Violetes spring: I tell thee(churchly Priele)
A Minifling Angel shal my Siter be,
When thou leat bowing!

Ham. What, the last Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hopp'd thou shouldl haue bin my Hamlet's wife
I thoughth she ble-bred to have deek'd(sweet Maid)
And not thame brew'd thy Gavce.

Lear. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times tremble, on that cursed head
Whole wicked deed, thy sonn Ingeniosence
Deprin'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

Make in the grave,
Now pile thy duft, upon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountain you have made,
To o'er top old Pelm, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympos.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasy? whoe phrase of Sorrow
Cono' the wandering Stares, and makes them stand
Like wonder'd wounded heares? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The deuill is thy soule,
Ham. Thou praft it not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throas,
Sire though I am not spleen'teous, and rash,
Yet have I someting in me dangerous,
Which let thy wife come heare. Away thy hand.

King. Bless them slander.

O. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gw. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why will I fight with him upon this Theme?
Untill my iellent will no longer wag,

O. Ohmy Sovr. what Theme,

Ham. I hadd Ophelia; for the thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quontitie of Londe)
Make yp my funne. What wilt thou do forther?

King. Oh is mad Laertes,

O. For love of God forbears him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou do'st do.
Woo't wepe'tt Woot's fight? Woot's teare thy selfe?
Woot don'ts ye fife, cates a Crocodile?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

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Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir: now let me fee the other.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep; me thought I lay

Worse when the mutes in the Bilboes, rashly,

(And prise by raffinate for it) let us know,

One under the other in time feres us well,

When our dust plots do appeare, and that should teach us,

There's a Dunsmury that shapes our ends,

Roughly through them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my Cabin

My fear: my fear shew me in the darkes,

Could't I find out them; had my desire,

Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew

To mine owne roomes againe, making so bold,

(My fears for rated manners) to visite

Their grand Commission, where I found Horatio,

Oh royall knavery: An exact command,

Larded with many fuecell forts of reason;

Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands too,

With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,

That on the superfize no leisure basted,

No not to flay the greasing of the Axe,

My head shall be struck off.

Hor. It is possible.

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leasure:

But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,

Yet I could make a Prologue to my brains,

They had began the Play. I gave me downe,

Dost' not a new Commission, wrote it faire,

I once did hold it as our Statifies doe,

A balanctefate write faire, and laboured much

How to forget that learning: but Sir now,

I read me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know

The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. 1, good my Lord,

Ham. An exacte Conjurator from the King,

As England was his faithfull Tuburby,

As love between them, as the Prince should flourish,

And hand's a Comma 'tweene their sakes,

And many such like Affis of great charge,

That on the sword know of their Contents,

With oute demonstration further, more or leffe,

He should the bearers put to lodaine death,

Nor shining time allowed.

Hor. How was this feald?

Ham. Why, even so as was Hausen ordinate:

I had my fathers Spire at my Pute.

Which was the Model of that Danish Scale:

Folded the West in that of the other,

Subscri'd, gait's impression, plact it safely,

The changing time known: Now, the next day

Was our Sache fought, and what to this was semente,

Thou know it already.

Hor. So Candidate and Reformations, go too.

Ham. Why may we they did meke love to this employment

They are not near my Conference; their debate

Both by their owne information grow:

This dangerous, when the latter nature comes

Between the pale, and fell incenced points

Of magpie opposites.

Hor. Why, was a King this?

Ham. Does not, the sick chere, and me now upon

Pret that hath kild my King, and whoe my Mother,

Pops between the ele then and my hopes,

Throuse out his Angle for my proper life,

And with such concertisation, it's not perfect conciencie,

To quit him with this armes? And is it not to be demd

To let this Canker of our nature crepe

In further euel.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be spake,

The unrest of mine, and a most life's no more

Then to say one: but I am very forry good Horatio,

That to Lenter I forget my selfe;

For by the image of my Caulfe, I se

The Portraiture of his; He count his favourers,

But were the bravoure of his griefe did me

I ture for him, Horatio.

Ham. That is the more gracious; for it's a Vice to know

him: He hath much Lord, and ferrine: let a Beast

be Lord of Beasts, and his Cnbl shall hand at the Kings

Meffes, I am a Cheeny: but as I saw spacie in the pole

fission of dirt.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Don-

Ham. How I hably thank you Sir, do not know this waterfie.

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy Nation is the more gracious; for it's a Vice to know

him: He hath much Lord, and ferrine: let a Beast

be Lord of Beasts, and his Cnbl shall hand at the Kings

Meffes, I am a Cheeny: but as I saw spacie in the pole

fission of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at lesyre,

I should impart a thing to you from his Master.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spiritu

your Bonet to his right we, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is

Northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is very foulty, and hot for my

Complexion.

Ofrick.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Of. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very faulty as two cannot tell but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I believe you remember.

Of. Nay, in good faith, for mine sake in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is as his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Of. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Of. The first king's was said by him first Barbary Horse, against which he imposed as I take it, first French Rapiers and Pistards, with their Affigures, as Gaulier, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in truth are very dare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Of. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more Germane to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our seamen, I would it might be Hangers still then; but on fine Barbary Horses against fine French Swords: their Affigures, and three liberal concealed Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this imposed as you call it?

Of. The King Sir, hath bade that in a dozen paces between you and him, you shall not exceed you three hits; He hath twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer not?

Of. I mean by my Lord, the position of your person in trial,

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall: if it please his Majesty, to the breathing time of stay with me, let the Foys be brought, the Gentleman waiting, and the King hold his purpose: I wait with him it is so, if not, He game nothing but my braver, and the odd hit is.

Of. Shall I ride your horse Sir?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what you shall do,

Ham. I commend my duty to your Lordship:

Ham. Yours young; he does well to commend it here, there at two tongues eft so a tongue.

Ham. This springing taw away with the shell on his head,

Ham. He did Comply with his Dagges before he lack'd it; that he did and mine more of the same figure, that I know the device he does openly got the time of the time, and outward sabre of encounters, a kind of yeasty collection, which earns them through & through the mist and unwarred opposites, and does but blow them to their nipples: the Bibles are out.

Ham. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into France, I have beaten em all before, I'll win at the odd so; but he would not think how all here abide my Lord, he can no matter.

Ham. Say, my Lord.

Ham. His is but brawny; but it is such a kind of device, that pridest trouble a woman.

Ham. If your sword did any thing, Ohy, I will foretell how he repri, he will find you out in this.

If so, let him have a stroke; there's a special way, if I be not wrong, he shal not to a blow; he will bee now: if it

be not now, yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man's ought of what he knows. What is't to leaue betimes?

Enter King, Dames, Lovers and Lords, with other Attendants with Foys, and Counternets, a Table and FIGURES OF FINE ART.

Kim. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I have done wrong,

But pardon's as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knows, And you must needs have heard how I am purloin'd With false declaration? What I have done That might your nature honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here preface was madnesse: Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from inquest be taken away: And when he is an Hamlet, do's wrong Lovers,

Then Hamlet do's not, Hamlet denies it: Who does it then? His Madnesse? If he be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,

His madnesse is proud, Hamlet's Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my declamations from a purpose call'd,

Free me to verse in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine Arrows on the house,

And hurt my Mother.

Lans. I am satisfied in Nature,

Where none in this case should flaire me most

To my Revenge. But my terms of Honor,

I shall avenge, and will no recompence,

Till by some elder Masters at knowe Honor,

I have a voyce, and presidant of peace

To keep any wrongs just.

But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd(print) like a taur,

And will not wrong it.

I do embrace it freely.

Give me the Foys: Come on.

Ham. Come one for me.

Ham. He be your siste Lovers in mine ignorance,

Your Skill fith a Starce of the left night,

Nis frity offclide.

Lans. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

Ham. Give them the Foys yong of save,

Cunten hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,

Your Grace had side the oddes at a weaker side.

King. I do fear not,

I have none you both;

But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

This is too heavy,

Let me fee another.

Ham. This likes me well,

These Foyses have all a length.

Prepare to play.

Oftake, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stages of wine upon that Table:

If Hamlet gu'eth the first, or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlemates their Ordinance fire,

The King shall drinke to Hamlet better breath,

And in the Cup an union shall be throw

It be then that, which foure facetious Kings

In Denmarke's Crowne late wore.

Guez.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Give me the Cup,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoner without,
The Cannon to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on frist.
Lor. Come on frist. They tar.

Ham. Oh, you will not.

Ham. He play this bout full, let by a while
Come! Another hit: what say you?
Lor. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
King. Our Stone shall win.
Lor.即是. He's fast and nine of breath.

Here's a Napkin, rob thy browes,
The Queen Complains to thy fortune, Hamlet's.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Qm. I will my Lord.
I pray you pardonne me.
King. I is the posford Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam, By and By.
Qm. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Lor. My Lord, Ile but him now.
King. I do not think't.
Lor. And yet shalnot gain't my confience,
Ham. Go, for the third.

Latiern your self daily,
I pray you pacce with your beff violence,
I am affayd you make a wanton of me.
Lor. Say you so? Come on. Play.
Of. Nothing neither way.
Lor. Have at you now,
In fouling they change Rejers,
King. For therman, they are incensed.
Ham. No come, againe.
Of. Lo, do to the Queen ther here has.
How, they broid on both sides. How is your Lord?
Of. How is your Rejery?
Lor. Why is this Woodcocke.

Tomine Spundie, Over.
I am fully kill'd: there came once Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She friends to see them bleed.
Of. No, no, the drinke, the drinke,
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyn'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd.
Treacherie, loose it out.
Lor. It is here Hamlet.

Hamlet, thou art a fincne,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vesalated and enrump'd: the foule practife.
Hath turn'd it in felles eye. Lor, here I say,
Neere to rise again : Thy Mothers poyn'd.

I can no more, the King, the King is too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd, then venome to thy worke.

Ours the King.

Al. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here! these ineconstent, murderous,
Darmed Dane, Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here?
Follow my Mother.

King. Ycse.
Lor. He is really serv'd.
It is a poiyon tempt'd by himselfe:
Exchange for cleanesse with me, Noble Hamlet's:
Mine and my father death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Have not my brother free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queer's advertis'd,
Your that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are not Mutes or audience to this site:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Atrie?) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead;
Thou hast report me and my cases right
To the uncurst:

Her. Never beleve it.

Ham. I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Here's yet some Liquor left.

O, as that a man, give me the Cup.
Lor. Group, by Heven I haue it.
Of. For good Horatio, what a wondred name, I
Things standing thus vtoknow'd shall bliue behind me.
If thou don't yet hold me in thy heart,
Abstinence from felicite awhile,
And in this hard world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Stone.

March of your selfe, and shew my bin.
What wistle nope is this?

Enter Ofrist.

Of. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland
To th' Ambassadors of England gives this wistle vely.

Ham. O dyre Horatio:
The potent posyion quite orcrews my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the Neust from England,
But I do prophesie the Heaven lights
On Fortinbras, he is a dyng voyse,
So tell him with the recreants more and leaʃf,
Which have sollicited. The rest is silence, Of, Of, Of, Dys.

Ham. Now crack a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angells sing thee to thy rest.
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors with Drumme,
Colours and Attendants.

Fors. Where is this fight?

For. What is it ye would see;
If forgh of one, or wonder, espy your search.
For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What salliat is tow'd in thine eternal Cell,
That thou to many Princes, at a shoor,
So bloodily half strooke.

Amb. The fight is diffill,
And our affairs from England come to late,
The cases are leffe that should goue us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fullfild.
That Refrances and Gauls...are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

He never gave commandments for their death: But force to jump upon this bloody question. You from the Polish warres, and you from England Are here arraigned. Give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view:
And let me speak to th’yet unknowing world,
How these things came about—So shall you beare

For the sudden judgement, rash fulflaments
Of death’s put on by cunning, and forced cause,
And in this purpose, purposes mistake,
Faine on the Inventors heads. All this can I

Truly deliver.

For, let us haste to hear it,
And call the Noble to the Audience.

For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdom,

Which are to clame, my vantage doth

Invite me,

Nor of that I shall have always cause to speak,
And from his mouth

Whole voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform’d,
Even whiles men mindes are wide,

Left more mischance

On plots, and errors happen.

For, Let four Captains

Bear Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To have proud’d most royally:
And for his passage,
The Soulfulls Musicke, and the rites of Warre

Speake lowly for him.
Take up the body. Such a sight as this

Becomes the Field, but here shews much amis.

Go, bid the Southerns choote.

Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of

Ordonance are shot off.

FINIS.

V. ii. 385–417

790
THE TRAGFDEIE OF
KING LEAR.

Aelus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Lear, Gloster, and Edmund. Kent.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, than any other.

Lear. Kent, is not this your Son, my Lord? Glo. He is, my Lord; but I have him at charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am bash'd too.

Kent. I cannot conceive you, Glo. Sir, this young Fellow's mother could; whereas upon the face round womb it, and had indeed (Sir) a Sonne seven Cravall, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault undone, the issue of it, bring so proper.

Glo. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no dearer in my account, though this Knave came lodging freely so the world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother faire, there was good sport at his making, and the horison must be acknowledged. Do you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent?

Edm. Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Kent. I must love you, and fort to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall duly deferuing.

Glo. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he flie still again. The King is coming.

Scenes. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, Regan, Cornelia, and attendants.


Lear. Mean while, we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the Map there, Know that we have divided in three our Kingdom: and in our fell intent, To make all Care and Banishment from our Age, Confering them on younger Strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you our deafe lousing Sonne of Albany.

We have this house a constant will to publish Our daughters general Doweres, at future time May be presented now. The Prince, France & Burgundy, Great Fiddles in our yongest daughter house, Long to our Soure, have made their amorous soience. And those are to be awar'd. Tell me my daughters (since now we will direct vs both of Rules, Interest of Territory, Care of State) Which of you shall I lay doth house vs most, That we, our largest bounte may extend Where Nature deals with merit challenge. Generally, Our eldest borne, speake first.

Ces. Sir, I shoule you more then word can weld matter, Decease then eyesight, space, and bilitie, Beyond what can be viewed, rich or rare, No lease then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor; As much as Childre are hald, or Father found. A love that makes breath prome, and speech ennable, Beyond all manner of so much I love you. Ces. What shall Cordelia speak? Loud, and be silent, Lear. Of all these bounds sterna from this Line, to this, With flashadue Fortreus, and well Champan rich'd With pleasent-in-Scots, and wide-skirted Morses We make dore I aby. To shone, and All other Fides Be this punctual. What sayes our second Daughter? Our decreit Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister, And pride me at her worth. In my true heart, I fonde the names my very doe of loute: Onely the cornesse to short, that I profite My selfe an eneme to all other inuely, Which the most precious square of Citie professes, And finde I am alone felicite In your desire Highmelle loute. Ces. Then poine Cordelia.

Ces. Then poine Cordelia. And yet no let, since I am sure my loute's More pondersus then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and shine hereditary ever, Remove this ample third of our faire Kingdom, Not less in space, vahide, and pleasure, Then that contented on General. Now our toy, Although our left and left to whole yong loute, The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundy, Strine to be intereth. What can you say, to draw A third, more oplent then your Sister's speake.

Ces. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speak me again.
Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot loose
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor lest.
Lear. How, how (ordain'd) Mend your speech a little,
Lest I you may misse your fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You that begot me, bred not sour'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Love you, and moe Honour you.
Why have my Sistres Husbandes, if they say
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whole hand must take my plight, shall carry
Hisse my love with him, halfe my Care, and Doute,
So I shall never marry like my Sisters,
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord,
Lear. So young, and so unsterd?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be Faire, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the urging thereof, in the same,
The mirthy of Hecate and the night:
By all the operation of the O bes,
From whom we do exalt and ease to be,
Here I disclaim all my Paternal care,
Propinquity and propery of blood,
And as a stronger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer.
The barbarous Sextus,
Or he that makes his generation mellis
To gorge his appetit, shall to my boitone.
Be as well neighbour'd lister'd, and releas'd,
As thou sometime Daughter.
Lear. Peace Kent,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I should her meall, and thought to let my reft
On her kind mercy. Hence and avoid my sight:
So be my grace my peace, as here I goe
Her fathers heart from her; call France who flittes?
Call Zara, and Cordelia, and Albina,
With my two Daughters Dowre, diggeth the third,
Let pride, which the cat planselle, marry her:
I doe inall you royally with my power,
Prehendence, and all the large effects
That troope with Mactay Our life by Monthly course,
With restration of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustayll, shall our abode
Make with you byue ease, only we shall retaine
The name, and all addition to a King; the Swy,
Remember Execution of the reft,
Pleas that Sometyme be yours, which to confirm
This Carnunt part betweene you.
Kent. Royall Lear,
Whose Grace our bounden as my King,
I losd as my Father, as my Master followd,
As my my Patren thought in my prayers.
Lear. The bow is bent & drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. The wish is fyrst, thould the fork incline
The region of my heart, be Kent unmanerly.
When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?
Thou thinkest that darst shal have dreed to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To flattery homons bound
When Myself falls to fully refuse thy flaire,
And insteald considerate checke.
This hideous rashness, anwere was my life, my judgement,
Thy yongest Daughter do's not love thee leaft,
Nor are those empty hearted, booke how louds
Reverse no hollow wone.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere loase to loose it,
Thy safety being monte.
Lear. Out of my sight.
Kent. See better Lear: and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
Lear. Now by Apollo,
Lent. Now by Apollo, King
 Thou sweart, if thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vassall! I gretreant.
Kent. Doe sawre for beare.
Kent. Kill thy Playstiffion, and thy eye be low
Vpon the foule disaste, revoke thy guilt,
Or whilft I can event clamour from my throate,
Hee tell thee thou doest enu.
Lear. Hear me recreant, on thine alllegance heare me;
That thou hail longia to make us by our vowe,
Which we durst never yet; and with itand pride,
To come between our sentencs, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beat;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fine dyses we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from foulest of the world,
And on the fast to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our king domes; on the tenth day following,
Thy banfull trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By succer,
This shall not be resouled.
Kent. Fare thee well, King, fish thus thou wilt appear,
Freedome lies hence, and banishment is here.
The Gods to these deere flitter take thee Mad,
That sully think it, and last most rightely Gid:
And your large speaches, may your deeds appranchise,
That good effect may spring from words of loue:
Thus Kent, O Princes, but you all as then.
I hope his old countrey, as a Country new.
Exit.

Flourish. Enter Giffers with France, and Burgandy Ambassadors.
Cor. Here's France and Burgandy, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of Burgandy.
Wee had aduertis to you, who with this King
Hath riald for us our Daughter; what in the leaft
Will you require in pretens Doer with her,
Or ceale your quifett flower?
Bar. Most Royall Manly,
I crave no more than hath you Highnesse offert,
Nor will you tender leaft?
Lear. Right Noble Burgandy,
When she was deare to us, we did hold her so.
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there the flames,
If ought with that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with that distrest state of perdition,
And nothing more may flye like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bar. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you with those intimates the owes,
Vnfriend, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'd with our curte, and stranger'd with our oath
Take her or slue her.

Far. Par.
The Tragedy of King Lear

Bar. Pardon me, Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in such conditions.
Do. They lesser fit, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your love make such a fray,
To match you where I haste,therefore befeche you
Tasuex your liking a more worderth way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature stilm'd
Almost a knowledge here.
Fra. This is most strange,
That all which men but now, was your obieect,
The argument of your prime halme of your age,
The heil, the deerest,should in this tisce of time
Commits things so monstrous, to dunsmitte
So many folds of favour in her obiecction
Must he of such unnaturall degree,
That monsters is: Or your fore-couch's effection
Fall unto taint, which to bleece of her
Must be a slath that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet befeche your Maiestie,
If he I want that glib and optle Art,
To see and purpose not, where what I will intend,
He doe's before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no viscous blot, murrer; or founteneel,
No vrichte adition or dillsounred step.
That hath depris'd me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A full follicing eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I haue or, though not to have it,
I list not in your liking.

Lear. Better thou hadst it,
Not best beeone, then not I haue pleas'd me better.
Fra. It is but this: A tardy life in nature,
Which often leas the history unspoke
That it intendifd to: my Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue when
It is mingled with regard,that stands
Alone from this point, will you haue her?
She is herelie a Dowrie.

Cor. Royall Kings,
Gave but that portion which your selfe proposed,
And I here take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing, I have forsoe, I am firme.

Kne. I am sorry then you have so lost a Father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy.
Since that respect, and Fortunes are his loye,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. A Fairell Cordelia, that are most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,
They and thy presents here I feaze upon,
See by lawfull Take up what's cast away,
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold't nigleth
My Loue should kindle to enflame'd respect.
That dowered Daughter King, throwed to my chance,
Is Q. cencev, of ours, and our faire France:
Not all the Dukes of warmt Burgundy,
Can buy that ropite'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them fare well Cordelia, though wrinkle,
That looefelt here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou haue her France, let her be thinge, for we
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Berization.

Enter Noble Burgundy.

Fra. Bid farewell to your Siffers.

Cor. The jewels of our Father, with wsh'd desires
Cordelia leav's, I know you what you are,
And like a Siffer am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your professed bosone I commit him.
But yet alas, fool I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.

Regn. Prefere not vs our dutie.

Gen. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortunes alme, you have obedience framed,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfall what plughed cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with balmu decides
Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my fair Cordelia. Exit France and Cor.

Gen. Sir, it is not little I haue to say,
Of what most nectarly apperiences to vs both,
I think our father will hence to night,
(With vs.)
Reg. That's most certaine, and with your next moneth
Gen. You see how full of changes his age, the ob-
feration we have made of it hath beene little he always
lou'd our Siffer, and with what poor judgement he
hath now call'd her off, appeare's too grossly.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath enu'd
stlenly knowne himselfe.

Gen. The bell and foundel of his time hath bin but
raff, then must we locke from his age, to reconect a
lone the imperfections of long inguiffed condition, but
there with all the waywardly, that through and
choisterie years being with them,
Reg. Such viceconstant forts are we like to have from
him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gen. There is further complemen of leave-taking be-
tweene France and hum, pray you fel to fit together,
our father carry authority with such disposition as he beares,
this last foreordain of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gen. We must do something, and I'th' best. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baffard.

Baff. Thou Nature art my Goddise, to thy Law
My fuerences are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of C. Nome, and permit
The curiosity of Nation, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelve, or fourteen Moonehines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baffard? Wherefore bafe? 
When my Dimensiones are as well compleat,
My munde as generous, and my Shape as true
As honest Madassa issue? Why brand they vs
With Bafe! With bafene Barfadice! Bafe, Bafe?
Who in the late Health of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitative,
Then doth within a dull blaze ryed bed
Go to the creating a whole tribe of Fops
Cost witten a herp, and wake? Well then,
Legitimaet Edgar, I must have your land,
Our Siffers love, is to the Baffard Edmund,
You to this Legitimaet: fine word: "Legitimaet."

931. Well
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Well, my legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my intention thrive, Edmund the bale
Shall to th' legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Godstand vp for Ballarte.

Enter Gloucester.

Gl. What hast thou done? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prefcrb'd his power,
Confined to exhibition? All this done
Upon the gat? Edmund, how now? What news?

Ba. So please your Lordship, none.

Gl. Why so earnestly fecke you to put vp? Letter?

Ba. I know no news, my Lord.

Gl. What Paper were you reading?


Gl. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pockets? The quality of nothing, hath not such need to hide it felie. Let me see; come, it be nothing.

Ba. I believe you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all one-read; and for so much I have perus'd it, I finde it not fit for your seeing.

Gl. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Ba. I shall off...er her to detain, or give it.

The Counters, in part I vouch'd them, are too blame.

Gl. Let's see let's see.

Ba. I hope for my Brothers justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or tale of my Verte.

Gl. Read's. This, at once, and remembrance of Age makes the world better to be left of some issues: keep our Fortune from us, tell our off-spring cannot well retell them. I begin to finde all else, and fond bonder, as the apparatus of aged tyrants, who forget not at that shrewd power, but at it suffer'd. Come to me, that of the to. I fhynke more. If our Father were wise, or I wold be, you should enjoy half of your Regiment for ever, and have the beloved of your Brother.

Edg. Hum? Conspiracy? Sleep till I wake you, you should enjoy halfe his Regiment: my Sonne Edg, had here a hand to write this? A heart and branke to bleed in it? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Ba. It was not brought mee, my Lord: there's the evening of it. I found it throwne into the Coffin of my Coffer.

Gl. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Ba. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine think it we not.

Gl. It is his.

Ba. It is his, and in his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Content.

Gl. He never before founded you in this business?

Ba. Never my Lord. But I have heard him off maintaine't to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers old, the Father becom'd as Ward to the Son, and the Son make his Regiment.

Gl. O Villaine, Villain: his very opinion in the Letter.

Ad. Aborescent Villain, unnatural, detest'd, brutish Villain: void them, brutish! Go secretly seek him: I will apprehend him. Aborescent Villain, where is he?

Ba. I do not well know my L. If thou pleaseth you to find me and retract against my Brother, till you can declarde it on better testimony of his intents, you should not retract cause: where, if you violently proceed eu'n as him, mutilating his purpose, it would make a great noise in your owne Honour, and make a piece, the heart of his obedience. I doe sworne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to fecke my affixion to your Honor, to no other presence of stranger.

Gl. Think you so?

Ba. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall beare vs convenient of this, and by an Autocraticall assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Evening.

Gl. He cannot be such a Monstrel. Edmund, throw him out; witne-me into him, I pray you, frame the Bunfinelle after your owne wise,come. I would vistle my felie, to be in a due resolution.

Ba. I will fecke him Sir, presently convey the bunfinelle as I shall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Gl. These late eclipses in the Sun and Moon prove
tend no good to vs: though the wisedome of Nature can
reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature find no felie figure'd by the frequent eclipces. I owe cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutines; in Countries, discords; in Pallaces, Treafons; and the Bond crack'd, twist Sunne and Father. This Villaine of mine comes under the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falls from
by as of Nature, there's strife against Childe. We have the buff of our time. Machinations, bellowes, treachery, and all mean-disorders follow vs disquietly, to our Graces. Find out this Villain Edmund, I shall not hold the nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble true-liv'd Kent banish'd: his offence honnest. This strange.

Ba. This is the excellent sophery of the world, that while we are toke in fortune, often the fortunes of our own
beauver, we make gulty of our dissters, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars: as if we were valliant on necessit.

Fulch come by suavely cunning, Kraver, I there, and Treachery by sphericall predomination, Duno, Lords, Lyres, and Adversaries by an inco'd obscurit of planetary influence; and all that are well in, by a disposition
ning on. An admirable caution of Whore-mutter-man, to lay his Goathish disposition on the charge of Starre. My Father compound'd with my mother under the Dragoon rate, and my Nunny was under Yorks, so it follows, I am nought and I shocking, I should have but that I am, had the best of Starre in the immortal传感d it on my buffing.

Fulch. I grant it.

Ba. Is it comes like the Cataphrope of the old Comede: my Cure is villainous Melancholy, with a lighe Tiu o'Bedlam. O these Eclipses do porpose these disqui

ions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?

Ba. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you bisse your felie with that?

Ba. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily.

When is your Father left?

Edg. The night gone by.

Ba. Speak with you with him

Edg. I two hours together.

Ba. Parted you in good terms? You found no dispair in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Ba. Behink your felie where in you may have offended him in your envy for his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant doth rage th' him, that with the nig...
Scena Tertia.

Enter General, and Steward.

Gen. Did my Father frame my Gentleman for child-
ing of this Fool?

Sir. I madam.

Gen. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howe-
He fills me one groome crime, or other,
That this shall all at once, he doth not endure.

Sir. His Knights grow more, and in battle upstands vs
On every side. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him, say I am sick.
If you come flack of former precedent,
You will do well, the fault of it I answer.

Sir. He's coming madam, I hear him.

Gen. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellow. I have it come to question:
If the fault be, let him to my Steward,
Who's mind and counsel in that are one,
Remember what I have said.

Sir. Well madam.

Gen. And let his Knights have colder looks among you;
What grooves of no matter, aside your followers,
To write straight to my Steward, I hold you concert
pare for dinner.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If I but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech define, my good men,
May every thought to these our woes make full life
For which I raise'd my likeness. Now banish Kent,
If thou canst suffer, when thou dost stand condemned,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou love,
Shall find thee full of labours.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

To the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear: No more of that, I have noted it well, go ye and tell my Daughter, I would speak with her. Go ye call her my Foolie, Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear: My Lady's Father? my Lords kneale, you whose footing, you flanne, you corre.

Stew. I am none of these my Lord, I betheere your pardon.

Lear: Do you bandly lookes with me, you Reffale?

Stew. Ile not be strucken my Lord.

Kent: Not tripeth neither, you bate Foot-ball player.

Lear: I thanke thee fellow.

Thou leuat'me, and lle loue thee.

Kent: Come sit, retire away. He teacheth you differences: away, away, if you will measure your hubbers length again, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisedomo, so.

Lear: Now my friendly kneale I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy service.

Enter Fool.

Fool: Let me hire him too here, this's my Comcosme.

Lear: How now my pretty knave, how know thou?

Fool: Sirrah, you were beld take my Comcosme.

Lear: Why my Boy?

Fool: Why for taking one part that's out of fashion, & thou canst not smille as the wind lookes each could shortby, there take my Comcosbe why this fellow he's banish't two on Daughters, and did the third a bleeding against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Comcosbe. How now Nunkle? would I had two Comcosbes and two Daughters.

Lear: Why my Boy? I had them all my living, I'd keep my Comcosbes my leafe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear: Take heed Sirrah, the whipp.

Fool: Trust's a dog murt to kennell, bee murt bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may fland by thilfie and flinke.

Lear: A pestilent tull to me.

Fool: Sirrah, I teach thee a speech.

Lear: Do.

Fool: Mark the Numele; have more then thou knowest, speak leafe then thou knowest, lend leafe then thou sweeth, ride more then thou goest, learn more then thou knowest, set leafe then thou knowest; leve thy drunk and thy where, and keep in a dore, and thou shalt have more, then tworees to a score.

Kent: This is nothing Foolie.

Fool: Then let us like the breath of an excited Lawyer, you gave me notting yet, can you make use of nothing Nunkle?

Lear: Why no Boy,

Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool: Pray do tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to he will not beleve a Foolie.

Lear: A bitter Foolie.

Fool: Do it thou know the difference my Boy, bestow a bitter Foolie, and a sweeter one.

Lear: No Lad, reach me.

Fool: Nunkle, give me an egg, and ile gue thee two crownes.

Lear: What two Crownes shille they be?

Fools: Why after I have cut the eggs thus middle and sete up the maste, the two Crownes of the egg: when thou clouffe thy Crownes thus middle, and gaff away both parts, thou hast a little west in thy hold crowne, when thou gaff thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it.

Fooles had there lenne grace in a yeere, For with men are gowme toppoch, And knowe not how their wis to weare, Their manners are to span.

Lr: When were you wove to be so full of Songs Sirrah?

Fools: I have vied it Nunkle, ere since thou madst thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gaffst them the rod, and put it downe thine owne brestes, then they For sodaine joye did wepe,

And for more faling,

I hast such a King shoulde play bo-pepe,

And goe the Foolie among.

Prythee Nunkle keepe a Schoolmaster that can teach thy Foolie to lie, I would taine leame to lie.

And you he threeth, weeth have you whipp.

Fools: I marcel where thou and thy daughters are, they haue some whipp for speake true: I should have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing then a foolie, and yet I would not be thee Nunkle, thou hast pared thy wit/both sides, and left nothing thil middle; here comes one of the paires.

Enter Gentle.

Lear: How now Daughter? what makes that Frontle on? You are too much of late thil crowne.

Fools: Thou wilt a pretty fellow when thou hast no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foolie, thou art nothing. Yes I thorch I will hold my tongue too, your face bids me though you they say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps not cruel, not curm, Wearie of all, shall want some. That's heald Pasco.

Gwy. Not only Sir this, your all-lycuss'd Foolie,

But other of your infolent retinue.

Do bouslye Camp and Quirell, breaking forth
In ranke, and not to be endur'd) rious Sir.

I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To have tound a late redeur'd, but now growe fretrell
By what your feele too late have spake and done,
That you protect this towre, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not appeare cursed, nor the redeur'd sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weste,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elles were blame, than then necessite.

Will call differet proceeding.

Fools: For you know Nunkle, the Hedge-Sparrow
Fed the Cucko for long, that it had it head bit off by it young, fo out went the Candle, and we were left dashing.

Lear: Are you our Daughter? (dame)

Gwy. I would you would make vse of your good wife,
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
Their disposition, which of late transport you
From what you rigthly are.

Fools: May
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Foot. May not an Aisle know, when the Cart draws
the Horse?

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

Foot. Is this not Lear?

Lear. Do 's Sathe?—Speek he? Where are his eies?

Foot. Either his Notion weakens, or his Hearings.

Lear. Hal WHyke? Is it not so?

Foot. That is the man, who I am I.

Lear. Lear? Shall I say?

Foot. Your name, fair Gentlewoman?

Gen. This admiration Sir, so much of your labour
Of other your new pranks. I do believe, as you
To understand my purposes better.

Lear. How? when are Old, and Reuerend; and by whyt;
Here doe you keepe a hundred Kingps and Inquisitives.

Foot. To defraud it, to deool, and broke, that
That our Court infected with their manners,
Shame, like a monstrous fue; I preume and Luit
Making more like a Tavern, or a Brothel.

Shall we not suffit? The Horse is fell, and speak
Of taint to remedies. Be then defit:

Foot. That, heer will take the thing the stieg begger,
A little to disinquity your Traine,
And the rest of you all till good depend,
To be such men as my belity your Age,
Which know them selves, and you.

Lear. Darkenfe, and Doel.

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bardard, he not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gen. You thinke my people, and your disorderedable,
Make Seruants of their Better's.

Lear. Why, in the world respect?

Gen. Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.

Ingratitude! thou Marble hearted friend,
More hideous when thou show'lt thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.

Foot. Is my Serjeant patient.

Lear. Detected, I thee, best.

My Traine are men of choyce, and rarest parts,
That all particular of dute know,
And the most execrable, support.

The worship of their name. O molt small fault,
How evils didst thou in Cordelia shear?

Lear. Which line an Engine, wenthe my frame of Nature
From the first place, drew from my heire all live,
And added to the gril. O Lear, Lear! Lear.

Gen. Beare at this gape that layth uponism,
And thy deere Ladgement our God, my peirest.

Lear. My Lord, I am gudlulke, as I am ignorant
Ofwhat hath mowed you.

Lear. It may be to my Lord.

Gen. Here, my heart, here deere Godlike, heart,
Subpect my purpose, it thou dvest intend
To make me the Greatest Russell,

Into whose Wonde comes forthly,
Dide up in the Organ of mireaste,
And from her derogate body, never spring
A Babe to honour her. If the mute seem,
Crease her childe of Spleene, that it may live
And be a shame disfus'd consent to her.

Foot. In flame wrinkes in her brow of youth,
With cfeedse, tears frett Channels in her cheakers,

Lear. Turne all her Mothers pains, and benefit.

Gen. To laughter, and contemn: That the may feele,
How sharper then a Serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankfull Childe, Away, away.

Lear. Now Gods that we adore,
Where comes this?

Gen. Never till you selfe to know more of it:
But let his diposition base that scope
As doteage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. When fiftie of my followers as a clap?

Gen. With a horntongue?

Lear. He call thee.

Gen. Life and death, I am apprind,
That thou hast power to make me manhood, too,
That thebe hot tears, which brake from me; perfogre
Should make me weep them.

Gen. Blakes and Fogges upon thee:

Gen. Intended woundings of a Fathers cufe

Pierce cresse fente about thee. Old fond eyes,
Bewepe this caule againe, I plecke out ye.

Lear. And cally thou with the waters that you looke
To temper Clay, Her let it be to
I have many a daughter,
Who I am sure is kind and comfortable:
When the full heart be of thee, with her nailes
She'll flees she Wulufh vsige. Thou shalt finde,
That I reume the shape which thou dost think
I have call'd of you here.

Gen. Do you make that?

Lear. I cannot be so partial Camell,
To the great Jove I beware you.

Gen. Pray you content. What Oswald have you

Gen. There is more Knave then Foote, after your Matter.

Foot. Nunkle Lear, Nunkle Lear

Gen. Take the Foote with thee:

Gen. A Fox, when one has caughter,
And shut a Daughter,

Gen. With Cap would buy a Halter,

Gen. So the Foote followes after.

Foot. This man beth good Counsell,

A hundred Knights?

Gen. Them selfe,

Foot. Come selfe to let him kepe

Foot. A point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dremne,
Each bus, each fance, each complaint, dill he,
He may engusd his doteage with their powers,

Foot. If the fullbe him, and his hundred Knights
When I have them'd th'twinekle.

Enter Steward.

Gen. How now Oswald?

Gen. What hase you writ that Letter to my Siffer?

Gen. Take you some company, and away to bushe,
Informme her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add such reasons of your owne,
As may compass it wrote. Get you good,

And:  

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And haffen your request: no, no, my Lord,
This unkind, dangerous, and courf of yours
Though I condemn not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisdome,
Then praed for humfule mildeffe.
A'k. How farre your ciet may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Sen. Nay then
A'k. Well, well, she went.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Poole.

Lear. Go ye before to Gloster with these Letters,
acquit my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
yf your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not stepe my Lord, till I have delivered
your Letter.

Exit. Poole. It's mans brames were in his heeles, were not in
danger of eybse?

Lear. 1 By.
Poole. Then I pryshee be marry, wy vit shall not go
flip-hod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Poole. Shall fee thy other Daughter will vfe thee kind-
yly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabb's like an
Apple yet I can't tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Poole. She will talke as like this as, a Crabb de's to a
Crab; thou canst tel why ounse face flound's til'middle
on's face?

Lear. No. Poole. Why to keppe ones eyes of echet file's nose,
that what man cannot incline out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.
Poole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Poole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snake ha's a
house.

Lear. Why?

Poole. Why to put his head in post to give it away to his
daughters, and loose his horses without a case.

Lear. I will let my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horfes ready?

Poole. Thy Horses are gone about 'em; the reason why
they ran stanes are no more then feuent, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

I. It. Ye cond, then you'd make a good Poole.

I. T. To a stage hone, Monter Ingratitude!

Lear. How in my feste Poole Nunclede, I'd haue thee
beaten by Troy before thy time.

I. Hor. Hark, that.

Poole. Though the Sett nor hauent bin old, till thou hadst
thou wise.

I. 1or. Ofer men's be mad, not mad sweet. Heauent
kepp me trusapes, I would not be mad. How now are
the Horses ready?

Gus. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

But that I told him the rueing Godd,
Gaid Paulines did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how many, and strong about
The Child was bound to all Fathers; Sir, infinite,
Seeing how lately oppos'te I rod
To my natural purpose in toon motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home,
And when he saw my bell alarum it spares
Bald in the quarrels right, round to the encounter,
Or whether gaffed by the noyle I made,
Full openly he said,

Glad. Let him by faire:
Not in this land shall he remaine unsoothed
And loynly dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his assent I will pronounce it,
That which this finds him shall decline our thanks,
Bringing the more rowes Corwin to the Duke,
He that conciles him deadly.

Boof. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And bound him riglit to do it, with curtly speech
I threatened it to disperse him; he replied,
Thus suppling Ballard, doth thou think, that
If I should fall against thee, would the resall
Of any truth, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words false? No, what should I deny,
(A s this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I durst come it all
To thy protection plot, and danger praise:
And cheer me make a dallard of the world,
It they thought not the profit of my death
We every prent, and potential spirits
To meekly flock to.

To the Gentlemen, and the Noble Duke.

O, would the Cype, and the incontinency
Harke, the Duke! I say: yet, I know not when he comes;
All Parts of Ecbatia, the valiant first of scope,
The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
I will turne, to make, render, that all the kingdom
May know the note of him, and of my hand,
(And natural scope) he will make the enemies
To make thee capible.

Enter Coramall, Regan, and Attendants.

Cor. Now know my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I am call) but now, I have lend strangene,
And So, it be, no more, what sense comes too short
Which cannot find answer, how shall my Lord?

Glos. O Madam in all actions, is crack'd, it's crack'd, it's crack'd,
Reg. What, did my Father Coramall see thy life?
He whom my Father nam'd, thy Eagon?

Glos. O Lady, Lady shame would sue it ill,

Reg. Who but the companion with the noblest Knights
That end'd upon my Father?

Glos. I know not Madam, it's too bad, too bad.
Boof. Yes Madam, he was of that comfort,
Reg. No manner then, though he were ill affected,
That he put him on the old mans death,
To have the presence and wall of his Revenues:
I have the present evening from my Sister
Beate well informed of them, and with such caution,
That if they come to foureone at my house
He not be there.

Cor. Not I. Coramall, thee Regan;

Edmund. I hear'st that you have show'd your Father
A Child-like Office,

Boof. It was my duty Sir.
Glos. He did bewray his practise, and receiv'd
This that youresco, for to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he purst?
Glos. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feard of doing harme, make your owen purpose
How in my strength you place for you Edmund,
Who's virtue and owen dothe both this infant
So much commend to thee, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deep strow, we shall much need:
You we will have on

Boof. I shall cause you, as timely, how ever eile.
Glos. For then I shal是一座. Grace
Cor. You know not why we came to you to this.

Reg. Thus out of feasion, the duke, takest of rigj,
Occasional Noble Ghost of some partice,
Wherein we must have vie of your advice.
Our Father he hath sent, to fetch our Sisters,
Of differences, which I beft thought it fit
To answere from our house: the tellereall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
By which comforts to your boulze, and behove
Your need fall countenance to our business,
Which cran the infant vie.

Glos. I leave you Madam,
Your Grace's are right welcome.


Second Scenes.

1. or Kent, and Stroud journall.

Str. Good morning to the Friend, rest of this house?
Kent. 1.
Str. Where may we for our horses?
Kent. I will myse.
Str. Pray, do you lend me this Phelam, I call, me.
Kent. I hear thee not.
Str. Whyle then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lippos, I would make thee care for me.
Str. Why doth thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fell, I know thee.
Str. Why doth thou use me thus?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meate, a
base, proud, shallow, biggely, three-fasted bounded pound, fifty woodeld-flockies knarre, Lady-fad,
so of the, which compon greeving superficel the
fincall Knave, one Trunke inheriting flame, one that
would be base in way of good fence, and all
thing but the composition of Knave, Bringer, Coward,
Pander, and the name and Heele of a Mungill Batch,
one whom I will beaste into clamours whining, whither
deny'the left hable of this addition.
Str. Why what a monstrus fellow art thou, thus
to rave on one, that is neither knowes of thee, nor
knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced Valler art thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two days since I left yon thy
heeler, and beaste thee before the King? Drawe thou goare, for
The Tragedy of King Lear.

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, he make a
for oth' Moonshine of you, you shone on Collymberg
Barber-monkey, dancer.

Swr. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.  
Knt. But you, Rafael, you come with Letters a-
gainst the King and take Vanius the puppet-pair, a-
gainst the Royalty of her Father: draw you Rogues, or
he I do uncomfortable your thanks, draw you Rafael, come
your wares.

Sir. Help, ho, mother, help.
Knt. Strike you flawe; stand rogue, and you next
flaute, strike.

Sir. Help he, mother, mother.

Enter Deford, Cornwell, Richon, Gloster, Seruants.

B. Thow now, what's the matter? Part.
Knt. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come,
Ile slie. ye, come on your Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what is the matter here?
Cor. Keep peace upon your base; he dies that; strikes
again, what is the matter?
Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?
Cor. What is your difference, speak.
Swr. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.
Knt. No Manuell, you have so belittled your value,
you cowardly Rafael, nature detlines in thee a Taylot
made thee.
Knt. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor makes a man.
Reg. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, a Paister, could
not have made him so, though they had him but two
years eh'cathed.

Cor. Speak ye yet, how grew your quarrell?
Sir. This ancient Ruthian Sir, whose life Ihave spared
at issue of his gray-beard.
Knt. Thou wast Zed, thou unnecessary letter:
my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will read this un-
bountied villain into mortar, and daube the well of a
Jakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you sciol.

Cor. Peace sirrah.

You best ly knay, know you no sentence?

Knt. Yes Sir, but angriest knowledge.

Cor. Why are thou angrie?

Knt. That such a floure as this should wear a Sword,
who were: no honesty: such fliming rogues as thefe,

Like Rastoft, bite the hallo cords a swaine,
Which are entrainers: Envafe: smooth entry passion.

That in the manner of their Lord's rebell,

Being oys to fire, sow to the colder moorders,

Reg'ff, effemy, and some their Siclons beake
With outy gall, and way of their Matters,

Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague upon your Epitaphic vilage,

Give you my speecies, as I were a Fool?  

Cor. Sir, do you upon yow Plaine,

I'll no more eashch home to Cornells,

Cor. What are thos mad old Fellow?

Glo. How? can you go out, say that?

Knt. No, no one does hold more antipathy,

That for their house, or ease, I

Cor. Why do you thus call him Knaue?

What is his fault?

Knt. His countenance I mean not.

Cor. No more perchance th'y crime, not his, nor her.

Knt. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I have seen better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me, at this instant.

Cor. This is iome Fellow,

Who having beaten praid for bluntess, doth affect

A saucy rounings, and confounds the gape

Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,

An honest mind and plane, he must speak truthe,

And they will take it, to, he's plaine.

Thee kind of Knaues I know, which in this plaine,

Harbour more craft, and more corruptions end,

Then twenty silly, ducking slenbants,

That thrench their duties nicely.

Knt. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

Vnder th'allowance of your great affect:

Whose influence like the wrath of radiant fire

On flashing Plashow from the cleft.

Cor. What meaneth this by this?

Knt. To go out of my дule, which you recommen-
ded to me? Now Sir, I am not flatterer, he that be-
gulds you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue,

which for my part I will not be, though I should win of

your pliability to entreat me not.

Cor. What was the offence you gave him?

Sir. I never gave him any:

by pl: as the King his Master very late

To strike at me upon his miscarriage,

When he compact, and flattering his displeasure

Try me behind: being done, inflates, rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of Man,

That wounded him, got praises of the King,

For his attempting, who was self-jubilado,

And in the leffrenment of this dead exploit,

Drow on me here again.

Knt. None of these Rogues, and Comrades

But, and is there the nook.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;

You afterward ancient Knaue, ye rector Bragart,

We'll teach you.

Knt. Sir, I am too old to learn;

Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King,

O, whose employment I was sent to you,

You shall do in all respects, now to bold malice

Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,

Stocking his Messengers.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I haue life and Honour there will he still Noone.

Reg. Till noon, or till night my Lord, and all night too.

Cor. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,

You should not vie with me.

Prg. Sir, bring his Knave, I will, Stocks brought out.

Cor. This is a fellow of the fairest colour,

Our Sister speaks of.

Come, bring away the Stocks.

Cor. Let me bebreath your Grace, not to do fo,

The flage. M. Mor, needs must take it ill

That he so flegally valued in his Messengers,

Should place him thus returned.

Cor. He anwete that.

Reg. My Sister may recite it much more worthie,

To haue her Gentleman abowd, assaulted.

Cor. Come my Lord's away.

Glo. I am farte for thee, friend, Isthe Duke pleasure,

Whose disposition all the wole world knowes

Will not be rub'd nor skip't, Ie entreat for thee.

Knt. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travaile hard,

Some time I shall eate out, the left ile whistle.

A good mans fortune may grow out at heales.

Glo.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Give you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken.
Kent. Good King, that must approve the common law,
Thou out of Heaven's benediction cast
To the warme Sun.
Approach this Beacon to this tender Globe,
That by thy cherishable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing sinistreees miracles
But miterie. I know'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my chiefe course. And till finde time
From this enormous State, fending to give
Lothes their remedies. All warry and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage hauefull eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thine wheel.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eas'p'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vsuall vigilance
Do'st not attend my asking. Whiles I may scape
I will preferre my selfe: and am betheought
To take the best, and most poorefull flage
That ever pery in contempt of man,
Brought neere to bee; my face I grime with filth,
Blanke my loines, eifie all my haires in knots,
And with pretendent nakednettee out-face
The Windes, and percutions of the skie:
The Country gives me proofs, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with teaching voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortif'ed Ateus.
Pins,Wadden-prickes, Nayle,Springs of Rotonie:
And with this horrible object from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milers,
Sometimes with Lunaticke keys, sometime with Prayers
Inforce their charitie: poor Murbled poor Tom,
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am,

Edg. Lear,Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should depart from home,
And not send backe my Messingers.

Gent. As I heard,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of any returne.
Kent. Haile to thee Noble Matter.

Lear. Ha! Mak't thou this shame shyn paisme?

Kent. No my Lord.

Fool. Ha! ha! ha! he weares Cruell Garters Horses

 Tie by the heads, Dogges and Beares, thie necke,
Monkeys by th'laynes, and Men by th'legs; when a man
outrideth at legs, then he weares wooden other-thocks.

Learn. What's he?
That hath so much thy place miscouk
To let thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Learn. No.

Kent. Yes.

Learn. No I say.

Kent. I say yes.

Learn. By Japers I swear no.

Kent. By Japes, I swear I.

Lear. They durnt not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Refuse me with all modiitiale, which way
Thou mightest desire, or they impede this stage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did command your Highnesse Letteres to them,
Ere I was riven from the place, that flewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a recking Postle,
Sco'd in his halfe, halfe breathlefe, painting forth
From Generall his Majesties salutations,
Delved'ed Letter's sight of intermission,
Which prefently they read, on those commandes
They summmon'd up their menery, straignt tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The license of their answer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting here the other Messengers,
Who welcome I perceived had pooton'd mine,
Bing the very fellow which of late
D.paid to fawcility against your Highnesse,
Houing more men then witt about me; drew,
He rade the howse, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this treaupse worth
The shame which here it sufiers.
Fool. Winters not gon yet, if she'll Geefe fly that
Fathers that are rage, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall fee their children kind.
Fortune that arrane whole, curns the key toth poore,
But tor all this thou dulle hauve as many Dolours for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yere.

Kent. Oh how this Mother flews up towarde my heart!

Hisstoric paffie, downe thou claming fowrow,
Thy Elements belowe where is this Daughter?
Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.
Kent. Follow me not, stay here.

Gen. Made you no more offenice,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None:

How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. And thou hast beene set to Stockes for that
queerleth, he will defu'ld it.

Kent. Why Foule?

Fool. We'l lea thee to Schoole to an Ant, to teach
there thet there's no labouring thee'th winter. All that follow their
noes are led by their eyes. but blinde men, and there's
not a soele among twenty, but can smell himt that's thimk
lets get thy hold, when a greeweble runs downe a
hil, lead it break he necke with following. But the
great one that goes upwared, let him drawth thee after:
when a which man gveeth thee better cunnellige me mine
against, I would have none but know follow it, since a
Fool, gives it,
That Sir, which servess and feakes for gaine,
And followd them but for forume;
Will pakke, when it begins to raine,
And leave thee in the flore.
But I will tarry, the Foele will flay,
And let the wilde man flie:
The knate turns Foonle that names away,
The Foele nolessse perdie.

Enter Lear and Gofler.

Kent. Where learned you this Fooles?

Fool. Not th' Stockes Foele.

Lear.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Lear. Deny to speak with me?
They are fickle, they are weary.
They have transacted all the night; more fitches,
The images of ruins and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Gloe. My deare Lord,
You know the fickle ways of the Duke,
How unremovable and fast he is
In his own counte.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery! What quality? Why Cloifer, Cloifer,
I'll speak with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.
Gloe. Well my good Sir; these are wily tricks:
Return me to your Sister.

Lear. Neuer Rogien:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke upon me, brooke me with her Tongue
Made Serpent-like upon the very Heart,
All the hard Vengeance of Heaven, fell
On her ingratitude: torike your young bones
Your takings Ayres, with Lazenelle.
Carm. Eye for Eye. Le:
You humble Lighning, dare your blinding flames
Into her oneshot eyes; Inlet her Beauty,
You Fen-Flock'd Rogget, drawne by the powerful Sunne,
To fall, and blatter.

Lear. O the blest Gods! So
Will you wish on me, when the rixd monode is on,
Lear. No Rogien, thou shalt never have my curfe:
Say you never so hard, Nature shall not give
These are to lassiffhe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne, Tis not in thee
To gudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To barly foolish words, to scate my fize,
And in submision, to oppose the but:
Reg. What Trumpeur's that?
Reg. I know my Sillers: this approves her Letter,
That she would come be here. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slane, whole eafe bowed geule
Doves in the tickly grace of her he follows.
Our Vaults, from any sight.

Carm. What means your Grace?
Ente Comyn. Gere. Who flackes my servan? Regen, I have good hope
You didd ít know not one,
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men, if your sweet Fawwy
Allow Obedience, if your yole feltes are old,
Make it your caufe: Send downe, and take my part.
Are not affam'd to looke upon this Beard?
O Regen, will you take her by the hand?
Carm. Why not by th'hand Sir? How have I offended?
All's not oффence that indiscernition findes,
And dolage termes to.

Lear. O Sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my men with Stockes?
Carm. I fetched them there, Sir; but his owne Disorders
Defend'd

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Defend'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weak, be still;

If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will return and owne the Sonne of your Sister,

Dumfailing half your trinings, come then to me,

I am now from home, and out of time provision
Whch shall be needfull for you entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men dismis'd?

No, rather I abjure all roostes, and chuse

To wage against the ennty onely;

To be a Conrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,

Necessity shalp punct. Returne with her?

Why the hot-blooded French, shut downe leve tooke

Your yeungst borne. I could as well be brought

To kne to his Throne, and Square like pension beg,

To keeppe base life a forrowe returne with her?

Perforce we rather to be flase and fumpster

To such detestable cormne.

Gen. At your choice.

Lear. I prithee Daughter do not make me mad,

I will not trouble thee my Child farewell.

We'll no more swore, no more lese one another.

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,

Or rather a distaste that is in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,

A plague fore, or unblouded Carulune

In my corrupted blood. But I yet chide thee,

Let these come when it will, I do not call it,

I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shooe,

Not telle tales of thee to high-judging leone,

Mend what thou canst be better at thy lesse,

I can be paire, I can fly with Reg.

And I my hundred Knyghts.

Reg. Not altogether so,

I lookd but for you yet, nor am previded

For your fit wellcome, give eare Sir to my Sitter,

For those that minglest with thy passion,

Must be content to chunke you old, and fe

But the knowes what the doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare assure it Sir, what fifty Followers

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yes, or to many; such that both charge and danger

Speak not so much to a number? How in one house

Should many people, under two commandes

Hold an imity? Tis hard, almost impossible,

Gen. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance

From thole that the calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?

If then they change'd to flackes ye,

We could comptorll them. if you will come to me,

(For now I splice a danger) I entreate you

To bring but Flu and tenet, to no more

Will I glue place or notice,

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time gave you it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Deputys.

But kept a restoration to be followed

With such a number? What, must I come to you

With Flu and tenet? Regan said you so?

Reg. And speake't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do look well iward

When others are: more wicked, not being the worst

Stands in some take of grave, I le you with thee,

Thy fifty yet doth double Flu and tenet.

And thou art twice her Lone.

Gen. Hear me my Lord;

What need you Flu and tenet? Ten! Or ten?

To follow is a house, where twice so many

Have a command to send you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our base Beggers

Are in the poorest thing tapse-fluous,

Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:

Men's life is cheaper as Beefe. Thou art a Lady;

If only go warme were gorgious,

What Nature needs not what thou gorgious wast,

Which fiercely keeps thee warme, but for true need:

You Heuen, give me that patience, patience I need,

You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,

As full of girefes age, wretched in both,

If it be you that stirs these Daughters shears

Against their Father,foole me so much,

To heare it tamely reach me with Noble angets,

And let not womens weapons water drops,

Staine my mans checkers. No you unnatural Flags,

I will have fuch requesens on you both,

That all the world shall— I will do such things,

What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe

The errors of the eath you thinke Ile wepe

No, Ile not wepe, heue full caule of weeping

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws

Or Ile wepe; O Foulc, I hall go mads,

Exeunt. Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man an's people,

Cannot be well bellow'd.

Gen. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from reft,

And muet needs taffe his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,

But not one follower.

Gen. So am I perswad, 'Where is my Lord of Gliner?

Enter Glicer.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Gle. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether he is going.

Gle. He calls to Horie, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis best to guew him way, he leads himselfe.

Gen. My Lord, entreate him by no means to flap.

Gle. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes

Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about

There's factual a Bath.

Reg. O Sir, to fullen men,

The mines that they have sentiments procure,

Must be their Schoole. Maffets: flux vs your doore.

He is attented with a desperete crainge,

And what they may incent me too, being aps.

To have his ear abus'd, wisdome bids heare.

Corn. Shut vp your doore my Lord, 'tis a wild night,

My Argon counsells well: come out on'torme. Exeunt.

Aulus Terius. Scena Prima.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

 Gent. Contending with the freethill Elements; Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea, Or swell the eared Waters 'boute the Maine, That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Foolers, who labours to out-left His heart-frokeoie injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you, And dare upon the warrant of my note Command a deere thing to you. There is a division (Although as yet the face of it is couerd's With mutual cunning.) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall: Who hane, as who haue not, that their great Starres Thron'd and fet high; Senators, who femece no lefe, Which are to France the Spies and Speculations Intelligents of our State. What hath bin feene, Either in mufues, and packings of the Dukes, Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne Against the old kinde King; or something deeper, Whereof (perchance) theses are but furnishings. Gent. I will take futher with you.

Kent. No doo, no; For confirmation that I am much more Then my out-walt; open this Purse, and take What it contains. If you shall see [redes, (As fear not but you shall) fhow her this King, And the world tell you that who Fellow is That yet you do not know. Eye on this Storme, I will goe fether the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet; That when we have found the King, in which your pain That way, Ile this: He that frets lights on him, Holls the other.

Scena Secunda.

Lear. Blow winde, & crack your checks; Rage, blow You Cataracts, and Hyrranico's spout, Tall you have drest our Scepters, drawn the Cockes, You Suffart your and Thoughts-executing Fuses, Vaine-curriers of Oke 82-dressing-Whits-bolts, Sindge my white head. And thou all-Flaung Thunder, Strike hath the thicke Roundustry o'th worldes, Crackes Nature mounds, all germaines spille at once Th. that makes ingratitude full Man.

Fool. O Ninkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is better then this Rain-water out o'door. Good Ninkle in, ask thy Daughters belling, here's a night pitties neither Wiemen, nor Foolers.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, splot Raine; Nor Raine, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters; I care not you, you Elements with unkindfere, I never gave you Kingsdom, call'd you Children; You owe me to subscription. Then let fall Your horrible pleasure. Hereat I brand your Slave, A poore, insirme, weak, and dish'd old man: But yet I call you Seruite Mynisteres. That will with two perimicious Daughters inpon Your high-entrider'd Bataille, gainst a head So old, and whiue as this. O ho! tis foule.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-piece.

The Coldpiece that will house, before the head has any, The Head, and be shall Lowe: so Beggars marry many, The man y makes hit Tco, what he has his Veine bold make, Shall of a Corne cry woe, and tunis his wpe to wake, For there was never yet faire woman, but there made moutshes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Coldire, that's a Wifeman, and a Fool.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that lose night, Lose not such nights as these: The wooffull Skies Gallow the very wanderers of the darke And make them keep their Cauers: Since I was man, Such sheetes of Fire, such bursts of horriff Thunder, Such groanes of roaring Wind, and Raine, I never Remember to have heared. Mans Nature cannot carry That affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great Goddes That keep this dreamefull pudder o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch, That haile within these indigual Crimes Winwhip of justice. Hide thou, Blyody hand; Thou Perth, and thou Shular of Vertue, That art incestuous, Cyattif, to pieces flake That ynder couers, and conscripte imeing, That varieth upon mans life, Clofe preuet-pu guiltles, Run your concealing Continents, and cry Thes dreamefull Summons grace. I am a man, More founde against, then honouring.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by here's a Howell, Some friendhipe will it you lend you the Tempest: Repose you there, while I to this hard houte, (More harder then the Thones whereof thou knowst) Which even but now, demanding after you, Deny'd me to come) enuine, and force Their famted currens.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. Come on my boy. How doff my boy? Art cold? I still cold my selfe. Where is this flame, my Fellow? The Art of our Necesities is thrance, And can make vuisine things precious.Come your Hotel; Prope Fool, and Knave, I have one part in my heart That's freyrd yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little sypne wis, Wish blye, the Winde and the Raine, Must make content with his Fortunes fit, Though the Raine it raineith every day.

Lc. True Boy: Come bring us to this Howell. Ext. Fool. This is a braise night to coolers Curtiain:

He speake a Prophetye ere I go: When Priests are more in word, then matter; When Brewers marre their Malt with water; When Nobles are their Taylors Turors, No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Satese; When every Cafe in Law, is right; No Squire in debt, nor any nurse Knight. When Slanders do not line in Tongues; Nor Cut-purses come not to thrones; When Wurters tell their Gold i'the Fields.

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And Baudes, and wares, do Churches build,
Then shall the Realme of Albion come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who here to feel,
That going shall be free. (time
This prophese Meum shall make, for lie before his

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Goneril, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, ye see Edmund, I lack not this vnnatural
desiring, when I sawed them leave that I might pry them,
ye tooke me from the site of more ownne house, charged
me on paine of perpetuall dispituous, nothet to speake
of him, euery thing or any way sullen him.

Toff. Most saugge and vnnatural.

Glo. Go too, I say you nothing. There is division be-
tweene the Duke, and a worse matter then that: I have
received a Letter this night, it's dangerous to bespoken,
I hope lock'd the Letter in my Cloister, where neither
the King nor beartes, shall be receiued, where is part of
a Power already stealed, we must incline to the Duke,
I will looke him, and prudely relese him go you and
maintaine talk with the Duke that a yýt charity be not of
him percieued, if he ask for me, I am still, and goe to
bed, I die for it. (As no letter is shewen) e the King
my old Master must be relesea. There is strange things
toward Edmond, pray you be not carefull.

Toff. This Cursesus forbid theer, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This fernes a false detestor, and I shall drawe me
That which they say, I know well then all,
The youngere ruses, when the oldt ass fail.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tyrannie of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. Storme still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. With breakets my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st it's much that this contentious
Inades vs to the skinke of this thee. (Horace)
But where the greater malie is first,
The letter is scarce felt. Thou art a Beseer,
But if they flight lay toward the roasing Sea,
Then'll diste the Beseer still mouth, when the minds
The bodis dedicate; the lepeth in my mind,
free,
Dost from my fences take all feeling off,
Save what beasts there, full illat ingratitude,
Is not at this mouth should cease this band
For lifting food too's. But I will punishe hoom;
Not will weep no more, in such a night.

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind Father, whose wake heart gave all,
O that way madness lies, let me shew that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Thyself thee in the selfe, thee the owne ease.
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurte me more, but lie goe in,
In Boy, goe in. You house loufe power,
Nay get then in, lie pray, and then lie sleepe,
Poor naked wretches, where for eare you are
That hide the petting of that pinnelle thorne,
How shall your House-lasse heads, and naked sides,
Your top'd head, and window'd ragges, defende you
From feates such as these? O have time
Too little care of this: I thee Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thee false to feel what wretches feele,
Thus thou must bake the superfux to them,
And shew the Heavens more myt.

Toff. Edgar, & Fools.

Edg. Fathoom, half, Fathoom, and halfe-pouer Tom
Fool. Come not in thee Nuncle, here's a spirit, help me,
I help me.

Kent. Gue me thy hand, who's there?
Fool. A spirit, a spirit, he tayls his name's pouer
Tom.

Kent. Who art thou that dost grumble there? Sit
Downe, Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foolie Foulie followes me, through
The sharpe Hauntome blow the windes. Hamh, goe to thy
Bed and warme thy.

Lear. Didst thou grule all to thy Daughters? And art
Thou come to this?

Edgar. Who gues anything to poore Tom? Whom
The foolie Foulie had left through Fere, and through
Fame, through Sword, and Whistle-Poule, o're Bog, and Quay-
game: that hath laid Knites under his Pillow, and Places
in his Pas, let Cuts-bane by his Porredge, make him
Pet and at heart, to ride on a Day trouing Horse, over.
fourth Hugh Bridges, to coustes his owne Chace for a Tiarior.
Bifie the fine Fort, Toms cold, O do de do, de, de, de,
Blaffe thee from Winkle-Winde, State-blasse, and
taking, do poore Toms home charite, whom the foolie Foulie
keet.
There could I beare him now, and there, and there
Ag neuer, thee.

Storme still.

Lear. Is't is Daughters brought him to this passe?
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou gue 'em all?
Fools. Nay, he returnd a Blanket, thee we had bin all
shred.

Lear. Now all the plaques that in the pendulous ayre
Hang faced o'ert eenes faultles, light on thy Daughters,
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Tiarior, nothing could have subdued
To such a lownelfe, but his reskind Daughters. (Nature
Is at the father, that discared Fathers,
Should have thus tittle mercy on their blest,
Jalicious punishments, I was this fiefh begos
Theire Princely Daughters.

Edg. Puffcock tak on Puffcock hill, slowlow, low, loo.
Fools. This cold night will tarme vs all to Foolies, and
Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'foulie Foulie, obey thy Pat-
rence, keep thy words true, sweate nor, committ not,
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with many strange Sposites; let not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom is cold.

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Seruengin? Proud in heart, and mintage; that could my heart, wore Glasses in my cap; fened the Luft of my Mistres heart, and did the ake of darknesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I like words; & brake them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the continuance of Luft, and walk'd to do it. Wene loud! I derryly, Dice derryly; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Tuike. Fall of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in floyth, Foxe in falth, Wolfe in greenfleece, Dog in madnes. Lyon in prey, not the eating of foakes, Not the ruffling of Silkes, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foote out of Botnells, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Books, and defy the soule Friend. Still through the Hauishone blows the cold wunde: Sayes suum, man, sponny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy! he gone: let him trot by.

Storm full. Lear. Thou went better in a Gresse, then to answere with thy uncoverd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'th the Worrne no Silke; the Beest, no Hide; the Sleepe, no Wool; the Cat, no perfume. Ha! Here's three ones are sophisiticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; unwoned commemorated man, is no more but such a poor, base, forked A-nimal as thou art. Off, off you Lendgs: Come, vnto button heare.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Feste. Prystee Nuncke be contented, 'tis a nighte to swimm in. Now a little like a wilde fowl, were like an old Leper's heart, a small spark, all the left on body, cold: Looko, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the soule Flibbettingblue; shee begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cockle: Shee gues the Web and the Pin, quiets the eye, and makes the Flame-lippe; Mildew the white Wieare, and burns the poor Creature of earth.

Swallowd firste thicke the old, He meet the Night, and thine sore-fold; Bid her a-light, and her tooth-plight, And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fates thy Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What's: thou seeks?

Glou. What are you there? Your Name?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Toad-pole, the worme, Newt, and the water that in the fuisse of this heart, when the foul Friend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallet, swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge, drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole; who is whipt from Tyring to Tyring, and frocked, paungisl, and imprisond: who hath three suites to his lace, first fuels to his body:

Hope to ride, and weapon to secure; By Mice, and Rats, and such small Deere, Have bin' Tom's food, for seuen long yere;

Beau the followeer. Peace South, peace thou Friend, Glou. What hast'thou Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darknesse is a Gentleman, More he's said, and Man.

Glou. Our Rest and blood, my Lord, is grown fo wide, that's deat hare what getts.

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go m'where 'tis my duty cannot suffer.

Toby in all your daughters hard commands;

Though their Inquisition be to barre my door;

And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventured to come fecke you out,

And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. I'll let me talk with this Philippishe,

What is the case of Thurio?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,

Go into th'houfe.

Lear. I'll take a word with this same leered Thesban:

What is thy study?

Edg. How to prevent the Friend, and to kill Vernalis.

Lear. Let me take you one word in privatre.

Kent. Impart me once more to go my Lord,

His wits begin to vnterre.

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

Storm full. Lear. His Daughters fecke his death: Ah, that good Kent,

He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:

Thus thou sayst the King groves mad, he tell thee Friend

I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,

Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life

But lately: very late: I louted him (Friend)

No Father his Sonne deere: true to tell the,

The grete hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this

I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:

Noble Philosoph, your company,

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Lear. In fellow there, into th'Houfe, keep the warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, foost him;

Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Childie Roundland to the darke Tower came,

His word was still, fire, foh, and fumne,

I fetch the blood of a Brittish man.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his bouse.

Daug. How my Lord, I may be comforted, that Nature thus gives way to Loyallie, something feares awe to think of.

Corn. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers eall disposission made him fecke his death: but a proucous worde let a worke by a remorsefull badness in himselfe.

Daug. How mischievous is my fortune, that I must repent to be liue? This is the Letter which he spokse of; which approches him an intelligent partie to the advantage of France O Heauen! that this Trefas were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchaffe.

Daug. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mightie businesse in hand.

III. iv. 8r—III. v. 17

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Scene Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Kent. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester: seek out where thy Father is; that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Gloucester. What, if I find him meeting the King, it will suffice his fulsome purpose fully. I will confer in my countenance of Loyalty, though the conflict be loose betweene that, and my blood.

Kent. I will lay it upon thee: and I on foot find a decree Father in my last.

Scene Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Boadice, and Servants.

Cornwall. Pray speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seek out the Traitour Gloucester.

Regan. Hang him instantly.

Gonerill. Pluck out his eyes.

Boadice. Lead him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our Sister company: the reverses we are bound to take upon your Traitour Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most sufficient preparation: these be bound to the like. Our Policies shall be twist, and intelligente betwixt us. Farewell: wele Sifer, farewell my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Steward.

Steward. How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence. Some five of six and thirty of his Knights Hot Questions after him, met him at gate;

Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Dower; where they brest.

To have well armed Friends.

Cornwall. Get horse for your Mistresse.


Regan. Edward farewell; go seek the Traitour Gloucester, Pinnon him like a Theatre, bring him before us:

Though well we may not pase upon his life Without the form of Justice: yet our power Shall do a curtifice to our wrath, which men May blame, but not compramill.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Gloucester. Who's there the Traitour?

Servants. Ingrateful Fox, 'tis he.

Cornwall. Binde fast his corky armes.

Gloucester. What means your Grace?

Good my Friends consider you are my Cheefe Do no use to play, Friends.

Cornwall. Binde him fast.


Gonerill. Venereful Lady, as you are, 'tis none.

Cornwall. To this Chaire binde him, Villain, thou shalt finde.

Gloucester. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly, done To pluck out by the Beard.

Regan. So white, and such a Traitor?

Gonerill. Naughty Lady,

Their hairs which thou dost raish from my childe Will quicker and accurse thee. I am your Hooif, With Robbers hands, my hospitable favoura.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

You should not rauffle thus. What will you do?
Carn. Come Sir,
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.
Carn. And what consolacion have you with the Trizers, last fores in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whose hands
You have sent the Lunaticke King: Sperke.
Glam. I have a Letter gessingly let downing,
Which came from one that's of a newtall heart,
And not from one approv'd.
Carn. Cunning.
Reg. And sallie.
Carn. Where haft shou't sent the King?
Glam. To Dauer.
Reg. Wherefore to Dauer?
Was it not thon charg'd as perill.
Carn. Wherefore to Dauer? Let him answer that.
Glam. I am ey'd to th' Stakes,
And I must stand the Counter.
Reg. Wherefore to Dauer?
Glam. Because I would not fee thy cruel Nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes: nor thy fierce Sander,
In but Announced Dells, striking bowish phantes.
In the Sea, with such a Bowme as his base had,
To Heli-blacke might indut'd, wou'd have bucly'd vp
And quench'd the Siedd fires:
Yet poor old heart, he help the Heames to raise,
If Wolves had as thy Gate howsl'd that stern time,
Those should not have said, god Ports turne the Key:
All Crueltie substanis but I shall fee
The wrung Revenge overtakes such Children.
Vpou these eyes of thime, fie let my foure.
Glam. He that will thake to life still be old,
Give me some helpe. --- O cruel! O you Gods.
Reg. One side will makke another: Thoother too.
Carn. If you see vengeance.
Saw. Hold your hand, my Lord;
I have seid you ever since I was a Child:
But better terrace hau' I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you douge?
Saw. If you did weare a beart upon your chin,
I'd makke it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Carn. My Villaine?
Saw. Now thou come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Gue me thy Sword. A present hand up thus?
Kills him.
Saw. Oh I am faine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh.
Carn. Left it seime: preserit it. Out vide gelly:
Where is thy bitter now?
Glam. All bitter and comfortlesse?
Where's my Sonne Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the spakers of Nature
To quit this hardy sert.
Reg. Ouer treacherous Villaine,
Thou callit on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the outrace of thy Trizers to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glam. O my Fellows! then Edgar was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, for gue me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dauer.
Carn. How is my Lord? How louke you?

Enter Edgar,
Edg. Ver better thus, and knowinge to be contemned,
Then full contemned and flatter'd, to be worst.
The lowest, and most defected thing of Fortune,
Stands full in esperance, lines not in feare.
The lamenable change is from the belf,
The worthe returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantiall eye that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haft blowne vnto the worth,
Owes nothing to thy bllicts.
Enter Glimmer, and an Oldeman.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Edg. Why better thus, and knowinge to be contemned,
Then full contemned and flatter'd, to be worst.
The lowest, and most defected thing of Fortune,
Stands full in esperance, lines not in feare.
The lamenable change is from the belf,
The worthe returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantiall eye that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haft blowne vnto the worth,
Owes nothing to thy bllicts.

Oldem. O my good Lord, I have bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers tenant, the four fourt yeares.
Edg. Away, get thee away: good friend be gone,
Thy conforts can doe me no good at all,
Tice, they may haft.
Oldem. You cannot see your way.
Glam. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I humbled when I law. Full o' this scene.
Our meanes fleecur vs, and our meere defects
Prove out Commoditie. Oh these Sonne Edgars,
Th' food of thy abd. Full father, worth,
Mig. 11 but hee to thee in my touch,
I told thee I had eyes agains,
Oldem. How now? who's there?
Edg. O God! Who's it can say I am at the worst?
I am worse there I was.
Old. 'Tis pious mal Ton.
Edg. And worse I may be yet the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.
Oldem. Fellow, where goest?
Glam. Is it a Beggarman?
Oldem. Madman and beggar too.
Glam. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I told him I was a fellow saw,
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worne. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.
I have heard more since:
As Flies to warminge Bayes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?
Glam. Out that trade that need play Froile to sorrow,
And ing's affre, and others. Blew thee Master.
Glam. Is that the naked Fellow?
Oldem. I say Lord.
Glam. Get thee away: if I be my fake
Thou willest take vs hence a mile or twaine.
I'm way towad to Dauer. do it for ancient lace,
And bring some covering for this naked Souls,
Which he intreate to loose me.
Old. Alacke fit, he is mad.

Glum.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Generill, Buffard, and Steward.

Gen. Welcome my Lord. I warrant our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?
Stew. Madam within, but never man so chang'd;
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil'd at me. I told him you were coming,
His answer was the worse. Off Glosser Treacher,
And of the loyal service of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Son,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What moit he should dislike, feemes pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gen. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Crowne terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake. He'll not feele wrongs
Which sye him to an answer: our wishes on the way.
May prove effects. Backe Edmund to my Brother,
Haften his Muslars, and conduct his powres.
I must change names at home, and glue the Distaffe
Into my Husband's bands. This truflle Scena,
Shall passe between vs: so long you are like to bear
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A M returns command. Wear this: I spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisf, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirites vp into the ayres
Conceale, and fare thee well.
Buff. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gen. My spell deets Glosser.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans services are due,
My Foole vfurps my body.
Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gen. I have beene worth the whistle.
Alb. Oh Generill,
You are now worth the durt which the rude wind
Blows in your face.
Gen. Milke-Liet'd man,
That bear'st a checke for blowes, a head for wrong,
Who hall not in thy browses an eye-discerning
Three Honor, from thy suffering.
Alb. See thy telle durt:
Proper deformtie teemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as a woman.
Gen. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall dead,
Slaine by his Seruants, going to put out
The other eye of Glossier.
Alb. Glossiers eyes.
Mes. A Servant that he bred, thrall'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the axt: benging his Sword
To his great Master, who, threat-en'd
Flew on him, and among't then fell'd him dead,
But not without that harme fall'd stroke, which since
Hath plac'd him after.
Alb. This thwartes you are above
You sufficest, that these our nesters crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glossier)
Lest he his other eye?
Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craves a speedie answer:
Tis from your Siller.
Gen. One way I like this well.
But being widow, and my Glossier with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The News is not forst. He read, and answer.
Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?
Mes. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not heere.
Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wicked sheufe?
Mes. Tway my good Lord: twas he inform'd against him
And quit the houte on purpose, that their punishment
Might bace the freer course.
Alb. Glossier, I sue
To shacle thee for the tooe thou besh'ld the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou knowst.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours; Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Servauncers.

Cord. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met even now
As head as the west Sea, finging alowd.
Crownd with ranke Fenittar, and fawrow weedes,
With Hardokes, Henslock, Nettles, Cuckoo bowres,
Darnell.

IV. i. 46—IV. iv. 4
Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres for'thwith?

Stew. 1 Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:

Your Sisters is the better Soldier,

Reg. Lord Edmund speak not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What is the light import my Sisters Letters to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith, he is poetized hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out

To let him lane. Where he arriseth, he moneys

All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinkone is

In pity of his misfery, to dissipate

His maimed life. Moreover to defray

The strength of our Enemy.

Stew. I must needs affir him, Madam, I'll write to him.

Reg. Our troops is lost forth to morrow; stay with vs

The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I must not Madam:

My Lady charge my duty in this business

Reg. Why should the wisdome to Edmund?

My pcure is not unsupposed for her purpose by world Belike,

Sometimes, I know not what he love thee much

Let us wolle be silent.

Stew. Madam, I'll speak.

Reg. I know you Lady; she's not love her Husband,

I am free of that: and let her late being heare,

She can change Eliza?; and must speaking looks

To Nature Edmund. I know you see of her bosome.

Stew. 1 Madam?

Reg. I speake in understanding: Yare; I know't,

Therefore I do advise you take this note:

My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I have talk'd,

And more convenient is by my hand

Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:

If you do finde him, pray you gue him this:

And when your Moste heavies thus much from you,

I pray defire her call her widoome to her.

So fare you well:

If you do chance to hear of that blinde Traitor,

Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exit.

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 steeps.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glo. No truly,

Edg. Why then your other Senseis grow imperfect

By your eyes anguith.

Glo. So may it be indeed.

Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speakest

In better phrase, and matter then thou shouldest.

Edg. 'Yare much decoved! I am nothing am I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks they are better spoken.

Edg. Good Sir, here's the place, stand still: how fastfull

An horse, to cast eyes eyesollow

The Crownes and Clambers, that wing the midday ayre

Vere'to fastt in the skies.

End amongst the Anchoring Banke,

Dumidns will the Cocke: that Cocke,

Buoy

Almost too small for light. The murmuring Surge,

That on theidable side Pebble chutes

Cannot be exceed so high. He looke no more,

Lest my braine surre, and the deficient fight

Topple downe headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand,

Edg. Give me your hand:

You are now within a spoyle of the extreme Verse:

For all the noble the Moore I know not whereopt.

Glo. Let go my hand:

Here Friend a another pursuice instis, a Jewell

Worth well a poor men's taking. Fayries, and Gods

Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,

Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trouble this with his dispose,

Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!

This would I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

IV. iv. 5—IV. vi. 36

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Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quench with your great affixture wills,
My woff, and look'd part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If Edgar live, O blesse him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit my rub
The Tresury of life, when life is felle
Yield'd to the theft. Had the bow where he thought,
By this had thought him pull. Alas, or death?
Des. You Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he pull indeed: yet hee resume.
What are you Sir?

Glov. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had it thou beene ought
But Grooms, Feathers, Ayere,
(Many (some fast hone downe precipitating)
Thou'lt fluke like an Escow: but thou'lt not breath:
Hale bounty substance, Liz'd is not, speak it, art found,
Ten Mails at each, make not the abside
Wt. - the... butes perpendicular fall,
Say: life is a Myth. Speake yet againe,
But I holme, or not?

Edg. From the dreed Seamer of this Chalke at Bourne
Looke vp a height, the Britch-geld'd Larkc to forse
Cannot be seere, or hand. Do bin looke vp.

Glov. Alas, how many eys?
Is vast ielde depend that benefite
To end it selfe by death? I was yet some comfort,
When myter could begile the Tyrians rage,
And faultifie his proud V. W.

Edg. Guie me your arm.

Vp, so. How is't? Fleeke you your Legges? You stand,
Glov. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is about all strangenesse,
Upon the crownes o'th'Chiffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glov. A poor unfortunat Begger.

Edg. Art. I had here before, I thought his eyes
Where two full Mome: the bad thirdand Mote,
Hណes walk'd, and waste like the enrag'd Sea:
It was some Friend: Therefore think my happy Father,
Thaketh the clearest Gods, who make them H. nio's
Of men's impossibilities, his eye retorned three.

Edg. To remember now is henceforthe hee borne
After this, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and yee. That thing you speake of,
I took it for a man: often' you try
The Friend, the Friend, he led me to that place.

Beatrice fistic and patient thoughts.

Swall. Lear.

But who comes here?
The fast fens we'll accomadate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.

Edg. O thofue-piercing fight!

Lear. Nature's about Art, in that reg'd:
That's your Preeble-money. That fellow handles his bowlike a Crow-
keeper: draw mee: Cloathors yard. Look, looke, a
Moule peace, peace, this piece of tostfed Cheefe will
don't. There's my Gammel, he proue is on a Gyant,
Bring up the browne Billes. O well Browne Bird: 
'th
down. I'll cheat: Hewgh. Glue the word.

Glov. Sweet Marriquet.

Lear. Pathe.

Glov. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! General with a white beard? They fluster'd
me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in
my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and
no, to every thing that I had: I and no trow, was no good
Dunder. When the raine came to wet me once, and
the wind to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not
peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smote 'em
out. Go too, they are not men of their words, they told
me, I was every thing: This a Lye, I am not Ague-proof.

Glov. The tucking of that royce, I do well remember:

'Is't not the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King.

What do I have, how the Subiects Kunke,
I pardone that it am liue. What was thy cause?

Alarum? Thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?

No, the Wren goes too, and the small gildled
doe's leech in my fight. Let Copulation thronue.

For Cloghulls battall Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got surnene the lawfull beastes.

Too Lunar phellem, for I am Stomafather
B, hold yon shimping Dane, whose face betweene her
Fokes prefigues Snow; that unnoses Vener, & do's fliske
the head to hear of plantis name. The Fisue, not
tho layd Hofe goes toot in a more rooms appera-
tce - Downe from the walle they are Creatures, seen.
Women all above: but to the Cylde, darkes Gods suffi-
tent, beneath is all the Friends. There's still there a dis-
abe
as the ful, hot, round, burning, scorching, fench,
confirmation: Eve, he, hee, pain, ph. Gloe are in Ounce
of Cemer; good Apothecary sweeten my immigration;

There's mony for the.

Glov. O'kises me kif the hand,

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It tuckles of Marothy.

Glov. O'tuald piece of Nature, this great world
Small fore was not toghtht.

D'not thou know the e

Lear. I remember thee eyes well enough, do not thou
figany me so: No, doest thou binde Cupid. He not
love. Readie thou this challenge, make the penning
of it

Glov. We are all the Lettes Sonnes, I cou't not see.

Edg. I would not take this from repots,
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glov. What with the Cafe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, bo, are you there with me? No ries in your
head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a
heayf cafe, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world

goes.

Glov. I see it feelyngly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may feee how this world
goes, with no eyes. Look this thine ears: See how
yon Lufette paleys upon yond simple theeie. Heeke
in thine ears: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Like, which is the theeie: Thou hast time a Farmers
drink this at a Beegger?

Glov. I Sir,

Lear. And the Creature runn from the Cur there thou
ought the great Image of Anhowes, a Dagg's
beared in Oeffice. Thou, Rafell Beside, hold the bloody
hand: why doft thou stafth that Wore? Stripp thy owne
backe, thou hauly lacks to ve be in that kind, or
which thou whipf her. The Vluer hangs the Cozemer, Tho-
rough
The Tragedy of King Lear

The bounties, and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot.

Suth. A proclam’d prize; most happy
That cecile head of thine, was first fram’d of God.
To raze my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Breefly thy fette remember: the Sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Gom. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too’t.

Suth. Wherefore, bold Pazeant,
Dar’st thou support a publish’d Traitor? Hence,
Least that thin infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edw. Chill not let go Zis,
Without further tulation.

Suth. Let go Slawe, as thou dy’st.

Edw. Good Gentleman please your gate, and let poor
Volte paffe: and thund’r bin a ragger out of my life,
I would not bin so long as’s, by a voltight. Nay, I
come not here; bold man; keep not out the vot y’t, or set
try whether your Collard, or my Ballow be the battle;
chill be plane with you.

Suth. Our Dungbell.

Edw. Oh I’ll puke your teeth Zis: come, no matter vore
your tongues.

Suth. Slawe thou hast! (line me: Villam, take my purse;
if ever thow wilt shrive, bury my body,
And give the Letters which thow had it about me,
To Edward Earl of Gloucester: seek him out
Upon the English party. Oh wintom death, death,
I dy’st me here: a twoesible Villaine,
As dulous to the vices of thy Mifris,
As a treacle would define.

Gom. What, is he dead?

Edw. Sir do you father tell you
Let’s the little Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of
May be my Friends: he’s dead; I am onelyorthy
He had no other Deathman. Let vs fee:
Leane gentle ware, and manyes: blance vs not
To know our enemies in niles, we tripe their hearts,
Then Papers vs mow love it.

Read the Letters.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many
opportunities to turn th’off: if your will want not, some
and place will be wondrous effect’d. There is nothing done.
If the returne to the Comptuer, then are I the Printer, and his bed, my
Great, from the loudest warmth whereof,交付 me, and sup-
the place for your Labour

Your (sir), I would for an immediate
vow. Gonstell.

Oh inquiring’d space of Woman will,
A plot upon her vicious Husband’s life,
And the exchangey Brothers, here in the funds
Thee lie take vp, the poftle unflanched
Of murtherous Leechers: and in the mature time,
With this vagrious poster flake the fight
Of the death-practh’d Duke: for him’t well;
That of the death, and lastest, I can tell.

Gom. The King is mad:
How flife is my vilde tende
That I stand vp, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were drifh’d,
So should my thoughts be leuer’d from my griefes,

Dream affraff

And woes, by wrong imaginations loue

IV. vi. 169–201

812
The Knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Farewell methinks I leave the beaten Drumme,
Come Father, he befo' you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentlemen.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I lose and work
To match thy goodness?
My life will be too short,
And every moisture fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore paid,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Not more, but less, as more.

Cor. Be better suiter,
Those weeder are memories of those worser hours:
I pritty put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne (shortens my intent,
My boone I make it, as thou knowest not,
Till time, and I think, meet.

Cor. Then be't to my good Lord;
How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepeth still.
Cor. O you kind Gods! (Farewell)
Can this great breach in his abused Nature,
This wondrou'd and tarring grieves.
Of this childless changed Father.

Gent. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long;
Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I shall by your own will; is the hearey'd?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Serants

Gent. I Madam, in the breinest of sleep,
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, reformation hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kisse
Repair that violent harmes, than my two sisters
Have in thy reparation made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princes.
Cor. Had you not bin their Father, thefe white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppo'd against the tarrying winds?
Mist Enemys dogge, though he had bit me,
Should have flood that night against my fire,
And was't thou saine (poore Father)
To houll thee with Swineen and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and mutually flattery Alack, Alack.
This wonder that thy life and wis, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, spake to him.

Gent. Madam do you, its fixture.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How farest your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of this grave,
Though at a Sole in blissful, but I am bound

Vpon a wheel of fire, that raise owne teares
Do cal'd, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Gent. He's safe awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I bin?
Where am I? Fare day light?
I am mightily about; I should not'ma dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what so fly
I will not farseach thee by my hands: let's see
I feel this pinprick; would I were situ'd
Of my condition.

Cor. I dissolve upon me Sir,
And bid your hand in benediction o' me,
You must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Farewel and upward,
Not an hour more, nor leste,
And to deale plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubleful; For I am namely ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembered not the garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I think this Lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am: I am,

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yet faith I pray wepe not,
If you have payson for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not love me, for your Sifiers
Have (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 kingdom Sir.

Lear. Do not abase me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in himselv' to go in,
Trouble him no more than further feting.

Cor. Whilt please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan,
Gentlemen, and Servants.

Baf. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduiz'd be bought
To change the course,he's full of alteration,
And feelers growing, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sifiers men it certainly miscarried,
Baf. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Shall I ne'er see his pardon: for my sake,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Scena Secunda.

Here, Fates, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good counsel: pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I bring you comfort.

Gracchus go with you Sir.

Scena Tertia.

Enter to compass with Drum and Colours, Edmund Lear,
and Cordelia, as prayerful, Soldiers, Captains.

Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vindicate their greater pleasures still be knowne
That are to content them.

Car. We are not the first,
Who with bell morning have incurs'd the world:
For the oppressed King I am call'd downe,
My fettle could etch out the frowne, take Fortune's frowne.
Shall we not see the Daughters, and the Sifters?

Lear. No, no, no: come let's away to prison,
We too alone will sing like birds in Cage,
When thou dost ask me blessing, he kneel'd downe
And asked of thee for grace: So went I love,
And pray and sing, and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and here (poor Rogues)
Talk of Court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who looke, and who winds; who's in, who's out;
And take upon't the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods fliers: And we'll wear our
In a wall'd prison, gas and feats of great ones,
That ebb and flow by this Moone.

Lear. Take them away.

Vind'cuch sacrificeth my Cordelia,
The Gods themselves throw Incente.

Vind'a caught these
He that parts us, shall bring a Brand from Heavens,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good years shall devour them, fish and fall,
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Exeunt the curtain and stagehands.

Farewell, sir. You saw that the soldiers were on their way to prison.

Farewell! The soldiers will follow you.

Exit. Captain, do your duty. The soldiers will follow you.

Farewell, sir. The soldiers will follow you.

Exit. Captain.

Enter Albany, Gloucester, Regan, and active. Captain, do your duty. The soldiers will follow you.

Exit. Captain.

Alb. Sir, you have heard to dress your valiant page.

And Fortune led you well; you have the Captains.

Who was the opposite of this day's first:

I do require that you do to visit them.

As we shall find their duties, and our safety
May equally determine.

Sir, I thought it fit,

To send the old and miserable King to some retention,

Who was myself in him, whose duty it was

To pluck the common bosome on his side,

And turn this impref experiments in our ears

Which do command them. With him I enthe King.

My reason is to give some reason, and their reasons

To produce during the present space.

Where you shall hold your session.

Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this Warr,

Not as a Brother.

Sir, that's as we will sit to grace him.

Methinks our pleasure might have bin

Ere ye had spoke to fare. He led our powers,

Bore the commission of my place and person,

The which immediately may stand up,

And call it self your Brother.

Sir, not to hot;

In his own grace he doth exist himself,

More then in your addition.

Sir, in my rights,

By the insulted, he computes the best.

That were the most, if I should have you.

Tell them to profe Prophets.

Hath, hol-hol,

The eyes that told you, look'd but a squint.

Lady I am not well, else I should answer

From a full flowing flowracks. General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispoze of them, of me, and all the King,

Winne the world, that I create thee here

My Lord, and Master.

Sir, were you not to enjoy him?

The let alone lies not in your good will.

Not in thine Lord.

Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Let the Drum strike, and proue thy title thine.

Stay yet, hear me reason; Edmond, I avert thee,

On capital treason, and in thy arrest,

That guarded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,

I bare it in the interest of my wife,

Tis she is sub-contrasted to this Lord,

And I het husband contrived your death.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,

My Lady is belpoke.

An enterlude.

Thou art armed Giffer,

Let the Trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,

Thy heinous, manifold, and many Treasons,

There is my pledge: I mak' in on thy heart.

Ere I tislate bread, thou art in nothing left

Then I have hereat proclaim'd thee,

Sir, Sick, O dicke.

If not, he were trust medicine.

And by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;

On him, on you, not I will maintaine

My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

A Herald, ho,

True to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers,

All leiu'd in my name, have in my name

Tooke their discharge. Com, My sickness grows upon me.

A Herald. She is not well. Convey her to the Tent.

Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,

And read out this,

A Trumpet sounds.

If any man of qualifie or degree within the sight of the Army,

May well maintaine upon Edmund, oppressed Earl of Gloster,

That he is a man of honour, Treason, let him appear by the third

sound of the Trumpet: whoe shall be put in his defence.

Enter Edgar armed.

A Herald. Ask him his purposes, why he appears

Upon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her. What are you? Your name, your quality, and why you answer

This present Summons!

Edg. Know my name is lost

By Treason tooth; base, lowest, and Canker-bit,

Yet am I noble as the Adversary.

I come to cope,

A Herald. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's that he speaks for Edmund Earl of Glo-

Ster. Himself, what fault thou to him t

(Enter)

Edg. Draw the Sword,

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,

Thy armes may doe the Justice, here bee mine:

Behold it is that priviledge,

The priviledge of mine Honour,

Of my oath, and my profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,

Defile thy virtuous-Sword, and fire new Fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:

False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,

Conspirant gaust this high illustrious Prince,

And from th'extremity toward thy head,

To the discent and doil below thy foot.

V. iii. 25—139

815
The Tragedy of King Lear.

A moft Toad-spotfted Traitor, Say thou no, This Sword, this arm, and my belt spoare are bent, To prove upon thy heart, wherefore I speake, Thus to thy heart.

Boft. In wisdom do I should thy name, But since thy out-side looks so faire and warlike, And that thou tongue (some say) of breathing breathes, What safe, and nicely I might well delay, By rule of Knight-hood, I did some and spurned, Backe do I trifle these Treasons to thy head, With the well-bated Lye, one-whelmeth thy heart, Which for they yet glance by, and fearely bruise, This Sword of mine shall give them instant way, Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speake.

Aft. Sausau, face him. 

Gen. This is pratiue Coffer.

By this Law of Warre thou waft not bound to answer An vnoone opponnice thou art not vanquish'd, But corder, and begovu.

Aft. Shut thy mouth Dame,

Or with this paper shall I rap it; hold Sir, Thou wouldest then any name, reade things, anne ouill: Not starving Lady, I perceyue you know not me. 

Gen. Say if I do, the lavers are mine no thine, Who can assigne me for't? 

Exit. 

Aft. Moft monstrous! O know'lt thou this paper?

Boft. Ask me not what I know.

Aft. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her. 

Boft. What you have charg'd me with, That haue I done, And more, much more, the time will bring it out. 

'Tis paft, and am I; But what are thou 

That haft this Fortune on me? If thou't Noble, I do forgive thee. 

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no lefe in blood then thou art Edmond, If more, the more thaft wrong'teume. 

My name is Edge and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are suff, and of our pleasants vices Make instruments to plague vs: 

The darke and villous place where thee I meet, Coft him his eyes. 

Boft. 'Hast spoken right, it's true, The Wheelie is come full circle, I am here. 

Aft. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee, Let sorrow itp my heart, if ever I Did hate thee, or thy Father. 

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Aft. Where haue you hid your selfe? 

How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father? 

Edg. By nourishing me your Lord. Lift a briefe rate, And when it's told, O that my heart would burst The bloody proclamation to escape That follow'd me to neces, O our lives sweetnesse, That we the paine of death would hourly dye, Rather then die at once, caught me to shift Into a mad-mans rage, it couine a semblance That very Dogges diddain'd; and in this habbit Met I my Father with his bleeding Ring's, 

their precious Stones now lost became his guide, Led him, begg'd for him, sa'ud him from dispose. 

Neuer (O fault) jeuleld my selfe vnto him, Voust some halfe house past when I was arm'd, Not for, though hoping of this good successe, I seek'd his blesling, and from first to last Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart (Alacke too weake the conflict to support) 

Twix two extremes of passion, joy and greefe, Burstingz. 

Boft. This speech of yours hath mov'd me, And shall perchance go so good, but speake you on, You looke as you have something more to say. 

Aft. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in, For I am almost ready to dissolver, 

Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman. 

Gen. Help, help, help! 

Edg. What kinds of help? 

Aft. Speake man. 

Gen. What means this bloody Knife? 

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smooke, it came even from the heart of— O thes's dead. 


Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister 

By her it is sayd: she the coniues it. 

Boft. I was conduced to them both, all thre Now mary in an instant. 

Edg. Here comes Kent. 

Enter Kent. 

Aft. Produce the bodie, be they alive or dead; 

Gen. and Regans brother brought out. 

This judgmen of the Heavens that makes vs tremble, Touches vs not with pity O, is this he? 

The time will not allow the complement 

Which very manners vrges. 

Kent. I am come To bid my King and Master eye good night. 

Is he not here? 

Aft. Great thing vns forgot, Speake Edmund, where's the King fand where's, Cordelia 

Sealt thou this obiect Kent? 

Kent. Alack, why thus? 

Boft. Yet Edmund was below'd: 

The one the other poison'd for my sake, 

And after they were inter. 

Edg. Even so. cover their face. 

Boft. Ipsant for life: some good I meane to do 

Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend, (Be brief in it) to the Castle for my Wifn Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: 

Nay, fend in time. 

Aft. Run, run, O run. 

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office? Send thy token of repeare. 

Boft. Well thought on, take my Sword, 

Give it the Captains. 

Edg. Haft thee for thy life, 

Boft. He shall Commission from thy Wife and me, 

To hang Cordelia in the prision, and 

To lay the blame upon her owne dispose, 

That she for did her felie. 

Aft. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while. 

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms. 

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stame, Had I your tongues and eyes, If'd wie them so, 

That Heavens vault should grack: she's gone for ever. 

I know when one is dead, and when one lives, 

She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glass,
FINIS.
Enter Rodrigo, and Iago.

Rodrigo,

Never tell me, I take it much kindly That thou (Iago) hast had my partie,
And y' things were things, though I'll not know of tis. (Iago.) But you're not heard of. Hector I did dream
Of such a matter, chaste me.

Red. Thou toldst it me,

Though did hold him in thy hate, Hector. Despite me

I'll damn. Three Gentlemen of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make my Lieutenan-t)
Off to him: and to the faith of man
I'll.... my peace, I am most woefully a place,
But the (as leaving his own suite, and purpose)
Disables them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Hastily stuff'd with Epistles of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For courses, farewels,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?

For-though a great Aristarchian,
One Michael C бумаг, a Fimbrielin,
(A fellow almost drest him a false Wife)
That never set a Squint down in the Field,
Nor the diminution of a Battle knows
More than a Sputter. Votelffe the Bookish Throlick;
Whereas the Tongued Conists can propole
At Mallerie as he. Meere pratic (without practice)
Is all his Soldiery, but he (Sir) had th'election
And (of whom his teas had seeme the proofs)
As Rhodes, or Cyprus, and on others grounds
Ceurledg, and Attenion must be let-er, and calid
By Debtor, and Creditors. Tho. Counter-caller,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And th'offe the mateke his Moorships Aument.
Red. By present Knave: should want his liarmgan,
Iago. Why there's no remedie.

To the end of his two
Pretend go by Letter, and Affession,
And not by old gradation, where each fecom
Sood Here to the third. Now Sir, be judge of tis,
Whether I am yet so farre am Affair'd
To love the Moors?

Red. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to ferue my turne upon him,
We cannot all be Malders, nor all Malders

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

I. i. 1—86

818
To be produced, (as if I say, I shall,)  
Against the Moore, For I do know the State,  
(How ever this may call him with some checkes)  
Cannot with safety call him. For he's embark'd  
With such loud content to the Cyprus Wars,  
(Which even now flounders in ACh, that for their foules  
Another of this Adum, they have none,  
To lead their Buinette. In which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell spires,  
Yet for receit of present life,  
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Love,  
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shall surely find him  
Led to the Sagacity the raised Search;  
And there will I be with him. So farewell,  
Exit.  

Enter Dromio, with Servants and Trimmers.  

The.  
It's too true an evil. Gone she is,  
And what's to come of my deplited tune,  
Is sought but bitterness. Now Roderigo,  
Where duft thou see her? (Oh unhappie Girl)  
With the Moore faith the? (Who would be a Father?)  
How duft thou know twas she? (Oh she deceives  
Past thought): what faith the on you? Get more Tapers:  
Raise all my Kindred, Are they married think ye?  
Red.  
Truly I think she are.  
The.  
Oh Hesper: how got the out?  
Oh treafon of the blood,  
Fathers, from hence truft not your Daughters minds  
By what you see them 3. I have not 6 Banners,  
By which the proprie of Yeouth, and Machiood  
May be abd't? Have you not read Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?  
Red.  
Yes Sir: I have indeed.  
The.  
Call up my brother: oh would you had had her,  
Some one way, some another. Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?  
Red:  
I think I can discouer him, if you please  
To get good Guard, and go along with me.  
Red.  
Pray you lead on. At every howse he call,  
(I may cannot at most) get Weapons (hie)  
And send some special Officers of might:  
On good Roderigo, I will defend your plate:  
Exeunt.

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**Scene Secunda.**

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Turches.  

I.  
Though in the trade of Warre I have stainde men,  
Yet do I hold it very fuffice of hig confidence  
To do no contred Murder: I lacke Inginiue  
Sometime to do me scuritie. Nine, or ten times  
I had thought these yeeld'd him here under the Ribben,  
Other's: Tin better as it is.  

Iago.  
Nay but he pressed,  
And spoke such fueray, and prouing termes  
Against you, looke, that with the little godinnesse I haue  
I did fall hard foresee him. But I pray you Sirs,  
Are you fall married? Be assured of this,  
That the Magnifico is much beloov'd,  
And hath in his effect a store potential  
As double as the Dukes: He will duarce you,  
Or put upon you, what refistles or greates,  

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I. i. 87—II. ii. 15
The Tragedy of Othello

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his pight;
My Servants, which I have done the Signior
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
What when I know, that bustling is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I itch my life and being,
From Mend of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May (peak (unconnected) as) proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unshod free condition
Put into Circumception, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look! what Lights come yond?

Enter Caffio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the railed Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not 1 : I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Jarn, I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodness of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Caffio. The Duke do's greet you (General)
And he requires your haffe, Post-haffe appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, thinke you?

Caffio. Something from Cyprus, as I may dudge
It is a businesse of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen frequent Messengers
This very night, at one another heales:
And many of the Consuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hostly cal'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three thousand Quoits,
To reach you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Caffio. Auncient, what makes he hereet?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Craft,
If hir proue lawfull priz'd he made for ever.

Caffio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Caffio. To who?

Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine, will you go?
Oth. Hace with you.

Caffio. Here come another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantius, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantius: General beaudi'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Will, Hell, and there.

Roderio. Signior, it is the Moore.

Oth. Dower with him, Theefe.

Iago. You, Roderigo, come Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep ye up your bright Swords, for theewill
Ruff them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Iago. Where thou foule Theefe,
Where but thou (owld my Daughter?
Dame (as thou art), thou hast enchanted be.

For he referre me to all things of sefle,
(If she the Chains of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, to tender, Faire, and Happy,
So opposition to Marriage, that she shud'd
The wealtillus or Detesting of our Nation,
Would ever huate (i'encourage a general mocke)
Run from her Guardage the loosest bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if (as) nor groffe in sefle,
That thou hauex practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. He hauex disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking:
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a praefiter
Of Arts inhabited, and out of warrant;
I lay hold upon him, if he do refit.
Subdue him, at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest,
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Preemptor. Whether will you that I goe
To anweroe this your charge?

Br. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law and course of due of Session
Call thee to enter,

Oth. What if do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith faurth'sd,
Whilest Messengers are herec about my side,
Upon some pretent businesse of the State,
To bring me to him:

Officer. 'Tis the most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counfell, and your Noble leefe,
I am sure is sent for.

Br. How? the Duke in Counfell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mines not an idle Cruze. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as'twere their own:
For such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-claues, and Pagans shall out State men be. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. Why? There's no composition in this News,
This gives them Credit.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned.
My Letters say, a Hundred and seven Galley's.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. Sen. And mine two Hundred:
But though they leap up not on a haft accompl,
(As in these Cales where the syme reports,
'lso with it differne) yet do they all confine.

A Turkish Fleece, and bearing up to Cyprus,
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to indigence:
I do not so ferue me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approve
In fairest sefle.


I. ii. 16—I. iii. 12

880
Officer. A Messanger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now! What's the bulifneffe?

Sailer. The Turkifh Preparation makes for Rhodes, So was I bid report here to the State,

By Signior Anglies.

Duke. How fay you by this change?

Son. This cannot be

By no affay of reafon, 'Tis a Pageant
to keep vs in fake gate, when we confider
The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;

And let our flates agree but otherhand,

That it is more concernes the Turk ne Rhodes,

So may he with more fale quallion bear it, for

That it stands not in fuch Warlike brace,

But altogether lackes habilties

Thus Rhodes is drefs'd in. If we make thought of this,

We truth nor think the Turk is fo weakfull,

To leave that latter, which concerns him in fift,

Negleeting an attempt of eafe, and gaine

To wake, and wage all dangers profificile.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more Neues.

Enter a Meffanger.

Meffanger. The Ottoman, Retrauen'd and Gracious,
Screwing with due courfe toward the Ile of Rhodes,

Hauing there injoyng them with an after Friece.

Son. If, fo they thought: how many, as you guess?

Meff. Of thirfe Sale: and now they do reftem
Their backward course, hearing with frack appearance
Their purpofes toward Cyprus. Signior Mencis,

Your trifte and moft Valiant Seuerour,

With his free dute, recommends you thus,

And prays you to beleue him.

Duke. Tis cerimone then for Cyprus:

Mercu Luccara is not in Towne?

Son. It's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,

To him, Poff, Poff-haffe, dispatch.

Son. Here comes Trabakius, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Trabakius, Othello, Caffio, Iago, Rodrigo,

And Offiilers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we muft alreadie employ you,

Againft the enemie Enemy Ottomans.

I did not feer you: welcome gentle Signior,

We lack'd you Courteous, and your help to night.

Bras. So dull yours: Good your Grace pardon me.

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of bullifeifs

Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care

Take hold on me. For my particular griefe

Is of fo blood-gate, and one-dearing Nature,

That it engluts, and fafones other frownes,

And it is full is felfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bras. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Son. Desd. I.

Bras. I, to me.

She is abuf'd, influent from me, and corrupted

By Spies, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;

For Nature, fo prepostrous to eare,

(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of fene,

Sans witch-craft cannot not)

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this fole proceeding

Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her felfe,

And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,

You fhall your felfe read, in the better letter,

After your owne fenfe; yes, though our proper Son

Stood in your Action.

Bras. Humbly I thank your Grace,

Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it fcee's

Your Special Mandate, for the State affaires

Hath hither brought.

A. 2. We are verie sorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you fay to this?

Bras. Nothing, but this is fo.

Othe. Moft Poff'nt, Grace, and Reuerend Signiors,

My very Noble, and approv'd good Masters;

That I have came away this old mens Daughters,

It is moft true; I have married her;

The verie head, and front of my offending,

Hath this extent no more. Rule am I, in my speech,

And little blefs'd with the foft phrase of Peace;

For since this Armes of mine, had feven yeres pith,

I till now, none feme Moones wafted, they have vs'd

Their defcrb'd 2hion, in the Tentee Field:

And little of this great world can I Speake,

More then pertains to Feats of Broule, and Battalle,

And therefore little shall I grace my cause,

In speaking for my felf. Yet (by your gracious patience)

I will a round waften'd uile delucce,

Of my whole coufe of Loue;

What Diugges, what Charmes,

What Convocation, and what mighty Magickes,

For each proceeding I am charg'd withall

I won his Daughter.

Bras. A Maiden, never fed:

Of Spirit fo still, and quiet, that her Motion

Blith'd as her felfe, and fle, in fpight of Nature,

Of Years, of Country, Credite, every thing

To fall in Loue, with what I fea'd to look on:

It is a judgemen main'd, and much imperieth.

That will contrefe Perfeicion could erre

Againft all rules of Nature, and muft be driven

To find out practicces of cunning bell

Why this shou'd be. I therefore vouch againe,

That this with fome Mixture, pow'refull o'the blood,

Or with fome Drew (conuer'd to this effec)

He wrought vp on her,

To vouch this, is no proofe,

Without more wider, and more ouer Teft

Then thefe thinkabits, and pow'r likely-hoods

Of moderate viue, do, prefer against him,

Son. But Othello, speak.

Did you, by indirct, and forced courfe

Subdue, and powefon this young Moi'd affections?

Or came it by requiff, and fuch faire quifition

As foule, to foule affordeth?

Othel. I do befearch you,

Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,

And let her fpeak ofme before her Father

If you do finde me foule, in her reports,

The Truf, the Office, I do hold of you,

Not ouly take away, but let your Sentence

Even fell upon my life.

Duke. Feth Diuenement bithere.

Othe. Aunciant, conduct them:

You beth know the place,

And tell the come, as truly as to begeuer,

I do confeffe the voice of my blood,

So softly to your Grace, to take presen:

How
To you, preferring you before her Father:

So much I challenge, that Jusmy professe

Due to the Moone of ord.

ブラ. God be with you: I have done.

Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;

I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.

Come hither: Moore.

I here do guine thee that with all my heart,

Which but thou haft already, with all my heart.

I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)

I am glad at loose, I have no other Child.

For thy escape would teach me Tiranice.

To bang clogges on them, I have done my Lord.

ブラ. Let me speake like your selfe:

And lay a Sentence,

Which as a grife, or step may help these Louers.

When remedies are paff, the griffes are ened

By feeing the worfe, which late on hopes depend.

To vorme a Mulcheefe that is paff and gon,

Is the next way to draw new uncheife on.

What cannot be preferred, when Fortune takes:

Patience, Her Inuyri a mock't y may.

The rob'd that smiles, stries something from the Theif,

He robs himselfe, that spends a bootefcie grice.

ブラ. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguie,

We looke it no longer as we can smife:

He bearres the Sentense well, that nothing beares,

But the free comfort which freethence he bearres.

But he bearres both the Sentence, and the forrow,

That to pay grife, mulf of poore Patience borrow.

These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,

Being strong on both sides, are Equinoucall,

But words are words, I saw yet did heare

That the bruised heart was pier'd through the ears.

I humbly befeech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

ブラ. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation

makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortidue of the place is

dell knowne to you, And though we have there a Subst Ende

of most allowed superiority; yet opinion, a more

foursignit Musih of Effects, shoves a more latser

to voice on you you must therefore be content to fhiber

tho the Gould of your new Fortunes, with this more

flubborne, and boifrous expedition.

ブラ. The Templat Coflome, most Graue Senatores,

Hath made the flunny and Steele Coach of Warre

My thirte-driuen bed of Downe.

I do agaze

A Naturall and prompt Alacritie,

I finde in hardnese: and do undertake

This presert Warres against the Otnamites.

Moft hombly therefore bending to your State,

I cratur fit disposition for my Wife,

Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,

With such Accomodation and befert

As levels with her breeding.

ブラ. Why at her Fathers?

ブラ. I will not haue it, for

ブラ. Nor I.

ブラ. Nor would I there recide,

To put my Father in impatient thoughts

By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,

To my unfold, lye your prosperoue care,

And let me finde a Charyt in your voice

Taffift my finple neffe.

ブラ. What would you Del femae?

ブラ. That I loose the Moore, to line with him,

My downes-right violence, and stronges of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's a fabul'd
Eve to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's Village in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I foule and Fortunes confess.
So that (deere Lords,) I'll be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft e:
And he sccure interium shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to complie with heast the yong steeds
In my defence, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her mind:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you think
I will your serious and great businesse grant
When she is with me. Now, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feathered Complices, with wanton dulcetone
My speculatior, and the finest Instrument:
That my Dispatches corrupt, and take my businesse:
Let Houlis-waues make a Skille of my Helm;
And all inligite, and safe dexterites,
Make head against my Effirmation.

Duke. Best as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the Affaire cis halt:
And speed my resolution.

Sen. You must away to night.
Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine t'h morning, here we'll meete againe.
Othello leasue some Officer behind
And I shall dm Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualite and respect
As doth import you. Oth. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honestly and truth:
To his comely, I signifie my wife;
With what heaile, you, my gentle Grace shall thonce
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no deftighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-lawe is faire more faire then Blakes.
Sen. Adieu brave Moor, my Deplimen well.
Br. Looke to her Moor, if she be halfe dies to fe
She's heaile de'adv her Father, and may thee.

Oth. My life upon her faht. Honest Iago,
My Deplimen trust I haue tooe to thee:
I praye let thy wife attend upon her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Comme Deplimen, I haue but an houre
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the thetme. Exeit.

Iago. Sen. What fad thou Noble heart?

Iago. What will I do, think'lt thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Iago. I will incessantly drowe my selfe.

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after.
Why shoul Gentleman?

Iago. To base, to base, when to base is torment:
And then have we a precription to dye, when death is
Our Phyrision.

Iago. Oh villigious! I haue look'd upon the world
For t'ours time seven, and since I could distinguish
betwixt a Benefite, and an Injure I never found man that
knew how to lose himselfe. Ere I would fy, I would
Swordly my selfe for the love of a Gynn. Hee, I would
change my Humaneity with a B. Boon.

Red. What should I do? I confesse it is my frame
To be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Verue? A figga, 'tis in our selues that we are
thor'ther, those. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
Our Wills are Gardeners. So that if we will plant Nests,
or love Leutice; Set Hortes, and weede up Times;
Supply it with one gender of Henbor, or diffud it with
many: either to have it stirrell with idlenesse, or manu-
nerd with Industry, why the power, and Conquitable au-
thoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the frame of our lines
had not one Scale of Reason, to paze another of com-
pleteness, the blood, and bateness of our Natures would
conduct us to most prepositous Conclusions. But we have
Reason to coole our raging Mocioins, our carfull
Stings, or unbidt Lufts: whereof I take this that you
call Love, to be a Sec1or Seyen.

Red. It cannot be.

Iago. Is it merely a Luft of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: drowe thy selfe? Drown
Cars, and blind Puppets. I haue profett me thy Friend,
and I confesse me to thy deftering, with Cables of
perudurable rougnesse. I could never better bleed then
now. Put Money in thy purse; follow thine the
Warres, defeat thy favoure, with a vnderp'd Beard. I say
Put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long, that Deplimen
should continue her loue to the Moor. Put Money in
thy purse: nor heis to her. It was a violent Commence-
ment in her, and thou shalt fee an unanswerable Sequel-
ment, paramore, Money in thy purse. These Moors
are changeable in their will, ill thy purse with Money.
The Food that to them now is soxious as Locufly,
shalt to him shortly, as bitter as Calequintida. She
must change for youth: when she is faterd with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore give
Money in thy purse: if thou wilt needes darne thy selfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the
Money thou canst: if Sanchitome, and a fraile vow,
beaute an erring Barbarian, and superfluste Venetian be
not too hard for my wris, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her: therefore make Money: a prea of drow-
ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seekest houe
ther to be hang'd in Compelling thy joy, then to be
drovand', and go without her

Rede. Will thou be best to my hopes, if depend on
the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe,
I hate the Moor. My camer is hearted; thinke hast no se-
lection. Let us constitute in our revenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou doth thy selfe a
pleasure, me a spetr. There are many Equins in the
Wombo of Time, which wilbe delutered. Trauctose, go,
provide thy Money, We will have more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Red. Where shall we meete t'h morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Red. He shall be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go, I am well, do you, thou art here?

Iago. Do you fall all my Land.

Iago. Thou doer make my Foul, my pursye.

For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
I 11 would time expend with such Saps.


**The Tragedie of Othello**

But for my Sport and Profit I hate the Moore, And as it thought abroad, that twixt my Sheets She has done my Office. I know not if it be true, But I, for mere supposition in that kind, Will do, as the Statute. He holds me well, The hester shall my purpose work on him: Caffo, a proper man Let me see now, To get his Place, and to plume vp my will In double Knassy. How! How! Let's see. After some time, to abuse Othello's ears, I have he too Turt Squadron with his wife: He has a person, and a smooth dispoze To be suspected: from'd to make women false. The Moore is of a free, and open Nature, That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so, And will as tenderly be lead by th' Noise

As Aff are:

I have't it is engender'd: Hell, and Night, Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

**Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.**

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

*Montano.* What from the Cape, can you discourse at Sea? *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood: I cannot twist the Heauen, and the Mune, Defrey a Sail.

*Montano.* Me thinks, th' wind hath spoken aloud at Land, A fuller blast ne'reth stroke our Battlements: If it hath reacht upon the Sea, What ribbes of Oake, when Mountains melt on them, Can hold the Mortiers. Whast still we hearre of this?

2. A Segregation of the Turkish Fleets: Far do but stand upon the Foaming Shore, The chiden Bellow seem to pelt the Clouds, The windle-flack'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine Scenes to cast water on the burning Beare, And quench the Guards of th' euer-fixed Pole: I neuer did like malleflation view On the enchaunted Flood, *Montano.* If that the Turkish Fleets Be not esnelfer'd, and embay'd, they are drownnd, It is impossible to bearre it out.

Enter a Gentlemen.

3. Newes Ladders: our warres are done: The desperat Tempe! and To hang'd the Turkes, That their disperation halts. A Noble ship of Venice, Hath seen a greevous wreche and sufferense On most part of their Fleet.

*Montano.* How? Is this true?

3. The Ship is here put in: A *Yermuffa*, Michael Caffo Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello, Is come on Shore: the Mune himselfe at Sea, And is in full Comission here for Cyprus.

*Montano.* I am glad on't: *This a worthy Gouernour.*

3. But this same Caffo, though he speake of comfort, Touching the Turkish loff, yet he looks fully, And prays the Moore-le-faire; for they were parget With fowle and violent Tempe!s.

*Montano.* Pray Heaven he be:

For I have fends' him, and the man commands Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoo) As well to see the Vesell that's come in, As to throw our couriers for brace Othello, Even till we make the Mune, and the Eftal blew, An indifflent regard.

*Gent.* Come, let's do so; For every Minute is expectanice
Of more Affrancie.

Enter Caffo.

Caffo. Thankes you, the valent of the warlike Mune, That to approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauen Give him defence against the Elements, For I have left him on a dangerous Sea.

*Montano.* Is he well shipp'd?

Caffo. This Bark is bowly Timber'd, and his Pylots Of every expert, and approu'd Allowancie; Therefore my hopes (not tarried to death) Stand in bold Care.

*Montano.* A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Caffo. What noise?

*Gent.* The Towne is empty; on the brow of the Sea Stand rakes of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Caffo. My hopes do flafe him for the Governor. Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie, Our Friends, at leaft.

Caffo. I pray you Sir, go forth, And give vs truth who his that is arriv'd.

*Gent.* I fount, East.

Montano. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wond?

Caffo. Most fortunately: the hath ancur'd a Maid That paragon description, and wilde Fame: One that excels the quicks of Blazing pens, And in th'effentrail Vellute of Creation, Do's tyrue the Ingenious.

Enter a Gentlemen.

How now? Who has this put?

*Gent.* This on *Iago*, Auscienc to the Generall.

Caffo. He's had most favourable, and happe spced: Tempefts whchleis, high Seas, and bowling windes, The gutted-Rocket, and Congregrated Sands, Tractors enseep'd, to enloge the gilstlie Keele, As having fence of Beautye; doomic Their mortal Nature, letting goe falsely by The Duke de Difdemona.

*Montano.* What is she?

Caffo. She that I speake of: Our great Captains Captaine, Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*, Whole foung betwixt our thoughts, A Senignts Sped. Great loue, Othello guard, And swell his Saile with thine owne powerfull breath, That he may bleffe this Bay with his tall Ship, Make louer quicke poute in *Difdemonas* Armes, Givs renew'd fire to our extinced Spirit.

Enter *Difdemona*, *Iago*, Roderigo, and *Amilia*.

Oh behold, The Riches of the Ship is come on shore: You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees, Haste to the Lade: and the grace of Heauen, Before, behinde thee, and on every hand Einwheele ther round.

*Diff.* I thank you, *Valliant Caffo*, What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

*Caffo.*
The Moore of Venice.

Cæs. He is not yet arrïnd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. Oh, but I fear:
How shall you company?

Cæs. The great Convention of Sea, and Skies
Paied out our fellowship. But he'se, a Sale.

Wit. A Sale, a Sale.

Gen. They gue this greeting to the Cittadel:
This like-wis is a Friend.

Cæs. See for the Neveses:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistress
Let it not gauze your patience (good Age)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me thus bold thew of Courtesie.

Age. Sir, would she give you fumuch of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oit befores on me,
You shoule have enough.

Def. Alas - she has no speech.

Age. Infath too much:
I finde it still, when I have learnt to sleepe.

Marry before your Ladyship, I grant
She puts her tongue as little whither,
And does not speak much.

Age. You have little cause to say so.

Age. Come on, come on; you are Pictures out
Door: Bellas in your Parlour: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens:
Sains in your Jouries: Dues been offended;
Players in your Huifinete, and Huifinete in your Beds.

Def. Oh, sion thee, Slanderer.

Age. Nay, it is true; or else I am a Turke,
You sile to play, and go to bed to worke.

Age. Thou hell out write my praife.

Age. No, let me not.

Def. What would I write of me, if thou shouldst
Praife me?

Age. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me cool,
For I am nothing, if not Critical.

Def. Come on, afay.

Age. There's none go to the Harbour?

Age. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise,
Come, how would't thou praife me?

Age. I am about it, but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate, as Bawdyme do'st from France; it pluckes
Out Brains and all. But my Mute labour, and thus the
It deliver'd,

If he be fairer, and wist'twitwrit, and wit,
The one for wife, the other for wife it.

Def. Well prai'd.

How if the be Blacke and Witty?

Age. If he be Blacke, and cherebe one a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.

Def. Wos, and woor.

Age. Mow, Howl Faire, and Foolifh?

Age. She never yet was frivolous that was faire,
For upon her furly bethe here is an hire.

Def. Tho these are old fond Paradoxe, so make Fooles
Laugh i' th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hath thos
For her that's Foolis, and Foolish.

Age. There's none so foolis and foolis the suare,
But she's a foolis and she's foolis, and wife on we do.

Def. Oh, erstly ignorance: thou praife the worth
But what praife could'th thou be how on a deteting
Woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her
merit, did silly put on the vouch of very malice as
fee.

Age. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
That Tongue all Wild, and yet was ever loud:
Never lucky Gold, and yet went never gay;

Def. From her wife, and yet I saw her may.

She that being angered her wrongs being sere,

Def. She that in wisdom never was a fool.

Age. To change the Code-head for the Salmona tale;

Def. The she could think, and new dis/lest her word,
See some following, and not tacky behinds.

Age. She was a myrt (of ever such worthless)

Def. To do what?

Age. To sticke Foules, and the oule Smale Birds.

Def. Oh, most lame and impotant conclusion.
Do not learne of him ^/Abine, though he be thy husband.

Age. How say you (Cajus) is he not a molt prophane, and
Relatit Compillor?

Age. He speaks home (Madam) you may rell
I'm more in the Soule than then in the Scholler.

Age. He takes her by the palme: I, wellPaid, whis
Pet. With a little wach as this, I will inshre as great
A fly as Caju. I fine upon her, do: I will glue thee
In thine owne Countv. I shoule true, this to indoe.

Def. Which trists he these step out of your Lictenstein,
It had been better you had not kil'd your three
Burgers feet, which now shoule you are molt apt to pay
The Sir, in. Very good: well kil'd, and excellent Cour-
Se: this to indoe. Yet againe, your fingers to your
Lippes? Would they were Clusser-pipes for your
Lips.

Age. The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cajus. This truly so.

Def. Let's meeke him, and reule him.

Age. Lo, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Amandntes.

Oth. O my faire Warrior.

Def. My deere Othello.

Age. It gues me wonder great, as my contes
To see you here before me.

Def. My Sunes lye:

If after every Tempef, come such Calmes
May the wandes blow, till they have waken'd death:
And let the louring Barke clumbbe hillis of Seas
Olympe high; and dunks againe as low,
As heris from Heauen. If they were now to dye,
I fere now to be most happy. For I fere,
My Soile hab our content to affixture,
That nor another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in unknowne Fate.

Def. The Heavens forbid
But that our Lones

And Comforts should encrase.

Even so our days to grow.

Age. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It foppes me here: it is too much of sio.
And this, and this, the grestest discords be
That are our hearts shall make.

Age. Oh you are well run now: But let set down
the peggs that make this Musick, as honest as I am.

Other.
The Tragedy of Othello

Act One, Scene one: to the Castle.

Justas (Friends) are we, our Wares are done:
The Fables are drawn on.
How doth my old acquaintance of this land
(How's) you shall be well defend'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love among it them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
in mine own companion. I tarry good news,
Go to the Bay, and disturb not my Coffers:
Bring to the Master to the Citadell,
He is a good one, and his worships affec-
Do's challenge much respect. Come Disdennous,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Disdennous.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
Come with me, if thou beliest Valium, (as they say base men
being in Louis, have then a Nobility in their Natures,
more than in native) let me lift thee;
The Lieutenant to night's watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
thee this: Disdennous is directly in love with him.


Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-
fracted, Mark me with what violence the lift loud'd the
Moon's look; but for thy Nobility, and telling her fancifull
lies. To lose him still fret prating, let not thy disire
heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
shall the house to look on the duell? When the Blood
is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
game to enfranchise it, and to give Victory a fresh appetite.
Laundered in favour, spayed in years, Manners
and Beauties: all which the Moor is deficient in. Now
for want of these required Compenences, her dete-
tenderance will find its self abund, begin to hushe this
gorge, distil and abhorre the Moor; very Nature will
infringe it in, and compell her to some second choice.
Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and en-
force'd position) who tends to enfranchise the eye of
this Fortune, as Coffo don's: a knave very voluble, and
further confiected, then in putting on the mere tone of
Cuiil, and Humane seeming, for the better compose
of his self, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
why none: A flapper, and fable knave, a filler of no
from that he's an eye can flamber, and counterfeit Advan-
tages, though base Advantage never present it false.
A mighty knave: besides, the knave is handesome, young:
and hath all those requisites in him, that fully and greene
minds looke after. A pestifel common knave, and
the woman hath found him already.

Rro. I cannot beleue that in her, she's full of moff
beef's condition.

Iago. Bfast'd digger-end. The Wine the drinkes is
made of grapes. If shee had beene brest'd, there would
never have loud the Moor. Brest'd puddling. Didst thou
not see her puddle with the palm of his hand? Diest not
make that?

Rro. Yest, yet that I did: but that was but curese.

Iago. Lothorne by this hand: an index and obscure
prologue to the History of Lull and Louie Thoughts.
They met fower with their lipsp, that their breaths
embraced to-gether. Villainous thoughts Rodenge, when
these mutabilities to marthall the way, hard at hand
comes the Master, and maine exercice, th' incorporate
conclusion. P'rh. But Sir, be you not by me. I have
brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
the Command. He lay'st upon you. Caffo knowes you not:
He not be farce from you. Do you fonde some oc-
casion to angler Caffo, either by speaking too loud, or
raining his discipill, or from some other cause
you please, which the time shall more favorably mi-
nister.

Rro. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's thrust, and very sodain as Chalier: and
happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may: for
even out of that will I save those of Cyprus to Mutiny.
Whole qualificacion shall come into no true safe a-
gaine, but by the dissembling of Caffo. So you shall
have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meaners.
I shall then have to preferre them. And the impediment
most profittably removd, without the which there were
no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rro. I do it thus, if you can bring it to any op-
portunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the
Citadell, I must fetch his Necessaries a Short, Fare-
well.

Rro. Adieu.

Iago. That Caffo louseth her, I do well beleue;
That she loseth him, till st, and of great Credite.
The Moor (how beit that I endure him not)
is of a confidant, loving, Noble Nature.
I and I care not, he pleases to Disdennous.
A most superb husband. Now I loose her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though pandemourne)
and accomptant for as great a sin
But partly led to eyet my Reuciones,
I wth that I do feep the latitude of
Hast hap'd into my Stare. The thought whereof,
Dusk (he a poynous Mineral) grow my inwardes;
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am reun'd with him, wife, for wife.
O swartly yet, that I put the Moor,
Av-v into a Ialluciate for thing
This sustentament cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this prince Traff of Venice, where I trace
For his quickie hunting, and the putting on,
I have our Michel (Caffo on the hip),
Abide him to the Moor, in the right garbe
(for I feire Caffo with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moor the sake me alone me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously as Arie,
And praughting up in his peace, and quiet,
Euen to make theffer: (Ithe ree: but yet confa't)
Kraurtes plaie face, is never seene, till st.'

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Vali-
ant Generall. That upon certaine sydings now a'tid,
importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete
every man put himself into Triumph. Some to daunce,
Some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
Reach his addition leads him. For besides these
beneficial News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall.
So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All aff-
cers are open, and there is full libertie of Prating from this
Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.  

Oth. Good Michael, lock up your guard tonight.  

Let's teach our fathers that honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport derision.  

Cass. I have directions what to do.  

But notwithstanding—my personal eye  
Will look to't.  

Oth. My soul is still given:  
Michael, good night. To morrow with your earliest.  
Let me have speech with you. Come my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fuses are to enter,  
That profit's yet to come to twain me, and you.  
Good night.  

Exit Othello.  

Cass. Welcome, Cassio; we must to the Watch.  

Cass. Not this house Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our General call us thus early for the ease of his Desdemona: Who, 'fore, let us therefore blame him. He's not yet made warrant on the night with her; and the stress is for love.  

Oth. She's a most exquisite Lady.  

Cass. And I'll warrant her, full of Game.  

Cass. Indeed she is, in all her accidens and creatures.  

Cass. What an eye she has!  

Michael finds it founds a pasley to pronunciation.  

Cass. An animating eye:  
And yet, 'tis known right model,  
Cass. And when the speaker,  
Is not on Alamun to Love?  

Cass. She is indeed perfection.  

Cass. Well, I am happy to their sheets. Come Lieutenant, I have a slope of wine, and here we are without our brass of Cyprus Gallipolis, that would fain have a measure to the health of blacke Othello.  

Cass. Not to night, good Cassio. I have very poor, and unhappie Beanes for drinking. I could well with Caretta would invent some other Cathome of entertainment.  

Cass. Oh, they are our Friends; but one Cup, I inke to you.  

Cass. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that was crafty qualified too. and behold what inosion it makes here, I am infortunat in the infirmity, and dare not take my wakening with any more.  

Cass. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuils, the Galatians define it.  

Cass. Where are they?  

Cass. Here, at the doors. I pray you call them in.  

Cass. I'll do't, but it dislikes me.  

Cass. If I can get them but one Cup upon them  
With that which he hath drunke to night already,  
He'll be as full of Reuils as I am.  
As my yong Mirths dogge,  
Now my sike Poole Rodericus,  
Whom Love hath turn'd almoast the wrong side out,  
To Defdemona hath to night Carro'sd.  

Potions, poistle-deeps; and he's to watch.  

Three eels of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirits,  
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,  
The very Elements of this Warelike life),  
Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,  
And they Watch too.  

Now mought this Placke of drunkards  
Am I put to our Care in some Action  
That may offend the life. But here they come.  

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.  

If Consequence do but approve my dreame,  
My Boaste siles freely both with wine and streames.  

Cass. For heaven, they have guented me a roe already.  

Mont. Good faith a little one: not past a pint, as I am a Souldier.  

Cass. Some Wine ho!  
And let me the Cannuck clocke, clocke:  
And let the Cannuck clocke,  
A Souldier's a man: Coffs, masts life, but a plain,  
Why then let a Souldier drinks.  

Some Wine Boyes.  

Cass. For I heave an excellent Song,  

Cass. I learn'd in England: where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germane, and your Swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke ho) are nothing to your English.  

Cass. Is your Englishmen so exquisites in his drincking?  

Cass. Why, he drinks you with facilitie, your Dane dead drunke. He sweate not to overthrow your Almaine, He gives your Hollanders a vomit, ere, the next Pottle can be fill'd.  

Cass. To the health of our General.  

Mont. I am foe to Lieutenant: and I'll de you Justice.  


King Stephen was, and a worthy Peer,  
His Breeches cut them but a Crown:  
He held them Sixpence all a dree,  
With that he call'd the Exce List.  
He was a weight of high Resonomes,  
And he was one of low degrees:  
In Pride that pass the Country dames,  
And tickery and a Clocke about thee.  

Some Wine hoa.  

Cass. Why this is a more exquisites Song then the other.  

Cass. Will you heare again?  

Cass. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that doth that thing. Well: he's about all: and there be foules must be baid, and there be foules must not be baid.  

Cass. It's true, good Lieutenant.  

Cass. For more owne part, no offence to the General, not any man of qualite: I hope be faute.  

Cass. And so do I too Lieutenant.  

Cassio. It's but by your lease and not before me. The Lieutenant is to be fauted before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our Affairs. Foroke vs our fiances: Gentlemen let's looke to our buineffe. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can flnd well enough, and I speake well enough.  

Cass. Excellent well.  

Cass. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.  

Exit.  

Stella. To the Platfonne (Mistfers)come, let's see the Watch.  

Cassio. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,  
He's a Souldier, fit to hand by Cassio,  
And gives direction. And do but see his visce,  
'Tis to his virtues, a just Equino,  

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The Tragedie of Orsello

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pitie of him:
If fear the truth Orsello put him in,
On some addde time of his infirmite.
Will flake this Island.

_Mon._ But is he often thus?

_Ors._ I swear his prologue to his sleepe,
Hee watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drink be not his Gralde.

_Aotor._ It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he fles it not, or his good nature
Prizes the verse that appears in Coffin,
And looks not on his euyl: is not this true?

_Enter Rodrigo._

_Ors._ How now Rodrigo?

_Ipry you after the Lieutenant, go._

_Mon._ And the great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft infirmite.
It were an honest Act, to say so.
To the Moore.

_Ors._ Nor f, for this faire Island,
I do lose Coffin well: and would do much.
To cure him of this euyl. But, heath the noise.

_Enter Coffin purfuing Rodrigo._

_Coffin._ You Rogye : you Raffell.

_Mon._ What's the matter Lieutenant?

_Coffin._ A Knace teach me my dutie? He beate the
Knave into a Twiggien-Bottle.

_Ors._ Beate me.

_Coffin._ Doft thou prate, Rogye?

_Mon._ Nay, good Lieutenant.

_Ipry you Sir, hold your hand._

_Coffin._ Let me go(Sir) Or I'll knock you oke the Hazard.

_Mon._ Come, come : you're drunk.

_Coffin._ Drunk?  

_Lye._ Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

_Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentleman:_

_Help me. Lieutenant. Sir Montano:_

_Help me Matters. Here be a goodly Watch indeed._

_What's that which riseth in the Bell? Lord he has:
The Towne will rise. Fafe Lieutenant,
You be assaumed for ever.

_Enter Orsello, and Attendants._

_Ohrs._ What is the matter here?

_Mon._ I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. He dies.

_Ohrs._ Hold on for your luyes.

_Lye._ Hold ha: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentleman:
Has ye forgot all place of enemie and dutie?
Hold. The General speaks to you: hold for flame.

_Ohrs._ Why how now ha? From whence ateth this?
Are we turn'd Turkish and to our enemie do that
Which Clearenth hath forbid the _Stamtemet._
For Christian flame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that first next,Locate for his owne rage,
Holds his foamy light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreeful Bell: it frights the Ile,
From his propriety. What is this matter, Matters?
Howell Lye tho, I looks deep'd with grammar,
Spake; who begon this? On by lose I charge thee.

_Lye._ I do not know. Friends all, but now, euem now.
In Quarters, and in termes like Bride, and Groomes
Deferrit them for Bed; and then, but now:
(As some Planet had unwitted men)

_Swords out, and silting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this preewd eddes,
And would, in Adion glorious, had lof
Those legs, that brought me to a part of,  

_Ors._ How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?

_Coffin._ I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

_Ohrs._ Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuil:
The gratuite, and fullmene of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In months of winter Cunfure. What's the matter
That you enlase your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

_Mon._ Worthy Orsello. I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer lye, can informe you,
While I bare speche which something now offendes me,
Of all that do know, nor know I neither.
By me, that's fai'd, or done smicke this night,
Vnffe fele-chantie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our felues, it be a faine
When violence affaires vs.

_Ohrs._ Now by Heauven.

My blood begins my later Guides to rule,
And pulses(making my bell judgement collid)
Affaires to lead the way. If I once flie,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall folke in my rebuke. Gue me to know
How this feste Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approvd in this offence,
Though he had twond with me, both at a birth,
Shall booke me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples haeres brim-full offare,
To Manage pruieee, and domethlick Quarrell.
To night, and on the Count and Guard of falties?
This mar{}ious : love B has begyn?

_Mon._ If partally lye, or in the office,
Thou doul detur more, or leffe then Truth
Thou art no Souldier.

_Lye._ Touch me not so nerre.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to Marten Caffin.
Yet I perswade my selfe, to see the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is General;
Montano and my selfe being in speecch,
There comes a Felloe crying out for helpe,
And Caffin following him with determin'd Sword
to Execuyon upon you. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steps in to Caffin, and entreats his pauiet,
My lefe, the crying Felloe did puse,
Left bey herlourm (as it to fell out)
The Tower might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my pursuile: and I return'd ather rathar
For that I heard the chine, and tall of Swords,
And Caffin high in outh. Which till to night
I were might lay before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close togetheer
At Blow, and truth, euem as againe they were
When you your lefe did part them.

_Mon._ More of this matters cannot I report.
But Men are Morts: The bell sometimes forges,
Though Caffin did some leffe wrong to him,
As men in rage thike those with them beft,
Yet surely Caffin I beleive receiued
From him that fiel'd, some whange Indignities,
Which patience could not paffe.

_Ohrs._

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Enter Doflaimons attended.

Look'd at my gentle Loue be no nat'r'd vp: My make thee an example.
Def. What is the matter (Deede?)

Other. All's well, sweering: Come away to bed, Sir for your hurts, My selfe will be your surgeon. Lead him off.

Iago. Locke with care about the towne, and silence those whom this man's brain'd disturbed. Come in, Iago, to the soldiers, fire their slumbrers with little Exil. Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenaunt?

Caf. I spil all surgery.

Iago. Merry Heaven forbid.

Caf. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh! I have loft my reputation. I have loft the immortal part of myself, and what remainder is behind. My reputation, my reputation.

Iago. As I am a honest man I thought you had receiv'd some bodly wound; there is more fence in that then in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition, of got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are more ways to recover the General againe. You are but now said in his council, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice; even so as one would beat his officercliffe legge, to affright an imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Caf. I tary rather uce to be dispatched, then to decline to go to publick, with his flight, to drunken, and to indecet an officer. Drunk! And speaka Parra! And effuable Swagger! Sweate! And dictate Fulton with proper gull and fly. Oh, that invisible force of Wine, if thou had no name to be known by, let us call thee Duell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had lie done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Let perill be.

Caf. Remember a maffe of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefoare. Oh, that men should put an Enemy in their mouths, to extol away their Brains; that we should with joy, pleasance, recoll and applaus, transforme our selves into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recoverd?

Caf. I hath pleas'd the duell drunkeneffe, to give place to the duell wrath; one vprenfinsme, shews me another to make me frankly depite my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a Moraller. As the time, the place, & the condition of this country stands I could hardily with this had not beene but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mothes as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a fickle man, by and by a fool, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Every inordinate cup is vable'sd, and the Ingratitude is a duell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good famill! A creature, if it be well vp'd, excuse no more against it.

And good Lieutenante, 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 General's wife, now the General. I may say to, in this respect, for that he hath desired, and given vp humfille to the Consternation, marriage; and devotion of her parts and Graces. Confiure your telle freely to her. Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of to free, to kind, to apt, to blessed a disposition, she holds it wise in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requir'd. This broken sofaet between you, and her husband, enter her to plainer. And my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Caf. You adviseth me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honeff knonette.

Caf. I think it freely: and bemore in the morning shall beseech the veryous Doflaimons to underkare for me: I am despare of my fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, Lieutenante, I must to the Watch.

Caf. Good night, honeff Iago. Exit Cafio.

Iago. And what's he then. That lies I play the Villain?

When this aduise is free I give, and honeff, Probable to thinking, and indeed the courte To win the Moore againe.

For its mod ease

Th' inclining Doflaimons to subdue
In any honset Sute, She's tram'd as fruitesfull As the free Elements. And then for her To win the Moore, were to renowne his Baptisme, All Seales, and symbols of redeemed sin.

His Soule is so everlast'd to her love,
That she may make, romake, do what the lift,
Even as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weake function.
How am I then a Villaine,
To Conselle Caffo to this parcell courtse,
Directly to his good? Distrust of hell,
When durs will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggeft at first with heavenly shewes,
As I do now.
For whiles this honeff Foole Piliis Doflaimons, to repaire his Fortune,
And he for him, pleads strongly to the Moore,
He powre this pellence into his ears:
That she repeals him, for her bodaries Lu'd,
And by how much she frustrates to do him good,
She shall undo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall entwip them all.

How now Rodrigo?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rodrigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not
like a Hound that hunts, but one that files vp the
Crie. My Money is almost spent I base bin too night
exceedingly well Cudgel'd: And I think the illus

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will bee, I shall have so much experience for my painter;
And lo, with no money at all, and little more Wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not Patience?
What would not ever heal by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by Wit, and not by Witchcraft;
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Do not go well? Caffo hath beaten thee,
And thou by that I shall hurt bashful Caffo;
Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
Yet Fruites that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thy selfe, a while. Intree'tis Morning;
Pleasure, and Action, make the hours seems 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 Wive must move for Caffo to her Mistress:
Ie let her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him home, when he may Caffo'se
Receivest his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Desire, by coldinife, and delay. Exit.

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Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffo, Masters, and Clowns.

Caffo, Masters, play heare, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.
Cla. Why Masters, have you your Instrumens but in Naples,
that they speake not? Noe thus?
Mas. How sure now?
Cla. Are these I pray you, winde Instrumens?
Mas. I marry are they fir.
Cla. Oh, whereby hangs a tale.
Mas. Whereby hangs a tale, fir.
Cla. Master fir, by many a winde Instrument that I know.
But Masters, here's money for you: and the General
so likes your Musick, that he desires you to lose
fake to make no more noo with it.
Mas. Well Sir, we will not.
Cla. If you have any Musick that may not be heard,
toog straine. But as they say to heare Musick, the General
do's not grrequency.
Mas. We have none fir, sir.
Cla. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ie
away. Go, vanish into a styre. Exit him.
Caffo. Doll thou hear me, mine honest Friend?
Cla. No, I hear not your honest Friend:
I heare you.
Caffo. Pray thee keare vp thy Quillets, that's a poor
piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentile woman that attends
the General be freeing, tell her, there's one Caffo en-
treats her a little tawse of Speech. Will thou do this?
Cla. She is therein: if the will flieke thicker, I shall
seem to noticce unto her. Exit Cla.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then?
Caffo. Why no? the day had broke before we parted,
I have made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife:
My letter to her is, that she will to vextious Desdemona

---

Procure me some accesse.

Iago. He lend her to you presently:
And he devise a means to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your course be and businesse
May be more free.
Caffo. I bumbly thank you for't. I now knew
A Florentine more kunde, and honest, J
Enter Aemilia.

Aem. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am forie
For your delight: for all will fare be well.
The General and his wife are talking off,
And she speaks for you floridly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholome Wifedom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you
And needs no other Sutor, but his likings
To bring you in again.
Caffo. Yet I believe you,
If you think fir, or that it may be done,
Gue me advantage of some brefe Discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Aem. Pray you come in:
I will bellow you where you shall have time.
To speake you before freely.
Caffo. I am much bound to you.

---

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters glue (Iago) to the Pylot
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That do not write walking on the Worker,
Repair there to mee.
Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't
Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we fet?
Catt. Well waite upon your Lordship. Exeunt

---

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona Caffo and Aemilia.

Des. Be it allr'd (good Caffo) I will do
All my duty on thy behalfe.
Aem. Good M'dam do:
I want it great my Husband,
As ifh't caufe were hit.
Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Caffo
But I will have my Lord, and you again.
As of to day you were.
Caffo. Bonous M'dam,
What eft it? Ball become of (Attached Caffo)
He's neat any thing but your true Servant.
Des. I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord:
You have knowne him long, and be you well allr'd
He shall in strangefeil find no farther off,
Then in a politike distance.
Caffo. I, but Lady,
That policy may either laff so long,
Or feeke upon such nice and washtish diet,
Or breed it selfe fo out of Circumstances,
That I being abente, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my Loose, and Service.
Des. Do not doubt that: before Aemilia here,
"The Moors of Venice"

I grant thee warrant of thy place. Affair then, "To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest, To watch him time, and call him out of patience; His Bed shall leave a Schoole, his Board a Shrift, He intermarriage every thing he do's With Caesar's state: Therefore be merry Caesar, For thy Sonne shall rather dye, Then give thy cause away.

Lover Othello, and Iago.

Adul. Malam, here comes my Lord. Caesar. Malam, I take thy leave. Iago. Why stay, and hear me speake. Othello. Malam, not now: I am very ill at ease, Vain for none owne purpose. Iago. Well, do your delection. Caesar. Iago. Halib like not that. Othello. What doit thou say? Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if I know not what, Caesar. Was not that Caifus, parted from my wife? Othello. Caesar my Lord! No more, I cannot thinke it That would steals away to guity-like, Seeing thy comming. Othello. I do beleue 'twas he. Iago. How now my Lord? I have bin talking with a Suiter here, A man that languishes in your displeasure. Othello. Who is 't that you mean? Iago. Why your Lieutenant Caesar: Good my Lord, If I have any grace, no power to move you, His present reconsil tation take, But if he be not one, that truly loves you, That errors in grattice, and not in cunning, I have no judgement in an honest face. I practice calumny. Othello. What doth he say now? Iago. I know not, that he hath left part of his griefe with mee To suffer with him, Good loose, call him backe. Iago. Not now (sweet Caesar) some other time. Othello. But, shall it be shortly? Iago. The loosner (Sweet) for you. Othello. Shall it be to night, at supper? Othello. No, not to night. Iago. To morrow Dinner then? Othello. I will not dine at home: I mean the Captaines at the Cittadel. Iago. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne, On Tuesday noone, or night, on Wenday Morne, I suppose him home, but he is not. Exceed three days. Intide her's persent. And yet his Trepitall, in your common reason (Save that they lay the warres must make example) Out of her bell, is not made a fault. To receive a private checke. When shall he come? I illustrate Othello. I wonder in my Soule, What if you would ask me, that I should deny, Or stand to rancion on? What? Michael Caesar, That made a wrong with you? and so many a time (When I have spoke of you disparagingly) That have your part, to have so much to do To bring him me. Truth me, I could do much. Othello. Psynice no more: Let him come when he will: I will deny thee nothing. Iago. Why, this is not a Boatne.

Tis as I should entreat you, were your Gloses, Or free on nothing other things, or keeps you warm, Or let to you, to do a peculiar profit. To your owne person. Nay, when I have aasure Wherefore I am to touch your Love indeed, It shall be full of purty, and difficult weight, And sense still be granted. Othello. I will deny thee nothing. Whereon, I do believe thee, grant me thir, To leave me but a little to my life. Iago. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord. Othello. Farewell my Deception, I come to thee straight. Iago. Emotions come, be as you Fancies teach you: What are you? I do not yet see. Othello. Excellent wretch: Pridston catch my Soule But I do loose thee: and when I lose thee not, Chaos is come again. Iago. My Noble Lord! Othello. What doit thou say, Iago? Othello. Disturb my Caesar. Iago. When he would my Lady, know of your lour? Othello. He did, from first to last: Why doit thou ask? Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought, Nor other reason. Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago? Iago. I did not thonne he had been acquainted with him. Othello. Oyes, and went betwene vs very olt. Iago. Indeed? Othello. Indeed? I indeed. Discern't thou ought in that? Is not he done? Iago. Honest, my Lord! Othello. Honest! I, Honest. Iago. My Lord, for ought I know. Othello. What dost thou thinke? Iago. Thinkst, my Lord! Othello. Thinkst, my Lord! Alas, thou knowest me? And there were none Monther in thy thought Too hauous to be thewme. Thou dost mean something: I hearde thee say even now, thou liest not that, When Caesar left my wife. What didst thou like? And when I told thee, that he was of my Counsellor, Of my whole court of wonning thou criedst, Indeed? And didst? contend, and partike thow bower together, At thou thinkest he did. It up in thy Braine Sorte horible Costome. Thow dost loe me, Shew me thy thought. Iago. My Lord, you know I love you. Othello. I thinke thou don't: And for I know thou hast full of Loue, and Honettie, And weightth thy words, before thou gllust it them breath, Therefore these drops of thine, frighten me the more: For such things are false didoyal Krone Are tickes of Courtsey but in a man that's ino, They're cloie drolines, working from the heart, That Paffion cannot rule. Iago. For Michael Caesar, I dare be worne, I thinke that he is honest. Othello. I thinke to too. Iago. Men should be what they seem, Or those be not, would they might seeme none. Othello. Certaine, men should be what they seem. Iago. Why then I thinke Caesar's an honest man. Othello. Nay, yet there's more in this? I thinke she speaks to me, as to thy thinking. As thou dost ruminante, and give thy word of thoughts.
The Tragedie of Otello

The word of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me, though I am bound to every Angle of duty, I am not bound to that: All States are free.

Vinet my Thoughts? Why say, they are wild, and false? As wheres that Palace, whereunto foule things

Sometimes interade not? Who he's that brent to pure, wherein uncleanly Appearations.

Keep thee Letters, and Law-dajes, and in Session sit With meditation lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost confine against thy Friend (Iago) if thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his case A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do, I fear thee, though I cherish am in my gentle (As I confess it is my Natures plague)

To fly into Abuses, and of my selfe elebute.

Shames faults that are not) that your wisdome From one, that to imperfectly conceits. Would take no notice, nor build thy selfe a trouble

Of his feastering, and nature Abundant: It were not for your quiet, nor your good, Nor for my Muadhood, Honesty, and Wiltedone, Te let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doth she think meane?

Iago. Good name in Man. & woman (deere my Lord) is the immediate jewel of their Soules;

Who fleates my purte, fleates rath:

'Tis something, nothing;

Twas mine, 'tis his, and has but flue to thousand:

But he that flitches from me my good Name. Robs me of that, which nor enriches him, And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. He know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand, Nor shall not, whil'st it's in my custum.

Oth. Has?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of resentment. It is the greene-eyed Monster, which doth make

The meane it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in bliss, who certainte of his Fate, knows not his wronger:

But oh, what damned minutes else he ore, Who doctes, yet doubts: Subjecte, yet soundly loues

Oth. Omicrion.

Iago. Poor, and Content, is rich, and rich enough, But Richesse freelese, is as poor as Winter,

To him that euer fears he shall bee poore;

Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend From leaueloe.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'th thou, I'd make a Life of leaueloe; To follow all the changes of the Moore

With fresh suplications? No: to bee once in doubt, Is to be redoul'd: Exchange me for a Goat,

When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule To fish cexsallate, and blow'd Surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me fealous,

To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company, Is free of Speech, Sings, Plays, and Dances:

Where Virtue is, there are more veracious,

Nor from mine owne weke merit, will I draw The smallest farse, or doubt of her retuels,

For the had eyes, and chose me. No Iago,

Ile fee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,

Away at once with Loue, or leaueloe.

Iago. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason

To drow the Loue and Duty that I bear you With franken spirit. Therefore (as I am bound) Receive it from me. I speake not yet of proofs:

Look to thy wife, obserue her well with Caisin, Weare her eyes, thus: not lealous, nor Secure: I would not have your free, and Noble Nature, Out of false Bountey, be aboud'd: Look too's:

I know our Country disposition well:

In Venice, they do let Haenus see the pranks They dare not drow their Husbands.

Their best Confidence,

Is not to leave'st redone, but keep unknowne.

Oth. Oft thou speake, so.

Iago. She did deceic her Father, marrying you, And when she feam'd to flake, and feare your looks. She lou'd them moff.

Oth. And so the did.

Iago. Why go you then?

Shee that so young could gie out such a seeming To feele her Fathors eyes vp, close as Oake, He thought twas Witchesart.

But I am much too blame: I humbly do brefce you of your pardon For too much losyng you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dali'd you spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider what is spake Comes from your Loue, But I do let y'are mov'd: I am to praiy you, not to fraine my speche To groffer influx, not to largthest reach,

Then beg your Supplication.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Simly you do so (my Lord)

My speche shuld fall into such wide success,

With my Thoughts aym'd not.

Cuff any worthy Friend:

My Lord, I prey your moff'd.

Not, not much moff'd. I do not chuse but Devoty's honest.

Iago. Larg her flie so,

And long live you to thank so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.

Iago. I, there's the point:

As (to be but true) you.

Not to suffice many propped Matches

Of her owne Clime, Composition, and Degree,

Whereeto we see in all things, Nature tend's,

Foh, one may timel in such, a will most tanke,

Foule disproporsion, Thoughe unnaturall,

But (pardon me) I do not in posision.

Difficultly spake of her, though I may feare Her will, recyling to her better judgement,

May take to match you with her Country formes,

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more than true you pursue, let me know more:

See on thy wife to obtaine.

Leaue me Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Othel. Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doublest)

Seem, and knows more, much more then he vassafs.
Act IV. Scene IV.

**Oth.** My Lord, I would I might intercept your Honor To know this thing, further: I am at the time, Although the fairest Cause have his Place, For he he fluxes it with great Abiding: Yf you please, to him off a while: You shall by that perceive him, and his means: Note if your Lady chance his Entertainment With any strong, or vehement importunity, Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, Let me be thought too but in my fears, (A worthy cause I have to fear I am) And honest her, I do believe your Honor. 

**Iago.** I fear not my government. 

**Oth.** I once more take my leave. 

**Iago.** This Fellow's of exceeding honesty, And knows all Quantities with a lawful Spirit Of humane dealings. If I do prove her haggard, Though that her Looks were my dear heart Strings, I'd mistake her off, and let her down the wind To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blanke, And have not those soft parts of Conversation That Companions have. (Oh! for I am declind Into the vale of life, it's not much) She's gone. I am aboud, and my reliefe Must be to losst her. On Curb of Marriage! That we can call those delicate Creatures ours, And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad, And live by the repir of a Dungeon, Than keep a corner in the thing I love For either spices. Yet 'tis the plague to Great ones, Prerogative at they leeff the Base. 'Tis derevaluable, like death; I turn then, this ferued plague is Fated to vs, When we do quiken. Look where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If the be false, Heaven mock'd it false: He be not believe. 

**Des.** How now, my deare Emilia? Your dinner, and the generous Islanders By you inspired, do attend your presence. 

**Oth.** I am too blame. 

**Des.** Why do you speaks so fainty? Are you not well? 

**Oth.** I have a paine upon my Forehead, heere. 

**Des.** Why that's with watching, will way againe. Let me be bade it hard, within this house It will be well. 

**Oth.** Your Napkin is too little. 

**Des.** Let it alone: Come, ile go in with you. 

**Iago.** I am very ferty that you are not well. 

**Des.** I am glad I have found this Napkin: This was her first remembrance from the Moore, My inward Husbond hath a hundred times Woo'd me to feaste it. But the sole loses the Token, (For he conuert'd her, she should ever keep it) That she refers it evermooe about her, To kiff, and talkc too. He have the worke taken out, And giss *Iago* what he will do with it. 

**Des.** I have nothing, but to please his Fantasie. 

Enter Iago.

**Iago.** How now! What do you here alone? 

**Des.** Do you not chide: I have a thing for you.

**Iago.** You have a thing for me? It is a common thing. 

**Des.** It is. But what will you give me now For that same Handkerchiefe.

**Iago.** What Handkerchiefe? 

**Des.** What Handkerchiefe? 

**Iago.** Butt flowing it from her? 

**Des.** No; but the let it drop by negligence, And to this advantage, I being here, took's vp: Look, here is it. 

**Iago.** A good wheat, give it me. 

**Des.** What will you do with't, that you have bene to earnest to have me fitch it? 

**Iago.** Why, what is that to you? 

**Des.** If the be not for some purpose of import, But me againe. Poor Lady, she'll run mad When the shame lack it. 

**Iago.** Be not ashamed on't: I have vie for it, Go, I'll write me. 

**Des.** I will in Caffis Lodging loose this Napkin, And let him find it. Trifles light as air, Are to the leisious, confirmations strong, As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something. The Moore already changes with my purpos. Dangerous concretes, are in their Natures poyson, Which at the first are least found to disstain: But with a little affet upon the blood, Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say fo. 

Enter Othella. 

Looke where he comes. Not Poppy, nor Mandragora, Not all the Puneus Strumpets of the world Shall ever thee ther to that sweete sleepe What thou wold it yesterday. 

**Oth.** Ha, ha, false to mee? 

**Iago.** Why how now General? No more of that. 

**Oth.** Awa! be gone: Thou hast let me on the Racke: I know'ts better to be much abud'ly Than to know a little. 

**Iago.** How now, my Lord? 

**Oth.** What seene bad I in her skelone hours of Life? I was not, thought nor it harm'd not me: I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry. I found not Caffis knifes on her Lippes: He that is rob'd, nor waiting what is skelone, Let him not know't, and he be not rob'd at all. 

**Iago.** I am forry to here this? 

**Oth.** I had beene happy, if the general Canpe, 

Pyones and all, had tafted her sweet Body. So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer Farewell the Tranquil mind, farewell Content; Farewell the planed Troopes, and the bigge Warres, That makes Ambition, Virtue! Oh farewell all Farewell the neighing Steed, and the thrilli Trumpe, The Spirit-binding Drum, th'Exe-piercing Fife, The Rovall Banner, and all Quantal. 

**Oth.** Pomp, Pompes, and Circumstance of glorious Warre: And O you more, England, whose rude thourves This immortal love of dread Clamour, conecriptet, Farewell: Othella's Occupatation's gone. 

**Iago.** Is't possible my Lord? 

**Oth.** Villain, be sure thou proues my Lords a Whore; Be sure of it: Give me the Ocular proofs, 

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The Tragedie of Othello

Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul, 
Thou hadst bin before bin borne a Dog; 
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to feer or (at the last) to prove it,
That the probation beare ne Hindge, nor Loope.
To hang a doubt on: Or were upon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord,

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: Abandon all remorse.
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heaven weep, all Earth amazed; 
For nothing can choose to damnation added,
Greedier than that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heaven forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Fool, 
That loy't to make thine Honesty a Vice.
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World) 
To be direct and honest, is not late.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
He lose no Friend, fish Loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay: thou shoul'ldst be honet.

Iago. I shoul'd be wife; for Honettie's a Fool, 
And looves that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,
I think my Wife be honet, and thinkke she is not:
I think that thou art full, and thinke thou art not:
I hate some proofes. My name that was as fresh.
As Diana Village, is now begrimed and blacke.
As mine owne face. If there be Cods, or Kniutes,
Potyon or Fire, or suffocating Fireman.
He not induc't it. Would I were facts fidel.

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passi'on;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
Would you be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vitul grossely gape on?
Behold her toy?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Perspective: Dame then them ther,
If her mostall eyes do fom them boulfuller
More then their owne. What thele? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should fee this.
Were they as prime as Goatex, as hot as Monkeye,
As fat as Wolues in pride, and Foolee as groole.
An ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the Doome of Truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have.

Oth. Give me a shuung reason she's disloial.

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But if I am e'd in this case to fare
(Pre's'd too'; by Foolish, Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I say with Caffie lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kind of men,
So loose of Soulle, that in their sleepees will mutter
These Arresces one of this kinde is Caffie:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet Dedemona,
Let we be wary, let's hide out Loues,
And then (Sir) would be gripe, and wring my hand:
Cly, oh sweet Creature then kisse me hard.

As if he plucks vp kisser by the roses,
That grew upon my lips, laid his Leg on my Thigh,
And figh, and kisse, and then cry curs'd Fate,
That gue them to the Moore.

Oth. Monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a throw'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame,

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate chily.

Oth. Ite teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we fee nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerschiffe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wifes hand?

Oth. I gue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerschiffe
(I am sure it was your wive) did I to day
See Caffie wipe his Beard with.

Oth. I know it.

Iago. Haste be to her, or any, it was here.
It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the Slave had forsy thousand blues:
One is too poore, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I fee tis true. Look at the Iago,
All my food lost this do I blow to Heaven. 'Tis gone.
Ainte blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yield vp (O Loue) thy Crowned, and hearsed Throne
Tortur'd and Hated.
Swell before with thy fraught,
For thy Apologies tongues.

Iago. Yebe content.

Oth. O blood, blood, blood,

Iago. Patience I lay your minde may change.

Oth. Never Iago. Like to the Pontick Sea,
Whole faire Current, and compulsive course,
Ne'er keepes retyring eare, but keepes due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont.
Fierc to my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall new looke beholds, ne'er eble to humble Loue
Till that acompass, and wide Renuego
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the une reuerence of a vassal vow,
I have engage my words.

Oth. Do you see yet:
Wisthile you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that chip vs round about,
Witness that here I do shew vp
The execution of his wits, hands, heart,
To wrong Othello's Service. Let him command,
And monkeye shall he mete saucy,
What bloody butcher euer.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vane thanks, but with acceptance bounteou.
And will upon the instant put thee touht.
Within these three dayes let me use thine say,
That Caffie's not slue.

Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request,
But let her live.

Oth. Dame her, let her live,

Oth. Dame her, dame eter.

Come go with me a pace, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some instrumeents of death
I for the faire Duell.

Now shut thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for ever.
the Moor of Venice.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Difdemona, Amida, and Cleor. 

Def. Do you know Sitrah, where Lieutenant Cepe lies? 

Clor. I dare not say he lies anywhere. 

Def. Why not? 

Clor. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soldier lies, is 'tisabbeg. 

Def. Go to see whether he lies here? 

Clor. I tell you where he doth lie, and you to where I lie. 

Def. Can anything be made of this? 

Clor. I know not where he lies; and for me to deceive a spy or spy, or lie there, were to lie in more one threat. 

Def. Can you assure him out? and be edified by report? 

I will. But I will. 

I will Certazie the world for him, that is, make him sure, and by them assure. 

I will. He said, and I will. Tell him, I have now my Lord on his behove, and hope all will be well. 

Def. To do this is within the compass of more Wit, and I will, I will attend on the doing it. 

Exit Cleor. 

Def. Will you go where I do? 

Amida. I know not Madam. 

Def. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse 

Filled with Gold. And but my Noble Moore 

Is state of mine, and made of no such baseness; 

As seelish Creatures are, it were enough 

To put them to ill-thinking. 

Amida. Is he not resolute? 

Def. Who, he? I think the Sun where he was born, 

Draw all such hurters from him. 

Amida. Look at where he comes. 

Enter Othello. 

Def. I will not let him now, till Cepe be 

Called to him. How is it with you, my Lord? 

Oth. Well my good Lady; Oth hardnes to dissemble! 

How do you, Difdemona? 

Def. Well my good Lord. 

Oth. Gue me your hand. 

This hand is most my Lady. 

Def. It hath felt no age, nor known the sorrow. 

Oth. This argues faultless, and liberal heart. 

Hot, ho, and hoofly. This hand of yours requires 

A remover of Liberty; falling, and Prayer, 

Mack Calligage, Exercise desuet, 

For here's a yong, and wearing Driell here 

That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand, 

A frantone one. 

Def. You may (indeed) say for 

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart. 

Oth. A liberal hand. The ears of old, gave hands: 

But our new Heraldies is hands, not hearts. 

Def. I cannot speak of this: 

Come, now your promise. 

Oth. What promise, Chuckle? 

Def. I have sent to bid Cepe come and speak with you. 

Oth. I have a fault, and forry Rheutine offends me: 

Lend me thy Handkerchief.
Lo.
the Moore of Venice.

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Iago. Her honor is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief.

Otho. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Iago. What if I had found it? I had seen him do you wrong?

Otho. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, what he did: I know not what he did.

Otho. What? What?

Iago. Ye, Otho, with her.


Iago. Ye, with her? I'e yer, she? We see yer, on her, when they be yer, her. Otho, with her: that's fullsome: Handkerchief; Confessions: Handkerchiefs. To confesse, and he hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confess. Nature would not itself her self in such showing passion, without some instruction. It is not words that take me up, (prod.)

Notes, Ears, and Lips: ill possible. Confess! Handkerchief! O duc!

Fall in a Trance.

Iago. Worked on,

My Medicine works. Thus credulous Foole are caught,
And many worthy, and shall Danes enslave,
(All guards)meet reproach: what hoa? My Lord?

My Lord, I say: Otho.

Enter Caffio.

How now Cassio! What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord, your signs are like an epileptic,
This is his second fit. He had one yesterday.

Caf. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. He, the Legarius must have his quiet course;
If he feares at mouth: and by and by
Breaks out to false madmen. Look, he flutters.
Do you withdraw your self, a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speak with you.

How is it General? Have you not burst your head?

Otho. Dull thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by Heaven.

Would you be borne your Fortune like a man.

Otho. A Honored man's a Monitor, and a Bealt.

Iago. That's more a Bealt then in a populous City,
And many a small Monitor.

Otho. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man.

Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare overcome weather. Your cause is better.
Oh, it's the sight of hell, the Fiends Arcch-mock,
To oip a wanton in a secure Cowch;

And to suppose her shaft. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what the shall be.

Otho. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certain,

Iago. Stand you a white apart.

Confine your self but in a palatant list,
While you were here, 'tis well-whelmed with your griefs
(A passion most refuting such a man)

Coffa came hither. I disturbed him away,
And layd good feathers upon your Estate,
But him soon returne: and here I peake with me,
The which he promises. Do but en urges your self,
And make the Freeres, the Gybes, and notable Scorches
That dwell in every Region of his face.

For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say but mark his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say 'r all in all in Spileane,
And nothing of a man.

Otho. Do't thou hear, Iago,
I will be found more cunning in your Patience
But do't thou hear: most bloody.

Iago. That's not my hand,
But yet keep time in all: will you withdraw?

Now will I question Caffio of Svanco,
A Dutchman that by telling her defiles
Buyest fernelle Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on Caffio, (as 'tis the Sternepest plague
To be-gone many, and be be-guild by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot refrain
From the exult of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Caffio.

As he shall smile, Otho shall go mad:
And his vocation lusquous must confirm,
Poore Coffo is slander, getters, and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Caffio. The wonder, that you give me the addition,
Who's wanton runs me.

Iago. Pity Darmowell, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Sue lay in Svanco's dowe,
He may quickly shoul'd you speed.

Caffio. Also poor Caffio.

Otho. Otho. Look, how he laughs already.

Iago. I knew not women love man so.

Caffio. Also poor Roger, I think indeed the loares me.

Otho. He now denies it faintly: and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you heare Cassio?

Otho. Now he importhern him
To tell it is: go too, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Caffio. Ha, ha, ha.

Iago. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do ye triumph?


Some Chastity to my wit, do not think it
So whole some. Ha, ha, ha.

Caffio. So, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Caffio. Prythee, Otho, say true.

Iago. I am a very Villain same.

Otho. Have you lost me? Well.

Caffio. This is the more a man in a patent.
She is persuaded I will marry her.

Out of her owne lose & flattery, not out of my promise.

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IV. i. 16—131
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Iago becomes a man now he begins the story.
Cass. She was here e'en now: she, the haunts of every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanks with certain Vandetta, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.
Oth. Crying oh here Cassio, as it were, his effigies imports it.
Cass. So hangs, and falls, and weeps upon you: So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Now he tells how the pluck't him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that doggery, I shall throw it to.
Cass. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me: loke where the comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cass. 'Tis such another, is she not, my lady's perfumed one? What do you mean by this haunting of me? Bian. Let the duell, and his dam haunt you: what did you mean by that shame handkerchief, you gave me e'en now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the world's a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. There is four times taken, I must take out the world! There, give it you, your Hoggy-bottom, wherefore you had it, I take out no work on't.
Cass. How now, my sweet Bianca? How now? How now?
Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief. Bian. If you're come to suppise to night you may, if you will not, when you are next prepar'd for. Exit Iago. After her: after her.
Cass. I must, indeed, the streets clear. Iago. Will you top there?
Cass. Yes, I intend so.
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very fane speak with you.
Cass. Prythee come: will you?
Iago. Too go: I say no more.
Oth. How shall I murther him, Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?
Oth. Or, Iago.
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?
Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife: the game's a hun, and he hath gait'n his whore.
Oth. I would have him nine verres a killing: A base woman, a base woman, a sweet woman: Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Othello. Let her not, and perils, and be damn'd to night, for the shall not live. No, my heart is sured to floors: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: the sightless eye by an Empress's side, and comes into those Tales.
Iago. Nay, that's tain your way.
Oth. 'Gainst her, I do say what she is: so delicate with it: Needle: an admirable Musitain, Oh she will finger the quivering of a Bones; of so high and plentiful spirit and generation.
Iago. What it is use for all this.
Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And both of her gentle a condition;
Iago. A solemn age.
Oth. Nay, that's certain:
Remits the pomp of it, Iago, oh Iago, the pity of it.

Iago. If you are to fond over her inquiet: give her patient to offend, for if she touch not you, it comes ere no body.
Oth. I will then bring her into Meffes: Cuckold me?
Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.
Oth. With mine Officer?
Iago. That's fouler.
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago, this night. He not expostulate with her: leafl her body and beauties improve under my mind again: this night Iago.
Iago. Do it not with poison, fix 'tute her in her bed, Even the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good:
The Justice of it pleases: very good.
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; You shall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpett is that same? Lod. I warrant something from Venice, This Lodovico, this, comes from the Duke. Say's our wife's with him.
Iago. Save you worthy General.
Oth. With all my heart Sir.
Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.
Oth. I kiss the Infrument of their pleasures.
Def. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lutes Sir.
Def. Cozen, there's false between him, & my Lord, An awkward breach: but you shall make it well.
Oth. Are you sure of this?
Def. My Lord.
Oth. This tale you not to do, as you will —
Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper, Is there possession by my Lord, and Cassio?
Def. A most unhappy one: I would do much To strengthen for the bold: I hear to Cassio.
Oth. Far, and brienzellone.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. Are you sure?
Def. What is he angrier?
May be the letter mou'd him.
For at London, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his Government.
Def. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Def. Why, sweet Othello?
Oth. Duell.
Def. I have not defend this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believed in Venice, Though I should wear I can't. 'Tis very much
Make her amends: she weeps.
Oth. Oh duell, duell!
If that the Earth could teeme with woman's tears,
Each drop the falls, would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my fight.
Def. I will: not stay to offend you:
Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
I do believe your Lordship call her backe.

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the Moor of Venice.

Enter Otello, and Ernolia.

Otello. You have seen nothing then?
Ernolia. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Otello. Yes, you have seen Caffio, and the together.
Ernolia. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard, Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Otello. What? Did they never whisper?
Ernolia. Never my Lord.
Otello. Nor send you out oth'way?
Ernolia. Neuer.
Otello. To fetch her Fan, her Glove, her Mask, nor no.
Ernolia. Never my Lord. (thing?)
Otello. That's strange.
Ernolia. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest.
Lay down my Soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heauen requite it with the Serpents curse,
For it the be not honest, chaste, and true,
There'll no man happy, The purril of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.
Otello. But she comes hither; go.
Ernolia. She fales enough: yet she's a simple Bawd
That cannot lay as much. This is a subtle Where:
A Clozet Lockeand Key of Villainous Secrets,
And yet she's korne, and pray: I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Ernolia.

Otello. My Lord, what is your will?
Ernolia. Pray you Checke came hither.
Otello. What is your pleasure?
Ernolia. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.
Otello. What horrid Faure's this?
Otello. Some of your Function Mirth:
Leave Proceedes alone, and shut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem, if any bode yome:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch. Ernolia.
Otello. What my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a Farry in your words.
Otello. Why? What art thou?
Ernolia. Your wife my Lord: I your true and loyal wife.
Otello. Come swear it: damn thy selfe, least
being like one of Heauen, the dwellers themsevles
Should swear to swear thee.
Therefore be double damne & swear thee not benough.
Otello. Heaven doth truely know it.
Otello. Heaven truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Otello. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?
Otello. Ah Deudamus, away, away.
Otello. Alas the heavy day: why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these teares my Lord?
It happily you my Father do fepscht,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have left him,
I have left him too.
Otello. Had threat'd Heauen,
To trye me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sones, and Shames on my bare-head:
Step'd me in pouer to the very Eppers.
Gone to Captivity, mee, and my smurf hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soule
A drop of patience. But alas to make me
The fixed figure for the time of Scone,
To point thy flow and mouing finger at.
Yet could I bear that too well, very well:
But thare where I have garneted vp my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life.
The Fountaine from the which my current ranne,
Or elles dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keep't it as a Chefferne, for foille Todes
To knott and gender in. Thine thy complication there:
Patience, thou young and Rohc-lop'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as hell.
Otello. I hope my Noble Lord effeemnes me honest.
Otello. Oh, a Summer Fire is in the Stambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weede:
Who art so lovely faire, and small to be sweare,
That the Senes skates at thee.
Would thou hadst soe neuer bin borne.
Otello. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Otello. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whose upon? What committted,

Scena Secunda.

Enter Otello, and Ernolia.

Otello. What? Did they never whisper?
Ernolia. Never my Lord.
Otello. Nor send you out oth'way?
Ernolia. Neuer.
Otello. To fetch her Fan, her Glove, her Mask, nor no.
Ernolia. Never my Lord. (thing?)
Otello. That's strange.
Ernolia. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest.
Lay downe my Soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heauen requite it with the Serpents curse,
The Tragedie of Othello

Committed: Oh, how publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheeks,
That would to Cynder burne vp Modesty,
Did I but speake thy deced: What committed?

Heauen flippeth the Nofe aris, and the Moore winks:
The bawd windes that killeth all 15 messees,
Is hau'd within the hollow Myre of Earth
And will not heart. What committed?

Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Obr. Are not you a Strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian.

If to prefent this vifell for my Lord,
From any other foule valvfull touch
Be not to a Strumpet, I am none.

Obr. What nor a Who? 

Def. No, as I shall be fay'd,

Obr. Is't poifible? 

Def. No Heauen forgive vs.

Obr. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You Minife,

Exit Asthma.

That have the office oppofite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you I you,
We have done our courfe: there's money for your pains:
I pray you turn the key, and keep our countfafe. Exeunt.

Asthma. Alas, what do this Gentlemans conceit?

How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Def. Faith, halle a heap.

Asthma. Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord? 

Def. With who? 

Asthma. Why, with your Lord, Madam? 

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Asthma. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I have none, do not talke to me Asthma.

I cannot wepe; I prays your pardon, I may not,
En what should go by water. Praythee tongue,
Lay on my beddy wedding feete, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Asthma. Here's a change indeed.

Def. 'Tis meete I should be v'd to: every metee.

How haue you bin behau'd, that might be thicke
The small ftrt opinion on my leeft bite vie?

Enter Iago and Asthma.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?

How's it with you?

Def. I cannot tel: thofoe that do enfe yong Babes
Do it with gentry manners, and effef taskes,
He might have chide me for: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Asthma. Alias Iago) my Lord hath to be what'd her,
Throwne fuch dilrepit, and heavy terme vpon her
That true heart cannot bare it.

Def. Am I that name Iago?

Iago. What name (faint Lady)?

Def. Such as the fayd my Lord did fay I was.

Asthma. He call'd her where a Beggar in his drinkes
Could not have laid fuch terme vpon his Callers.

Iago. Why did he do?

Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none fuch.

Iago. Do wepe, do wepe: alas the day.

Asthma. Hath fhe forooke fomany Noble Matches?

Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Where? Would it not make one weepe?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Behew his for't: 

How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Asthma. I will be hang'd if I do well, eternall Villaine,
Some bufie and infratiting Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slue, to get some Office,
Hau't not deu'd this Slander: I will be hang't elle.

Iago. Fie, there is no fuch man: it is impoffible.

Def. If any fuch there be, Heauen pardon him.

Asthma. A balder pardon him:

A hell grow his bones.

Why should he call her Where?

Who keeps her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What likeliehood?

The Moore's abud by some most villanous Knave,
Some baie notorious Knave, some merry Fellow.

Oh Heauen, that fuch conventions thott'd it end,
And put in every honet hand a whip
To laff the Raflalls runck through the world,
Even from the Eart to the Weft.

Iago. Speak within deare.

Asthma. Oh fie upon the misfome fuch Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the teamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with that Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Def. Alias Iago,

What flill I do to win my Lord againe?

Good friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I looke him. Here I kneele:
I reem me will did trypaffe gainst his Love,
Either in unfoorfe of thought, or a true deed,
O. that unlie Eyes, mine E耶: or any Seene
Did gredeth them: or any other femme.
O. that do not yet, and ever did,
And les not well (though he do shake me off,
To be gently ducecomm) Love him dearely,
Comfart forwear me. Voklandeifie may do much,
And by vnknowndie may defeat my life,
But never tayn my Love. I cannot fay Whore,
I do's abrode me now I take the word,
Now to the AEt, that might the addition came,
Nor the worlds Maffe of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I prays you be content: 'tis but his humour.
The bufineffe of the State do his office.

Def. If were no other.

Iago. It is but fo, I trow nat,
Ereake how theire Inftument freemans to supper:
The Mefingers of Venice flies the meate,
Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

Exit Asthma, & Asthma.

Enter Roderigo.

How now Roderigo?

Roderigo, I do not finde
That thou dealeft flyly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Roderigo. Every day thou dasst me with some defufe
Iago, and rather, as it fenes to me now, keep'st from me all conueniences, then forgifled me with the leat ad
dvance of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perfwaded to put vp in peace, what already I have foolishly sufferd.

Iago. Will you heare me Roderigo?

Roderi. I
And hell gnaw his bones, -
Performance are no kin together.

Iago: You charge me most vainly.

Roderigo: With naught but truth: I have wast'd my self or out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver Desdemona, would hale have corrupted a Vowrit. You have told me the haste receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of Sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago: Well, go too: very well.

Roderigo: Very well, I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is featur: and begun to finde my selfe forgot it.

Iago: Very well.

Roderigo: I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my self known to Desdemona, if she will returne me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful full solicitation. Swiftly, affaire, your selfe, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago: You have said now.


Iago: Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and even from this informant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: give me thy hand Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most ill exception: but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Roderigo: It hath not appeare'd.

Iago: I grant indeed it hath not appeare'd: and your fulmination is not without wit and judgement. But Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to beleue now then euer ( I mean as much as I may suppose) Courteous and Valuer (this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with Freache

Iago: What is it? Is it within, reason and compas

Iago: Sir, there is especial Commision come from Venice to depue Caffio in Othello's place.

Iago: Is that true? Why then Othello and Desdemona returns againe to Venice.

Iago: On no the goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire Desdemona, vnlike his a

Iago: How do you mean removing him?

Iago: Why, by making him wrapable of Othello's place: knocking out his brains.

Iago: And that you would have me to do.

Iago: 1: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a tight. Heps to night with a Harlots: and thurber will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honorable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will doubts to fall out betweene twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure, I will be see to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not anazed at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necettity in his death, that you shall thunke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to well. About it.

Iago: I will hereafter reason for this.

And you shall be satisfied.
The Tragedie of Ostello

So get they gone, good night: mine eyes do itch.
Doth that base weeping?  
Nef. I hope no man is steeped, nor there:
Dei. Have here this life's sin, O shee Men, these men!  
Dei. This thou in confidence (tell me Amile).  
That there be women do slue their husbands
In such grofe kinde?  
Amile. There be some such, no question.
Dei. Would it be such a deed for all the world?
Amile. Why, would not you?
Dei. No, by this Heavenly light.
Amile. Nor I neither, by this Heavenly light:
I might do't as well at th' darke.
Dei. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Amile. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.
Dei. Intreoch, I think thou wouldst not.
Amile. In troth I think I should, and vndoe what
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for
a toynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne nor for Gowers,
Petrons, nor Carps, nor any perry exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
bands Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
ture Purges story for't.
Dei. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.
Amile. Why, the wrong is but a wrong in'
world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong
in your owne world, and you might quickly make
Dei. I do not think there is any such woman.
Amile. Yes, a dozen: and as many to th' vantage, as
would flow the world they played for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wars do fall: Say, that they flacke their duties,
And powre out Treasures into foreign laps;
Or else brake out in peisseful treome,
Throwing restraint upon vs: Or sry they flacke vs,
Or f cotton former having in deliging
Why we have galles: and though we have some Graces,
Yet we have some Straunge. Let Husbands knowe,
Their wives have fone like them: They see, and smell,
And those that Pente both for sweet, and soere,
A. And Husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Spott?
I thinke no: and doth Affeccion breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is it Faiuly that thus erre?
It is so too. And have not we Affeotions?
Defirs for Spott? and Faiuly, as men have
Then let them vs: vs well: else let them know
That thes vs: and do there ils instruct vs.
Dei. Good night, good night:
I thinke you do fine vs send,
Not to poke bad, from bad: but by bad, mend.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leage and Redegrin.
Leage. Here, stand behind this Backle,
Straight will he come:
Wear all thy good Paper bare, and put it home:
Quick, quicken, feare nothing: He be at thy Elbow,
I makes vs, or it moves vs, thinke on that,
And Ie must tryst thy Revolution.

Red. Be neere at hand, I may minister in't,
Leage. Here, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy hand.
Red. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And ye he hath gonne me satisfying Reasons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth with my Sword: he dies.
Leage. I have rub'd this yong Quaf almost to the fens,
And he grovess angry. Now, whether he kill Caffo,
Or Caffo him, or else do kill the other,
Every way makes my game. Lieue Redegrin,
He calleth me to a refutation large
Of Gold, and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to Disdemona.
It must not be: If Caffo do remaine,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes not ugly: and besides, the Moore
May enflame to me; there stand I in such peril:
No, he must dye.
But, so I heard him coming.  

Enter Caffo
Red. I know his gare, 'tis he: Villain thee dyest.
Caffo. That thrift had bere me: or every indeed,
But that my Gout is better then thou knowst?
I will make proofe of thine.
Red. Oh, I am flaine.
Caffo. I am mayn'd for eate:
Help ho! Mother, mother.

Enter Ostello.
Osth. The voyage of Caffo, Leage keeps his word.
Red. O Villaine that I am.
Osth. It is euen so.
Caffo. Oh, help eae: Light, a Surgeon.
Osth. Tis he: Obraze Leage, honest, and lust.
That haft such Noble fence of thy friends wrong,
That reacheth me. Mimon, your deere eye's dead,
And your vtility Fate hughes: Strupper I come:
For of my heart, those Charn exhaunt Eyes, are blotted.
The Bed but-bladd, shall want Lust blood bee spotted.

Exit Ostello.

Enter Lodacne and Grassine.
Leage. What's this? no Watch? no paffige?
Mother, Mother.
Gras. 'Tis come mischance, the voyce is very direfull.
Leage. Oh, help me.
Loda. Help.
Red. Oh, wretched Villaine.
Leage. Two on three groane. 'Tis heavy night:
There may be counterfeiters: Let's think's unsafe.
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Red. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Leage.
Leage. Heake.
Gras. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Waphons.
Leage. Who's there?
Whos noyle is this that cries on murther?
Loda. We do not know.
Leage. Do you hear a cry?
Leage. Here, here, for heauen sake helpe me.
Leage. What's the matter?
Gras. That is Ostello's Auncle, as I take it.
Loda. The fame inferde, a very vlliant Fellow.
Leage. What are you here, that cry so greeuefully?
Caffo. Oh I am spoy'd, radaone by Villaines:
Give me some helpe.

Leage. Oh, mee, Lieuentanet!
Villaine what have you done this?
Leage. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And
And cannot make away.

Lys. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give some help.
Rod. O help me there.
Coffa. That's one of them.
Lys. Oh madrout Slave! O Villaine!
Rod. O damnd Lys! O Chinnamate Dogge!
Lys. Kill men t'other.
Where be these bloody Thearists?
How silent is this Towne? Hoa, mutter, mutter.
What may you be? Are you of good, or evil?
Lys. As you shall prove, ye prate们.
Lys. Signior Ladone.
Lys. He Sir.
Lys. I cry you mercy: here's Coffa hurt by Villaines.
Gra. Coffa?
Lys. How is your Brother?
Caf. My Legge is cut in two.
Lys. Many heaven befriend:
Light Gentlemen, be bide it with my shitt.

Enter Bisera.

Bis. What is the matter ho? Who is that cry'd?
Lys. Who is that cry'd?
Bis. Oh my dear Coffa,
My sweet Coffa. Oh Coffa Coffa Coffa.
Lys. O notable Strumpet. Coffa, may you suffer? Who they should be, that hate thus mangled you?
Caf. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus;
I have borne to leck you.
Lys. Tender my Garter. So— Oh for a Chaire
To bear him eazy hence.
Bis. Alas he faints. Oh Coffa, Coffa Coffa:
Lys. Gentlemen all, I do leuke this Truth
To be a party in this Entertainment.
Dine a while, good Coffa. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deare Countryman
Rodrigo? No; Yes sure; Yes, 'tis Rodriguez.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Lys. Even he Sir; Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Lys. Signior Craia! I try your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad so fece you.
Gra. Rodriguez?
Lys. He, he, he, he:
Oh that's well said, the Chaire.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
He fetch the Generall Surgeon. For you Miftiss,
Save you your labour. He that lies flame herte [Coffa].
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?
Gra. None in the world: nor do I know the man.
Lys. What looke you pale? Oh bear him oth' Arms,
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Miftiss.
Do you perceive the gatheffe of her eye?
Nay, if you flatter, we shall bear more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her?
Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineffe will speake,
Though tongues were out of fie.
Lys. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?
Lys. Coffa hath beene fay on in the darkes
By Rodriguez, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost flyne, and Rodriguez quite dead.

9lEm. Ais good Gentlemen: ais good Coffa.
Lys. This is the fruits of a horring. Prythee the Aemilia,
G'st know of Coffa where he apt to light.
What, do you shak at that?
Bis. He sups at my house, but I there fore shak not.
Lys. O he fo? I charge you go with me.
Aemil. Oh fie upon thee Strumpet.
Bis. I am no Strumpet, but at life as honest,
As that you thus abuse me.
Aemil. As I? Fie upon thee.
Lys. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let us goe see poor Coffa drif.
Come M. this, you must be another Tale.
Aemilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hast happ'd?
Will you go on afoot? This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoez me quight. Exeunt.

Scene Second.

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, ye chaffe Starets,
It is the Caufe. Yet he not shed her blood,
Nor chaffe that where the Kn on of her, then Snowy
And smooth as Monumentall Abrallers:
Yet the must dye, elle thee st betray more men?
Put our the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I unquench thee, thou flaming Minifie,
I can agaize thy former light refore;
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning't Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heart
That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I have quickl'd thy Ro'e,
I cannot give it pell growthe againe,
It needs must witter. He small thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that doth almoft perfuade
lustre to break her Sword. One more, one more:
Belius when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last,
So sweet, was he to fall, I must wepepe,
But they are cruel Tears: This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth lovee. She wakes.

Def. Who's there? Othelio?
Othelio. Defdemona.
Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pry'd do night, Defdemona?
Def. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your fel of any Crime
Vaterconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it Straight.
Def. Alaske, my Lord,
What may you mane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens forelend. I would not kill thy Soule.
Def. Take you of killing?
Oth. 1, I do.
Def. Then Heauen have mercy on mee.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hush.
Def. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then.
When your eyes rowle to.
Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltnesse I know not: But yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy times.
Def. They are Lovers I beare to you.
Oth. And for that thou dy'st,
Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louring.
Als, why grant you to your worship-lip?
Some bloody passion makes your very Frame.
Theirs are portents; yet but I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be full.
Def. I will go to: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchief
Which I so loud, and gave thee, thou gav'st to Caffo.
Def. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heade, take heed of Periury,
That art on thy death-bed.
Def. 1, but not yet to dye,
Oth. Prelently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remove, nor choake the strong Conception
This: I do grieve withall. Thou art to dye.
Def. O Heaven have mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Def. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life: never loud Caffo,
But with such generall warrant of heaven,
As I might lose. I never gave him Token.
Oth. By Heaven I saw my Handkerchief in his hand:
O perjur'd woman, thou dost flone 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 confesse a truth.
Oth. He had confession.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath va'd thee.
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No: this mouth is Ropp'd:
Honest Jax hath 'tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin blew, my great Reuenge
Had flamacke for them all.
Def. Alas, he is bewray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Our Strumpet: wept? then thon for him to my face?
Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Dawne Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me lie to night.
Oth. Nay, if you thrive.
Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there it is now.
Def. Yea, but while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.
Smutters her.

Oth. My Lord, my Lord? What ha she?

My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead not yett quite dead?
I am that cruel, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.

Ami(within). What boast my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?

Ami. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis Ami: by and by. She's dead.
'Tis like the come to speake of Caffo's death:
The noise was high. HA, no more mouing?
Still as the Graue, Shall she come in? Well's good?
I think the flares again. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, thee I speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inuiporlable! Oh heavy houre!
Me thinkes, it shou'd bencow a huge Eclipse!
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'Affrighted Globe
Did yawe at Alteration.

Ami. I do beffeche you
That, I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in Ami.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains drawne.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Ami.

Ami. Oh my good Lord, yonders Soule Murthers done.
Oth. What now?

Ami. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more nectar Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Ami. Caffo, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd? and Caffo kill'd?
Ami. No. Caffo is not kill'd,
Oth. Not Caffo kill'd! Then Murther's out of tune,
And (weet Reuenge growers hard.

Def. Othello, falsely murder'd.

Ami. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?

Ami. Out and alas, that was my Ladies voice,
Helps, helpe hea, helpe. Oh Lucie (peaky again,
Sweet Dislimam, oh sweet Millfish, speake.
Def. A guiltnesse death, I dye.

Ami. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def. No body: I my selfe, farewell.
Commend me to thy kindes Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should the be murthed?

Ami. Alas: who knows?
Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

Ami. She said for: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Ami. On the more Angell fire, and you the blacker Diuell,

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and the was a whore.

Ami. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was false as water.

Ami. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.
Oth. Caffo did rap her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon good grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband know it all.
the Moore of Venice.

Q. My husband?
Orb. Thy husband.
E. That she was false to Wedlockes?
Orb. I, with Caffo: had the bin true,
He would make me such another world,
Or he enyrie and perfe<e> Caffo,
I'd not have told her for it.
E. My husband?
Orb. I, twas he that told meon her fist,
An honest man he is, and hates the flame.
That fleshe of filthy deeds.
E. My husband?
Orb. What needs this sitterance, woman?
I say, thy husband.
E. Oh Miftris,
Villany hath made mockes with love.
My Husband say the was false?
Orb. He, woman.
E. Say thys husband? Do you understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, and sage.
E. If he favours, may his peregrin Soule
Not holde a grame a day; he dyes to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy heart.
Orb. Hah?
E. Do thy word:
This deed of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was worthy her.
Orb. Peace, you were well.
E. Thou hast not half that powre to do me harm,
As I have to be hurst. Oh Caffo, oh death,
As ignorant as durt; than hast done a deed
(I care not for thy sword) lie make thee known.
Though I lost twenty hures. Halp, helpe, helo, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miftriss. Murder, murder.

Enter Montague, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now General?
E. Oh are you come, Iago; you have done well.
That men may lay their Mothers on your neck.
Gr. What is the matter?
E. Diaproue this Villain, if thou hast a man:
He sayes, thou told him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not; thou'st not such a Villain.
Speakes, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought.
And told no more.
Then what he found himself was apt, and true.
E. But did you ever tell him,
She was false?
Iago. I did.
E. You told a Lye an odious dammed Lye:
Upon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye,
Shene falle with Caffo?
Did you say with Caffo?
Iago. With Miftris, Mistress?
Go too, charme your tongue.
E. I will not charme my Tongue; I am bound to speake,
My Miftriss hereye lyes murdered in her bed.
All. Oh Heauen, forefend.
E. And your spects haveisethe Murder on.
Orsillo. Nay shere not Maffers,
It is true indee.
Gr. Tis a strange Truth.
Menu. Of monstrous Aile.

E. Villany, villany, villany:
I thunke upon't, I thunke: I mete: O Villany:
I thought to them; Ile kill my felte for greete.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I do ge you go your home.
E. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake:
Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Per chance Iago, I will me go home.
Orb. Oh, oh, oh.
E. Nay, say thee downe and roare:
For thou haile kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.
Orb. Oh she was fowle!
I sathe did know you Vinkle, there lies your Neece,
Whoest breach (indeed) their hands have newly foppe'd:
I know this acte flies more horrible and grim.
Gr. Poor Diferent:
I am a witty Father's dead.
Thy Match was mostall to him: and pure greete.
Shore: his old tile in twaine. Did she now,
This figh: would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, cause his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reparance.
Orb. Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knowes
That the with Caffo, hath the Acte of flaine.
A thousand times committed. Caffo confed it,
And the did gratue his amorous worke.
With that Recongnice and plea of Love
Which first gave her. I saw him on hand:
It was a Handkerchief, an Autque Token
My Father gave my Mother.
E. Oh Heauen! Oh heavenly Powre!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
E. T'will out, t'will out. I preste?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Duela, let them all,
All, and, one flame against me, yet I speake.
Iago. Be wife, and get you home.
E. I will not.
Gr. Yee, your Sword upon a Woman.
E. Oh thou dali Moore, that Handkerchief thou speake of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:
For often, with a felenate earne theire.
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to stalle it.
Iago. Villainous Whore.
E. She gies: to Caffo! No, alas I found it,
And I did gav my Husband.
Iago. Thik, thou lyeft.
E. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh mad our Coscombe, what should such a Folle
Do with to good a wife?
Orb. Are there no Fones in Heauen,
But what feres for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gr. The woman fallest:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
E. I, I, I: oh lay mee by my Miftris side.
Gr. Here's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the Moore:
Come guard the door without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ill after that same Villaine,
For tis a dammed Slaue.
Oh. I am not valiant neither: 
But every Punie whipter gets my Sword, 
But why should Honor out-lice Honesty? 
Let it go all.

Amid. What did thy Song bode Lady? 
Hearken, confit thou heare me! I will play the Swan, 
And dye in Musick. 
Woo, woo, woo, 
Mooe, I thee was chalke! She I all thee, cruel Mooe, 
So come my Soule to blisfe, 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: Yankee I must come forth. 

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere: 
Thou hast no weapon, and presence mult-suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speake with me.

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I have a weapon: 
A better never did in felie faulkne. 

Upon a Soldiers Thigh, I have feene the day, 
That with this little Arne, and this good Sword, 
I have made my way through more impediments 
Then twenty vnes your stop. (but oh vaine boast) 
Who can contrall his Fate? 'tis not in now. 

Be not affraid, though you do fee me weapon'd: 
Heree is my tourniet end, heree is my butt 
And seee Sea-mark of my vnnod Safe. 

Do you go backe, dismis'd? 'tis a soft leaf: 
Man but a Ruch against Othello's breath, 
And he retire. Where shou'd Othello go?

Now: how doth thou look now? Oh Ill-Star'd wench, 
Pale as thy Smoake: when we all meete at comp. 
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heaven, 
And Friends will mistrust at it. Cold, cold, my Girls? 
Even like thy Chastity. O cur'd, cur'd Slue! 
Whip me ye Duell, 
From the pullifition of this Heavenly fight: 
Blow me in winds, drive me in Sulphure, 
Wash me in steep-downe gulles of Liquid fire. 

Oh Disdaine! dead Disdaine! dead. Ohh! 

Enter Lodovico, Caffio, Montano, and Iago, 
with Caffiers.

Lod. Where is that rash, and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello: here I am. 

Lod. Where is that Viper? 
Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth Hooke down towards his feet; but that's a Fable, 
If that thou brent a Duell, I cannot kill thee. 

Lod. With such Sword from him. 
I 3, I blest Sir, but not kill'd. 

Oth. I am not forty neither, I'd haue thee live: 
For in my fenv, 'tis happen'd to die. 

Lod. Oh thou Othello, that was once so good, 
I live in the pradice of a curdt Slue, 
What shall be faile to thee, 
Oth. Why any thing; 
In honneur, like Murther, if you will: 
For nougat I did in hate, but all in Honour. 

Lod. This wretch hath past confest his Villany: 
Did you and he confest in Caffio's death. 

Oth. 1. 

Caff. Dear General, I never gave you cause. 

Oth. I doe belieue it, and I ask your pardon: 
Will you, I pray, demand that merry-Duell, 

Why he hath thus enfray'd my Soule and Body. 

Jag. Demand me nothing: what thou know, you know: 
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word. 

Lod. What not to pray? 

Gra. Torments will ope your lips. 

Oth. Well, thou dost belte. 

Lod. Sir, 
You shall understand what hath befallen, 
(Which as I think, you know not) heres a Letter 
Found in the pocket of the ilaine Rederigo, 
And here another, the one of them imports 
The death of Caffio, to be vertooke. 

By Rederigo. 

Oth. O Villaine! 

Caffio, Moit Henchmen, and most grasse. 

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper 
Found in his pocket: too: and this is feates: 

Rederigo meant th'anne sent this damned Villaine: 
But that (belike) Iago in the interim 
Comes in, and faits f'd him. 

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caffiers! 

How came you (Caffio) by that Handketchief 
That was my wives? 

Caffio. I found it in my Chamber: 
And he himselfe confest it but euene now; 
That there he dropt it for a special purpose, 
Which wrougt to his desire. 

Othel. Of Poole, poole, poole! 

Caffio. There is bades, in Rederigo's Letter, 
How he upbrades Iago, that he made him 
Braue me upon the Watch: whereon it came 
That I was rawl: and euene now he spake 
(After long seemings dead) Iago hunt him, 

Lod. You must forfake this room, and goe with vs. 
Your Power, and your Command is taken off, 
And affies rule in Cyprus. For this Slue, 
If there be any cunning Cruetie, 
That can torment him much, and hold him long, 
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner, 
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne 
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away. 

Oth. I shall be you: a sword or two before you goe: 
I haue done the State some service, and they know: 
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters, 
When you haile these volatlive occasions, 
Speake of me as I am. Nasheing extenmate, 
Nor let downe ought in malice. 

Then must you speake, 
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but to well: 
Of one, not easie fealous, but being wrougt, 
Persevered in the extreme. Of one, whose hand 
(Like the hufe Indiam) throw a Peale away, 
Rüther then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes, 
Albeit vn.ved to the melting moode, 
Drops tears as sall as the Arabian Trees 
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you dowe this: 
And say besides, that in Hesper orch, 
Where a man shane, and a Tornado Turk 
Beats a Venetian, and traduc'd the State, 
I tooke by th'choate the circumcised Dogge, 
And smooe him, thus. 

Lod. Oh bloody period. 

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd. 

Oth. I kill thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this, 
Killing my fells, to dyce upon a knife. 

Eye 

Caffio.
This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Let it be hid. Clamour, keep the house,
And seize upon the Passages of the Moor;
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains to enforce this belief of villainy:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inform us;
My wife will straight aboard, and to the Sea,
This house and Act, with devout heart relate.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

<table>
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<tr>
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<td>Gratiano.</td>
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<td>Desdemona, wife to Othello.</td>
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<td>Bianca, a Cunstean.</td>
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Duke of Venice.

Venice.
Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Ay, but this design of our Generals
One flowers the measure: those his godly eyes
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the feuffles of great Fights hath bruit
The Buckles on his brust, reneges all, tempe,
And as become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Luf.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra her Ladie, the Truce with Cuns hushing her.

Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world:) transfornd
Into a Strepets Foole. Behold and see.
Cle. He shall be Loose indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the loose that can be reckoned.
Cle. Ile let a boome how farre to be below.
Ant. These must thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Msf. News! (my good Lord) from Rome.
Ant. Greadest me the summe.
Cle. Nay hear them Anthony.

Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knows,
If the leafe-bearded Cesare hast not sent
His powrfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchish that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.
Ant. How my Lord?
Cle. Perchance. Nay and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cesare, therefore hear it Anthony.
What's Fulvia Princeps? (Cesare I would say) both?
Call into the Messenger: As I am Egypte Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Cesars homerger ells to thy cheeke payer shame;
When fulvias gand Fulvias Child. The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the ensig'd Empire fall: Here is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth like

Enter Eubodius, Lampchius, a Southerly, Rousius, Lucullus, Cesarion, Franc, Marcius the Emman, and Alexas.

Char. 1. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Southishayer that you pratt's so to? Queene? Oh that I knew this Husband, which you say, must change his Houses with Garlands.

Alex. Soouthsrayer.

Suth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? It's you I fee that know things?

Suth. In Natures infinite booke of Secretes, a little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Cleop. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleop.
Anthony and Cleopatra

Char. Not he, the Queene.
Cleo. Sava you, my Lord.
Char. No Lady.
Cleo. Was he not heere?
Char. No Madam.
Cleo. He was dispo'd to mistrust, but on the sudden
A Romaine thought hath strooke him.
Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: when's Alcides?
Char. Heere at your seruice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messinger.
Cleo. We will not looke upon him:
Go with vs.
Alc. Fond wight's Wife,
Fisst came into the Field.
Avt. Against my Brother Lucius?
Alc. I: but (once that Warre had end,
And the times, first
Made friends of us, interposing their force gainst Ceasar,
Whole better issue in the warre from Italy,
Upon the first encounter draw them.
Avt. Well, what wroth?
Alc. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller,
Avt. When it concerns the Foul of Cowardry. 
Things that are past, are done with me. Tis true,
Who tells me true, though in his Tale lyke death,
I heare him as he flatteres it.
Alc. Labeans (this is a flisse-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Aria: from Ephesus hee conquering
Banner & hookee, from Syria to Lydya,
And to Ionia, which?
Avt. Anthony thou wouldst floy.
Alc. Oh my Lord.
Avt. Speake to me home,
Mince not the general tongue, name
Cleopatra as shee is call'd in Rome:
Raille thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunte my faults
With full full licente, as both Tetach and Matiace
Have power to vitter. Oh then we bring forth weede,
When our quicke winder lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our caring: face ther well awillle.
Alc. At your Noble pleasure.
Exit Messinger.

Enter another Messinger.
Avt. From Sceiss, how the news? Speake there.
1. Mess. The man from Scæs, is
Therinuch an one?
2. Mess. He stays uppoy your will.
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in derogage,

Enter another Messinger with a Letter.

What are you?
3. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is deede.
Avt. Where dyed she?
Mess. In Scæs, in length of sicknesse
With what else more serious,
Incometh thee to know, this b cares.
Avt. Forbear me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I declare it:
What our contempt doth often hurte from vs,

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We with it was againe. The present pleasure,
By resolution lowering, does become
The opposite of it felte: he's good being gone,
The hand could plucke her backe, that thou'd her on.
I muft from this enchanting Queene brake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the lies I know.
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now Enobarbus.

Ene. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Auct. I muft with halfe from hence.

Ene. Why then we kill all our Women. We fehow
mortall an alkindorfie is to them, if they suffer our de-
paure death's the word.

Auct. I muft be gone.

Ene. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.
It were pitie to caft them away for nothing, though be-
tweene them and a great cause, they Should be esteemed
nothing. Cleopatra catching but the leaft noyse of this,
dies instantly: I have nother d suede twentie times vpon
falsest poorer moment: I do think there is maste in death,
which commits some knowing atc upon her, the natch such
a cerenity in dying.

Auct. She is cunning path mans thought.

Ene. Alaske Sir no, her passion are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot ca ths waters
and waters, fighes and tears: They are greater flourres
and tempells then Almanackes can report. This cannot be
smiling in her; if it be, the makes a showers of Raine
as well as love.

Auct. Would I had never scene her.

Ene. Oh Sir, you had then left vifene a wondrful
piece of worke, which not to have bene bleft withall,
would have differted your Trauail.

Auct. Fulvia is dead.

Ene. Sir.

Auct. Fulvia is dead.

Ene. Fulvia?

Auct. Dead.

Ene. Why Sir, the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice;
when it pleareth their Deniess to take the wife of a man
from him, it theures to make the Tailors of the earth com-
forting therein, that when old Robes are worne out, there
are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but one, then had you ende a seed, and the
cafe to be lum:med: This greefe is crown'd with Conso-
cation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate,
and (out the teares live in an Onion, that should water
you further.

Auct. The buffett the hath broached in the State,
Cannot excuse my absence.

Ene. And the buffettlye you haue broach'd heere can-
not be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which
whellyy depends on your abode.

Auct. No more light Answers:

Let our Officers
I have notice what we purpose. I shall brake
The cause of our Expedition to the Queene,
And get her home to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our continuing Frinends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius
Have giuen the dare to Caesar, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our friggey people,
Whose Love is never link'd to the defteres,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleon. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen; for
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our services a-while: but my full heart
Remains in feith with you. Our Italy,
Shines of ye with ciull Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Post of Rome;
An equal of two Domineck powers;
Heed irrupulous fastum: The hated grown to strength
Are newly grown to love: The condemned Pompas,
Rich in his father's Honor, creeps space
Into the heart of such, as thou, not thou
Upon the present stage, whose Numbers threaten,
And spectacle grown of so heft, would purge
By my desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should like my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childish fancies. Can Fulvia dye?

Ant. She did my Queen.

Look here, and at thy Subterne eye the read
The Carthylers the awk'd: at the last shelf,
She when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false Loue! Where be the Sacred Violes thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia death, how mine heart was fil'd, be;
Ant. Querellij more, but bee prepare to know
The purpoe I bear: which are, or eke,
As thou mayst give that. By the fire
That quickens Nyna flame. I go from hence
The Southerly, Serenities, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Curmy lase, Charamen come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So, Anthony Loue.

Ant. My precious Queen for beare,
And give true evidence to his Loue, which blands
An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pray thee turne aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play every Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll hear my blood no more? Cleon.

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is merely.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Targar. Still he mends,
But this is not the beft. Lookoe prayhe Charamen,
How this Hercules Romas do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. He leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sit, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loud, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is would
Oh, my Obliuion is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse you subject, I should take you
For Idlenesse it tells.

Cleo. This sweating Labour,
To bear my Idlenesse to bere the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my becomingst kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deale to my emptied Polly,
And all the Gods goe with you. Upon your Sword
Set Lawrel victory, and famed in succeff.
Be fare'd before your feetes.

Ant. Let's go.

Come: Our separation so abides and fies,
That thou reading here, goest yet with mee;
And I hence healing, here remaine with thee.
Away, Exeunt.

Enter O. Lawrel reading a Letter, Epaphus,
and their Traine.

Caf. You may see Epaphus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cesar: Natural wise, to have
One great Competitor. From Alex andria
This is the newses: He filleth, drinks, and waifers
The Lampes of night intelect: Is not more manly
Then Cleopatra: as the Queene of Ptolemy
More Womanly then he. Hastly give audience
Or touch't be he thinke he had Patience. You
Shall find these woman, who is thistresse of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think.

There are, eath know to darken all his goodnesse
His faults in him, hence he is the Sports of Heaven,
More fierce by myght Black kneeled: Heredaran,
Rather then preache, while he cannot change,
Then what he chooseth.

Caf. You are too indulgent. Let's granc it is not
A nimate to sulable on the bed of Ptolemy
To give a Kingdom for a Mith, to fit
And kepe the turne of Tupling with a stone.
To reale the streets as none, if fland the Buffre
With Knacks that forsets of freate: Say this becomest him
(As his compouer must he rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Cafa
No way exceas his foylest, when we do beare
So great weight in his lightnesse. The flud
His vassall with his Voluptousnesse,
Folke lutes, and the dinette of his bones,
Call on him for. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his ipnot, and speaks at lowd
As his owne State, and ours, is to be chuds:
As we este Boyes, who bring masure in knowledge,
Payne their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to judgement.

Enter A Meffinger.

Lep. Here's more newsse.

Mef. Thy buildings have beene done, & cuttie houres
Most Noble Caesar, that thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompas is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is beloued of thowe
That only have feared Caesar: to the Ports
The discontouers reparie, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Caf. I should have knowne no lefrs,
It hath bin taught us from the primall place
That he which was wis, went, while he were
And the cell'd man,
Ne'tre loud, till ne'tre worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common basde
Like a Vagabond Fugge upon the Streme.
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying yde

To
The Tragedy of E

[Text corrupted and difficult to read]
Enter **Eumolpus** and **Lepidus**.

**Lep.** Good Eumolpus, 'tis a worthy deed, and shall become you well, to interest your Captaine To soft and gentle speech.

**Eum.** I shall interest him

To answer like himselfe: if Cæsar moue him, Let Anthony look to Cæsar's head, and speak as low as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the weares of Anthony's beard, I would not shave't to day.

**Lep.** This is not a time for private Romancing. **Eum.** Every time foreres for the matter that is then borne in't.

**Lep.** But small to greater matters must give way. **Eum.** Not if the small come first.

**Lep.** Your speech is passion: but pray you firre No Embers vp. Here comes the Noble Anthony. **Eum.** And yonder Cæsar. Enter Cæsar, Musenian, and Agrripp.<p>

**Ant.** If we compose well here, to Parthis:

Hearke, Parthis,

Cæsar. I do not know Musenian, take Agrripp.

Eum. Noble Friends:

That which combind was most great, and let not
A lesser action rend: what's amisse,
May it be gentle heard. When we debate
Our trivall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I ernestly befeech,
Touch you the fourest points with sweetest worne,
Not cuttheth grow to this matter.

**Ant.** Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Anies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

**Cæs.** Welcome to Rome. **Ant.** Thank you.

**Cæs.** Sit. **Ant.** Sit it.

**Cæs.** Nay then. **Ant.** I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:

Or being conscious you not

**Cæs.** I must be laught at, if for nothing, or a little, I Should say my ferte offended; and with you Chearfull; it would abound.

May laugh at; that I should
Once name you derogately, when to found your name It not concern'd me.

**Ant.** My being in Egypt Cæsar, what was't to you? **Cæs.** No more than my residing here at Rome Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there

Did pradice on my state your being in Egypt Might be my question.

**Ant.** How intend you, pradise'd? **Cæs.** You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent, By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother Made warres upon me, and their contestation Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

**Ant.** You do mislike your business, my Brother neer

Did wege 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 Differed my authority with yours,

And make the warres aslike against my femeacks, Having alike your cause. Of this, my Letters Before did satisfie you. If you yet patch a quarrel, As matter whole you have to make it with,
The Tragedy of

It must not be with this,
Cæsar. You praise your felice, by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patch up your excuses.

Aeth. Nor so; no so:
I know you could not lackle, I am certain out,
Very secretly of this thought, that I
Your passions in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefulness eyes attend thou; Warses Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third t'world is yours, which want a Smiles,
You may pacce exile, but not for a wife.

Aeth. Would we had six such wives, that the men might go to Warses with the women.

Cæsar. Such so much veracious, her Garboilles (Cæsar)
Made out of her importance; which not wanted
Shredell's of patience to: I grieving grant,
Did you, too much disquiet, do that you must,
But say I could not help it.

Cæsar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did give my Maids out of audience.

Aeth. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted then:
There Kings I had newly feasted, and did wait
Of what I was in'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my felice, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we content
Of our question we spit him.

Cæsar. You have broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.


Aeth. No Jorday, let me speak.

The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I list it: but on Cæsar,
The Article of a youth.

Cæsar. To lead me Aims: and aside when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied.

Aeth. Neglected rather:
And then when profoned hours had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as nerely as I may,
Ile play the pertinent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poor my greatness; nor my power
Worke without it. Think'st, that Falina,
To have me out of Egypt; made Warses here,
For which my selfe, the ignorant morit, do
So late as pardon, as befits mine Honour
To floope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Aeth. If'st might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the present needs,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthy spoken Mecenas.

Brook. Or if you borrow one soothsayers Love for the
influnt, you may when you have no more words of
Pompey returnes us againe: you shall have time to unstraggle in,
when you have nothing else to do.

Aeth. Thou art a Soullier, only speakes no more.

Lep. That truth should be slient, I had almost for
get.

Aeth. You wrong this profession, therefore speakes no
more.

Lep. Go too then: your Confidence done.

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
the manner of his speech: for'st cannot be.

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hope should hold vs flank from edge to edge
At last; I would I would perfect it.

Aeth. Grie me leave Cæsar.

Cæsar. Speakes Agrippa.

Aeth. Thou hast a litter by the Mothers side, admiral
Otho: Great Mark Anthony is now a widower.

Cæsar. Say not, say Agrippa: if Cleopatra heard you,
your proofs were well deftist of raunreste.

Aeth. I am not married Cæsar: let me here Agrippa
further speake.

Aeth. To hold you in perpetuall smite,
To make you Brothers, and to suit your hearts
With an vn-flipping knot, take Antony,
Otho to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue and wh. fe generall grace, speake
That which none else can vicer. By this marriage,
All little feolusies which now serene great,
And all great feates, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now half tales be truth: her lour to both,
Would each to other, and allows to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spake,
For 'ts a studiet not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Aeth. Will Cæsar speake?

Cæsar. Not till he hears how Anthony is touch'd,
With what is spake already.

Aeth. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would lay Agrippa, be it fo,
To make this good?

Cæsar. The power of Cæsar,
And his power, ynd Otho,
Aeth. May Iuer

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreams of impendiment: let me have thy hand
Further this left of Grace: and from this house,
The heart of Brothers gourse in our Lours,
And for our great Deluges.

Cæsar. There's my hand:
A Sister, I beseech you, whom no Brother
Did ever loose so dearly. Let her live
To ionye our Kingdomes, and our hearts, and never
I lie for our Lours again.

Lep. Happily, meny,
Aeth. I do not think to draw my Sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him once,
Left my remembrance, after ill respect:
As heele of that, defin him.

Lep. Time eas yps,:
Of my much Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out vs.

Aeth. Where lies he?

Cæsar. About the Mount-Mefena.

Aeth. What is his strength by land?

Cæsar. Great, and encroaching:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Aeth. So is the Fame,
Would we had spake together. Haste we for it,
Ye'ere we put our felows in, Assem, dispatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæsar. With most gladness,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,

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For which time, Without not constraint, I will make all such things to become herself in her, that the holy Priest of Reth blesse her, when she is Riggith.

Enter Antony. Cesar. Otho and Cæsar have come them.

Aunc. The world, and my great office, will sometimes drenue me from thine, or you therer.

Aunc. Goodnight Sir. My Otho and

Read not my blessings in the worlds report: I have not kept my square, but that to some
Shall all be done by this Rule: good night, dear Lady: Good night Sir.

Cesar. Goodnight.

Enter Southsea.

Aunc. Now forth: you do with your selfe in Egypt? South. Would I had never come from this, nor you therer.

Aunc. If you can, your reason?

South. I see in my motion: shewe it not in my tongue, but yet his you to Egypt again.

Aunc. Say to me, whose Fortune shall rise higher Cæsar or mine?

Sum. Cæsar: therefore (oh Antony) by not by his side

Thy Damon that thy spirit which keeps thee is Noble, Courious, and being unnameable, Where Cæsar is not. But none himby Angell becomes a feare: as being o're-pow'd, therefore Make space enough betwixt you.

Aunc. Speake this no more.

South. To lust 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 lucke, He beats thee gainst the oddesse. Thy Luster thickes, When he finnes by: I say again, thy spirit It is all afraid to govern thee neer him: But he alwaies Nible.

Aunc. Get thee gone:

South. To genteine I would speake with him.

Exit. He shall to Parchia, be it Art or hap, He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him, And in our sports my better cunning failes, Under his chance, if we draw lots he speakes, His Cocks do over the Battail, full of mine, When it is all to naught: and his Quails over Beate mine (in honour) at odd's. I will to Egypt:

And

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The Tragedie of

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
1Th Earl my pleasure list. Oh come, Pentine?

Enter Pentine.

You must to Peribis, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and recite.

Enter Lopadus, Mecono, and Agrippa.

Lopadus. Trouble your felowes no further: pray you
hasten your Generals sight.

Agg. Sir, Mark Anthony, will e'ne but kisse Othalia,
and weele follow.

Lepi. Tell I shall see you in your Soultiers dreffe,
Which will become you both; Farewell.

Mees. We shall, as I conceiue the journey, be at
Mount before you Lopadus.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about you: I'le win two days upon you.

Buh. Sir good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cle. Gue me some Mufick: Mufick, muudey foode
of that trade in Louse.

Omm. The Mufick, ho.

Enter Markian the Smuck.

Cle. Let is alone: let's go to Billards: come Charmian.

Charm. My same is fore, left play with Stardon.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Euch uo plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can, Cleopatra.

Cle. And when good will is shew'd,
Thoughts come to short
The Actor may please pardon. He none now;
Gue me mine Angell, weele tothe River there
My Mufick playing fare off. I will betray
Tawny fine fisses, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their flamy iowes: and as I draw them vp,
He shal them every one an Anthony,

And say, ah they're caught.

Chew Twaes merry when you wash don your Angell:
when your dancer did hang a salt fissh on his hooke
which he with ferocien drew vp.

Cle. That time! Oh times:
I haught him out of patience: and that night
I haught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth house, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whist
I wore his Sword Philippian. Oh from Italie,

Enter aPesogger.

Remme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine ears,
That long one hour bin baren.

Cle. Madam, Madam.

Cle. Anthony's dead.

If thou say to Villains, thou kil's thy Miftris:
But well and free, if thou sayest him.

There is Gold, and here
My blernew vaules to kisse: a hand that Kings
Have lip, and trembled kising.

Cle. First Madam, he is well.

Cle. Why theeres more Gold,
But真实 discrete, we see
To say, the dead are well, being is so that,
The Gold I gue thee, will I melt and pour
Down by thy stammering throat.

Cle. Good Madam hear me.

Cle. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if Anthony
Be free and healthfull, so farre a faouer
To trumpe out such good things. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fortune crownd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mef. Wilt please you hear me?

Cle. I have a mind to stike thee ere thou speakes at:
Yet if thou say Anthony lies, 'tis well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not Castrate to him,
I'le set thee in a flower of Gold, and haile
Ruch Pearles upon thee.

Cle. Madam, he's well.

Cle. Well said.

Mef. And Friends with Caesar.

Cle. Thats an hounst man.

Mef. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then ueser.

Cle. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mef. But yet Madam.

Cle. I do not like but yet, it does slay
The good precedence, lie upon but yet,
But yet it as a Taylor to bring fourth
Some mounstous Malefasaor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,
In powre of health thou tall, and thou tall, free.

Mef. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound unto Othalia.

Cle. For what good turne?

Mef. For the belt turnes the bed.

Cle. I am pale Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Othalia.

Cle. The most infectious Pethience vpon thee.

Strike him down.

Cle. Good Madam patience.

Cle. What say you?

Cle. Hence horrible Villains, or I spare thee no eyes
Like balls before me: Ile valiaire thy head,
She hates him up and downes,
Thous shal be whip with Vier, and they'ld ulla beone,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mef. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cle. Say this to the, a Province I will guide thee,
And make thy Fortune proud: the blow thou hadst A
Shall make thy peace, for mowing me rage,
And I will boost thee with what giffs beside
Thy moderife can begge.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cle. Rouse, thou hall hadd a long draw a knife.

Mef. Nay then that turne.

What meanes you Madam? I have made thee fail.
Entr. Char. Good Madam kepe thy selfe within thy selfe,
The man is innocent.

Cle. Some Innocents face not the thunderbolte.
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindely creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the face againe,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: Cal.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cle. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meane then thy selfe: since I say selfe
Have gien my selfe the care. Come hither Sir,

Enter the Messinger againe.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad newes: give to a gracious Message.
Antony and Cleopatra

An host of tongues, but let ill thydings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mos. I have done my duty.
Cle. Is he married?
Mos. I have delivered him, and done that, if thou again say yet.
Mos. He's married Madam.
Cle. The Gods confound thee, Doth thou hold there still? Mos. Should I lie Madam?
Cle. Oh, I would thou didst.
So half my Egypt were feederg'd and made
A Cestron forialc'd snakes. Go get thee hence,
I had it thou Narcissus in thy face to me,
Thou wouldst appear to withinly: He is married?
Mos. I crave your Highness pardon.
Cle. He's married.
 Mos. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To pernish me for what you make me do
Seems much unquiet, he's married to Oltawa.
Cle. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That are not what that's pure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all so dear for thee. 
Lye they upon thy hand, and be ended by eat.
Char. Good your Highness patience.
Cle. In praying Antony, I have disgraised Cesar.
Char. Many times Madam.
Cle. I am paid for't now; lead me from hence,
I prithee, I prithee, Charsiones: 'tis no matter,
Go to the Fellow, goad Alexus bid him
Report the feature of Oltawa: her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for ever go; let him not Charsiones,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other ways a Mars. Bid you Alexus
Bring me word, how till she is: putty me Charsiones,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Except...

Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpets at another Cesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Macrur, Agrippa, Alexus, with Senators Marching.
Pom. Your Highnesses I have, so have you mine: And we shall take before we fight.
Cesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purposes before vs sent,
Which if thou hast understood, let us know,
Which tale I cope thy discomfited Sword,
And carry backe to Cleicile much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should uneasy want,
Having a Sonne and Friends, since Inhum Cesar,
Who at Phillippi the good Brunus ghofted,
There lay you labouring for him. What was't
That would pale Caffo to confute? And what was
Made all-honour'd, honest, Romanis Brunus.
With the arm'd reft, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that his
Hath made me rigge my Nausie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fome, with which I meant
To scourge th'ingratitude, that dispightfull Rome,
Caff on my Noble Father,
Cesar. Take your time.
Pom. Thou canst not feare vs Pompey with thy sailees.
Weele speake with these at Seas. As land thou knowl't
How much we do o'counr this.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost ore count me of my Fathers house;
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine m't at thou saile.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
 Francois. (from this is the present now you take)
The offers we have sent you.
Cesar. There's the point.
Pom. Which do not be entretained too,
But weigh what it is worth imbrace'd
Cesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Cieicile, Sardinias: and I must
Rid all the Seas of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Whare to Rome: this greed upon,
To part with vainkeck edges, and beare backe
Our Targets undim'd.
Omer. That's our offer,
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
to take this offer. But Mark Antony,
Put me to some impatience, though I looke:
The praise of is by telling. You must know
When Cesar and your Brother were as blowes,
Your Mother came to Cieicile, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.
Ant. I have heard it Pompey,
And am well studid for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to have met you heere,
Ant. The bed'st Eas are froth, and thanks to you,
That c'd me timelie then my purpose hither:
For I have gamed by it,
Cesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change upon you,
Pom. Well, I know not,
What councs I hadst Fortune ca'st upon my face,
But in my boosome shall the neuer come,
To make my heart her vaullace.
Lep. Well me heere.
Pom. I hope fo Lepidus, thus we are agreed:
I trust our compaignion may be written
And faid betwene vs,
Cesar. That's the next to do.
Pom. Weele feate 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 cookies shall have the fame, I have
heard that Inhum Cesar, greef fat with feasting there,
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have faire meaning Sir,
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then so much Iaiste I heard,
And I have heard Appoladarus carri'd.
Exe. No more that the did fo.
Pom. What I pray you
Exe. A certaine queene to Cesar in a matris.
Pom. I know thee now, how far it thou Souldieth.
Exe. Well, and well am I like to do, for I perceiue
Pom.
Four ere Drafts are toward.

Faw. Let me shake thy hand,
   I never had thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have emu'ed thy behaviour.

Sir, I never lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
   When you have well defended ten times as much,
As I ha' rusted you did.

Faw. Intio thy plainness,
   It nothing ill becomes thee:
And my Gally, I trust you all.

Will you trade Lords?

A l. Shews the way for.


Mrs. Thy Father Pumpsey would ne'er have made this Treaty. You, and I have knowne it.

Exeunt. At Sea, I think.

Mrs. We have Sir.

Exeunt. You ha've done well by water.

Mrs. And you by Land.

Exeunt. I will prai'se any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Mrs. Not what I have done by water.

Exeunt. Yes some thing, you can deny for your owne safety you have bin a great Theife by Sea,

Mrs. And you by Land.

Exeunt. There I deny my I and fermeles: but give mee your hand. Menus, if your eyes had authority, here they might take two Theores kiting.

Mrs. All mens facés are true, whatsoother their hands are.

Exeunt. But there is never a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Mrs. No slander, they stale hearts.

Exeunt. We came hither to fight with you.

Mrs. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-

Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Exeunt. If he do, farse he cannot weep't backe again.

Mrs. Y'haue saied Sir, we look'd not for After-Awa-

thyere, praue you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Exeunt. Cafar! Sifer is call'd Olymus.

Mrs. True Sir, she was the wife of Caesar Marculum.

Exeunt. But the is now the wife of Marcus Anthony.

Mrs. Praye ye Sir,

Exeunt. 'Tis true.

Mrs. Then is Cafar and he, for ever knit together.

Exeunt. If I were bound to Diuine of this vanity, I would not Prophesy it.

Mrs. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the love of the partie.

Exeunt. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band

that seemes to tye their friendshipp together, will bee the very stranglers of their Amyty. Olymus is a boly, cold, and still consorwat, consorwat.

Mrs. Who would not haue his wife so?

Mrs. No he that himselfe is not so: which is Make Anthony: he will to his Egyptian diff again; then shall the eightes of Olymus blow the fire vp in Cafar, and as I said before that which is the strength of their Amyty, shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony will vie his afflication where it is. He married but his occasion here.

Mrs. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you,

Exeunt. I shall take it fir: we ha've v'rd our Theares in Egypt.

Mrs. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.
Kept safe, then you find.

Men. What thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What saith thou?

Men. What thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's wise.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and though thou thinkest me poor, I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hall thou drink well.

Men. No Pomp; I have kept me from the cup,

That art if thou dost be, the earthly Love;

What ere the Ocean pales, or the indyssings,

Is, if thou with it.

Pom. Show me which way?

Men. These three World-thrers, these Competitors

Are in thy vellish. Let me cut the Cable,

And when we are put off to their threats:

There is a shine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldest have done,

And not have spok' in. In me his villain,

In thee, had bin good fayrcise: thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:

Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,

Hath to brestsme these ake. Being done unknowne,

I should have found it afterwards well done,

But must condemn it now: desist, and drink.

Men. For this, Iole never follow

Thy poul'd Fortunes more,

Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never finde it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bearn his affore,

I'll pledge it for him Pomp;

Enr. Here's to thee Menas.

Men. Embarthy wilt come,

Pom. Plead till the cup be hid.

Enr. There's a strong Fellow Menas.

Men. Why?

Enr. A beares the third part of the world man: fealt not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all

That it might go on wheelless.

Enr. Drink thou: eneas the Reele.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripes't towards it: shille the Veisells hos.

Here's to Caesar.

Cesar. I could well forbear it; 's monfrous labour when

I wash my braine, and it grow fouter.

Ant. Be a Child of'time.

Cesar. Poffesse it, I am: ake ansewer, but I had rather

fall from all, four dayes, then to drinke to much in one.

Enr. Ha my braine Emperour, shall we daunce now

The Epyrigan Backwell, and celeberate our drink?

Pom. Let's be: good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering Wine hath fleesp't our fene,

In left and delicate Lebe.

Enr. All take a nde.

Make battery to our eates with the loud Musick,
The Tragedy of

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast Pisanus that, without the which a
Soulard and his Sword grants scarce distinction: thou
wilt write to Antony.

Ven. He humbly signifies what in his name,
That magicall word of W carr we have effectued,
How with his Banner, and his well paid ranks,
The merc-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We have tossed out of the Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposed to Athens, whither with what hard
The weight we must convey with, will permit.

We shall appear before him. On the other side.

Enter Agrippa at one, Eucharbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatched with Pemper, he is gone,
The other three are Seeling. Ollania weeps.

To part from Rome: Cesar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pemper's fall, as Menus faces, is troubled
With the Greeks, Sicknesse.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves Cesar.

Agri. Nay but how deedly he adores Meck-Antony.

Eno. Cesar? why he's the Jupiter of men.

Ant. What's Anthony, the God of Jupiter?

Eno. Spake you of Cesar? How, the non-parcell?

Agri. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cesar, say Cesar go no further,

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cesar better, yet he loves Antony:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,

Scribles, Bard, Poet, cannot

Thinke speake, call, writ, song, number: hoo,

His love to Antony. But as for Cesar,

Kneele downe, kneele downe: wonder.

Agri. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beast, for

This is to horse: Adieu, Noble Agrippa.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Soulidur, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Ollania.

Antho. No further Sir.

Cesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:

Vie me well in't. Sifer, prostrate such a
As my thoughts make thee, and as my father land
Shall passe on thy approv'd: most Noble Antony,

Let not the piece of Virtue which is set
Betwixt us, be the Cyment of our lour

To keep it builded, be the Rammer to batter
The fastness of it: for better might we

Have loute without this means, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your disturb.

Cesar. I have said.

Ant. You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seeme to fear, so the Gods keep you,

And make the heats of Romaines furze your ends:

We will heere part.

Cesar. Farewell my decrepit Sifer, fare thee well,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Olla. My Noble Brother.

Amb. The April's in her eyees, it is Loutes spring,

And thee the flowers to bring it on: be chearfull.

Olla. Sir, looke well to my Husband's house: and

Cesar. What Ollania?

Olla. He tell you in your care.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.

The Swannes downe feather

That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:

And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cesar weep?

Ant. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He was the worse for that were he a Hope, so is

he being a man.

Agri. Why Eucharbus?

When Anthony found Ismael Cesar dead,

He cried almost to Howard: And he wept,

When at Phillipp he found Trunus slaine,

That yestreday, he was troubled with a rheume,

What willingly he did confound, he will'd,

Before till I wepe too.

Cesar. No sweete Ollania,

You shall hear from me full: the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Or the Sir, come,

He wrangle with you in my strength of love,

Looke here I have you, thus I let you go,

And give you to the Gods.

Cesar. Adieu be happy.

Antho. Let all the number of the States give light

To thy faire way.

Cesar. Farewell, farewell, farewell.

Kifie Ollania.

Ant. Farewell, Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go too. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Masachie: hired of Jury dare not looke

upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Heads head, he base: but how? When

Anthony is gone, through whom I might command it?

Come thou secre.

Mas. Moll gratiosi Masachie.

Cleo. Didst thou behold Ollania?

Mas. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where is she?

Mas. In Rome, I know she looketh in the face: and

saw her led betwixt her Brother, and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she at all as me?

Mas. She is not madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speake?

Is she through tongue or low?

Mas. Madam, I hear'd her speake, she is low voice'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: she cannot take her long.

Char. Like her O fift is: it's impossible.

Cleo. I think to Charmian, dull of tongue, & dwarfish

What Masatie is in her gate, remember

If she come look out Masachie.

Mas. She creeps her motion, & her station are as one.

She shows a body, rather than a life,

A Statue, then a Bresther.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mas. Or I have no obstinancy.

Alex. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiveit,

There's nothing in her yet.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

ACT II, SCENE III

The Fellow's good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cle. Guesse at her years, I prye thee.

Moff. Madam, she was a widow.

Cle. Widow? Charman, hearken. Mof. And do I think she's thirty?

Cle. Death, her face in mind, is not long or round

Moff. Round, even to faultlessness.

Cle. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.

'Her hair what colour?

Moff. Browne Madam: and her forehead

As low as the world without.

Cle. Their Gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness off,

I will employ thee back again. I find thee

Moff fits for buffonelle. Go, make thee ready,

Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cle. Indeed he's so. I repent me much

Then hasten him home. One think's by him,

This Cæsare no such thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cle. The man must see some Maitely, and should know

Char. Hath he seen Maitely: if so else defend:

And saying you to Cæsar.

Cle. I chance one thing to make him yet good

Charman: but is no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Cle. Enter Author and Cassandra, Exit.

Ant. Nay my Olympe, not one that,

That were excusable, and thousands more

Of sensible persons, but he hath way'd

Now Wæter's point Pompæus. Made his will, and read it,

To pull like care, spoke scantly of me,

When present he could not.

Do pry me teares of Honour: cold and sickly

He ventured then most narrow meanie straites,

When the best bent was given him he lookt not,

Or did it from his teeth.

Olympe. Oh my good Lord,

Belleræ not all, or you shall beleve,

Stomach not all. A more selecpte Lady,

If this doth chance, the tide is high between

Praying for both parts:

The good Gods will send me presently,

When I shall pray O'bleffe my Lord, and Husband,

Vnde that prayer, by crying out aloud,

O'bleffe my Brother. Husband, wronge Brother,

Prayes, and defiance the prayer, me midway

Twist these extremest at:

Ant. Gentle Olympe,

Let you bell loue draw to that point which seeks

Bell to prefer it. If I loose mine Honour,

I lose my selfe better we were not yours

Then to your brand ylle. But as you required,

You selfe shall go between, the means take in Lady,

I raise the preparation of a Wære

Shall flame your Brother, make your soonest haile,

So your devils are yours.

Oly. Thanks to my Lord,

The law of power make me most weake, most weake.

You reconciler: Wæres twist you taweane would be,

As if the world should cleave, and that flame men

Shouldlander up the Riff.
In his abominations, turnes you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noysel is against us.

Olla. Is it so fit?

Caf. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be not enwrapt in patience. My deere Sister. Exeunt
Enter Cleopatra, and Emarbuna.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubting not it.

Ena. But why, why, why?

Cleo. I thought foremake my being in these warres,
And sayt'lt is not fit.

Ena. Why say you so?

Cleo. Your prefusers words must puzzle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Brain, from his time.
What should not then be parded.

Cleo. What's it you say?

Ena. Your sisters words must puzzle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Brain, from his time.
What should not then be parded.

Cleo. Vanity is more: more admired,
Then by the neglect.

Art. A good rebufke,
Which might he well become the bell of men
To trynt in: 

Cleo. Vanity is more: more admired,
Then by the neglect.

Art. It is not strange Carollina,
That from Tare tyrann, and Brandamond,
He could so easily cut the toman Sea,
And take the Leake. You are went out (Sweet)

Cleo. Vanity is more: more admired,
Then by the neglect.

Art. Ay, it is strange,
That should not thy patience:
What elfe can it be,

Cleo. Vanity is more: more admired,
Then by the neglect.

Art. It is not strange Carollina,
That from Tare tyrann, and Brandamond,
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And take the Leake. You are went out (Sweet)
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I have sixty navies, Caesar none better.
Ant. Our outer plus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full man'd, from the head of Action Beate th'approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do at land. Enter a Messenger.
Thy Business.
Msf. The News is true, my Lord, he is desir'd,
Cesar's taken Tyre, 
Ant. Can he be three in perfon? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. Castorius,
Our martelous Legions thus, that hold by land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship,
Away my Vectis.

Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Souldier?
Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you mislike
This Sword, and shew my Wounds; let the Egyptians
And the Persians go a dicing: we
Have 'st of so to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well away, 
Soul. By Hercules I think I am'th right.
Cam. Such other thou seest, but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our Leaders leads,
And we are Women men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?
Den. Marcus Ollius, Marcus Iunius,
Publicola, and Clodius, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by land. This speede of Cesar
Carrie beyond belefe.
Soul. While he was yet in Rome.
His power went out in each directions,
A briquet all 's eyes.
Cam. Whose is his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They for, one Tonnus.
Cam. Weil, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.
Msf. The Emperor calls Camillus.
Cam. With Newes the times will Labour,
And thowes forth each minute, sone.

Enter Caesar with his Army, marching.

Cef. Tonnus? 
Tom. My Lord, 
Cef. Strike not by Land,
Keep whole, provoke not Battle,
Till we have done at Sea. Do not excessive
The Prescript of this Scourle: Our fortune eyes
Upon this imple.

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. See we our Squadrions on yond side o'th'Hill,
Two of Cesar's bataile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

Camillus Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the
Rage, and Tonnus the Lieutenant of Cesar the other way:
After these going on, we heard the shott of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarp.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
Thersit's end, the Egyptian Admiral,
With all their fiery eyes, and turne the Rudder:

To see's, mine eyes are blaz'd.

Enter Scarp.

Scar. Gods, & Goddefe, the very body and them of

Entr. What's thy passion,
Scar. The greater Canale of the world, is left
With very ignorance, we have left away
Kingdome, and Pronounce.

Eno. How appeares the fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Ticon'd Pefillation,
Where death is sure. Upon the Nabe Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprout is to take) I think midde of th'fight.
When wantage like a proue of Tonnus appeare'd
Both as the same, or rather out the eerie.
(1he Breeze upon her) like a Cow in lone,
Hoifs Sailes, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld;
Mine eyes did flicken at the fight, and could not
Induce a further view.
Scar. She once being looke,

The Noble raine of her Mapache, Anthony,
Cips on his Sea-wind, and (like a darting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighr, th'eyes after her:
I neuer saw an Action of such frame;
Experience, Manhood, Honor, ne're before;
Dut disorder in felie.

Eno. Alacke, alacke,

Enter Camillus.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And Falsest most lamentable, had our General
But what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh is his best example for our Fight,
And grovilly by his owne.

Eno. I, are you thereabouts? Why then good-hall
independe,

Cam. Toward Palapumules are they fled.

Scar. The safe too,
And there I will attend what further cometh.
Cam. To Cesar will I render

My Legions and my Horse, five Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I yet follow

The wounded charge of Anthony, though my reason
Sirs in the wende aginst me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Heark, the Land busts me tread no more ypon't,
It is a him'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am losted in the world, that I
Have lost my way o'er. I have a shippe,
I taken with Gold, take that, divide it, flye,
And make your peace with Cesar.

Eno. Fly? Not we.

Ant. I have lit my selfe, and have instruted cowards
To Cunne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I have my selfe releas'd upon a course,
Which haue no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasures in the Harbour. Take it.
Oh, I follow'd that I bluss to looke ypon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Repeate the browne for rathafece, and they them
For faire, 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 sad,
Nor make replies of losehñce, take the hole
Which my dispaire proclaims. Let them be left
Which lea in felie, to the Sea-side straight way,
I will postisfie you of that ship and Treasure.


III. vii. 49—III. ix. 21

868
The Tragedie of

Dido, Cæsar, tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that his is pluckt, when hither
He tends to poore a Pinions of his Wing,
Which had a superbious Kings for McGefter,
Not many claps that use it be.

Enter Ambassadour from Anthony.
Caesar. Approach, and speake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn - dew on the Mistletoe
To his grand Sea.
Caesar. Bee't to, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he sustains thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted
He lefts his Requets, and to thee nexts
To let him breath between the Heavens and Earth
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confesse thy Gresvole,
Submitts her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the Pleasimes for her heirs.
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Caesar. For Anthony,
I have no notes to his request. The Queene,
Of Audence, nor Drafte shall faile, to lose
From Egypt drue her all-disgraced Friend,
And take his life there. This list performe,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune pursue thee.
Caesar. Bring him through the Bands:
To try the Eloquence, now is time, dispatch,
From Anthony winne Cleopatra, promise
And in our Na... what the requires, add more
From those inventory, offers. Women are not
In their beh Fortunes strong: but want will pierce
The need should not fall in. Try thy cunning Tuesday,
Make them own Edward for thy paines, which we
Will answer a Law.
Thus Caesar, I go.
Caesar. Observe how Anthony becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkst this very aion speaks
In every power that movest.
Thus Caesar. I shall.
Enter Segur, Echubas, Charmian, &c.
Caesar. What shall we do, Echubas this?
Echub. Thank, and dye.
Caesar. Is Anthony or we in fault for this?
Echub. Anthony, or that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you sed,
From that green face of Ware, whose' furner ranges
Fruged each other? Why should he follow
The touch of his Affection should not then
Have stuck his Captian-flip, as such a point,
When he left the world oppid, he being
The meted question? Twas a shame no leafe
Then was his leafe, to contuse your flying Fitzgeats,
And least his Navy prasing.

Caesar. Plesse peace.
Enter the Ambassadour with Anthony.
Caesar. Is that his answer?
Amb. I joy Lord.
Caesar. The Quene shall these course ofres,
So she will yield: vsp.
Amb. He faies do.
Caesar. Leter her know. To the Boy Caesar send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Caesar. That be my Lord?

III. ix. 22—III. xi. 19

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*Antony and Cleopatra*

**Act IV. To him again, tell him he wares the Rose**

Of youth upon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Cone, Ships, Leagues,
May be a Cowards, whose Minds would presusse
Under the feuse of a Child, as beone
As 'tis Command of Caesar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Companions a-part,
And answer me declared, Sword against Sword,
Our selves alone: I write it: Follow me.

Even. Yet like enough: he beater'd I Caesar will
Vertice his happinness, and be Side'd do'th stew
Against a Swooder. I fte these judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward qualitie after them
To suffet all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness: Caesar thou hast subdue
His judgement too.

**Enter a Servant.**

**Serv. A Message from Caesar.**

**Cleo. What no more Ceremonye? See my Women**

A against the blouwe Rove may they flap their nose,
That kneel'd into the Buds. Admit him in,
'to

**Even.** Mine honest, and I, beguine to square,
The Leyalty well hold to Poolees, does make
Our Faith more fully: yet be he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place 1's Story.

**Enter Thaddeus.**

**Cleo. Caesar will.**

**Thad.** Heare it apart.

**Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly.**

**Thad.** So happily are they Friends to Antony.

**Even.** He needs no (Sir) as Caesar he's,

**Or needs not vs.** If Caesar please, our Master

Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Wholes he is, we are, and that is Caesar,

**Thad. So.** Thus then thou most renownd, Caesar interst,
Not to confider in what case thou standst.

**Further then he is Caesar.**

**Cleo. Go on right Royall.**

**Thad.** He knowes that you embrasse not Antony
As you dillig, but as you feared him.

**Cleo. Oh.**

**Thad.** The carre's upon your Honor, therefore he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as defered.

**Cleo. He's, a God.**

And knows what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquird mearely.

**Even. To be sure of that, I will ask Antony.**

Sir, thou art so leackie

**Thad.** That we must leaque thee to thy flocking, for
Thy dearth quit thee.

**Exit Even.**

**Thad. Shall I say to Caesar,**

What you require of him: he partly begges
To be defed to glue, It much would pleache him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a Nost
To lease upon. But it would warme his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put your selfe under his throned, the varioue Land-

**Cleo. What's your name?**

**Thad. My name is Thaddeus.**

**Cleo. Most kinde Meffenger;**

Say to great Caesar this in disputation;

I kisse his conquering hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crownes as s fate, and there to kisse.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hear
The doome of Egypt.

**Thad. Tis your Noblesse course:**

Wifedome and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shaketh. Give me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

**Cleo. Your Caesar Father off,**

(When he hath noud of taking kingdomes in)

**Bellow'd his lips on that unworthy place,**

As it stand'd knife.

**Enter Antony and Euborabia.**

**Ant.** Faulting By faire that thunders. What art thou

**Thad. One that but performs**

(Fellow) The bidding of the fullfed man, and worthie
To have command obey'd.

**Euen. You will be whipt.**

**Ant.** Approach there; ah you Kite.New Gods & duels

As honry nails from me offate. When I used hoa,
Like Boys en'to a muffle. Kings would fret forth,
And cry, your will. Have you no cares?

I am Antony yet. Take hence this lack, and whip him.

**Enter a Servant.**

**Euen.** To better playing with a Liones whelpes, Then with an old one dying.

**Ant. Moone and Stair.**

Whip him: were't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I finde them
So fastly with the hand of the beere, what's he name
Since she was Cleopatra? Whipt him Fellowes,

'Till like a Lay you see him eridge his face,
And whine shod tor mercy. Take him hence.

**Thad. Mark Antony.**

**Ant.** Tugge him away: being whipt

Bring him again, the Jacke of Caesar shall
Bear vs an arrant to him.

**Exit with Thaddeus.**

You were halfe blateted ere I knew you: Ha?

Hase I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
Forborne the gettung of a lawfull Race,
And by a lem of women, to be absd
By one that looks on Peders?

**Cleo. Good my Lord.**

**Ant.** You have beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our violoufchel grow hard
(Oh milery on't) the wife Gods feel their eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, etc
Adore our euer, laugh at't while we trust
To our confusion.

**Cleo. Oh, j's come to this?**

**Ant.** I found you as a Mortell, cold upon

**Deaf Ceasar Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment**

Of Gournia Pompey, besides what better hours
Varegister'd in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxeoulsly pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Tempeature Should be,
You know not what it is.

**Thad. 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 Kindly State,
And plight of high heats. Othen I were
Upon the hill of Baan, to ou-roare

The honned Heard, for I have laughe caus,
And to proclaim is cinilly, were like

III. xi. 20—129

865
The Tragedie of

A bafer'd necke, which do's the Hangman thankes,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?
Enter a Seruant with Thimbles.
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 wast not made his daughter, and be thou forlie
To follow Cesar in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feuer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to Cesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he deemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Nor what he knowt I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis not to do's;
When my good Stares, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and that their Fires
Into the'Abstinence of hell. Ife the unlike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enthranched Bondman, whom
I may in pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Virge it thus:
Hence with thy friper, be gone.
Exit Thibd.

Ces. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alacke out Terrible Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends the fall of Antony.
Ces. I must fluy his time?
Ant. To Batter Cesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that eyes his points?
Ces. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Ces. Ab (Deere) if be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen in Gandere haste,
And popet Pix in the fourie, and the first Flone
Drop in my necke as it determineth to
Diffolue my life, the next Caesarian slime,
Till by degrees the memory of my wone,
Together with my brace Egyptians all,
By the difcending of this pelletted Horne,
Lyce graveallc, all the Flies and Gnatte of Nyle
Have bursed them for prey.
Ant. I am satisfactor:
Cesarc sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Naue too
Hauce knit as Gare, and Fleste, threatning most Sea-like.
Where haile thou bin my heart? Doll thou hearte Lady?
Di from the field I shall returne vnder more
To kill thee Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I and my Sword, will came our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Ces. That's my brace Lord.
Ant. I will be treble-firew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight malliciously: for when morebuses
Were once and lucky, men did ranfame lies
Of me for icless: But now, Ile let yeateeth,
And tend to darknesse all that flop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawy night: Call to me
All my fad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.
Ces. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought I shou'd held it poore,
But since my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Enter Anthony and Cleopatra.

Let's see how it will give off.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. East, mine Armour East.
Cleo. Sleep's little.

Ant. No my Chackle, East, come mine Armour East.

Enter East.

Come good fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brave her, Come.


What's this for? Ah he be, let be, them are
The Armouer of my heart. False, false: This, this,
South-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely.

He that enbuckles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repose, shall have a storme.

Thouumblest East, and my Queens a Squire
More right at this, then thou: Dispatch, O Love,
That thou couldst the Varies to day, and knew
The Royal Occupation, thou shoulde see
A Workeman in's.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Anthony. Good morrow to thee, welcome.

Anthony. What ill to him that knowes a warlike Charge?

Thou must use that we love, the life therein,
And get not with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, easily thought be, have on their
Rusticed trim, and at the Fort expect you.

Shout. Trumpet Faint.

Enter Captains, and Soldiers.

Alice. The Morning is fair. Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. This well blowne Ladt.

Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, beginneth.

Soul. Come gentle man, this way, well-fed.

Fare thee well Dame, when he becomes of one,
This is a Soldiers kisse: rebuskeable,
And worthy shonefull checks is wepe, to stand
On more Mechanicke Complement, He leue thee.

Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me clothe, He bring you not: Adieu.

Chor. Please you retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and Caesar might
Determine this great Warre in fangle fight:

Then Anthony, but now. Well on.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Anthony and East.

East. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony.

Ant. Would thou, & shoulde thy Scars had once prussold
To make me fright at Land.

East. Had I thou done so,

The Kings that have wretled, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have full
Followed thy heete.

Ant. Whole gone this morning?

East. Who'oeuer near thee, call for Cadorbus.
The Tragedie of

He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar's Camp,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?
Sold. Sir he is with Caesar.
Ere the Chefs and Treasures he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moi is in prison.
Ant. Go to, send his Treasure after, do it,
Dost not I charge thee to write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle sedate, and greetings;
Say, that I with he never find more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortune have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Euborbus. Exit

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Euborbus, and Diuralla.

Caes. Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Anthony to becooke issue;
Make it so knowne,
Agri. Caesar, I shalle.

Caesar. The time of utterable peace is near:
Prove this propitious day, the three nook'd world
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Anthony is come into the Field.
Caes. Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have resoluted in the Vant,
That Anthony may seeme to spend his Fury
Upon his Mischief. Exeunt.

Eub. Agatocles did resolue, and went to Army on
Affaires of Anthony, there did disaster
Great Hurd to incline him elfe to Caesar,
And leave his Matter Anthony. For this paire,
Caesar hath hang'd him: Caiminhus and the rest
That fell away, hauing entertainment, but
No honourable truth I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe to sorely,
That I willjoy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar.

Sold. Euborbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty overplus. The Messeller
Came on my guard, and as thy Tent is now
Vulgarized of his Miles.

Em. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not Euborbus.
I tell you true: Bell youselfe the bringer
Out of the holl. I must attend some Office,
Or would have done thy selfe. Your Emperor
Continues full I love. Exit

Em. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so moit. Oh Anthony,
Then Mine of Bounty, how would it thou haue payed
My better fortune, when my turbidate
Thou dost to Crowne with Gold. This blows my hart,
If it/was thought it breake it not: a better meane
Shall out. Brisk thought, but thought will do't. I feeke
I fight against thee: No I will go fecke
Some ditch, wherin to dye: the fault it best fits
My latter part of life.

Exit. 

Alarum. Drummeares and Trumpeters.

Enter Agrippa.

Agri. Retire, we have engag'd our feltes too farre:
Caesar himselfe he's workke, and our oppression
Exceeds what expected.

Exit.

Alarum. Enter Anthony and Scarrus wounded.

Scarr. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drownen them home
With crowle about their heales.

Ant. Thou blest it space.
Scarr. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now is made an H.

Ant. They doe returne.
Scarr. Wee'le beem into Bench-holes, I have yet
Roome for six score the more.

Enter Eres.

Eres. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage sure
For a faire victory.

Scarr. Let vs score their backes,
And snatch'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to muss a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good value. Come thee on.

Scarr. Ile halt ait.

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.
Scarrus, and others.

Ant. We have beate him to his Camp: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our galleys: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That he's to day escap'd. I thank you all,
For our/house haue you, and haue Lought
Not as you know the Caesare, but as he had benne
Each man like mine: you haue thewne all Helionts,
Enter the City, clip your Wares, your Friends,
Tell them your hearts, with thy joyfull tears
Wash the comming foule from your wounds, and kiss
The Honourableys whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Gie me thy hand,
To this great Fairetye, Ile commend thy selfe,
Make her thankes blisful thee. Oh thou day o' the world,
Chaine mine selfe, let, kepe thou, Anthony and all
Through proofs of Hermette to my hert, and there
Ride on the paws of triumphing.

Cle. Lo of Lords,
Oh infinite Verue, committ thou smiling from?
The worlds great faire vnaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Bed,
What Cyphe, though it gray
Do somthing mingle with our yonger brown,yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerites, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Command vnto his Lippeth flattering hand,
Kille it my Warrion: He hath fought to day,
As inf God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destrueyed in such a shape.

Cle. Ile give thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has defend'd, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phocbus Carre. Give me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a jolly March,
Bear our backs, Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Camp vs hostyl, we all would tip together,
And drinke Caroufles to the next dayes Fate

Which

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Which promises Royal perill, Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blaff you the Cittie e.e.e.e.
Make mingle with our rating Tabournes,
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,
Appealing our approach.

Exit.

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, Embarkus follows.

Cent. If we be not releued within this shroue,
We must returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night
Is thicke, and they say, we shall embraiaste
By'th' second hour of'th' Marne.

[March. This last day was a thund'red one toos.

End. Oh beaute mine wittesse night.

1. What man is this?
2. Stand close, and lift him.

End. Be wittesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men recollected shall upon Record
Beware holy memory: poore Endurbeam did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Embarkus!

Pace. Hearke further.

End. Oh Southerige Mithris of true Melancholy,
The pycretion? dome of night? dipning vp: I was
That Lite, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being driued with griefe, will break to powder,
And finneth all foule thoughts. Oh Antony,
Nobler then my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in Register
A Master leaue, and a fugitius:
Oh Antony, Oh Antony!

1. Let's speake to him.
2. Let's heare him, for the things he speaks
May concerne Caesar.

Let's do so, but he sleepe.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleepe.

1. Go we to him.
2. Awake for speake, speake to vs.

1. Hear ye? sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummers的功效 off.

Herselfe the Drummers demurely wake the sleepers:
I et vs bear him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our house is fully out

2. Come on thee, he may recover yet.

Exeunt

Enter Antony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaste them nor by Land.

Sea. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or i'th' Ayre,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hillies advaing to the City
Shall hys with vs, Order for Sea is given,
They have pur purs the Flaues:
Where their appointment we may best discerne,
And looke on their endeavour.

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be full by Land,
Which as I tak's, I shal, for his best force
Is forth to Mas his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best advantage.

Exeunt.

Ant. Yet they are not joynd:
Where you'd Pine does stand, I shall discover all.
Ille bring thee word straitly, how his like to be.

Scor. Swollowes have built
In Cleopatra's Sails their nectar.
The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge.

Ant. Lo! ant, and dischard, and by blots
His tertred fortunes give him hope and faire
Of what he has, and has not,

End.

Ant. All is lost:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fierce hath yeeld to the Eoe, and yonder,
They cast their Cops vp, and Carowle together
Like Friends long on. Tiple-turn'd Whore, is thicu
Hast told me to this Nourse, and my heart,
Maketh only Warrer on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am redg'd upon my Charms,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, he gone.
Oh Sunne, thy yspic shall I see no more,
Fortune, and Antony part here, even here.
Do we haste hounds? All come to thus? The hounds,
That ran selle me at heeleis, to whom I gave
Their offters, do dis-Candie, melt their bowes.
Oh blistring Cæsar! And this Pone is back.
That euer put them all. betray'd I am.
Oh this false Studie of Egypt! this base Charms,
Who's eye beck's for my Woe, & cal'd them house?
Whole Bart -the was my Crowner, my chiefe end,
Like a ringle Egypt, bath as fast and loose
Beguile me, to the very bear of Jove.

What Eve, Eve?

End.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Awise.

Cle. Why is my lord ensag'd against my Louse?
Ant. Vain, I shall pacifie the three by defraying,
And blemish Cæsar's Triumph. Let him take thee,
And boist thee vp to the shrouing Plebeians,
Follow his Chariote, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monrler-like be the shame
For poor it Demuthes, for Doats, and let
Parent Olympe, plunged thy vile age vp
With her prepared nailes.

[Exit Cleopatra.

Behold, that are gone,
If be well to hue. But better towre
Than left it into my face, for one death
Might have presented many. Eras, hou?
The hurt of Merivm is ypon me, teach me
A-cide, thou mine Anefett, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lucus on the hones o'Moone,
And with those hounds that graft the heautiell Club,
Subdue my wretch'telfe Fille: The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boye the bath fold me, and I fall
Under the plots: She dye too. Eras bee.

End.

Enter Cleopatra, Chasman, Frae Marchand.

Cle. Help me my women: Oh hee's more and
Then Talamow for his Shield, the Boars of Thessaly
Was never so incombe.

Chas. To t'other Monument, there lokke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead:

The
The Tragedie of

The Soules and Body rise not more in parting,
Then greatesse going off.

Enter Mardian. Good Pater, I haue feine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spake was Anonbyy,
And word it pitty pitty pitty pitty.
Hence Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my dea th'o'th'Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anonbyy, Mardian, and Eras.

An. Eras, thou yet behold it me?
Eras. I Noble Lord.

An. Sometime we see a cloud that's Dragonish, in
A vapour sometim'ly, like a Bear, or Lyon,
A target Caredel, a pendant Roch, in
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Treas upon't, that nodde into the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou haft thence the signe,
They are blacke Vipers Pagants.

Eras. I my Lord.

An. That which is now a Horte, euue with a thought
The Rocke sighs, and makes it indiffinite.
As water is in water.

Eras. It does my Lord.

An. My good Knasse Eras, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body: Here I am Anonbyy,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knasse)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for the had mine:
Which well if it was mine, had an peat vnto't
A Million now, (now left) Here Eras has
Pact: Cards with Ceasar, and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Sey, wepe not gentle Eras, there is left vs
Our felues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy wilde Lady, she has toob'd me of my Sword.

Mard. No Anonbyy,
My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes nigh'd
With shien inurely.

An. Hence swcy Enuch peace, she hat't brate me,
And shal dye the death.

Mard. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd it. What thou would it do
Is done unto thy band: she lift the spake
Was Anonbyy, most Noble Anonbyy
Then in the middit a teareng gren id brake
The name of Anonbyy: swas dundered
Betweener her heart, and lips: as rendred lite
Thy name fo burned other.

An. Dost then?
Mard. Dead.

An. Vassin' Eras, the long dayes task is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart't hence safe
Does thy labour richly: Go, exit Mardian.

Off, sleepe off,
The green-field shield of Anonbyy cannot brepe.
The batterie from my heart, Oh cleane my sides,
Heart, once be strongere then thy Commyt,
Cracke thy fake Cafe. Apace Eras, space:
No more's a Soldier: brentl'd pieces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. exit Eras
I will o'er take thee Cepeary, and
Wepe for my pardon, So o't must be, for now
All their threats since the 1st is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour

Mates what it does: yea, very force entangles
Itselfe with strength: Scale then and all is done.
Eras I come my Queene, Eras? Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, we'il hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Clouds gaze
Dias, and her Acest Brall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eras, Eras.

Eras. What would my Lord?

An. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I haue liv'd in such dissonours, that the Gods
Deceit my balance, is, that with my Sword,
Quarre'd the Worlds, and one green Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Citie; condemn me my felie, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, Left Noble name
Then she which by her death, our Caesar tells
I am Conqueror of my felie. Thou art sworn Eras,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behind me
The incurable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then will kill me.

Don't, the time is come: Thou stick't not me,
'Tis Caesar thou desist it. Put colour in thy Cheek.

Eras. The Gods who hold thee,
Shall I do that which all the Parthan Darte,
(Through Enemy) lost ayaye, and coule not.

An. Eras,
While'ou' hou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Why Matter thus with pleache Armes, bending downe
His strong biece, his face subdu'de
To peneitute Rome: whilst the wheel's scarce
Of Fortune's Cafe drowne before him, brented
His Brone, his heart enfolded.

Eras. I would not feel.

An. Come then with a wound I must be cut't.

Draw that thy hollow Sword, which thou half worne
Melt's the fall of thy Country.

Eras. Oh! in pardome.

An. When I did make thee free, soul'v'll not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents repurpose'd, Draw, and come.

Eras. Taine from me then that Noble countenance,
When the worship of the whole world lyts.

An. Lo' thee.

Eras. My word is drawne.

An. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eras. My dear Master,
My Captaine, and tyr Emperor. Let me say
Before I lrike this bloody stroke, Farewell.

An. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eras. Farewell great Chief, Shall I strike now?

An. Now Eras.

Eras. Why there then:
Thus I do elcape the sorrow of Anonbyy's death.'

An. Thrice-Nobles thyselfe,
Thou teachest me! Oh valiant Eras, what
I should, and thou could'nt not, my Queene and Eras
Have by their true instruction got upon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride, groome in my death, and run into't
As to a Lovers bed, Come then, and Eras,
Thy Matter does thy Scholler; to do thus
I feared of her. How not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me,

Enter.

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870
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter a Guard.

Queer. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work, my friends.

Oh make an end of what I have begun.

Ant. The matter is false.

And tune is at the period.

Ant. All's over, and none.

Ant. I heard that I should make me need.

Not. 1. Not.

Not. 2. Not.

All.

Draw thy sword, and give me thylast sentence.

Ant. Art thou there Dimed? I'm come to protest.

No, I have found thee.

Ant. How now, my lord.

Ant. Where's Cleopatra?

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maids alfo, with Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. Oh Sudden.

Borne the great Spheres thou mov'dst in, dazzling strand.

The varying Shore of the World, O Antony, Antony, Antony,

Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras, help: helpe: helpe: helpe: helpe

Friends, belove, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not Clefs Valour hath o'ercrowne Cleopatra,

But Anthony's ast Triumph was o'er fille.

Cleo. So it should be,

That none but Antony should conquer Anthony,

And none too.

Ant. I am dying Egypt: dying, only,

I see ineffectual death: whilst, vsil.

Or I might thousand kites: he peace to the right.

I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Beare.

Dress my Lord pardon: I dare not,

Leaff he taken more. Impetuous flow

Of all Fortun's Cather, every shall

Be broach'd with me, if Knife, Dugges, Serpents have

Edge: things: operation. I am safe.

You see, Octavius, with her modest eyes,

And Cindylis, shall require no Honour

Dying upon me: but come, come Cleopatra,

Help me: my women, we shall draw her vp.

Affid good friends.

Ant. Oh sweet, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport in these,

How heavy weighs my Lord?

Our strength's all gone into misfortune.

That which makes the weep, had I great Love's power,

The strong wing'de Mercury should fetch me vp.

And set me by forces side. Yet come a little,

Willers were ever Fulles. Oh come, come, come,

They bring Anthony's cles to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome, Dye when these half laid,

Quicken with kisings my lippes that power,

Thou would I wear them out.

Ant. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am doing Egypt dying.

Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me style so bye, that

The false Heavie Fortune, brake her Whiles,

Post kidly by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)

Of ceas force your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together,

Ant. Gentle heare me,

None about Cseye, truth, but Presentment.

Cleo. My Revolution, and my hands, Ie truth,

None about Cseye,

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,

Lament not long at: but please you thoughts

In feeding them with those myformer Fortunes

Wherein I dwell, The grandest Prince 0' the world,

The No'Meal: and do now not safely dye,

Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to

My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman

Violently vanquished. Now my Spirit is going,

I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, won't you dye?

Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a Strye? Oh see my women:

The Crown of the earth doth melt. My Lord?

Oh wither do's the Garland of the wreath.
The Tragedy of

The Soldiers' pole is false: young Boys and Girls Are levell now with men: the odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting Moone.
Char. Peace, peace, peace, peace.
Ciel. No more but: in a Woman, and commanded By such poor passions as the Maid that Milkes, And don't the meanest shares. It were for me, To throw my Susp':s at the ininitious Gods, To tell them that this World did equal theys, Till they had won me my Jewell. All's but naught: Patience is forths, and impatience does Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it finite, To rush into the secret house of death, Ere death come to vs. How do you Women? What, what good cheere? Why how now Charmain? My Noble Girls? Ah Women, women! Look a Our Lamps is spent, it's out. Good fire, take heart, We'll bury him: And then, what's braver, what's Noble, Let's doo' after the high Roman fashion, And make death proud to vs. Come, away, The cafe of that huge Spirit now is cold. Ah Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend But Resolution, and the breefe end.
Exit, bearing of Autumnes body.

Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dodelabella, Messes, with his Convell of Warre.

Cesar. Go to him Dodelabella, bid him yield, Being to fulfill, tell him, He mocks the pawns that lie makes.

Dol. Cesar, I shall

Enter Discretus with the sword of Anthony.

Dis. Wherefore is that? And what are thou that darest Appare to us? What, am I called Discretus?

Mark. Anthony I tould, who best was worthily, To be laudit: while the sundown vp and spoke He was my Miser, and I wore my life To spend upon his hates. If thou please To take me to thine, as I was to him.

Thee be to Cesar, if it please thee, I yield thee vp my life.

Cesar. What is thou sayst? What is thou sayst?

Dis. I say (Oh Cesar), Anthony is dead. Cesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make A greater cracke. The sound World Should have moanke Lyons into ciuall streets, And Citizens to ther demes. The death of Anthony Is not a single doome, in the name lay A noyaty of the world.

Dis. He is dead Cesar,
Nor by a poble miner or lattice, Nor by a byred Knife, but that selfe-hand Which went his Honor in the Act it did, Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it, Sprinhted the heart. This is his Sword,
I rob'd his worship of: behind it flaine'd With his most Noble blood.

Cesar. Look ye of friends.

Enter the Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most perfited deeds.

Ces. His tames and Honours, we'd equal with him.

Dis. A Race spin never
Did sterve humanity: but you Gods will give vs Some faults to make vs men. Cesar is touch'd,
Ces. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cesar. Oh Anthony,
I have follow'd thee to this, but we do launch Disgrace in our Bodies. I must perfurse Have the wne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on shine: we could not fall together,
In the whole world, But yet let me lament
With tears as Souzaigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all deigne, my Mare in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, do the Heart Where mine his thoughts did kindle that our Stars Unreconscialble, should diuide our equalhefe to this. Heart me good Friends, But I will tell you at some other day, Seco, The businesse of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he say.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Ah! a poor Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistis Confind in all, she has her Monument Of the intent, define, instructioun,
That the prepared may frame her selfe To win shew thee for the day.

Cesar. But her good heart,
She forms shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee Determine for her. For Cesar cannot loose to be vengent
Ange. So the Gods please thee.

Ces. Come hither Proclaines. Go and say
We purpose her no harme: give her what comforts The quality of her passion shall require: Leave in her garnishe, by some mostall stroke She dover defeat. For your life in Rome, Would be eternall in our Triumphs: Go, And with your speedshelt bring vs what the fayres, And how you find of her.

Pro. Cesar I shall.

Exit Proclaines.

Cesar. Gallope you along: where Dodelabella, to fowc Promontori,
All Dodelella.

Ces. Let him alone: for I remember now How he's implyed: the shall in time be ready, Go with me to my Tent, where you shall fee How whom I was drawne into this Warre, Ho, a mine to gentle I proceede full I am with Wraeght: Go with me, and see What I can shew in this.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, and Mardian.

Cle. My deceotion doth begin to make
A better life: I shaue pity to be Cesar:

Not being Fortune's, he's but Fortune's issue,
A minister of her will: and is great

To
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which batters accents, and bolts vp change;
Which steepest, and never palates more the dung,
The beggars Nur, and Cleopatra.

Enter Ptolemy.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee fully on what fairest demands
Thou wert to habe him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name ?
Pro. My name is Ptolemy.

Cleo. Antony,
Didst tell me of my, bad me tryst you, but
I do not greatly care to be deuced'
That hast so wise a trysting. If your Master
Would name a Queene his beggar, you must tell him,
That Make to keep deceitful, must!
No life beggar then's Kingtongue : The pleate
To guide me comrade Egypt for my Suite,
He gueses me to much of Cleone, as I
Will kneele to him, with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheere;
Y'are false into a Principly hand, care nothing,
Make your full reference freely true Lord,
With to full of Grace, that it flower over
On all that needeth. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependance, and you shal finde
A Conqueror that will prave in syde for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunet Vafall, and I send him
The Cireunelle he has got. I hourly leane
A:Divine of Obedience, and would gladly
I ooke him inFace.

Pro. This ile report (edere Lady)
Place concert, for I know your plight is pitted
Of him that causd it.
Cleo. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd :
Guard bettill Caesar come.

Pro. Royall Queene.

Cleo. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.

Pro. Quick, quick, good hands.
Hold your Lady, held, by
Done your selves such wrong, who are in this
Reli'd, but not restraine,
Cleo. What of death too that rides our dogs offangish

Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Matters bounty, by
Thi'volding of your selves: Let the World see
Hir Nobilitie well sted, 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 Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady,

Cleo. Sir, I will caste no meate, hee do not drinke fis,
Ifs talke will once be necessef
He his sleepe neither. This mortall house Ie ruine,
Do Caesar what he ca

Pro. What of death too that rides our dogs offangish

Cleo. Nay pray you fis.

Pro. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee Ie sted methen in Triumph.

Pro. Madam he will, I know.

Cleo. What thou haist done, thy Master Caesar knowes,
And he hath sent thee : for the Queene,
He take her to my Guard.

Pro. So Delibellis,
It shall concert me bid: Be gentle to her,
Cleo. To Caesar I will speake, what you fiall please,
If you imploie me to him.

Exit Prolemy.

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Pro. Mott Noble Empresse, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Pro. Affurently you know me.
Cleo. No matter of, what I have heard and observen:
You laugh when Bebes or Wouen tell their Dreames.
Is't not your tricke?

Del. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperors Antony,
Oh such another steepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Del. What might you see:
Cleo. His face was at the Heavens, and thee thunke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little children.

Del. Mott Sunderneigne Creature.

Pro. His legs behind the Ocean his rear'd arms
Crested he would. His voyce was proported
As all the tuned spheres, and to Friends ;
But when he meant to quail, and disk the Orbe.
He was at rasing Thundar. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An Antony it was,
That grew the more by reading: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they thereof do backe about
The Element they lived in: in his Livery
Wolke'd Crownes and Crownets:Reams & Islands were
As plates droppt from his pocket.

Del. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Sir, I think you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Del. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lyi up to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one such
It's palt the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuffs
To we strage forms with fancie, yet compare
An Antony was Nature peace, "gainst fancie,
Condemning fladower quite.

Del. Hears me, good Madam:
Your loffe is a your selfe, great; and you beare it
As answerung to the weight. would I might neuer
One take purdue faceful: But I do soles
By the rebound of yours, a greese that sustes
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. Thanks you sir:
Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

Del. I am both to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you fis.

Del. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee Ie sted methen in Triumph.

Del. Madam he will, I know.

Flomo.

Enter Prolemy, Caesar, Callus, Amen.P.,

Cleo. Let us and others of my Traite

Al. Make way there Caesar.

Cas.
Caf. Which is the Queen of Egypt.

Dif. It is the Emperor Madam. 

Caf. Artife, you shall not know:
I pray you rise, rise, rise Egypt.

Caf. Sir, the Gods have bane it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Caf. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The record of what minutes you did vs,
Though written in your flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Caf. Sole Sir of the World,
I cannot protect mine own estate so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Benediction with like friction, which before
Have often I Carn Uber Sex.

Caf. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than informe:
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are so gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you seek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthony for your, you shall here your selfe
Of my good purpose, and put your children
To that destruction which I guard them from,
If heretofore you reyle. I take my leave.

Caf. And may through all the world: this yours, & we
Your Suctcrons, and your Signes of Conquest have
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Caf. You shall advise me in all Clefts.

Dif. This is the breefe of Money, Places, & jewels
I am possesse of, extremely valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Selene?

Sel. Here Madam.

Caf. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Upon his perill, that I have referred
To my selfe nothing. Speakest the truth, Selene?

Sel. Madam, I had rather feele my lippe,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Caf. What have I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known
Caf. Nay blith not Cleopatra, I approve
Your Wifedome in the deede.

Caf. See Cleopatra: Oh behold,
How pompes is followed: Mine shall now be yours,
And shoulde we flout afteres, yours would bee mine.
The ingratitude of this Selene, does
Even make me wilde. O, I shou'd, of no more trau't
Then love'st thou? What god thou backe, I shall
Go backe I warrant thee: but let each these eyes
Though they had winges. Slue, Sout: eilef, Vulshan Dog.
O rarely base!

Caf. Good Queeness, let vs interest you.

Caf. O Cleopatra, what a wounding frame is this,
That thou wastling here to victome, doing
The Honour of thy Lordinesse
To one to recke, that mine owne Seruant should
Presell the lume of my dignities, by
Addition of his Emuy. Say (good Cleopatra)
That I home Lady triffes have refer'd,
Innumerable toys, things of such Dignification
As we were dames, hadde friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I have kept about
For Lentus and Oilemea, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred: The Gods it limite me
Beneath the fall I have. Phyrthe go hence,
Or I shal thrw the Cynders of my spirit.
Through th' Affoes of my chance: Where thou a man,

Caf. Shall I have mercy on me.

Caf. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do: and when we fail,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pitied.

Caf. Cleopatra,
Not what you have refer'd, nor what acknowledge'd
Put we th' Roll of Conquest: still be thine yours,
Bellow it at your pleasure, and beleue
Caf. no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheerd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
For we intend firt to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall give vs counsell: Feede, and step:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and to adieu.

Caf. My Master, and my Lord.

Caf. Not to: Adieu. 

Flouriz.

Caf. Exewe Cleopatra, and his Truce.

Caf. He would me Gyries, he would me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But heare thee Charman.

Ira. Finis good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Ira. Hey the againe,
I have spoke already, and it is proued,
Go put it to the haffe.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Delakeilla.

Dif. Where's the Queen?

Char. Beold fr.

Caf. Delakeilla.

Dif. Madam, as therto sworn, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: Cafar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will be send before,
Make your selfe wise of this. I here perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Caf. Delakeilla, I shall remaine your debtor.

Dif. I your Servant:

Adieu good Queen, I must attend on Cafar.

Exit

Caf. Farewell, and thankes.

Now Ira., what think'll thou?
Then an Egyptian Poet shall he the same
In Rome as well as: Medickse Stues
With greaze Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Vulph vs to the view, in their thicke breathes,
Rank of grease dyet, shall we be encolowed,
And forto dy to their vapour.

Ira. The Gods forbe,di.

Caf. Nay, tis most certaine Ira.: Swcic Lictors
Will catch us vs like Scumpers, and scald Rimmers
Ballads vs out a Time. The quicke Comedians
Extemporarily will slape vs, and present
Our Alexander Reuels: Anthony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some speaking Cleopatra, Boy my greatest
I'pospore of a Whore.

Ira. O the good Gods!

Caf. Nay that's certaine.

Ira. He never frets? For I am sure mine Walle
Are stronger then mine eyes.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

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Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation, and to conquer their most absurd means. Enter Charmian.

No wchamian.

Shew me my Women like a Queene; Go fetch my best Attire. I am againe for Cidruss, to meete Mr Anthony. Strue I was, go (Now Noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,) and when thou hast done this, Hee give thee leave to play till Doomsday: bring our Crowne, and all. A wife within.

Wherefore's this noise? Enter a Guardman.

Gard. Hiera is a rural Fellow, that will not be deny'd: you're aghastelle, therefore, He brings you Figgery.

Cleo. Let him come in. Fret Guardian.

What poore an Instru- ment may a Noble d dictate? He brings me liberty: MyResolution's plac'd, and I hawe nothing; Of woman in me: Now from head to foot I am a noble Confidence: now the fleeting Moon No Plant is of mine.

Enter Guardian, and Cleop.

Guard. This is the man, Cleo. Auido, and leave him. Exit Guardian.

Hast thou the prettie worme of Nylus there, That kills and passes not?

Cleo. Truly I hate him; but I would not be the partie or should you see him to touch him, for his byning is immortal: a thoae that doe dye it, doe feldome or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'th thou any that have dyed on't? Cleo. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one or the other no longer then yesterday a very honest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how the dyed of the byning of it, I saw the pale of it: Truly, she makes a very good report of it, but he that will beleue all that they say, shall once be found by halfe that they do: but this is most fallable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Cleo. I will you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Cleo. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kindes.

Cleo. If, farewell. Cleo. Lookye, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wife people: for indeede, there is no goodwille in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded. Cleo. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it est e me?

Cleo. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the duell himselfe will not eare a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the duell droste her not. But truly, these fams whomof duists doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in every caye that they make, the duells marre faze.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Cleo. Yes forsoorth I will you joy o'th'worm. Exit Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more the lyre of Egypt's Grape shall mowe this lip. Yare, yare, good Iraw: quicke: Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call I see him cowlis himselfe. To praise my Noble A, A, I hear him mock. The lucke of Cofar, which the Gods give men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage prove my Title. I am Fire, and Ayre; by other Elements I gue to better life. Su, have you done? Come then, and take thee left warme of my Lipes. Farewell kindie Charmian, Ira, long farewell. Have I the Aspicke in my lipes: Doit fall? If thou, and Nature can to gently part, The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch, Which hurts, and is defi'd. Doit thou lye still? If thou hast vanish'd, thou tell me, the world, It is not worth lease-taking.

Char. Difflue thicke cloewd, and Reine, that I may lay The Gods themselfes do wepepe. Cleo. This proues me false:

If I the first meete the Curled Anthony, Hee I make demand of her, and spead that kisse Which is my heares to have. Come thou mortal wretch, With thy sharp teeth this knot untie. Of life at once yntye: Poore venous Fools, Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could thou speake, That I might heare thee call great Cofar Aile, unpolic,ed. Char. On Effrene Starre.

Cleo. Peace peace.

Doit thou not see my Baby at my breast, That fustes the Nurle eerie. Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As twites at Baline, as sulst at Ayre, as gentle. O Anthony! Nay I will thee too.

What shoud I thy—— Dyer.

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well. Now bowst the Death, in thy possehe lyes A Life unparalleld. Downie Windows close, And golden Phcebus, never be beheld Of eyes againe to Royall: your Crowinesaway, Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guardians, and Delabel.

1 Guard. Where's the Queene? Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

Cofar hath sent Char. Too low a Messenger, Oh come apart, dispatch, I partly feel thee. 1 Approache box.

All's not well: Cofar's beguile.

1 There's Delabel sent from Cofar: call him. 1 What workes is here Charmian?

Is this well done?

Char. Yes it well done, and fitting for a Princeffe Descended of so many Royall Kings. Ah Souldier. Charmian dyse.

Enter Delabel.

Del. How gone is heere?

1 Guard. All done.

Del. Cofar, why thoughts Touch their effect in this: Thi self are comming To see perform'd the dreaded Aile which shou So fough't to hinder.

Enter Cofar and all his Traines, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cofar.
She took her oath was his Basket. She hath put

This charm I laid but now, the flood and spake:
I found her roaring up the Dismay:
On her dead Mists tremblingly the flood,
And on the foams a cropt.

Cæsar. Oh noble weakness:
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleepe,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toyse of Grace.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. 1
   On do not meet a man but Fowmes,
   Our bloods no more obey the Heavens
   Than our Courriers:
   Till that scene as do's the Kings.
   2. Gent. But what's the matter?
   1. His daughter, and the house of his kingdom (whom
   He purposed to his sole or Sonne, a Widow,
   That late he married) hath refer'd her selfe
   Into a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
   Her Husband bann'd; the supposition, all
   Is outwardly known, though I thinke the King
   Be touch'd at very heart.

   2. None but the King?
   1. He that hath lost her too: for the Queen, That could not see the March. But not a Courrier,
   Although they were not their faces to the bent
   Of the Kings lookers, hath a heart that is not
   Glad at the thing they scowle at.

   2. And why to?
   1. He that hath mis'd the Prince, is a thing.
   Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
   (I means, that married her, a slack-good man,
   And therefore bann'd) to an Creature, such,
   As to see the through the Regions of the Earth
   For one, his like there would be nothing failing
   In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
   So faire an Outward, and such blisse Within
   Endowes a man, but here.

   2. You speake him faire.
   1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
   Cruft him together, rather then unfold
   His mesure duly.

   2. What's his name, and Birth?
   1. I cannot delive him to the roote: His Father
   Was call'd Sardine, who did joyne his Honor
   Against the Romans, with Caffidian,
   But had his Titles by Temaster, whom
   He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Success;
   So gain'd the Sur-addition, Lemanse.
   And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
   Two other Sonnes, who in the Warses oth's time
   Dy'de with their Swords in hand, For which,their Father
   Then old, and fond of yffe, took such forrow
   That he quit King; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (out Theme) descere
As he was brote. The King he takes the Bube,
To his protection, cal's him: Paffharmus Lemanse.
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learning that this same
Could make him the recouer of, which heooke.
As we do see, fall as was misthrid,
And's lisyng, because it странst.
Build in Court
(Whice tace it is to do) most prado, most leud,
A temple to the yof; get's selfe more Matur,
A glasse that leazed them, and to the graner,
A Childe that guided Dostatis. To his Minist,
(For whom he now is bann'd) her own price
Proclaims how the effend'd him; and her Vereue
By her elcius may be truly read, what kind of man he is.
   2. I honor him, even out of yours repeates.

But pray tell you, is the sole childe to the King?
   1. His only childe:
   He had two Sonnes (in this be worth your hearing,
   Mark it,) the eldest of them, at three years old
   I'll wash, washing clothes, the other from their Narsey
   Were fiole, and to this house, no gulle in knowledge
   Which way they went.

   2. How long is this age?
   1. Some twenty yeares.

   2. That a Kings Children should be so connay'd,
   So ficklely guarded, and the keace follow
   That could not trace them.

   1. Howfoere, 'his Strange,
   Or that the negligence may well be laug'd at:
   Yet is it true Sir.
   2. I do well believe you.
   1. We must forbearre. Here comes the Gentleman,
   The Queen, and Princeesse.


Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Images.

Qe. No, he affir'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the Gander of most Step-Mothers,
Emilli'e vant you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gosoar shall deliver you the keyes

Exeunt. 
The Tragedie of Cymbeline

That locke vp your restraint. For you Pylammus,
So loose as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne you: Adoince to morrow yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and were good
You lea dryn his Sentence, with what patience
Your wife doe may informe you.

Poy. Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Q. You know the perill:
Ille fetch a sure about the Garden, pittyng
The pangs of bard Affection, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Imo. O dissembling Cymette! How thinke this Tyrant
Can sinkle where the woundes? My dearest Husband,
I something traze my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwaies refered my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourely shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may fee again.

Pofi. My Queene, my Misfits:
O Lady, were no more, Least I give caufe
To be suspect'd of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall husband, that did eereplight truth.
My residence in Rome, at one Fabian's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thinke I am (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you tend,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefer, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall m couer, I know not
How much of his diuision: yet Ile move him
To walke this way: I seuer do him wrong,
But he doth by my Innuicitation to be Friends:
Payes deere for my enducers.

Pofl. Should we be taking leave
As long a serence as we have to live,
The loathneesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Ente Queene. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but using tooth to syre your helpless,
Such parting was too petty. Looke here (Louve)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wifes,
When imogen is dead.

Pofi. How, howe another?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And lease vp my embraçments from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heare,
While sence can keep it on: And sweeret, fairest,
As I (my poore sile) did exchange for you
To your & infinite lisse: loau in our tristes
I'll winne of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Mascelle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fatefull Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, Lords.

Pofi. Alack, the King.

Cym. Thou sussett thing, sussett hence, from my sight.
Hath this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dyest. Away,
Thou art payon to my blood,

Popy. The Gods protect you,
And bleue the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this.

Cym. O dilyall thing.
That should not repaire my youth, thou heap't
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harm me not thy selfe with thy vexation,
I am feelestiff of thy Wrath; Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Paif Grace? O obedience?
Imo. Paif hope, and in dispaire, that way paif Grace,
Cym. That mightt have had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O bleffed, that I mightt not: I chose an Eagle,
And did awoy a Dautock.

Cym. Thou took'tt a Bigger, wouldt have made my
Throne, a Sease for balenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a luffere to it.

Cym. O thou wilt one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lou'd Pylammus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Owre-buyes mee
Almost the somme he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen reforme me: would I were
A Near-hearde Daughter, and my Lenantus:
Our Neighbour-Shepheardes Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolifh thing;
They were againe to gether if you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pender vp.

Qu. Befeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace, sweet Soueraine,
Leave us to our issues, and make your selfe some comfort
Out of your beladuice.

Cym. Nay let her languis:
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Enter Pifano

Qu. Fye ye must quake way.
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir? What newses?

Pifo. My Lord your Queene, dwre on my Master.

Qu. Hah?
No harme it selft is done?

Pifo. There mightt have bene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad out.

Pifo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. Obraue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I mightt pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pifo. On this command he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Haven: left theire Notes
Of what commands I should be subject too,
Wherewith pleas'd he to employ me:

Qu. This hath bene
Your Faithfull Servant: I dare lay mite Honour
He will remaine fo.

Pifo. I humbly thank you your Highnesse

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The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scanter Tertea.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.
1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you seek as a Sacrifice: where Ayre comes out, Ayre comes in: There's none abroad to wholefome as that you wear.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Have I hurt him?
2. No faith: not so much as his patience.
1. Hurt him? His Book's a passable Carrosse if he be not hurt. It is a through-case for Steelee if he be not hurt.

Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backside the Town.

2. The Villain will not find him.
1. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

3. Stand you if you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your haunch, gave you some ground.

2. As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppets.)

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2. So would I, till you had measure'd how long a Fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd.

1. Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. She's a good signe, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

3. She flutes not upon Fools, left the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, lie to my Chamber: would there had been some hurt done.

2. I will not so, missiess it had bin the fall of an Aife, which is no great Con

Clot. You'll go with us?

2. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well my Lord.

Scanter Quartus.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Qn. I would thou grow it vato the shores o'th'Hauen.

Ach. And question'd it everry Sale: if she should write, And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost.

As offer'd mercy is: What was the last That he spake to thee?

P. I, his Queene, his Queene.

Qn. Then wadst his Handkercheif?

P. And kill it, Madam.

Qn. Sentielle Linnen, happier therein then i: And that was all?

P. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or care

Distinguishe him from others, he did keep

The Decke, with Glione, or Hat, or Handkercheif,

Still waving, as the fins and fishes of mind

Could best express how flow his Souleassy'd on;

How swifit his Ship.

Qn. Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a Crow, or leaf, or leaft

To after-eye him.

P. Madam, so I did.

Qn. I would have broke mine eye-things;

Crack'd them, but to look upon him, till the diminution

Of space, had pointit him sharper as my Needle:

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from

The ThreeBefore of a Great, to Ayre: and then

Hast turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pyrassa;

When shall we heare from him,

P. Be aftred Madam,

With his next vantage.

Qn. I did not take my lease of him, but had

Moff pretty things to say: Erre I could tell him

How I did think of him at certaine hours,

Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him swere,

The Shes of Italy should not betray

Mine Interest, and his lZONE: or haue charg'd him

At the six hour of Morn, at Noone At Midnight,

To encounter me with Orions, for then

I am in Heauen for him: or erre I could,

Give him that paring knife, which I had fee

Between two charming words, comes in my Father,

And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,

Stakes all our bidses from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queen is (Madam)

Delivers your Higience Company.

Qn. These things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queene.

P. Madam, I shall,

Scanter Quinta.

Enter Piscario, Lachins, a Frenchman, a Dumb- men, and a Spaniard.

Lach. Believe it Sir, I have seen him in Britaine, he was then of a Creiffent nose, expected to prove so woor-

thly, as since he hath beene allowed the name of.

But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Ad-

miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had

bin tabled by his side, and I to penize him by Item.

Pisc. You speake of him when he was left formid'd,

then now hee it, with that which makes him both within

out, and within.

Franch. I have seen him in France: wee had very ma-

ny there, could behold the Sunne, with a fine eye as hee.

Lach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,

wherein he must be weighed rather by her vawel, then

his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deal from the

Franch. And then his banishment.

Lach. 1, and the approbation of those that weepe this

lamentable divorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully
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The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I. iv. 22—170
The Tragedy of Gymbeline.

Scene Sexta.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Courtilce.

Qn. Whilest ye do rest on ground, Gather those Flowers, Make halfe: Who ha's the most of them?

Ld. I Madam.

Qn. Let us dispatch.

Exeunt Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?

Cor. Precisely your Highness, I there they are, Madam: But I eie ech your Grace, without offence (My Coextence bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me thefe most poifonous Compounds, Which are the ramoners of a langufhing death.

But though flow, deadly.

Qn. I wonder, Doctor, Thou ask't me such a Question: Have I not bene Thy Pupill long? Haft thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes? Didst? Pardon me, Sir, That our great King (with effence) doth too me o't For my Confessions? Having thus farre proceeded, (Vnfofe that thou think'st myfelfe wittnefe) it's not meete That I did amplifye my judgement in Other Confessions? I will try the forces Of thofe thy Compounds, on fuch Creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none humane) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their Aé, and by them gather Their feuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highfrefte Shall I from this practive, But make hard your heart: Besides, the ftronge effects will be Both none, and inflamations.

Qn. O content thee.

Enter Pifiana.

Heere comes a fuzterng Rallay, upon him Will I forth wooke: Hee's for his Maffe, And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pifiana? Doctor, your freindship for this time is proued.

Cor. I do fupport you, Madam, But you shall do no harme.

Qn. Heare it bee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her, She douthe think the ha's Strange thing ling poifons: I do know her spirit, And will not touch one other male with A druge of fuch damnd Nature. Though the ha's, Will thou tie and dill the bone a while, Which fhill (perchance) fhere I proue on Cats and Dogs, Then afterward up higher: but there is No danger in what fhere of death makes, More then the looking up the Spirits a me, To be more f-free, reaping. She is knowd With a moft fable effect and I, the meare, Not to be falle with her.

Qn. No further feeue, Doctor, Untill I fend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

Qn. Wrapps the fhill (and thou) Do thou thinke in time

She will hurt quere, and let inftructions enter Where fully now poffffe. Do thou wooke: When thou fhalt bring me word the loues my Sonne, He tell cleef on the informant, thou art then As great as if thy Maffe: Greater, for His fortunes all eyes speckleffe, and his name Is at full glorie. Premite hee cannot, nee Continue where he is: To fume his being, Is to exchange one miliey with another, And every day that comes, comes to decay A dayes wooke in him. What fhall thou expect? To be dependent on a thing that leares? Who cannot be new built, for ha's no Friends Sumuch, as but to pop him? Thou tak't vp Thou knowl not what: But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I made, which hath the King Five times o'deared from death. I do not know What is more Cordill. Nay, I prittely take it, It is an eff eft of a further good That I mean't to thee. Tell thy Mudiren how The cafe stands with her: do't, as from thy felfe; Thinke what a chance thou chang'd on, but thinke Thou shalt thy Maffe full: to boome, my Sonne, Who fhall take notice of thee. He meue the King To any thing by Prettiment, fuch A show's defire and then my felfe, I cheareful, That let thee on to this defect, an bound To loose thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pifiana.

Thinke on my words. A flye, and conftant know, Not to be thak'd: the Agent for his Maffe, And the Remembrance of her, to hold The hand-fall to her Lord. I have given him that, Which if he take, fhall quite vnpeople her, Or Leidges for her Sweets: and which, the after Except the bend her honor, fhall be aff'd To tale of too.

Enter Pifiana, and Ladies.


Pifiana, and doth: But when to my good Lord, I proue vrrante, He choske my felle: there's all Ie do for you.
Scena Septima.

Enter I imagine alone.

I. A Father creel, and a Stedman falls,
A Foolish Sutor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband bound'd: 0, that Husband,
My supreme Crowne of griefs, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theseus alone,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the defier that's glorios: Briefed be those
How meet so to see, that have their honest wills,
Which fears comfor: That may this be? Eye,

Enter Pisa, and Lucbome.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Jack. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Lucbome is in safety,
And greetes your Highness deeply.

I. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome,
And all of those, that is out of doore, most rich:
If the be furnished with a mind for love
She is alone th'Arabian Bird; and I
Have left the wager. Boldness be my Friend:
Arms me Andacres from head to foot,
Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather direcly fly

I imagine reads.

He is one of the Noblest in the world, Kindness I am most intensely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your street.

So farre I read aloud,
But yet the very middle of my heart
Is warmd by therell, and make it thankfully,
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Jack. Thanks fairest Lady;
What are men mad! Ha! Ha! Nature given them eyes
To see this vanturd Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguisht without
The fire Orbes abuse, and the tumbled Stones
Upon the number'd Bech, and can not be
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twist faire, and foule:

I. What makes your admiration?
Jack. It cannot be'thy eyes: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twist two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Consume with mowes the other: Nor in'th judgment
For Idios in this case of favour, would
Be wisely define: Not in'th Appetite.
Slurrery to such neate Excellence, oppr'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so dull, so to feed

I. What is the matter now?
Jack. The Cloyed will
That situate yet患者'd desire, that Tab
Both fill'd and running: Beverly first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

I. What, drest Sir,
Thus rap's your? Are you well?

Jack. Thanks Madam well: Refresh you Sir,
Defire my Man an abate, where I did leave him
He's strange and profound.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

I. Cannot well my Lord?
His health be yours?

Jack. Well, Madam,
I. Is he eldor'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Jack. Exceeding pleasante: none a stranger there,
So mery, and so gameforme be is call'd
The Britane Reueler.

I. What was he here
He did scheme to fadness, and of times
Not knowing why.

Jack. I neve heard him fad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monstrate, that it feemes much loves
A Gallah-Girls as he: He furnaces
The thicke figures from him, who the silly Britains,
(Your Lord I meanes)laughs from a free langues oh oh,
Can my fides hold, so think that man who knows
By History, Report, or his owne prooofe
What woman is, yes what she cannot choose
But must be well a free hours langwth:
For assured bonage?

I. Will my Lord say so?

Jack. Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And he with imitate the Frenchman:
And yet Heuten's know some men are much too blame.

I. Not the I hope.

Jack. Not he:
But yet Heuten's bounty towards him,might
Be vis'd more thankfully. In himselfe it's much:
In you which he account his beyond all Talents.
With whom I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitie too.

I. What do you pitie Sir?

Jack. Two Creatures heavilly.

I. Am I one Sir?
You looke on one, what wrack distere you in me
Defire your pitie?

Jack. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
Th' Dungeone by a Snuffe.

I. I pray you Sir,
Defire with more openesse your answere
To my demands. Why do you pitie me?

Jack. That others do,
(I was about to say,enjoy your but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on.

I. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concerns me pray you
Since doubting things go ill,often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainnes
Either are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What boot you fear and stop.

Jack. Had I this chees
To bathe my lips upon this hand, whose touch
(Whose every touch)would face the Feeters fouls
To'th'east of loyalty. This obset, which
Takes prifoner the wild motion of mine eyes,
Flauming it wildly, should I (demand then)

Enter

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The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

That which he is, new o’re: And he is one
The truef manmanner: such a holy Witch,
That he enchant Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts arc his.

Imo. You make amends.

Jack. He lists mong men, like a defended God;
He hath a kind of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not anger.
(Most mighty Princeesse) that I have adventured To try your taking of a falles report, which hath
sound’d with confirmacyn your great judgment,
in the elecution of Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loute I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Volike all others) chastelie. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All’s well Sir:

Take my powre in Court for yours.

Jack. My humble thankes; I had almost forger
Pintreast your Grace, but in a small requit,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what’s it?

Jack. Some dozen Romances of vs, and your Lord
(The best Flowers of our wing) have rang’d summes
To buy a Pretent: for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the reit) have done
In France: ’tis Plate of rare deence, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisites forme, their valwes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe shrowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And passe mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath in trent in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

Jack. They are in a Trunke

Attend by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Jack. Yes, I beseech you: I shall short my word
By length of time return. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to morrow.

Jack. O must Madam,

Therefore I beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo’t to night,
I have out-flood my time, which is matter
To’t tender of your Premint.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yeelded you: you’re very welcome, Euen;

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? When I lift
the Jaccé upon an vp-call, to be his away? I had a hundred
pound on’t: and then a whorson jaccé-an-Apes, most
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

must take me vp for forecag, as if I borrowed mine
natures of him, and thall not I spend them at your pleasure.
1. What got he by that? you broke his pate
with your Bowle.
2. If this were but like him that broke it, it would
have run all out.

Clov. When a Gentleman is disposed to forseag it is not
for any flanders by to disturb his othes. Ha?
3. No my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clov. Whom then do I give him satisfaction? would
I had...one of my Ranke,
4. To have suefl'd like a Poole.

Clov. I am not what any thing in the earth: a
pox on that neither be so Noble as I see they dare
not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mo-
tress: every inke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting,
and I want go vp and dawne like a Cock, that no body
shall match.
5. You are Cock and Capon too, and you stow
Cock, with your comb

Clov. Say eff thou?
6. It is not for you Lordship shoul vnderstak
Companion, that you goi offence eto.

Clov. No, I know that: but it is 'in I should commit
offence to my inferiors.
7. It is fit for your Lordships onely.

Clov. Why so the
9. Did you heare of a Stranger that's come to Court
night?

Clov. A Stranger, and I know not one?
10. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knows it not.

Clov. There's an Italian come, and I thout one of
Lesueur's Friends.

Clov. Lesueur's? a banish Rashall, and he's another,
whatforever he be, Who told you of this Stranger?
11. One of your Lordships Page.

Clov. Is it not I went to looke uppon him? Is there no
iteDatabase in it?

Clov. You cannot derogate my Lord.
12. Nota lall I think,

Clov. You are a Poole granted, therefore your issues
being floud do not derogate.

Clov. Come, I'll goe see this Italian: what I hauo left
today at Bowles, I'll wanne to night of him. Come igo.
13. He attend your Lordship.

That such a rustic Duell as is his Mother
Should yield the world this Affe: A woman, that
Bear s all done with her Breade, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from one for his heart,
And use eighteen, Alas poore Princefeel,
Theod divine Imagery, what thou endur'd,
Bestows a Father by thy Steps-dame gosceuld,'
A Mother hourly eying plous: A Wooer,
More heartfull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy dysterious Husband. Then that horrid AR
Of the duosse, he'll make the Hauens hold firme
The walls of thy dierce Honour, Kesse vishak'd
That Temples thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
Tenting thy dierce Lord, and this great Land, Exterior.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imagery, her Bed, and a Lady,

1. Who's there? My woman: Helen?

2. Please you Madam.

3. What house is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

I have read three hours then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leuite it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'clock,
I petry thee calle: Sleep not hezid me wholly.
To your protection Lyes, in
From Faities, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beheth ye:

Sleep.

Lach. The Crickets sing, and mens race-lab'd tents
Repaire: it is by ref: Our Tarpair. Thus
Did softly presse the Rufus, ere the waken'd
The Chalfte he wounded. Cytherea,
How brilou thou becomen thy Bedreshe Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheeres that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubes vnapron'd,
How dearely they doo: Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To see th'inclosed Lughts, now Caupned
Vnder thee windowes, White and Azure he'd
With Blew of Heavens owne mith. But my delicate,
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
This adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Wh y face, and such: and the Contents o'th Story?
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand manner Muses.
Would relie, in English mine Inventorie.
O sleeper, thou Ape of death ye lye dull upon her,
And be her Senfe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying.
Come off, come off,
As flippary as the Gordan, knot was hard,
Tis man, and this will wincetle outwardly,
As strongely as the Conference do's within:
To sh'madding of her Lord. On her left breft
A mole Cinque-spotd: Like the Cimfon drops
I th'bottome of a Cowslippe, Herre's Voutier,
Stronger then ever Law could make, this Secrets
Will force him thakke I hauo prest the locke, and tane
The rest of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's trusted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of 3 from hezite the lattie's turnd downe
Where Philosophic gave vp. I hauo enough,
To th' Trumpe againe, and shut the toppe of it off.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night that dwelne
May beare the Ratsens eye: I lodge in fesse,
Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is here.

Clock strikes

Scena Tertia.

Enter Closars, and Lords.

1. Your Lordshipp is the most patient man in Ioffe, the
most coldest that ever turn'd vp Acte.

Clov. It would make any man cold to looke.

2. But not every man patient after the noble temper of
your Lordship: You are most hot, and furious when
you winne.

Clot.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline

Winning will put my man into courage: if I could get this to the Image, I should have Gold enough; it's almost morning, is't not?

Day, my Lord.

CLOT. I would this Musicke would come: I am adjured to give her Musicke a morning, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musician.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your finger, go; were try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain; but let her never go off. First, a very excellent good concetti things after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her begin.

SONG.

Hearts, heave, the Larks at Heaven's gate sing, and Phoebus' guns arise. His Steeds to water at the Spring; on chariots of flowers they are. And making Mary built by, to open their Golden eyes With every thing that pretty as my Lady sweet airs: Artis, artis.

So, get you gone: if this pen tent, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voice in her ears which Horfe-hair'd, and Calus-guts, nor the voice of unpaused Eumess to boot, can never sed.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Here comes the King.

CLOT. I am glad I was vp folate, for that's the reason I was vp to early: he cannot choose but take this Service I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

CYN. Attend you the doore of our stern daughter Fill the not forth?

CLOT. I have affayl'd her with Musicke, but the vouchsafes not his notice.

CYN. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forget him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on, And then this yours?

QU. You are most bound to'th'King, Who let's go by so vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly soland, and be frindly With spinell of the seashore, make denial To occrue your Services: to secure, as if You were mispris'd to do these duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, So as when command to your Submission tends, And therein you are safe.

CLOT. Seneschale! Not so.

Mef. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome: The one is Caius Lucius.

CYN. A worthy Fellow, albeit he comes on angry purpose now. But that's no fault of left: we must receive him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs. We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you have given good morning to your Mistirs, Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall have neede To employ you towards his Remonse, Come out Queene.

CLOT. Methinks you are vp. He speake with her: I snot Let her ley still, and dreame: by your leave hoa, I know her wonten are about her? what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (of it doth) yes, and makes Dana's Rangers false themselves, yield vp Their Deere to hand o'th' Stealer, and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and causes the Theefe Nay, sometime hangs both Theepe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vindo? I will make One of her women I sayer to me, for I yet understand the extre my selfe.

By your leave. Kneel.

Enter a Lady.

LA. Who's there that knockes?

CLOT. A Gentleman.

LA. No more.

CLOT. Yes, and a Gentlewoman Sonne.

LA. That's more.

Then some whole Taylors are as decrede at yours.

Can stiffly boast of what's your Lordships pleasure?

CLOT. Your Ladies person, is the ready?

LA. I, to keeper her Chamber.

CLOT. There is Gold for you, Sell me your good report.

LA. How my good name? or to report of you What I shall thunke is good. The Prince.

Enter Imagery.

CLOT. Good morrow fairest, Sifter your sweet hand. IMO. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much patience for purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poore of thankes, And Scarle can spare them.

CLOT. Still I sware I love you. IMO. If you but sware fo, 'were as deare with me: If you were all still, your recompence is still That I regarde is not.

CLOT. This is no answere, IMO. But that you shall not say, I yield being firmest, I would not sware: I pray you spare me, than I shall unfold my countence to your belt kindu: one of your great knowing Shuddles being (being taught) forbearance.

CLOT. To leave you in your madnesse, 'twere my fault, I will not.

IMO. Follies are no mad Folkes.

CLOT. Do you call me Fool? IMO. As I saиде I do. 

If you be patient, ile no more be mad. That cure for both. I am much forry (Sir) You put me to forget: a Ladies manner By being fo verbal: and learn new, for all, That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce By th' very truth of it, I care not for you, And I am no crete the lacke of Chariete To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make's my bidul.

IMO. You trie against

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contra? you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bried of Almes, and sotter'd with cold dithers, With iraps o'th'Court: It is no Contra, none; And though is be allowed in meaner parties (Ye't who then be more mean) to knite their foules (On whom there is no more dependance. But Beats and Beggrery) in felse-figure'd knot, Yet you are cur'd from that enlargment, by

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The Tragedy of Cinthiart.

Enter Phyllionus, and Philaris.

Pof. Fear it not Sir; I would I were to fare
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remit her's.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Pof. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quicken in the present winter's stare, and with
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your love; they sayling,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. You very goodly, and your company,
One pays you all that can. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Anaglyps; Cain Lucius,
Will do's Commission thoroughly. And I think
Here's grant the Tribune: fend th't Arranges,
Or looke upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grieve.

Pof. I do believe
(Stast both thou bane none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a Wars; and you shall hear
The Legion now in Galia, soon er landed
In our not-fearing-Britain, then haste ydinges
Of any penny Tribune paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Irime Cæsar
Smelt at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipul e,
(Now winged with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend upon the world,

Enter Iachimo.

Phl. See Iachimo.

Pof. The fourstall Hants, have posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kifs you Sirs,
To make your vellithumble.

Phil. Welcome Sir,

Pof. I hope the briefness of your answer'd, made
The speeduless of your returne.

Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the tayret that I have look'd vpon?

Pof. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looka thorough a Calament to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Pof. Their returne good I trust.

Iach. To very like.

Pof. Was Cass Lomus in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approch'd.

Pof. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. I shall not let it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
Se make a journey twice as faste, t'enoy
A second night of such sweet flustriferre, which
Was mine in Britain, for the King is wonne.

Pof. The Stones too hard to come by,

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being forsey.

Pof. Make more Sir

You lofe your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keep Councel; had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistres home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your King; and not the wronger
Of her, or you having proceeded but
By both your willes.

Pof. If you can make it apparent
That you have tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour gainer, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Matterislee both
To who shall decide them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being to oppose the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will con firme with each, which I doubt not

Enter Scena Quarta.

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde You neede it not.

Paff. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber

(Where I confess I kept not, but professe Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd

With Tapistry of Stike and Siluer, the Story Proud Cleopatra, when the mess her Roman, And Salamand swelle d'about the Bankes, or fot

The prifl of Boxes, or Prat. A piece of Worke So brawly done, to rich, that it did force In Wackeniffhip, and Value, which I wondred

Could be so finely, and exactly wrought Since the world was on't.

Paff. This is true

And thus you might have heard of her, by me, Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Mustulle my knowledge.

Paff. So therewell, Or doe your Honours pleasure.

Iach. The Chimney

is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece

Cancel Davis, basking - never saw I figures

So likely to represent them'selves; the Caster

Was as another Nature dumber, out-went her, Motion, and Breach left out.

Paff. This is a thing

Which you might from Relation likewise reape, Being as it is, much spoken of.

Iach. The Roofe of the Chamber,

With golden Chennells is frettred. Her Andiions (I had forgot them) were two wickling Cupids Of Silver, each on one footie flaming, nicely Dependence on their Brands.

Paff. This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise Be guein to your remembrance) the description Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saies

The sugars you have laud.

Iach. Then if you can

Be pale, I begge but leave to saye this lewel: See,

And now'ts vp agane: it must be married To thirty yer Diamond, Ile keep them.

Paff. Iowce.

Once more let me behold it: Is it that Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that

She firstis't from her Arme: I see her yet:

Her pretty Action, did out-fell her guft,

And yet enmis'd it too: she gave thme,

And said the prick was once.

Paff. May be the plack'd it off

To feel it me.

Iach. She waites for you? doth shee?

Paff. Ono,ono,ono, 'tis true. Here, take this too,

It is a Battaline vs mine yeze,

Killed you honour let. Let there be no Honor,

Where there is Beauty: Truth, where fsemblance: Love,

Where there's another man. The Vows of Women,

Of more bondage be, to where they are made,

Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:

O, bouse measure false.

Paff. Have patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis no tyrte woman: It may be probable the lost is oue

Who knows if one her women, being corrupted

Has the false it from her.

Paff. Very true,

And so I hope he came by't: backe my Rings,

Render to me some corporall figure about her

More evident then this: for this was false.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Paff. Hearknow, he fowres: by Jupiter he fowres,

'Tis true, may keep the Rings; 'tis true: I am sure

She would not lose it: her Attendants are

All wone, and homonable: they induc'd to steal it?

And by a Stranger? No, he hath enoure'd her,

The Cognizance of her incomnestie

Is this: the hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly

There, take thy lyre, and all the Friends of Hell

Dissolve themselfes between you.

Paff. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be beleu'd

Of one perilously well of.

Paff. Never talke on't

She hath bin coyled by him.

Iach. If you becke

For further satisfying, under her Breast

(Worlhy her pretfing) ly's a Mole, right proud

Of that most delectate Lodging. By my life

I kiff it, and it gave me present hue, or

To ferre agane, though full. You do remember

This flaine upon her?

Paff. 1, and it doth confirme

Another flaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,

Were there no more but this.

Iach. Will you heare more?

Paff. spare your Arithmetick,

Neuer count the Tunes: once, and a Million.

Iach. It be sworne.

Paff. No swearing:

If you will sworke you haue not done, you lyce,

And I will kill thee, if thou wilt not deny

Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

Iach. Ie deny nothing.

Paff. Othat I had her, here, to teare her Limb-mele:

I will goe there and doe's, if'the Counte,before

Her Father. He doe somethinge.

Exit.

Paff. Quite besides

The gournement of Patience. You haue wonne:

Let's follow him, and persect the present wrath

He bath against him selfe.

Iach. With all my heart.

Exit.

Enter Paffummo.

Paff. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women

Must be halfe-workers? We are all Baffards,

And that most venerable man, which I

Did call my Father, was, I know not where

When I was flanke. Some Cogeyr with his Tooles

Made me a counterfeite: yet my Mother feem'd

The Door of that time: so did my Wife

The Non-parallell of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!

Me of my lawfull pleasure the reflain'd,

And pray'd me off forbearance: did it with

A puidence to Raife, the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd olde Saturne;

That I thought her

As Chaste, as my-Sun'd Snow, Oh, all the Diseas!

This yellow Iackem in an hour, was not?

End.
Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Cure, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Anguish Cæsar with us?

Luc. When induc Cæsar (whole remembrance yet Lives in men’s eyes, and will to Earles and Tongues Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britaine, And Conquer’d it, Cymbeline shine Vinkle (Famous in Cæsar praises, no whit lefe Then in his Festa defeating it) for him, And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which (by thee) last

Cym. Add to the merueal, Shall be fo ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Thame: Britaine’s world By it selfe, and we will nothing pay For wearing our owne Notes.

Clot. Tho! That opportunity Which then they had to take from’s, to revenge We have againe. Remember Sr, my Lord, The Kings your Ancestors, together with The natural beauty of your like, which stands At Neptune’s Parke, ribb’d, and pal’d in With Oakes vnsaftable, and roaring Waters, With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boates, But force them vpp to kill Topp-maft. A kindle of Conquerst Cæsar made here, but made not here his bragge Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came; with flame; (The first that euer touch’d him) he was carried From off their Coast, twice beate; and his Shipping (Procer ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas Like Egge-children they on their Sargges, crack’d As easily gainst our Rockes. For joy whereto, The sea of Cymbeline, who was once at point (Oh gyle Fortune) to master Cæsar Sword, Made Land. Towne with rejoycing. Firs bright.

And Britaine’s first with Courage.

Clot. Come, there’s no more Tribut to be paid: our Kingdome is stronger than it was at that time: and (as I said) there is no more Cæsar other of them may mock the Lords, but to owe such straite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Cym. We have yet many among us, can grapple as hard as Cymbeline, I do not say I am one: but I have a hand. Why Tribut? Why should we pay Tribut? If Cæsar can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribut for light: else Sr, no more Tribut pray you now.

Cym. You must know.

Till the invurious Romans, did extort This Tribut from vs, we were free. Cæsar Ambition, Which swelld so much, that it did almost stretch The sides of the World, against all colour here, Did put the yoke upon’s; which to shake off Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Our feluet to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar,

Our Ancestor was that Numantius, which Ordain’d our Lawes, whole vile the Sword of Cæsar Hath too much angulated: whole rapayre, and franchise Thing (by the power we hold) be our good deed, The Rome be therefore angry. Numantius made our lawes Who was the first of Britaine, which did put His browes within a golden Crowne, and call’d Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,

That I am pronouncing Anguish Cæsar (Cæsar, that rashly King his servants, then Try to please Demastick Officers) thine Enemy: Recket it from me then, Warre, and Confusion In Cæsar name pronounce I gainst thee: Looke For fury, not to be refted. Thus Jefus, I thank thee for thy feele.

Clot. Thou art welcome Cruse.

Thy Cæsar Knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him: of him, I gather’d Honour, Which he, to locke of me againe, perforce, Bneoues me keep at vrance. I am perfected, That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their Liberties are now in Armes. A President Which not to reade, would fly the Britaines cold: So Cæsar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe speake.

Clot. His Maitly biddes you welcome. Make pa- tience with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs after wards in other states, you shall finde vs in our Salt-waters-Girdle: if you beware vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for you: and there’s an end.

Luc. So fir.

Cym. I know your Maitsters pleasure, and he mine: All the Remaine, is welcome.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Pufme reading of a Letter.

The Tragedie of Gomebline.

If I be false into thy ear? What false Italian, 
(As poisons tonges]doh'd hand]d ieth preuial'd
On thy too ready hearing? Dilatory? No,
She gion'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goodde-like, then Wife-like such Affaunts
As would take in some Venture. Omy Malter,
Thy mind to her, as now, as lowe, as wise
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should smother her,
Upon the Lowe, and Trust, and Vowes, which I
Have made to thy command: Yet if? Her blood?
It be to go, do good ferice, never
Let me be count'd for a freable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lack imposure,
So much as this Fact comes to Do's tell the Bees,
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall you three opportune. On dam'd paper,
Blacke as the luke that is on thee: senfeliets-bauble,
Ant thou a Pandante for this Act, and look't
So Virgin-like without? I hope here the comes.

Enter Images.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pysianio?
Ps. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.
Imo. Who is my Lord? That is my Lord Johnsum.
Oh, I am indeed were that Artifonner
That knew the Starres, as I his Characteras,
Here day the Future open. You good Gods,
Let it be there contain'd, refill'd of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
This, we are ser'amonsters, let that grieve him;
Some graces be meditating, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wox, thy pleasure be:
Yes Bees that make thee Lockes of countaine.
Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Furseboners you call imposters:
You shald young Cupid Tables: good Neues Gods.

IIr. and your fathers wrath (should be take me in his
Daunon') could not be so cruel to me as you: (in the de-
seet of Creatures) would even renue me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambra or Milford-Hauen: what your
some Loue will be out of this album you follow. So he wills you
all hapiness, that remantes loyal to his How, and your encre-
asing in Love.
Leonard Poulmanus.

Ooh for a Horses with wings: Hear thou Pysianio,
He is a Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How faire he thither. If one of morses affairs
Maid plo in a weekse, why may I
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pysianio,
Who long'l like me, to see thy Lord; who long't
(Oh let me base) but not like me: yet long'l
But in a fainer kindes. Oh no like me:
For mire's beyond, beyond: is day, and speake thicke
(Loues Consolator shald fill the bores of hearing,
Toth'hominering of the Sense) how faire it is;
To this fame blesed Milford, and by this way
Tell me now Wales was made so happy as I
To tell the fash a Hauen. But first of all,
How sunnyskyle from hence: and fare the gap
That we shall make in Time, from hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but if how get hence,
Why should excus be borne or tegrets?
Worke take of that hereafter. Proceed speake,
How many shafe of Miles wea we well rid

Twixt house, and house?

Ps. One score' twist Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that goe to's Execution Man,
Could never go in flow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horaces have been blember then the Saints
That sun it Clarke's behaile. But this is Foolize,
Go, bid my Woman sing a Sickness, stay
She is home to her Fathers; and preuent me presently:
A Riding Suit: No collar then would befit
A Francis Hotwife.
Ps. Madam, you be belter confend.
Imo. I see before me (Man) nor here, nor here:
Not what enuies but bare a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say:
Accritable is none but Milford way.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Camillus, and Arimaugus.

Bel. A goodday, day, not to keepe heuife with such,
Whore Roofe's as lowe as ours: Stepe Boyes, this gate
Infruits, you how I curre the Hearsons; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gaze of Monarches
Are Ash'd to highly, but Giants may set through
And kepe their impious Tundons on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hale thou faire Hauen,
We shoul'd Rockefeller, yet fe the they not so hardy,
As proudhet hearst do.
Good. Hale Hauen.
Arim. Hale Hauen.
Bell. Now for our Mountain spire, yp to yond hill
Your lieges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
When you aboue perceue me like a Crow,
That it is Pikes, which left's, and ties off. An,
And you may then resume what I tell you:
Of Curves, of Princess; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Service is not Service, so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs profit from all things we bee;
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The hadded Beetel, in a 4'7' hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then tuffing in enpyard for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of hum, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps it Booke uncord: no life to us.
Guo. One of your proofs you speake we proove unled'd
Hue never wing'd from view of th'eyes; nor knowes not
That Ayre's from home. Ha! this life is beft
(If quiet life be heft) integer to you
That have a sharper knowes. Well corresponding
With your foule Age; but now vs, it is
A Cell of Ignoracie: travailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Dector, that not dare
To bide a limit.
Ar. Why should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The Rame and winter bare in December? How
In this our pinching Case, shal we discoursce

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The freezing hours away! We have seen nothing:
We are both, like as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what eyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, was such the proud Bird's
And find our Bondage freely.

Yet how you speak.

Did you but know the Cities Winter,
And felt them knowingly: the Art with Court,
A hand to leave, as keep: a whole top to -climb
To see certain falling: or to flippity, that
The fear's as bad as failing.

To the tole or Waste,
A suit that only seems to seek our danger
Her name of Fame and Honor, which eyes do search,
And hast as for a handful Epitaph,
As Record of fair Act. Nay, many times
Dostil defend, by doing well: what's worse
Must cure at the Curtain. Oh Boyes, that Storie.
The World may read in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the belt of Note. Cymbeline loud'me,
And when a Soldier was the Theme, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as b Tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shoke downe my shellow hangings. my fair Clothes,
And left me to be weather.

So, Venture faire.

Yet, My fault being nothing (as I have tol'd you of,
But that two Villanes, whole tale Congracy'd I
Before my perfect Honor, inore to Cymbeline,
I was Confederate with the Romans: to
Followed my Benefition, and this twenty years,
This Rocke, and their Deceases, have bene my World,
Where I have laid at monst Infraction, past
More poysons dyes to Hazen, then all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to the Mounte, yet,
This is not Hunter's Language, that-thus
The Venion fir'd, shall be the Lord o'the Field
To him the other two shall in miter,
And we'll extol myapolon, which attends
In place of greatest State.

He meet you in the Valleys.

This hard it is to hide the Spurks of Nature
The Boyes know but light. how they bumble the King.
No Cymbelne dreams that they are alone.
They think they are more,
And though thy speech be mean,
I tell thee, where the Foxe there doth be
The Roofe of Palaces, and Nature prompt them
In their impertinent eyes, to Prince it, much
Before the trickes of others. This Paladins.
The boyes of Corders and Britains, who,
The King his Father called Corders. Jouve,
When I sayd to them: Pox on thee! and I
If she would be in his Jones, but her eyes b out
Into my Say, why thus much I deny tell,
And thou'st be servee to a murder, cenvenon
The Princes wound flowers in his Cheeke, he sweet's,
Strikes his young, Neues, and purse-himselfe in poultere.
That acts my words. The younger Brother Caddell
Once in a picture, many like a figure
Strikes it on my speech, and flowers much more
His owne conceit. Harkke, the game is rowd,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! I have my Consent knows
That all it only bindeth me: whereas

Scene Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told me when we came to borsh you,
Was none for bed: Ner e long'd my Mother to
To feel me first, as I have now. Pisanio, Man!
Where is Pollochum? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stay thus? Wherefore breaks that long
From th'award of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be as perfetl a thing perfeet
Beyond telle, expression. Prity: is, telle
Into a humour and fruit. as wild wither.
Vane, how must Scotts.

What is the matter?
Why, to meet that paper to me, with
A looke wisth'ret? If be Summer Neues
Yet and before? if Winter, thou need'nt
But keep that touchance still. My Husband's hand
But that, seems to dally, hath owre outrayd him,
And he's at some hord point. Speak man, thy Tongue.
My yoke is some extreme, which to reade
Would he then mortall to me.

Pf. Pray you come,
And you shall see me (wretched daunt) a thing
The most disad of Fortune.

Imagen reads:

"If Melis (Pisanio) hath plied the Swarths in my
Bed she'll answer th'o' our's, her bleeding se. I speak
not out of sense: So wisth'ret, but from profe as strong as my
and as extreme as I expel my Revenge. That part thus
(Pisanio) weal, where as the Sigh of thy Father be came with the
branches of Ares, yet close upon hands, take away her life. I shall
have this opportune at Melis and Rome. She hath my Letter
in the picture: where, if th' were to strike, and to make more
to the want she be, then art the Tender to her disposance, and
equallly to me destroy.

Pf. What shall I need to draw my Sword the Paper
Has cut her throes already? No, in's Lander.
Who's edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
One venom all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the poling wedding, and doth before
All corners of the World, Riches, Queens, and States,
Massey, Mares, may the Secrets of the Graue.

That vicious Lander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep? at the clock and clock? If full charge Nature,
To break it with a fearfull dreams of him,
And my (false awake? That's falseto's bed? Is it?

Pf. Alas good Lady.

Imo. False? By Conference winnethe. Lachem,
Thou did not accuse her of Inconostance,
Thou then look'd like a Villain: now, me thinkes

Thy
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Thy patience good enough. Some lay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betrayed him:
Poor! I am fault, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript: To pieces with me: Oh!
Men's vows are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy result (of his hand) shall be thought
But eather Villainy: not borne where't groves,
But worn a Baitre for Ladies.

Psf. Good Madam, hear me.

Ino. True honest men being need, like false. 
We're in such time thought false, and Sween weeping
Did I: small many a holy tears too kind pity
From moth and wrathe hefte, So I say, Puffumom,
Wilt say the Lovers on all proper men;
Cruelly an gallant, shall be tale and period
From thy great failse: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
De thou thy Masters bidding. When thou feilt him,
A little wintne of my obeisance. Look:
I draw the Sword of thee, take it, and hit
The present Motion of my Love (my Heart);
Fear not, his empty of all things, but Grece:
Thy Master is not there, who was in-terce
The riches of it. Doth his bidding, filke;
Thou must be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou feelt a Corded.

Psf. Hence wile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Ino. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selves-luggage,
There is a prohibition so Divine.
That crowneth my weak head: Come, here's my heart:
Something's a foot: Soft, soft, well into defence,
Obedient as the Seabard. Where's that, where
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leameat,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,
Corrupter of my Faith, you shal no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poor Foxes
Belieue falle Te chere: Though those that are belted
Do feele the Treson fromly, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Puffumom,
That did'st let up my disobedience against the King
My Father, and makes me put into comports the fizes
Of Princes fellowes, that hereafter finde
It is no sort of common passage, but
A staine of Rareness: and I grave my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be disd'g'd by her,
That now thou trest on, how thy memory
Will then be pung'd by me. Prythee dispauch,
The Lamb entereth the Butcher. Where's thy knife?
They are too slowe to do thy Masters bidding
When I deftre it too.

Psf. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receed command to do this busineffe,
I have not flept one wike.

Ino. Doop, and to bed then.

Psf. I'le wake mine eye-balles first.

Ino. Wherefore then

Did I undertaie it? Why haft thou assur'd
So many Miles, with a presence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our French labour?
The Time must preech: The perver'td Court
For being absent: whereunto I never
Purpuse returne. Why haft thou gone so faire'
To be vn-benti: when thou haft tane thy fland,

Th' elect'd Deere before thee?

Psf. But to win time
To loose fo bad employment, in the whish
I haue consider'd of a courtes good Ladie
Hearce me with patience.

Ino. Take thy tongue: weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear
Therein shame streclo, can take me greater wound,
Not tent, to boosome that. But speake.

Psf. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe again.

Ino. Moit like,
Bringing me heere to kill me,

Psf. No one neither.
But if I were as wife, as honest then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is aburd. Some Villaine,
Land fing'd, in his Art, hath done you both
This cutted smite.

Ino. Some Roman Catterer

Psf. No on my life:
I geue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'ts commanded
I should do to: you shall be miff at Courts,
And that well will confirm it.

Ino. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the whole Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Psf. If you backe to'th Court.

Ino. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, ample nothing:
That Catterer, while Louise hath bane to me
As freefall as a Siege.

Psf. Haste at Court,
Then not in Braine must you bide.

Ino. Where then?
Hath Braine all the Sunne that Chines Day? Night?
Are they not but in Braine? I'ld worlds Volume
Our Braine teemeats as of, but not in t:
In a great Boole, a Swanes-neft, prythee thinke
There's huer's out of Braine.

Psf. I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucas the Roman comest to Milford-Haven.
To morrow. Now, if you could ware a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguife
That which tappres it felte, miff not yet be,
But by selfe-denger, you should tred a coutrie
Pretty, and full of view: yes, happily, onere
The refidence of Puffumom, so me (as least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As stricly as he moues.

Ino. Oh for such meanes,
Though pruill to my modelle, not death on't
I would adventure.

Psf. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feste, and Nicenne'
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman is pretty left) into a wagges gift courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anwer'd, lawcie,and
As quarrellous as the Wessell's Nay, you must
Forget that rare Treasure of your Cheekye,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

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Act I, Scene III.

Alack no remedy, no to the greedy touch
Of common-killing Than: and forget
Your labour, none and dainty Trimmes, where
You made great Jews angry.

Is'm. Nay be brieve?
I fee into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pif. Fife, make you fell but like one,
Fove-thinking this. I have already fit
'Tis in my Cloake-bag'g Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to these: Would you in then freuning,
(And with what imitacion you can borrow
From youth of such a faison) Youe Noble Lucine
Present your self, dearlie hence: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know
If that his head have care in Musick, doubleste.
With joy he will embrace you: for he's Honourable,
And doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, not supplyment.

Is'm. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will due: with. Psyche away,
There's more to be consider'd: but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with

Pif. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being now, I be suspect'ed of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Militia,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queene,
What's in it: is precious: if you are sick at Sea,
Or Stomache-qualm'd at Land, a Drimme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some place,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Is'm. Amen: I thank thee. Exeunt.

Scene Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Clown, Lucine, and Lords.

Cym. Thin fare and so fare well.

Lce. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperors hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye.
My Millions Enemy. Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure your yoice: and for our selfe
To shewe affe Sourcerygyn that durt, must needs
Approve it in-somuch.

Lce. So Sir: I dislike of you.

Ma'am, all joyfull join Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appoynted for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point lost:
So farewell, Madam. Lce. Your kind, my Lord.
Cym. Receive it from me, but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Lce. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Emmer, good my Lords
Till he have crost the Severn. Happines. Exit Lucine: Exeunt.

Qe. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clm. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britains have their wishis in.

Cym. Lucine hath wrothe already to the Emperos
How it goes here. It is vs therefore rigely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will come to drawe to head, from whence he mours
His warre for Britaine:

Qe. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'ed too speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks vs like
A thing more made of: makes, then of duty,
We have not seent. Call her before vs, for
We have been too flight in suffrance.

Qe. Royall Sirs,
Since the exile of Pellam, most sayd ye
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
Tis time must do, Befect your Majestye,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Mytanger.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How
Can her content be answer'd?

Msf. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise, we make.

Qe. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She playd the part of a man, her keeping close,
Where the confirmed by her innumerate,
She shold that due: lease encape to you
Which dalyly she was bound to proffer this
She will not make knowe: but our great Court
Made more than one remembrance.

Cym. Her darers, hauling?
Not scene of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
Fear, prove falle.

Qm. Somone I sry, follow the King.

Clm. That man of his, Pellam, her old Servans
I have not seen the two daies.

Qe. Gu, look after:
Pellam, that to stand it for Pellam,
He hath a Dringge of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallow'ing that. For he beleues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is the gone? Happily dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with a twist of her love, she's flowne
To her verry Pellam: gone the is,
To death, or to disounor, and my end
Can make good vie of either. She being downe,
I have the placings of the Britsh Crowne,
Enter Clotne.

How now, my Sonne?

Clm. To certaine the she is fled:
Goe in and cheere the King, he rage, none
Dare come about him.

Qe. All the better a may
This night fore-Rall him of the coming day. Exit Qe.

Clm. I loose, and hate her: for he's Faire and Royall,
And that the bath all coutry pass more exquisite

Then

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Then Lady, Ladys, Woman, from every one
The belt the hath, and the of all compounded
Out-telles them all. I trow her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and the pride of the
The low Pagham,landers to her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chook'd and in that point
I will conclude to have her, trow may deede,
To be sucqu'd upon her. For, when Foolsh shall—

Enter Psamme.

Who is here? What, are you packing forth? Come hither: Ah you precious Pantal, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Ps. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask againe. Clove Villain,
He hath this Secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to finde it. Is the with Pagham? 
From whole so many weightes of butterflee, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Ps. Alas, my Lord,
How can my be with him? When was the mist'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is the Sir? Come meere:
No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Ps. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villain. Discover where thy Miftis is, at once,
At the next word. no more of worthy Lord:
Speak, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Ps. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. I'ts see, I will pursue her
Even to Angulous Throne.

Ps. Oh this, or perhapes,
She's faire enough, and what he learned by this,
May prove her trust not, her danger.

Clo. Iamb.

Ps. Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imagin,
Safe may it thou wander, safe returne ajen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Ps. Sirra, I thinkke.

Clo. It is Pagham hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would not be a Villain, but do me true service ynder
goe those Implements wherein I should have cause to vie
thee with a serious indulgence, that is, what villany some I
bid thee to performe it, directely and truly, I would
think thee an honest man: those should he neither want
my means for thy releef, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Ps. Well, my good Lord.

Wilt thou trow mee? For since patience and
contemptuously thou hast Bucke to the base Fortune of that
Beggar Pagham, thou canst not in the course of gracie,
but be a diligent follower of mine, Wilt thou trow mee?

Ps. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give mee thy hand, here's my purse. Halst any
of thy Late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Ps. No, I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suicke be ware, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mi-

Clo. The first servite thou doft make, fetch that Servite

hither, let be thy first feruite, go.

Ps. I shall my Lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to take
him one thing: I remember now:) even there, thou
villaine Pagham will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
mements were come. She faile upon a time (the buttermere
of it, I now belch from my heart) that since held the very
Garment of Pagham, in more respect, then my Noble
and natural person; together with the adornment of my
Qualities. With that Sure upon my backe will tra-
sure her: first kill him, and in her eyes, there shall the
courage, which will then be a torment to him conteempe.
He on the ground, my speech of infallul ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Luff hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathers that the to
praid,) yet the Count Ile knock her backe, foot her home
again. She hath despis'd mee recoyningly, and Ile bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Psamme.

Be chose the Garments?

Ps. Sir, Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is thence the went to Milford-Haven?
She can scarce bee there yet.

Clo. Bringing this Apparell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commended thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my deigne. Be
but dutious, and true preferment shall render thee false
to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wing
to follow it. Come, and bee true.

Ps. Thou bidst me to my loose: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never bee
To him that is most true, To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursueth. Flowe,flow
You Heavens blessing on her: This Foolsh speed
Be croft with blowes, Labour be his mede.

Enter Image alone.

Juno. I see a moste life is a tedious one,
I have ye'd my life and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be fiske,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountain top, Psmam they'd thee,
Thow wasn't within a heene. Oh Jowe, I thinkke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I mean,
Where they should be relest. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes Iye
That hau Afflications on them, knowing the
A punishment, or Trial? Yes, no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnese
is forer, then to lye for Neede and Failshodd
It wrou't in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thow art one of false Ones: Now I thinkke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to finke, for food. But what is this?
Here is a path too's: this fome fawge hold:
I were best not call, I dare not call: yet Pamine
Ere cleanse it e're-shoure Nature, makes it valiant.
Plente, and Peace breed swords: Hardnese euer
Of Hardnese is Mother. How who's here?
If any thing that's ciall, speake: if fawge,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scene Septima.

Enter Balansus, Gumnonas, and Arminius.

Bal. You solitudes have proud best Woodman, and
A Master of the Forest! Cadmus, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Sesum, to our match;
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it work too. Come, our flamacks
Will make what's bount'ry, bount'ry: Wesmeanne
Can more upon the Plant, when ruff the Slaue
Findes the Downe-pillow hard, now peace be here,
Poore house, that keep it thy selfe,
Gui. I am through weary.
Arm. I am wise with toyle, yet throng in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat in this Case, we'll brea on that
While what we have kild, be Cook'd.
Arm. Stay, come nor: in
But that it etes our visuallies, I should think
Heere were a Feirey.
Gui. What's the matter, Sir?
Arm. By Jupiter an Angel! or if not
An earthy Paragon, Belaid Dummennne
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Image.

Imo. Good maisters harms me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To have baged, or bought, what I have took:
Good Meats, and Money; and past
With Prayers for the Provider.
Gui. Money? Youth.
Arm. All Gold and Silver rather turn to dust,
As'ts no better reck'n'd, but of thefe
Who wand'ry bung Gods,
Imo. I trowe you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Haue dy'd, had I not made,
Arm. Whether bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haue.
Arm. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele Sir: I oue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embarks at Milford,
To whom being young, almost spent with hunger,
I am faine in this offenne.
Arm. Prhythce (fare youth)
Thank us no Charles; nor measure our good minde
In this rude place a lane in. Well encountered,
To about right, you shall have better there
Ere you depast, and thanks to stay, and ease it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should have hurt, but by your Groom in hously:
I did not you, as I do boy.
Arm. He made my Comfort
He's a man, I like him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd got to him

Scene Olimata.

Enter the Roman Senators and Tribunes.

Sen. Thus 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 vndertake our Warres against
The false-off Britanes, that we do incite
The Enemy to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conful: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Lease, he commands
His absolute Commissions. Long live Caesar.
Tri. Is Lucius General of the Forces?
Sen. I.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
Sen. With these Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your lesee
Must be suborne; the words of your Commission
Will give you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cresseus aboe.

Cresseus. I am near to the place where they should meet,
If Fieana have not spide it too:ry. How fit his Garments
fear one? Why should his Milites who was made by him

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (lausing 
\emph{tearance of the Word}) for its sake a Woman wittelse 
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare 
speak it to my felie, for it is not \emph{Vanglorie} for a man, 
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I mean, 
the Lunes of my bodye as well drawne as his; no leeffe 
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the advantage of the time, aboue him in 
Birth, alike crostians in generall services, and more re-
makable in fingle oppositions; yet this imperueuernt 
Thing lure him in my defight. What Mortalitie is ? 
\emph{Sfemumus}, thy head (which now is growing vp on thy 
shoulders) full within this house be off, thy Miffins in-
forced, thy Garmons cut to pieces before thy face. and 
all this done, I parte les home ther Father, who may (hap-
by) be a little angry for my so rough side; but my 
Mother having power of her returbure, filled me all in-
story commendations. My Horie is eyed vp safe, out 
Sword, and to a fore purpse. Fortune put them to my 
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place 
and the Fellow, to not deceive me. 

Enter Belarius, Gonerill, Aaron, and Images from the 
Castle.

Bel. You are not well! Remaine herethe in the Castle, 
We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arr. Brother, stay herte: 
Are we not Brothers?

Istate. So man and man should be, 
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignite, 
Whole drift is both alike. I am very fickle, 
Gus. Go you to hunting; I know the fable with him. 
Istate. So fickle I am not, yet I am not well: 
But not so Citizen a wanton, as 
To tencome to dye, ere fickle: So please you, leave me, 
Sticke to your Journell course: the breach of Culfunoe, 
Is breach of all. I am still, but your being by me 
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort 
To one not fable: I am not very fickle, 
Since I can reason of spay; you tryst me herte, 
Ibe rob none but my felle, and let me dye 
Steeling so poorely, 
Gus. I love thee; I love spake it,
How much the quantite, the weight as much, 
As I do love my Father. 
Bel. What Howow how ?

Arr. If it be finne to say so (Sir) I yokee me 
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why 
I love this youth, and I have heard you say, 
Loose' s reason, without reason. The Beere at doore, 
Ant a demand who it shall dye, I'd say? 
My Father, not this youth. 
Bel. Oh noble sfarte! 
O wosthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse! 
Cowards father Cowards, & Base thines Syre Bac; 
Nature hath Meale, and Braine Contempe, and Grace. 
Ione not their Father, yet who this should bee, 
Deeth myracel is felle, Jou'dl beforr me. 
\emph{Tis the thint houre o'th' Moone.} 
Arr. Brother, farewel, 

Ime. I will ye sport. 
Arr. You heath—— So please you Sir. 
Ime. There are kinder Creatures.

Gus, what lyes I have heard: 
Our Courties say, all's savage, but at Court; 
Experience, or thom disport't Report. 
The temerious Sea breed Monsters; for the Dish, 
Poore Trubaryn liners, as sweet Fife: 
I am fickle full, not.eter. 
Pinfors, 
He now saffe of thy Drugge. 
Gus. I could not limte him: 
He said he was gentle, but woflrunnate; 
Dilisounestilly afflicted, but yet honest. 
Arr. Thus did he auerss me: yet said hereafter, 
I might know more. 
Bel. Toth Field, toth Field: 
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and reff. 
Arr. We'll not be long away. 
Bel. Pray be not fickle, 
For you must be our Huyswife. 
Ime. Well nor'll I.

I am bound to you, 
Bel. And that'll be euur. 
This youth, how ere fickle, appears he hath had 
Good Accettors. 
Arr. How Angel-like he singes? 
Gus. But his true Connor? 
Gus. He eat our Routes in Chasteenes, 
And laxe'n'th our Brothers, as lone had hit fickle, 
And he her Doctor. 
Arr. Nobly he yokes 
A finding, with a sigh: as the the fighe 
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile: 
The Smile, mockeing the Sigh, that it would flye 
From fo dune a Temple, to connect 
With windes that Saylors rasie at. 
Gus. I do note, 
That gente and patience rooted in them both, 
Mingle their spures together, 
Arr. Grow patients, 
And let the thinking. Elder (Greese) yerne 
His pething routes, with the encreasing Vine. 
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's he'er? 
Enter Cluere.

Clu. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine 
Hath meck'd me. I am faint. 
Bel. Their Runagates? 
Means he now? I partly know him, 'tis 
Cluere, the Sonne o' th' Queene. I feare some Ambushs: 
I law him out thes many yeares, and yet 
I know thys: We are held as Out-Lawes. Hence. 
Gus. He is but one i you, and my Brother leach 
What Companys are nescie; pray you away, 
Let me alone with him. 
Clu. Soft, what are you 
That dye me thus? Some Villaine-Mountainer? 
I have heard of thys. What Slauz art thou? 
Gus. A thing. 
More flausf did I ne'er, then answerwe 
A Slace without a knocke. 
Clu. Thou art a Robber, 
A Law-breaker, a Villaine; yeeld thou Theehe. 
Gus. To whom, to whom? What art thou? Have not I 
An arme as bigge as chine? A heart, as bigge? 
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not 
My Dagger in my mouth, Say what thou art.

Why
Why should I yield to thee?  
Nor I, thou Villain base,  
Know me not by my Cloaths  
Nor, nor thy Taylor, Ratcliff:  
What is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,  
Which (as it seems) make thee.  
Thou precious Varet.  
My Taylor made them not.  
Hence then, and thank ye.  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foul,  
I am loath to bear thee.  
Thou.Th. imurious Theafe,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.  
What's thy name?  
Thou villaine, thou villain.  
I cannot tremble at it, were a Fool, or Adler, Spuler,  
Tweedle made me soone.  
To thy farther fear,  
Nay, to thine utter Conflusion, thou shalt know  
I am Sonne to th'Quene.  
I am sorry for't not seeming  
So shortly as thy Birth.  
Art not afraid?  
Thou that I teenterence, thee I feare the Wife:  
At Foultes I laugh not feare them.  
Dye the death:  
When I have a flame therewith my proper hand,  
I follow these that even now fled hence:  
And on the Gates of Lund-Towne let thy heads:  
Yeld Rutriche Mountaineer.  
Fight and Excuse,  
Bel. No Company's abroad.  
Arw. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.  
Bel. Cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
Time hath nothing blur'd those lines of Favour  
Which then were loose: the matches in his voice.  
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute  
Twas very Claren.  
Arw. In this place we left them;  
With my brother make good time with him,  
You may be in hell.  
Bring false made vp,  
I meant to many: he had not apprehension  
Of towering terrors: For defect of judgement  
Of cause of feare.  
Enter Guidaverus,  
But fee thy brother.  
This Clare was a Foulke, an empty purfe,  
There was no money in's: Not Here's.  
Could have knock'd us out his Brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the Foulke had borne  
My head, as I do his.  
Bel. What hast thou done?  
Arw. I received what cut off one Claren head,  
Some to the Queene (after his owne report)  
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and (sure)  
With his owne angle hand heeld take vs in,  
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow  
And let them on Lund-Towne.  
Bel. We are all undone.  
Arw. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,  
But that we lose to take our Lives to the Law  
Preter me vs, then why should we be tender,  
To lose an ingent peace of fleshe threat vs?  
Fly judge, and executioner, all himselfe?  

For we do feare the Law. What company  
Discover you abroad?  
Bel. Noingle foule  
Can we set eye on: but in all farseason  
He must haue some warrant. Though his honor  
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that  
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frienye,  
Not absolute madnede could so farre have rau'd  
To bring him here alone; although perhaps  
It may be heard at Court, that such as we  
Came here, hunt here, are Out-lawes, and in time  
May make some (stranger head, the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might break out, and overse  
Headelietch vs in, yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he for undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,  
If we do feare this Body hath a table  
More perilous then the head.  
Arw. Let Ordnance  
Come as the Gods fore-say it: howfore,  
My Brother hath done well.  
Bel. I had no mind  
To hunt this day: The Boy Fedeles sickenenfe  
Did make my way long forth.  
With his owne Sword,  
Which he did wade against my throat, I have taken  
His head from him: Ieth throw't into the Creeke  
Behind our Rocke, and let it to the Sea  
And tell the Fishers, he's the Queens Sonne, Claren,  
That's all Leste.  
Exe.  
Bel. Iere I shall be resuell'd:  
Would (Fedeles) thou hadst not done's: though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.  
Arw. Would I had done't:  
So the Reuenge all te partia de me: Fedeles  
I have three brotherly: but many much  
Two hath robust me of this deed: I would Reuenges  
That possible strength might meet, would seek vs through  
And put it to our answer.  
Bel. Well, 'tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to day, nor ferke for danger  
Where there's no profit. I praye te our Roche,  
You and Fedeles play the Cooke: I'll try  
Till hably Fedeles returne, and bring him  
To dinner presently.  
Arw. Poorer fedeles,  
He willingly to him, to gaine his colour,  
Will let a parish of such Claren blood,  
And prait my felle for charity.  
Exe.  
Bel. On thou Goddelfe,  
Thou diuine Nature, thou thy fyle thou blazon't  
In these Two princely Boyes: they are as gentle  
As Zephires blowing below the Violkes,  
Not wagg'n his sweet head; and yet, as rough  
(Their Royall blood enchait'd) as the rude wind,  
Thy the top doth take the Mountain Pine,  
And make him floope to thy Vale.  
To wonder  
That an insiuible infint should frame them  
To Royalty unmark'd, Honor vaunted,  
Ciuitie not feme from other valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yeilds a crop  
As it had beene sow'd: yet fill'st it strange  
What Claren's being here to my purpose,  
Or what his death will bring vs.  

Enter Guidaverus.  

Gow. Where's thy Brother?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

I have seen Oros the Clothier down the street,
In E. [i.e. Ely] with his Mother; his Body's hallowed
For his Righteousness.

But, My ingenious Inheritance,
(That noble Father) let me know what occasion
Hath caused now to give it motion? Hearke.

Can. Is he at home?
Bar. He went hence even now.

Can. What does he mean?

Bar. He is dead.

Can. If not, then mayst thou be certain.

Bar. The deed is done. All follow me.

Can. Should answer foolely. The master.

Thou shalt be nothing, and trusting to thieves,
To be thy foes and griefs for Boyses.

Is Calm is dead?

Can. Am I mourning with imaginary dead, bearing
The arms of Armes?

Bar. Look, here he comes.

An. You see the arm of mine Armes,
Of what we give. 

Am. The Body's dead.

That we are made to mourn on. I had rather
Have it in split the severest of ages: it our fare
To have turned my keeping time into a Clutch,

Then have here this?

Can. Oh sweetest, fairest Lily!
My Brother wears no more the one half so well, as
When thou gave to my very delicate

Bar. On Melancholly.

Who ever yet could find the bottom? Ende
The Ooze, to flee what Corrupt thy health care
Mightst call a step. In that blackered thing,
Your known was made, and you have made: but I,
That dead art: yet it's a day, of Melancholly.

How fondly you are

Am. Stately, as a bird.

Thus shalling, as some Fly had tickled flamber,
Not a death's dear being brought to his right Cheere
Reposing on a Cushion.

Can. Where?

Am. O' the sere

His arms thus bristled, I thought he slept, and put
My cloven Brogue from off my feet, whole rudeness
And call'd my feet too low.

Can. Why, he sleeps?

Bar. He's gone, he's made his Grann, a Bed
With little Fairies will his Tombe be haunted.
And Wee men will not come to thee.

Am. With fairest Flowers.

What should Somersall, and I too heere, Fidel,
He twentied the sest grane: thou that hast lacke
The Flower, that's like thy face. Pale-Primecole, nor
The sweet of Harebell, like thy Venies: me, nor
The aloes of Eglande, whom nor to flander,
Out sweetened not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With charitable bill[Oh bill fore showing
Thofe rich left-beytere, that let their Fathers ly
Without a Monument] bring thee all this,
Ye, and farr'd Moffe besides. When Flowers are gone
To water-ground thy Crape.

Can. Pythyer have done,

And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not prostrate with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To his grave.

Am. Say, where shall his body be?

Can. By good Euryphus, our Mother.

Am. Bees go:

And let vs (Polidare) though now our voyes
Have got the mauvish crack, ting them to his ground
As once to our Mother, we are strange, and words,
That Euryphus, must be Eulfge.

Can. Cadwall.

I cannot ting: He weep, and word it with thee,
For Notes of sorrow, out of our mouth. We are
I was Pieth, and Plaine that ly.

Am. Well I speak in thee.

Eul. Great greatness I see medicine the lefe: For Cloten
Is quite forgery. He was a Queene Scene, Boyses,
And though he came our Enemy remember
He was paid, that thought not, and mighty totting
Together, have one daft, yet Reuerence
(That Angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place to scene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And through you took his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, a Prince.

Can. Pray go fetch him bither.

Thrinfers body is as good as Am.

When necyther we alle.

Am. If you go fetch him,

We'll lay our Song the whiffl: Brother begin.

Gus. Nay Cadwall, we must lay by his head to this East,
My Father hath a reason't.

Am. Tidte.

Can. Come on then and remove him.

Am. So, begin.

SONG.

Gus. Fears more the hatre a' the Sun.

Not the famous Horses rage,

Though, who did take off me,

Home are you, and case the pages,

Golden Lads, and Gildes all mow,

At a Tearr forgotten scented to saft.

Am. Fear, he very morse, from a b' Great

They are past the Tunes strongest,

Care us more to cloths and cases,

To the Reede as we the Oxen.

The Speter, Learning, Physicke mow

Alason thou and bide and come to saft.

Gus. Fears more the Lightning fly.

Am. Nor all that duck'd Tunderer's.

Gus. Fears now the Sun.

Am. Fears now a Stander, Crownpr in nemo.

Am. Turn but find a lay and more.

Both will Lerns young all Lermanns mow,

(Confess to thee and come stows)

Gus. No Everorer bearme thee.

Am. Nor no wench craft charmes thee.

Gus. Grownd unstold fortresse thee.

Am. Nothing comes more stow.

Both. There confusion borne.

And removed be thy grame.

Enter Ecclesiarch with the body of Cloten.

Can. We have done our oblieques.

Come lay him down.

Bar. Herre's a few Flowers, but shunntt night more.

The heades that have on them cold dew stel'night
Are the winds of fit for Grauets: upon their Faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd. twent's to.

The Hebleets shall, which we upon you grew.

Come on away, apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them so, he them again.

Their pleasures here are pass, so are their pains.

Eurus.

Image

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The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Imagewake.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thank you: by youd bush? pray how farre thether?
Our pitskin can it be fixe smile yet?
I have gone all night: Faith, the night downe, and deeppee.
But lest: no Beddell how? Oh Gods, and Goddeselles?
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 Caste-keeper,
And Cooke to huntet Creatures. But 'tis not so now:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, that nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgments, blinde. Good faith
I tremblefull with fear: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pruric
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it,
The Dreames heere full: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of Pelemonus?
I know the shape of Legge; this is his Hand:
His Foot Mercuerall: this manstall Thigh
The brains of Hercestus: but his lowell face
Murlteth in heauen? How is gone? Pifano,
All Curfes madded: Herceva gave the Grecckes,
And mine to boot, to beard on these thou
Conspir'd with that Irregulour dwuell Cloten,
Hast heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be hentochere reached. Dam'd Pifano,
Hast with his forghted Letters (dam'd Pifano)
From this most brauell vellvol of the world
Stroke the maine top! Oh Pifamonus, ala.
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 Cloten! Malice, and Lucet in them
Have laid this Woe heere. Oh's his pregnent, pragnant!
The Druegge he gave me, which herse fad was precious
And Cordiall to me, hark! I not found it
Murdor's to'th Sentenc! That confirmes it houme:
This is Pifano's deede, and Cloten: Oh!
Great colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the heerridr may fecome to that
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
Enter Lucius, Captains, and a southefter.
Cap. To thither, the Legions garnison'd Gallia
After your will, hue cred the Sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readynesse.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The Senate hath sted'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Service: and they come
Vnder the Conduitt of noble Lucemus,
Scotia's Brother.
Luc. Whose regale you therem? Cap. With the next benefic o'th'winde.
Luc. This forwardesse
Makes our hopes faire, Command our present numbers
If we'll endure the Captaines love too't. Now Sir,
We'll att your dreamt of late of this warres purpose.
Scotia. Left night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Iutes Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the sunny South, to this part of the West,
There vanneth in the Sun-beanes, which portends
(Voileth my names about my Disputation)
Successe to the Roman hooft.
Luc. Dreame often so,
And never falle. Soft hoas, what strumke is here?
Without his top? The ruffe speakes, that sometime
It was a work by building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or plying on him? But dead rathere:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defund, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.
Cap. Hee's alive my Lord.
Luc. Hee then influ'd of this body: Young one,
Informes vs of thy Fortune, for it seemes
They cratte to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'th thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interrest
In this sad wracke? How came t'He who is it?
What art thou?

LUC. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be werte better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Montametters eyes flaine:
Alas, there lies no more such Masters: I may wander
From Lall to Occidente, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: truete truly: never
Finde such another Master.

Luc. Lacke, good youth:
Though I'll no leefe with thy complaining, then
Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

Ima. Richard du Clomp: if I do lye, and so
No harney by it, though the Gods heere, I hope
They'ld pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?
Ima. I am Sir.

Luc. Then don't appoyse thy selfe the very same;
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith thy Name;
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be for well master'd, but be sure
No leafe belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Condil to me, shoul'd not forsake
Then thine owe to preferre thee: Go with me.

Ima. He follows Sir. But first, I'll peace the Gods,
He hide my Master from the Flire, as deep.
As these poore Pleasurers can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha'freed his gruwe
And on it found a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) with oie. He weep and fighte,
And leaving to his furthest follow you,
So peace you entertainment mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father ther, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs many duties: Let vs
Find out the prettiest Dazed-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Parazines
A Graft: Come, Alone hun: Boy he's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interred
As Souldiers can. Be cheerfull: wise thine eyes,
Some Falles are means the happier to arise.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbelins, Lords, and Pifano.

Gym. Againsts: and bring me word how vs with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;
A madman, of which her life is in danger: Heaven, How deeply you at once do touch me. Imagin, The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene Upon a day, a bird, and in a time
When fearefull Wartes point at me: Her Sonne gone, So needful for this pretext. It strikes mee, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow, Who needs must know of her deparure, and
Dole become to ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a frappe Torture.

Pif. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly let it as you will: But for my Misfort,
I nothing know where the treasons why gone,
Nor what the purpose resume. Betweenee your Highnes, Hold me your loyal Servant,

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be found here's true, and all perforce
All parts of his subjection, fly. For Clemen,
There wants no due, once in looking him,
And will no doubt be found,

Cym. The time is troublsome;
We'll flie you for a beaten, but our complaint
Do's yet withlie,

Lor. So please your Majestie,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Countess of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with murther,

Lor. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can afronte no lefe (ready:
Then what you hear of. Come more, more for you're
The warm is, but to put thope Power in motion,
That long to moue,

Cym. I thank you: le's withdraw
And meete the Time, as if it sees vs. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We greeue at chances here. Away.

Enter Belarius, Guiderio & Armingius.

Guis. The meeting is round about vs.

Bel. I come from it.

Arm. What please Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Advenure,

Guis. Nay, what hope
Have we in finding vs? this way the Romaines
Muff, or for Juventus, fray vs or receive vs.
For barbarous and unmurer Requita
During their life, and fly最爱.

Bel. Sonnes,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going; newsfife
Of Clemen death (we being not knowne, nos mutter'd)
Among the Bands) may issue vs to a render
Where we have lusted, and so escape from's that
Which we have done, whose and we would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Guis. This is (Sir's) doubt
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Not satisfying vs.

Arm. It is not likely,
That when they hear their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their eyes
And exerse so clowdly importantly as now,
That they will waife their time uppon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowing
Of many in the Army: Many yester
(Though Clemen then but young) you fee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not defend'd my Seduce, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of his hold, I appoll'd,
To have the contest you. Cradle promis'd,
To be still hot Saluents Tasting, and
The thinking Slaves of Winter.

Guis. Then be it,
Better to cede to be. Pray Sir, to the Army:
I, and my Brother, we not knowe your life
So out of thought, and cherto to o're-grayne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arm. By this Sunne that shines
He altogether. What thing's, that I never
Dost see in day, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venion?
Never befur'd a Horse face one, that had
A Brother like my selfe, whose're wore Revell,
Nor I ren on his helle! I am afraid
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have
The benefit of his brief Bennet, remaining
So long a peace vnderworne.

Guis. By heavens Ile go,
If you will blestome Sir, and give me leave,
It take the better care: but if you will not,
I lie hazard therefore ducall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

Arm. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set
So light a valwation) should refere
My crack'd done to more care. Haue with you Boyes
In your Country waite you chance to dye,
This is my Bed too (Lauds) stand there helpe
Lead,lead; the time feem long, their blood think's from
Till it rye out, and shew them Princes borne. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

IV. iii. 3—V. i. 4
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

For writing but a little? Oh Pyramus,
Every good Servant do's not all Commandes:
No Bond, but to do just one. Gods, if you
Should have 'tane vengeance on my Gults, I never
Had in't to put on this: so had you valued
The noble Image, to repeat, and strooke
Me (wretched) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You fetch some hence for little faults; that's lone
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To reconcile with ill, each other, And make them drest, to the doers durst.
But Image is your own, do your will wilt, And make me biele to obey. I am brought hither
Amongst Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingsome: 'Tis enough
That (Britain) I have kill'd thy Misfits: Peace,
In search no wood to trees: therefore good Heuans,
Heare patiently my purpose. He deigned me
Of these Italian weesedes, and furse my felic
As do's a Britaine Peasant: so he fight
Against the part I come with if any die
For thee (O Image) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus, vknovone,
Pitted, nor hated, to the face of peril
My sole Ie dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in these, then my habus shouw.
Gods, put the strength of all Leonas in me:
To flame the guerze o'th world, I will begin,
The fassion left without, and more within.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door:
and the Britaine Army at another: Leonas in Iachimo
following like a poor Scullion. They march out, and go out.
Then enter againe in SIGMUND, Iachimo and Poiflomus,
le Gregorbeh and disembar Jachimo, and then leavens

Luc. The lesnsesse and guilts within my bosome,
Takes off my no-need. I have belyed a Lady,
The Princelet of this Country; and the syre on't
Reuengingly reproaches me, or could this Caste,
A very dwrage of Natures, have subdue'd me
In my profession Kinghlood, and Honors borne
As I were no's but royals but of Fortune.
If that thy Country (Britaine) so before
This Lows, as he excels our Lords, the odde
Is, that we fear no men, and you are Gods.

Ent. The battell continues, the Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken:
I then enter to raise refuce, Bellarius, Guidimas, and Antirrune.

Ret. Stand, stand, we have this disadvantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rooves us, but
The villany of our scarres.

Ent. Away, stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Poth'morus, and fewe of the Britains. They refuse
Cymbeline, and Extrem.
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Images.
Luc. Away boy from the Troopers, and laueth thy felaler
Of friends kill friends, and the thurder's luch

As were were hood-wink'd.
Luc. 'Tis their freth supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or becomes
Let's re-inforce, or by.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Poiflomus, and a Britaine Lord.
Luc. Can't thee from where they made the landd?

Poif. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Flies?

Luc. I did.

Poif. No blame be to you Sir, for all was left,
but that the Heuans fought: the King hunteill
Of this winges defenure, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britains syne: all flying
Through a small Lane, the Enemy full heart'd,
When the tongue with slaught'rer's shouting worke
More piemifull, then Tonnes to don't: stoke doone
Some mortality, some flightly touch'd, some falling
Merryly through fear, that the frature paff was dam'd
With deadmen, but behinde, and Cowards buing.

To dye with lengthnd frame.

Luc. Where was this Lane?

Poif. Close by the bastell, drench'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Solidior
(An hostel one I warrant) who deffered
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for a Country. Ather was the Lane,
He, with two thripings (Lads more like to run
The Country bathe, then to commit tuch slaught',
With faces fit for Maske, or raging byrer
Then that for profession eas'd, or shame)
Made good the pasage, cryed to those that fled.
Our Britains heartes dye flying, not our men,
To darkneile fleece foule that flye backwards: flind;
Or we are Romans, and will gueyou that
Like beastly, which you thin beastly, and may faue
But to hole backe in frowne: Stand, flind. Three three,
Three thousand confident, no so as many:
For three perfomers are the Flee, when all
The right do nothing. With this word fland, fland,
Accommodated by the Place more Charming
With their own Noblesse, which could have turn'd
A Diestle, to a Lane, guarded pole lookes;
Part flame, part spire renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oha issue in Warre,
Dam'd in the full beggarne) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to gainke Lyons
Upon the Pikes o'th Hunters. Then beganne
A stopp'd Chafe, a Reystre: Anon
A Row, confusion: Iean, yea, with they flye
Chicken, the way which they hope Eagles: simile
The fride the Victors made: and now our Cowards
The Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life of th'heed, 'merry bound the backe doore open,
Of the ungarded seas. Then how they wound
Some louse before, some flying; some tliche
Others born before, some for the ten, and
Are now each one the slaught'rer's turn of twenty:
Those that would dye, or even fill, see groaune
The mortall bug of Warre.

V. i. 5— V. iii. 51
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Clear Text:

lord. This was strange chance;
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boyes.
poet. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
rather to wonder at the change: there, then
to work away. you, if you rune vpon,
and went in a mocke: Here is one
"You Besos on Oldman (twice a Boy) Lane,
Prefe'd the instant, was the Revenue be me.
lord. Nay, I'm not angry.
"2. Lacke, to what end?
does not hand his fene. He be his friend:
he do, as he is made too.
I knew where I quickly flye my friendhship too.
You have let me into Rome.

lord. Farewell, you are wrong.
poet. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh noble misry
To be this Field, and take what were of me:
By day, how many could have given their Honours
To have taid in that Cashier e'took he chall to do't,
And yet gen. To. some one wise was charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did hate him groane.
Nor feel him where he brooke. Being as usual Montier;
"It is strange he hides him in fresh Cypri, soft tires,
Words; or hath more montiers then we
That draw his knowes oh'Wit. Well I will find him:
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I should not e'vange
The part I came in. Fight I will more,
But yield to the wretche Hunde, that shall
Once touch my shouder. Great the slaughter is
Heree made by't Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransom's death,
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither herce He kepre, nor bearce e'er
But end it by some means for Imogen,
Enter two Captaines and Soldiers.

1. Great Jupiter be praising, Lucius is taken,
Tis thought the old man, and his fomere, were Angles.
2. There was a fourth man, a sily habit,
That gave them thfront with them.
1. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
poet. A Roman.
Who had not now be drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.
3. Lay hold on him: a Dogge,
A legue of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crowes haue pecked them here; he brag's his service
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.
Enter Cymbeline, Belos the Sonne, Amazacca Pisanio, and
Romane Captains. The Captains present Pothosius to
Cymbeline, who deliveres him over to a Guardian.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Pothosius and Guardian.

Gos. You shall now be stature,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Pature.
2. Gos. 1, or a stomacke.
poe. Most welcome bondages for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty; yet am I better,
Then one that's fickle o'th'Gowt, since he had rather

Grosas so in perpetuity, then be card
By th'ure Plyphian, Death; who is the key
'Th'barre these Lockes. My Conference, thou art fere't
More then my thanks, & witt'st ye good Gods gue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bait,
Then tree for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeale;
Gods are more full of mercy. Mofl I repent,
I cannot do more better then in Cyprus,
Defend, more then confirm'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome'tis the maine part, take
No hinder render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Deeds take a third,
A fixe, a Khain, letting them thrive again:
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogen derte life, take mone, and though
'Tis not to severe, yet 'tis a life; you cound't it,
Two men, and man, they weigh no euerly flamine:
Though light, take peeces for the figures take,
(You rather) whose being yours: and so great Power,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancelle thee cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
I speake to thee in silence.

Solemsr. Mather, Enter'as in an Apparation) Sieulillum
Lanu. Father to Pothosius, he old man, apparetd as a warior,
leading on his hand an ancours Maren (his wife, &
Mother to Pothosius) with Mather before them. Then
after other Mather follows the two young Leomais (Broth-
er to Leomais) with wounds as they died in the warre.
The circle Pothosius round as he lies sleeping.

Seul. No more thou Thunder-Mather
flame thy spight on Mortall Flies:
With Mars, fall out with Sona chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuelges.
Hath my poor Boy done ought but well:
whole face I never saw:
I'd ye with fil in the Womb he flaide,
attending Naturses Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
though Orphanes Father art)
Thon should haue bin, and freed him,
From this earth-eating smart.
On Man. Lucanus non mea serayne,
bute tooke me in my Thowers,
That from me was Pothosius rit,
came crying 'mongst his Foes,
A thing of pitry.

Seul. Great Nature like his Ancelles,
mould to thy selfe to hate;
That he d'fer'd the praise of'th' World,
as great Sicilias heyre.
1. Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britaine where was bee
That could stand vp his parallell?
Or foundall obiect bee?
In eie of Imogen, that bee could descem
disignifie.
Me. With Marriage wherefore was he markt
be exil'd, and throwne
From Leomais State, and call ironen bee;
his distelf one
Sweers Imogen.

Seul. Why did you suffer Leomais,flight thing of Italy,

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To taint his Noble heart, and brain, with needleless doubts.
And to become the geese and scorn o' th' others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from fuller seats we came,
Our parents, and our selves were.
That fasting in our country cafes,
Blew broadly, and were blaine.
Our Feast, & Entertainment, with Honor to maintain.

2 Bro. Like him, from hence Pseudumus hath to chime one perform'd.
Then Jupiter, King of the skies, to warly thus, aside around'd.
The Glares of his Merits due, being all to thorns cast off.

Sol. Thy Chaste side window open; looke, looke out, no longer exercise.
Upon a valiant Race, thy health, and potent injuries:

Meath. Since (upon) your Son is good, take off his mine.

Sem. Persevereth the Marble Mansion, help, or we pour Glossey will say.

Toth's shining Synod of the reft, against thy Detty.

Brothers. Help (upon) we appear, and from thy tulest flye.

Jupiter defends in Thunder, and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle, he strews a Thunder-bolt. Thus, nothstall it o'er wemen.

Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low,
Offend our hearing; shah! How dare you Glossey
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebellious Cossts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and reft

Jupiter. Your neuer-withering Banks of Flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppressed,
No care of yours is, you know tis ours.
Whom best I love, I crore; to make my guilt
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-lade Sonne, our Godhead will spilt:
His Comfort there, his Trials well are spent:

Our Louill Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rie, and faile,
He shall be Lord of Lady imoge,
And happier much by his Afflication made.
This I declare by upon his Breif, wherein
Our pleasure, his till Fortune, death confine,
And in away, not rather with thy disme,
Express Impatience, lest you three vpr mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Paise Chiffalline.

Ascends

Sem. He came in Thunder, his Celestial breath
Was fulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stought, as to Foote vs: his Ascention
Most sweeter then our blest Field: his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and closeys his Bave,
When as his God is pleas'd.

All. Thankes Jupiter.

Sir. The Marble Pavement Cloeses, he is entered.
His radiant Roofe, A sky, and to be blest
Let vs with care performe his great benefit.

Vomish

Pole. Sleep, thou all bums a Grandtire, and begor
A Faiths to me: and thou hast creat
A Mother and two Brothers; but (oh scorn)
Great were they looke to sooner as they were borne:
And to Ilandwak, Pome Wettchere, that depend
On Great, & Cares, Dreams as have done,
Wake and (pitch out nothing, but) Slue
May a Darcy not to Naile, neither Cottle,
And yet are steep in &sour; and
That signes this Golden chance, no know not why:

What Favours haunt this ground? A Book! Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fanged world, a German
Noble then it that concerns. Let thy effects
So follow, to be mott unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promitive.

Reader.

When as a Lymne whilclo shall himselfe be compos'd on
and the perusing of a piece of tender
Aye: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lost branches,
which bring deep many years, shall after arrive, besieged to
the old stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Pseudumus end his
journeys. Brittanys be comforted, and favour in Peace and Pleas-
ure.

Tis still a Dreame: or else such flutings as Madmen
Tongues, and brains not: either both, or nothing
Of lineless speaking, or a speaking such
As lente cannot vay.

Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like, which I keep
It but for impatience.

Enter confessor.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be insted for
that, you are very cool'd.
Pole. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish pays the shot.

Gao. A beauty reckoning for you Sir. But the comfort
it you shall be called to no more payments, fea no more
Taurere Bills, which are most the fiddle of parting, as the
procuring of much: you come in faint for want of
meat, despairs relishing with too much drink: forsee that
you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much. Pute and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heurer, for being too light: the Pute too light, being
drawed off; or countenance. Oh this contradiction you shall
now be quit.: On the chainty and appery God, as ifmumes
with thousands a score: you have no note Debtor, and
Creditor but at what's past, it, and to come, the dis-
charges your necke(Sir) jas Pen, Booce, and Counters; so
the Aquirents folly follows.
Pole. I am no more to dye, then thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed Sir he that sleeues, feelest not the Tooth-
ache: but a man that were to live on thee sleepe, and a
Hanger upon to help him to bed, I think he would change
places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not
which way you shall go.
Pole. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in head then: I have not
seen in to pick the: you must either bee directed by
some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know. to sum the
alge, enquiry on your owne peril: and how you shall
speed in your journeys end, I think you'll never return
to tell one.
Pole. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
dire them the way I am going, but such as wake, and
will not wake them.

Gao. What an infinite moke this is, that a man should
have the best vfe of eyes, to see the way of blindness:
I am sure hanging is the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.
Pole. Knocke off his Mantylers, bring your Prisoner to the
King.
Pole. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
more free.
Pole. Ile be hang'd then.
Pole. Thou shalt be thum freer then Goalmaster

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Scena Quinta.

But to the business of my death.

Gv. A noble man would marry a Galloways, & be-关节 your gibbet, Gibbed. I was saw one to prime: yet on my Conference, there were wek Knares deere to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that dye against their will; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mide, and all mide good: O there were desolation of Gaullers and Galloways: I speak a-against my pretest profit, but my with hath a preferment in t.  

Abhor'd you perish.  

Cym. She alone knew this:  

And but she spoke it dying, I would not  

Believe her lips, or opening it. Proceed.  

Cym. Your daughter, whom the bare in hand to lose  

With such integrity, she did confesse  

Was as a Scorpion to her fight, whole life  

(But that her flight prevented it) she had  

Tane off by poison.  

Cym. O most delicate Friend!  

Whose can make a Woman: Is there none?  

Cym. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she did  

For you a mortal Magnall, which being tooke;  

Should by the minute free to life, and joying,  

By inches waste you. In which time, the paper'd  

By writing, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  

Overcome you with her sway; and in time  

When she had fitted you with her craft, to wakke  

Her Some into that adoration of the Crowne;  

But fasting her end by his mangle ablence,  

Grew shameless delicate, open'd (in delight  

Of) Haemeron, hee purposes: Repaire.  

The enits the hair'd, were not effect'd: so  

Disposing dyed.  

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?  

L. We did, to please your Highness.  

Cym. Mine eyes  

We are not in fruit, for she was beautiful.  

More cares that bear the fitter, not my heart,  

That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious  

To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)  

That it was folly in me, thou mayst well say,  

And prooue it thy feeling. Haemeron mend all.  

Trew L. Lute, and other Romans presents,  

Lusus beheld, and meagre.  

Thou committ not Cymn now for Tribute, that  

The Britains have ra'd one, though with the loffe  

Of many a bold one; whole Kindnesse have made suche  

That their good fumes may bee spread, with slughter  

Of you, their Captives, which our whole have granted,  

So think of your efface.  

Lus. Consider Sir, the chance of Warr, the day  

Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,  

We should not when the blood was cool, have threatned  

Our Patriots with the Sword. But since the Gods  

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  

May be call'd franticke, let us come: Sufficeth  

A Roman, with a Roman heart cast fitter:  

Angelful lies to think on: and so much:  

For my particular care. This one thing onlye  

I will entreat, my Boy (a Britaine borne)  

Let him be ra'd: Neart Mifer;  

A Page to知道, to duteous, diligent,  

So tender one his occasions, true,  

So frate, so Urne-like: let his vertue ioyne  

With my request, which hee make bold your Highnesse  

Cannot deny: he had done no Britaine harme,  

Though he have died a Roman. Save him, Sir  

And spare no blood bide.  

Cym. I have surely feene him.  

His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,  

Thou hast look'd thy fete into my grace,  

And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore  

To stay, but thou mayst thank thy Mifer, live;  

And ake of Cymbeline what Boone thou wist,  

Fitting my bountie, and thy State, I give it thee.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Yes, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest man.

I humbly thank you, Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

I humbly thank you, Highness.

There's other workes in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death; thy life, good Master,
Muffuffle for it felle.

Luc. The Boy disdains me,
He leaves me, somes me; briefly dyes his soyes,
That place taken on the head of Gyrlcs, and Boys: Where
Why flannest heir perplexes?

Cym. Why would't thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more; think me more and more
What's left to ake. Know it thou look't our speake
With what true love? Is he thy Kind thy Friend?

I humbly thank you, Highness, no more kin to me,
Then I to thy Highness, who being born thy vassalle
Am something neerer.

Cym. Whatcourse'rt't him so?

I humbly thank you, Sir; in prasure, if you please
to give me hearing.

Luc. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attentio. What's thy name?

Cym. Faire Sir.

Luc. That's my good youth: my Page
He be thy Master: walk with me: speake freely,
Bel. Is not this Boy reduc'd from death?

I humbly thank you, Highness,
Not more remember that sweet Koffee Lad:
Who dyed, and was Fiddle: what think you of it?

Cym. The same death thing since.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes ys not, but care
Creatures may be alike: were'the, I am sure
He would have spoke to ye.

I humbly thank you, Highness,
Bel. Ye fear not: it is ye further.

I humbly thank you, Highness,

Since he is living let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, and thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step forth,
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Grace, and the grace of it
(Whose is our choice; butter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.)

I humbly thank you, Sir; this Gentleman may riden
Of whom he had this Ring.

Bel. What't at this him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

I humbly thank you, Sir; this Diamond upon your Finger, say
That which to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How me?

Bel. I am glad to be constrained to utter that
Which to me not to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring: I was Ceiletum Jewell,
Whom thou didst banish: and which most may greene
A like dothe: a Nobles Sir, of noble's sir
(Twist sky and ground. Why thou hast more my Lord? )

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Bel. That Passport, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quarre to remember. Give me leave, I am.

Cym. My Daughter what of her renew thy strength

I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I hear me more: fly thou, and speake.

Jach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That trooke the house: it was in Rome, accord
The Mantion where 'twas was a Resyt, oh would
Our Visits had not propin'd of at least
Those which I heared to head: the good Pogiammas,
(What should I say he was too good to be)
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among't the rest of good ones; sitting sadly,
Hearing thy praise our Loures of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd bosst
Of him that bell could speake: for Feature, lauming
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-up right Missus,
Pohures, beyond breese Nature. For Condition,
A Shop of all the quantaes, that man
Loures woman for, besides oth booke of Wining,
Fairentelle, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand by fire. Come to the matter.

Jach. All too I was with,
Villany thou wouldst greatly quicken: This Pogiammas,
Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Loure, took his hand,
And (not to aking whom we praise, thereto
He was as calm as vertue) he began
His Mathe picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a munde part'd, cut our bages
Were crackt of kitchan-pieces, or his description
Proud'vs vepaking Botten.

Cym. Nay, mayy, to thopurse.

Jach. Your daughters Chaffuity, (there is begins)
He spake other, as Dixed that dreames,
And the stone, were cold. Wherefore, I wretch
Made tearful of his patience, and woder'd with him
Peaces of Gold, 'gainst the world: when he war
Upon his honour's temper to attech
In suite the plate of's bed, and winne this King
Fly her, and more Adoverty he (true Knight)
No lether of his Honour conudent
Then I dot truly little her Father's Ring,
And would in had in better. Cauhame
Of Phæbus Wille. and aught to fatefully, had it
Jim all the worth of a Carse. Auyre to Atlass
Poffle I in this deigin? Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Cour, where I was vought
Of your chaste Daughter, the unde difference
Two Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quarter'd
Of Hope not longings; must Icelan Ircaine,
Gain in your dulle Vitalye operate
Most wilily I for my vantage excellent.

And to breete, my prattice to presayd
That I retaun with simular proue enough,
To make the Noble Lewtan good
By wounding his beare in her Renowne,
With Teckens thus, and thus sauzing notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) joy some mazkes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her breed of Chafftine price crack'd,
I haung't your forget, Whatlerup,
I thinkes I see him now.

Psf. I so thinke do it,

I humbly thank you, Sir; more Cauhame,
Egregious marother, Therfore, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines psst, in being
To comte. Oh give me Cou, ye knife, or posyon,

V. v. 100—214
The Tragedie of Gymbeline.

Some worthlie, Thou King, send out
For Toxaris ingenious: it is I
That all she abhorred things eth earth amend
By doing worse thin they, I am Pothamemon,
That kill my Daughters; Villain-like, I dye,
That caus'd a letter withe out my life,
A fast legious There be to doubt. The Temple
Of Virtue was the; yea, and she fell
Spite, and throw flowers, call more when n. e, for
The degrees of street to by me every villaine
Call d Pothamemon Iam, and
Revelate leve thee'wars. Oh Image-
My Queen, my life, my wife: on Image,
Images Image,
Image. Peace my Lord, I see here.
Psd. Shall I have a play of this?
Thou comfall Page, there he they sit.
Ps. Oh Gentleman, he is,
Men and your Majest, my Lord Pothamemon,
You are led, I would now halp, helpe, halp,
Men and your Lady.
Cor. Doest the world go round?
Psd. How cometh these flaggers on me?
Cor. Wake my Mistress.
Psd. It shall be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death, with mortell-stony.
Ps. How fares my Mistress?
Cor. Oh get thee from my sight,
Then gauze one eyen: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath nor where Princes are.
Cor. The face of Image.
Psd. Lady the. the Gods throw flowers of sulphur on me, if
That box I give you, was not thought by none
A present whan, I bade to the Queen.
Cor. New name, N. B.
Cor. It poynted one.
Cor. Oh Gods
Helt out one thing which the Queen cometh,
Which must approye those here. If Pothamemon
Hau (said he) given me his faith that Corinex
Which I took from God, the is dead,
As I would desire it.
Cor. What is this, Corinex?
Cor. The Queen (Sur) very of importance
To the per eyons for her, still pretending
The fast show of her knowledge, onely
in laying. Latoners voice, as Cara and Legges
Of no effigence. I deciding, that her purpose
Was of no danger, did compound for her
A certain pill, which being tume, would ease
The present paine of life, but in short time,
All Offiers of Nature, should againe
Do them euer Faiths. Have you use of it?
Cor. M. Rakia, I said I was dead.
Bel. My Beyer, there was our eerror.
Cor. This is hure Euel.
Cor. What did you then your wedded Lady fro you?
Thouke, thou art so Rakio, and now
Thou dost fall, againe.
Ps. How these like frise, my foule,
Till the face die.
Cor. How now, my Fieflor my Child?
What, did it flon me a flabeled in this A?
Wit thoures to the eone?
Cor. Yes, falling, Sir.
Bel. Though you aff bor this youth, I blamne ye not,
You had a motive for't.
Cor. My tears that fall
Prose holy-water on thee, Image;
Thy Mothers dead.
Cor. I am sorry for: my Lord.
Cor. Oh, she was taught and long of ile was
That we met here in strangely, but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Ps. My Lord,
Now faire is from me, I speake truth. Lord Clytus
Upon my Ladies mistling, came to me
With his sword drawn to oam' at the mouth, and swore
If I couer'd not which way she was gone,
It was my infamous death. By accident,
I had a fringed Letter of my Mistress
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the Mountains near to Milford,
Where a freanie, in my Majest Gentlemen
(Which he inform'd from me) way he puttes
With vnestuffe purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.
Cor. Let me end the Story: I flew him there.
Cor. Marry, the Gods foretold
I would not try good deeds, should from my lips
Puske a hard sentence: (Pythice valiant youth)
Deny's against.
Cor. I have speake it, and I did it.
Cor. He was a Prince.
Cor. A woel invicul one. The wrongs he did us
 Were nothing Pythics like, for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me plunge the Sea,
It could not roome to me. I cut off its head,
And am right glad he is not standing here.
To tell this tale of mine,
I am forrow for thee;
By these owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law! I know not dead.
Cor. That headless man I thought had bin my Lord
Cor. Bindle the Offifere,
And take him from our preuence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better then the man he fliew,
AS well defended as thyle selfe, and hath
More of thee meritid, then a Band of Nation
Had euer fared for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not borne for bondage.
Cor. Why old Soldier
Wilt thou voulo the worth thoh art espayed for
By rating of our warres? How of defenc
As good as we?
Arms. In that he spake too faste.
Cor. And thou hast al dye for't.
Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will prove that two one's are as good
As I have gaven out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.
Arms. Your last langua is ours.
Cor. And our good his.
Bel. Haue at it then, by leave
Thou hadst't it (great King) Subiect, who
Was call d Belarian.
Cor. What of him! He is a banish't Traitor.
Bel. He is, that hath
Afloud his age: indeed a banish'd man.

V. v. 215—320
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall notauce him.
Bel. Not too hot.
Cym. Pay me for the nursing of thy Sonnet,
And let me be satisfied for my loss.
Bel. I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my Sonnet?
Bel. I am too blunt; and I say: there's my knee.

I shall be true in feare. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sitter: you Brothers,
When we were no indeed.
Bel. Did you esteem me?
Arw. I my good Lord.
Bel. And at first meeting loud,
Cyn. I confess'd it, until I thought he dy'd.
Cym. By the Queenes Dramme the swallow'd.
Cym. O are miliard! When shall I bear all through this fierce abridgment,
Hath it to Circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in: Where? how li'd you?
And where came you to ferre our Roman Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Counte? And whether thefe?
And your three motives to the Bataille? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependences
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will utter our long Interrogations. See,
Pohnambous times upon images:
And she (the image of light) threws her eye
On her, her Brothers, her Master uniting
Each object with a joy: the Counter-change
Is fearedly in all. Let's quit this ground,
And kneace the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, to most hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did releace me:
To see this gracious seacon,
Cym. All one, I say'd,
Saull these in bonds, let them be joyfull too,
For they shall take our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.
Lec. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorn Soldier, that no Nobly fought
He would have well become this place, and grace'd
The thankings of a King.
Post. I am sir.
The Soldiers that did company these three
in poor state, no: twas a moment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That was
Speak, Enchanted, I find you downe, and might
eas to you in th-'
Bel. I am none of none again,
But now my brave Guardsman serves my king,
As then your service did. Talk it not, before you
Which I so often used your King with.
And here the Bracelet of the small Prince
That were knowned to Faith.
Post. Kneale me close at me.
The prince that here enjoines to spare you:
The mace towards you, to forgive you. Line
And take with others better.
Cym. N. lily deem'd,
We'll learn our Freeweze of a Sonne-in-Law:
Parthen's the words to all,

As you holpe us Sir,
Bel. As you did meaned indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Post. Your Servants, Princes, Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your soothsayer: As I left me thought
Great Jupiter spawt his Eagle back'd,
Appeard to me, with other frightful theues
Of his owne kinred. When I wak'd, I found
This labell on my boone; whose containing
Is so from false in hatred, that I can
FINIS.


V. v. 433—486

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